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Broken Bones told how 16 year old Claire smashed both wrists and had to have everything done for her while she was in plaster. Her Mother had to go away for several hours, while 13 year old brother Chris looked after her. Soon after Mum had left, Claire started her period, and Chris had to look after her personal needs. Then they found out that Mum had had an accident and was in a coma, and the two agreed that Chris would carry on caring for her. With the very personal contacts, their dislike of each other changed to love, and they soon discovered the joys of sex together. Then Mum came back early and found them naked on in the garden, and joined in their love making

Mf, mfF, mF, mfFF, 1st, inc, rom.

CHAPTER TWELVE

We went upstairs and into the bathroom. I said 'Bloody hell', but Claire just shook her head and said nothing. I washed us both down in the shower, being very quick and taking care not to touch her more than was essential, and, after we were dry, we went into her bedroom and I popped a dress onto her, and a pair of shorts on myself. Then we went down, where Mum had got a salad lunch ready. We sat and ate in silence, Mum also feeding Claire, which was a break for me. When we had finished, we went onto the patio with our coffee, and at last Mum spoke.

'Now, let me tell you about my day. I was supposed to come home later this afternoon, but Paul got a call to go into work instead of having the day off, so I thought I might as well come back early and give you a surprise – and I certainly managed that! There were my two children stark naked together in the sunshine, two children that normally don't even pass a civil word between them. And then my daughter suggested that I should strip off as well, and when I said I couldn't do that she suggested that her brother did it for me. And the cheeky young sod actually got up ready to do it!

'What you don't know is that I've always liked being naked, but your father would have been horrified if I had stripped off outside, so when I saw you two I quite fancied joining you. When Chris made to undo my blouse, I was sure that he expected me to stop him...'

'Darn right I did!'

'Anyway, I thought I'd play along for a bit to see how far you'd go, and the look on your face got more and more horrified with everything you took off, and I was trying hard not to laugh. After that I laid down and you creamed my back, and it was so soothing that I went to sleep.'

I was, to coin a phrase, gobsmacked. All the time I had been caressing her and giving her an orgasm, she had been asleep, and I had been groping my sleeping mother. How awful was that. I looked at Claire, and her face showed that she was finding it hard to believe. Then Mum carried on.

'While I was sleeping I had the most appalling dream. I dreamt that Chris didn't just cream my back, but that I turned over and he did my front as well.'

'All of it?' said Claire.

'Every last little bit, not only did he cream me but he rubbed my clitoris and put a couple of fingers in my vagina.'

'Oh Mum, that's gross.'

'The trouble was that in my dream it didn't feel a bit gross. He managed to get his fingertips round onto a very sensitive bit inside me, and when he rubbed that and my clitoris at the same time, I had a shattering orgasm and I flooded with

my juice. It was just about the best sexual thrill I've ever had, and I was desperately wanting him to climb on top and...well, do it.'

'You really wanted Chris to shag you? That's too awful.'

'Well, I did, and that wasn't the end. After I had cum and he took his hands away, you said to him 'My turn now.' And he went across to you and he...oh, I can't say this.'

'Go on Mum, tell me what ghastly thing I did next.'

'You put your head down between her legs and were licking and kissing and sucking and she had an instant orgasm. Then you just climbed on her and your penis was in her in one swift movement, as though you'd done it lots of times before. But then the worst thing of all happened.'

'It gets worse than me having sex with Claire.'

'Yes, in my dream you both looked so lovely coupled together that I couldn't keep my hands off, and next moment I was squeezing Claire's nipples. And then...oh god, and then I put one hand down on her belly and pushed my finger into her vagina.'

'What, at the same time as my penis was in there? There wouldn't be room, would there?'

'Well, there was in my dream. It was tight, but I managed to get right inside and do the same to her as you had to me, and next thing she was having a screaming orgasm and pouring juice all round your penis. That was the end of my dream.'

'That was a bit of a nightmare, wasn't it? I mean, Chris shagging me and you touching me up at the same time.'

'I suppose it was a bit terrible, but it didn't feel like a nightmare at the time.'

'You said you wanted me to...to...'

'To make love to me? Yes, amazing, isn't it. But it seemed a good idea at the time. Anyway, that was definitely just a dream, and you'll forget I told you about it, won't you.'

'What dream, Mum?'

'That's the idea. But, what you and I won't forget is what I saw when I woke up.'

'What was that, Mum?' said Claire, with a somewhat worried tone.

'Well, when I woke, my handsome young son was on top of my beautiful young daughter and he was pulling out his shiny wet penis from her soaking wet vagina, and I didn't get the impression that it was the first time that you two had been at it.'

'No Mum, it wasn't.'

'How on earth did you change from two brats who couldn't stand each other to a couple making love together? And how long has this been going on, without my realising?'

I looked at Claire and she just smiled and started to speak.

'First, we weren't doing it before you went away, so you hadn't missed noticing what was happening. The day you went away, I started the curse, about two hours after you left.'

'Oh my god, I never thought of that. But you weren't due anyway – I remember you saying that you hadn't been out on your bike for a few days before your accident because you'd felt a bit off colour with the curse. Oh – I didn't give you your pill, did I?'

'No, and I forgot to ask, what with one thing and another. Anyway, I started and I was desperate. The blood was running and there wasn't anyone to fix it. Then my amazing brother said he'd do it. I felt disgusted, but there wasn't any option, so I told him what to do and he just got on and did it.'

'So when he started playing around with your vagina, that turned you on?'

'No, it was a bit awful at first, but after a couple of times it wasn't so bad because he was so brisk and sort of clinical about it that it just wasn't sexual, good or bad, if you see what I mean. Then we found out about your accident, and we

couldn't let Uncle Paul know the problem we had, so we just got on with it. Chris fed me and washed me and put me to bed without a problem, and next morning he washed me and wiped my bum after I had had a dump and it was all fine – he might as well have been a nurse for all the effect it had, once I'd accepted that there wasn't any choice. But when he dressed me, things suddenly changed. He put on my bra, and it was all rucked up, so I told him to put his fingers inside and straighten me up – you know what I mean.'

'Yes, of course, you pop your hand in and pull your breast into place.'

'Well, when his fingers brushed my nipples, it was like an electric shock. I'd never been touched there before, except by you, and up to then he'd only touched me with a flannel.'

'You mean none of your boyfriends had?'

'No, believe it or not. I'd never fancied any of them enough to want to start any serious petting. So little bro was a bit of a shock. I didn't want that to happen again, so I told him not to bother with a bra, after all, I can get away without one well enough. But, after that, although he was still being ever so good and only touching me the minimum amount to keep me clean and so on, I became more and more conscious of the...how can I put it, the sexual effect of his touch. I was getting more and more sexed up, and I couldn't do anything about it.'

'Of course, no hands, no masturbate – not that you are old enough to know about masturbation.'

'Of course not Mum. Anyway...oh, you tell her Chris, it's too embarrassing for me.'

'Well, I took off her knickers one night and found a big wet patch on the crotch, and I thought she had wet herself, but when I asked her she just told me to shut up and get on with washing her. Now, she had been getting more and more, how can I say, not sulky, but miserable really. I knew something was wrong, and when I asked her she wouldn't tell me and she was near crying. At last I managed to get out of her that she was getting more and more sexed up and couldn't do anything about it, so I offered to masturbate her. After a bit she said OK, and I fiddled around till I got her going, and that was fine. After she had cum, she said she ought to do something for me, so she did.'

'But she couldn't use her hands, could she...oh no, she didn't...'

'Oh yes I did, Mum, I thought I'd hate it, but I didn't, far from it. And after that, well, it just developed. And I think I rather love him now, which is a bit unnerving. So that's it, and I suppose you are pretty disgusted, even if you do have filthy dreams – which I've forgotten about.'

'I guess you are expecting me to say that you are totally depraved and that you should be ashamed of yourselves and don't ever dare touch each other again.'

There was something about the way she spoke which didn't sound as though she was very upset, and to judge by the way she had behaved in the dream that we were to forget, I was wondering whether she was too bothered – especially when I remembered that she had said that she had wanted me to go all the way with her. However, I thought it best to play the innocent.

'Yes Mum, we had rather planned that you would never find out about what we had been doing, and I guess you'll order us to do what we had agreed anyway – stop.'

'Well, life is often full of surprises, isn't it. You see, I'm not really in a very good position to criticise you for having sex together.'

I didn't understand what she meant, but Claire did, and she was obviously amazed.

'You don't mean that you and Uncle Paul were...'

'Afraid so. No, not afraid so, I'm glad so, because we thoroughly enjoyed it. We were both virgins like you two – you were, weren't you?'

We both nodded.

'I thought so. Anyway, he was sixteen and I was fifteen and we had always been very close, playing together from when we were babies, and finally we got even closer and played some even more exciting games. Only our parents didn't find out, we were very careful about when and where we did it.'

'How long did you do it?'

'Up to the night before our wedding!'

'You really made love the night before you were married?'

'Yes, but remember that your father and your Auntie were also brother and sister, and we had a double wedding.'

'How does that make it better?'

'Well, we knew that they would be doing the same as we were, and we'd agreed that it would be a last time for all of us.'

'So the last time you had sex with your brother was the night before your wedding.'

'I didn't say that. It was the last time for many years, but when your Auntie died and your father filed for divorce, Paul and I comforted each other rather a lot. So I wasn't too unhappy when you said you'd manage for another week – I felt a bit guilty, but...well, I expect you can guess. Your father and I hadn't had an active sex life for several years, and, although I suspect he was putting himself about, I never did, so I had a bit of catching up to do. Anyway, the long and short of it is that I don't mind if you two carry on together. You just need to know the risks you are taking.'

'I'm on the pill, Mum, so it's pretty safe.'

'No, I'm thinking of psychological risks, when the inevitable happens and one of you wants a partner with a long-term future. After all, you've got to stop some time, I just hope you can enjoy it now without too many heartaches later.'

'So we can just...?'

'Go on, screw away to your hearts' content. Just remember though, if you leave the bedroom door open, I'm liable to come in and watch!'

We both screamed together 'Oh Mum'

'Well you have been warned. And, while we're at it, I'm not going to bother too much about wearing clothes around the place. I love being naked, and now I can do it – and so can you, of course.'

'There you go, Chris. Just when I thought I was going to get some relief from your filthy sexual attacks, she says you can carry on. Anyway, it won't be for a bit, I'm just starting the curse!'

'Oh, hard luck. Do you want your mummy to fix it.'

'No thanks, I'll get the sex slave to do it – he's got more experience than you!'

'Oh goody, I just love a bit of blood – not!'

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

'Now what?'

'Plug me up, while I think.'

I washed her and put in a tampon. It was as if we had never had sex, just the physical service that I had been carrying out for her when all this excitement had started. Mind you, I did bend down and give her pussy a quick kiss, just for old times' sake, which got me an order to behave myself.

'Well Claire, where do we go from here?'

'Chris, I'd love to say let's carry on making love once I've got over this little problem, but I really think that it's the natural break. We can't go on long, I'm going to want to get serious with another boy before too long, and it will only get more difficult if we're still having sex together. We've got to stop for a few days – well, we don't have to do that, but I'm not sure about doing it while I'm bleeding.'

'No, I suppose you're right. We thought we'd finished last night, so perhaps we'd better really finish, and I can go back to being your stroppy little brother. But,

hey, what about Mum? Do you think that she meant it when she said she'd come and watch if we left the bedroom door open?

'I rather think she did. And what about that so-called dream she had, which I've forgotten about?'

'I just couldn't believe what happened. I was sure she was going to stop me any second, and then it just went on and on.'

'I know – did you enjoy it?'

'I was so confused that I didn't really realise what I was doing, but it was even more exciting than doing it with you because I wasn't expecting it.'

'I see – so you were expecting to shag me, and it wasn't exciting. All right, dope, don't bother to answer, I know what you meant. But I think we really should try and forget it happened.'

'As if! No, I'll never forget it, but won't talk about it any more. And if we behave ourselves, then we'll never find out if she really meant she might come in and watch.'

We stuck to our agreement after that. Although I still looked after her while she had her period, after that Mum did a lot for her, and I went back to sleeping in my own bed. We didn't talk about it, but it was always sort of hanging in the air between us. Then, after a few weeks, she was due to go back to the hospital for an examination, and, the night before she asked me to prepare her for bed, saying that she hoped it would be the last time she'd need help from anyone. I was tempted to take her to bed and make love to her, but, with supreme self control, I just washed her, wiped her bum, and prepared her for bed. Sure enough, at the hospital they decided that, although she still needed to wear a strapping on her arms, she could have her hands free. That night we went upstairs together and she took my hand and led me into her room.

'Sit down and watch.'

As I watched, she began a slow striptease. First she peeled her tee shirt up over her head, shaking her hair out afterwards. Then she pushed down the zip on her jeans, and undid the press stud. The jeans were fairly tight, and she slowly eased them down over her hip, pushed them down to the floor, and stepped out of them. Her hands went behind her back, but her fingers were too weak to undo the clasp on her bra, one which had given me problems in the past as it was very tight.

'Bugger, you'll have to undo it for me, Chris, and spoil the whole effect.'

I did as she asked, while she held the cups over her breasts till I had sat down again. Then she slowly pushed each strap in turn off her shoulders and slid them down her arms, all the while keeping the cups in place. Then she took her hands away, and shrugged her shoulders so that the bra fell to the ground, and her lovely breasts were exposed. Her nipples were slightly aroused, and, although I'd seen her like that often enough, somehow tonight it was even more beautiful and sexy, and I felt my cock begin to harden. Then she turned partly away from me and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and slowly, slowly pushed them down her legs. She was showing me the lovely roundness of her arse and the profile of the brush of her pubic hair, but when she turned to face me I was amazed. Her hair was trimmed into a neat triangle over her mons, but, as she stood with her legs slightly parted, I could see that her lips had been shaved bare. I was amazed. Her lips had had a covering of fair hair last night when I had prepared her for bed, now – nothing.

'How the hell did that happen. You've not had time to shave it since you got back?'

'Mum did it for me this morning. I'd seen how she does hers, remember, and I thought it would be a nice surprise for you. Do you like it?'

'Well, it's certainly a surprise. It looks good, but now you can look after yourself I shan't get a chance to find out what it feels like. Anyway, how did you

like Mum playing around with your pussy – again. Did she behave herself this time?’

‘I don’t remember her playing around there before, neither should you. No, she was very business-like about it, just got on with it, till the end.’

‘Then what?’

‘She just bent down and gave me a quick kiss right in the middle – I nearly came on the spot. Then she said ‘That’s nice and smooth, Chris will enjoy it.’ And that was that. Now shut up for a bit.’

She moved in front of me, took hold of my tee shirt, and pulled it up over my head, then undid the waistband of my shorts, pulled down the zip and dropped them to the floor. By this time I was half hard, and she took hold of me and squeezed me through my underpants.

‘I’ve been longing to get my hands free so I could do this.’

Her hand slid down inside my pants and she took hold of me. She was a bit clumsy, never having held a cock before, but the feel of her soft hand was enough to make my cock grow to full size. She pulled my pants waistband out over my erection and slid them down so that I was naked.

‘Now I’m going to love you with my hands – nothing else, and you’re not to touch me!’

‘Anything you say.’

She pushed me down onto the bed and rolled me over onto my front, and began a long, slow caress. It started at my neck, over my shoulders and down my arms, then back again to my shoulders and a slow descent over my back, all the time with her fingers probing, squeezing, rubbing, and her palms pressing firmly into my flesh. It was rather soothing, and I became more and more relaxed, my cock having subsided to its normal flaccid state, but when her fingers reached my buttocks she started little movements in towards my cleft, and her they began to probe deeper and deeper. Oh so slowly they moved towards my anus, then were withdrawn, then a little closer till at last I felt her touch on the sensitive spot. She didn’t press hard enough to penetrate, just circling and touching. Just when I thought she was going to enter, and I was wondering what this would feel like, she moved away, caressing that receptive area between my arsehole and my balls, then her fingers lightly brushed my balls.

She moved away and down the backs of my legs, pinching the firm muscles, till she arrived at my feet, making me squirm as she tickled the soles. She left my feet, and took my shoulders and pulled me over onto my back. She began caressing my shoulders, but quickly moved down across my chest and belly till her fingers were amongst my pubic hairs, and just touching the base of my cock.

‘I was going to go slowly, but I can’t wait to get my hands on your lovely cock’

Her fingers began to trace up and down the length of my shaft, just softly tracing the path with the soft tips, till at last she slid round to hold me in her hand. My cock had been gradually growing while all this was going on, and now it was rock hard and throbbing, pulsing under her touch. She slowly slid the foreskin back, and the tip of my helmet came into view. There was a bead of pre-cum on the tip, and she used the tip of one finger to lift a sample up to her lips.

‘Yummy!’

I didn’t say a word, I was just waiting to see what she would do next. She drew my foreskin further back, exposing my helmet fully, showing it bright red and shiny, and with a trickle of pre-cum forming. She ran her fingers over the sensitive form, spreading the juice around until it was covered, when she held me in her hand and slid backward and forward, her gentle touch making my cock jerk. I was leaking juice all the time, and she spread it around, making it more and more slippery. This was another first for me, I’d had my cock in her mouth and in her pussy, but only my own hands had held it before, and the feeling was bringing me close to orgasm. She must have sensed this, because she moved her hand down onto my shaft and pushed the foreskin forward, then she began to move back and forth more quickly, her hand grasping me firmly, while her other hand was

caressing my balls, squeezing me gently. She released my balls, and I watched as she put her finger into her pussy, which was running with juice. She withdrew the juicy finger and put her hand between my legs, and began to rub my anus, pressing gently. She withdrew and repeated the operation two or three times till my arse was thoroughly wet, then she pressed firmly and I felt her finger penetrate into my arse canal, and she slid in and out, while at the same time her other hand was moving more and more briskly.

‘Come on Chris, let’s see your lovely cock spurt for me, cum for your big sister!’

I didn’t have any choice but to obey her, and I felt the first rush of my juice from my balls and out with a great spurt, going high into the air and falling all over my chest and belly. She was still wanking me hard, but I grabbed her hand and held it still while I jerked again and again, the cum squirting on me and, as she quickly bent forward, a last rush hit her in the face. At last I had finished. She still held me in her cum covered hand as I slowly subsided.

‘So what happened to our agreement not to screw any more?’

‘Well, we haven’t, have we? Just a bit of gentle masturbation, that’s all.’

‘Oh no it’s not, big sister.’

I leant over her, looking down on her face streaked with my juice. I lowered my head and started to lick the gooey mess from her cheeks, then pushed my cum laden tongue deep into her mouth. Her hand went round the back of my neck and, for the first time, I felt her pulling me harder into the kiss. Our tongues and lips and teeth were rubbing and crushing together, slippery with my cum and our saliva. In our rush I had forgotten that there was something else new for me to try – bare pussy! I slipped down the bed and spread her legs wide. There was her lovely pussy, her inner lips pushed out a little and pouting at me, and where there had been curly hair on her outer lips, now was just bare skin. I ran my fingers over the soft smooth flesh, then leaned forward and kissed her, running my lips up and down on the softness and loving the new feel of her.

‘You like?’

‘I like! It’s even better like this. Now let’s see what it feels like against my pubes.’

‘Right, here goes.’

She grabbed my cock, which by now was solid again, and pulled me on top of her, guiding me straight into her soaking wet pussy. Her hands slid down my back and she pulled me in hard against her, and I started plunging in and out, my skin slipping and sliding over her belly and my cock on fire inside the heat of her body. Suddenly she stopped me.

‘Wait, Chris, I want to try something.’

She slid her hand down between our closely touching bellies and I could feel her fingers moving as she started to rub her clitoris.

‘Oh god, Chris, this is amazing. Masturbating with you inside me is...oh, help, I’m going to...’

She stopped speaking and started to gasp as her hips shook beneath me and she moaned as she came to her orgasm. I felt the rush of liquid on my thighs as she flooded, and the muscles in her vagina were grasping me tightly. As she began to relax, I began to move again. Now I was out of control, I just wanted to take her and satisfy my own desire. I put my arms round her and grasped her lovely round arse in both hands. One hand I pushed further under and, after wetting my finger in her juice, I thrust it into her anus, followed by a second finger. Now I was holding her as tightly as I could and I was making long sliding movements up and down her belly as my cock thrust up and down her love canal. She whimpered, but suddenly I felt her arms round me, and her fingers digging into my back. At last I stopped for a moment, drew my cock back till it came out of her pussy lips, then made one last hard thrust deep into her. I felt the liquid boiling up in me and rushing up my penis and bursting forth into her. We clutched each other as I shot spurt after spurt into her, and she came to another thundering

climax, her pussy gripping me tightly as she shared spasm after spasm with me. At last I started to relax, and I lowered my head into the crook of her neck, nuzzling and kissing her.

‘I don’t quite know what to say after that, little brother. That was amazing sex, but it was more than that, wasn’t it?’

‘If you mean was it love, well, I love you, Claire.’

‘Me too, Chris. But let’s not say that again.’

‘No, let’s have lovely sex – we know we love each other, and I’ll always love you, but we aren’t going to spend the rest of our lives together are we?’

‘Don’t think so. You’re right, we’ll have fun, but be ready to stop when one of us wants to look elsewhere.’

‘Well, you heard what Mum said about her and Uncle Paul – we can always have a fall back if we feel like it.’

‘Right, now stop wittering and see if I can caress that cock of yours back into life. Oh, by the way, does my bald pussy feel better against your pubes.’

‘Dunno – I was too busy to notice, I’ll pay more attention this time.’

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

There was no question of not having sex together after that. We slept together most nights, made love most nights. We did ease off a bit as we were back at school and weren’t spending all day together as we had in the holiday. We were having to be careful about showing our love for each other and not letting anyone realise that I had looked after her – in every way – during those days we were alone together. I don’t think anyone realised, except Mrs Watson, the Deputy Head Mistress, (see Chapter Five) who had put two and two together and got pretty close to four as an answer, and I never doubted that she would keep it to herself.

A few weeks later, it would be our Mother’s birthday.

‘Claire, what can we give her to make it special – after all, it is her fortieth, I reckon that’s a bit special.’

‘Well, we don’t have a cash problem, so it’s just a question of making her feel that we’ve taken a lot of trouble, not just bought something. Uncle Paul was on the phone earlier, he wants us to get something for him as well. He’s going to have to be away for several weeks on business, so he won’t be able to come’

Uncle Paul had given us a thousand pounds each for letting Mum stay with him after his wife died. We knew, because Mum had told us, that they had renewed their sexual relationship while she had been staying with him, and we always thought that that was why he was so generous. He didn’t know that we knew that they were lovers, or that they had been since they were young.

‘We can take her out for the day and treat her to a theatre and a slap up meal, but I don’t know about presents. How about some pretty undies, she can show them off to Paul sometime when they are back together.’

‘Now, that gives me an idea. What we’ll do is.....’

‘We can’t do that.’

‘Yes we can, and I’ll take the blame if it goes wrong.’

‘This is one blame we’ll have to share – oh well, nothing venture, nothing win, or something like that.’

The day before her birthday we told Mum that we were going to do everything for her the next day, and we started by taking up her breakfast in bed. We sat, one on each side of her bed, talking about some of the plans for her day, though we left out the “best” bits. When she had finished, we pulled back the bedclothes and made her get out. She was wearing a scruffy tee shirt and pants, and Claire took hold of the shirt and pulled it up over her head, then I pushed the pants down her legs, leaving her naked and very desirable. Claire undid her robe, under which she

was wearing only her very lovely skin, and I took off my shorts so that we were all nude.

'What do you pair think you are up to now? And stop it at once!'

'We told you we would do everything for you today, so this is just the start.'

We led her into the big shower and turned on the jets. When she was wet all over, Claire and I took a bottle of shower gel each, poured some into our hands, and began to soap her. Claire stood in front, and started with her face, then her shoulders and her breasts. She didn't take too long, but enough to make Mum's nipples grow, and for her to gasp as Claire squeezed and twisted them. I was soaping her back. Round her waist and down to her wide, firm buttocks, and I used both hands to massage and squeeze her, pushing my fingers ever deeper into the divide. As I approached her anus I was watching Claire's hands passing lower over Mum's belly until she was sliding her fingers between her legs and onto her pussy lips. We worked together, and my finger started to penetrate her arse as Claire was entering her pussy. As soon as we had entered her, we withdrew, and moved on down her legs. She was breathing heavily, and I guess she expected us to go back to her sex, but after we had finished her legs and feet we stopped.

'There you are, Mum, nice and clean to start the day.'

Mum muttered something under her breath, which I gather was not too complimentary, but said nothing more. We quickly washed ourselves, then turned off the sprays, took some towels and dried Mum off carefully, paying special attention to her breasts and other sensitive parts. Then Claire applied deodorant and other feminine unguents, before leading her back to the bedroom. I briefly brushed her hair, not taking too much trouble as she was to visit the hairdresser shortly. We then produced some gift-wrapped boxes for Mum to open. First was a matching bra and panties, pretty in white and lace edged but not very fancy, and I held the panties so that she could step into them, and I noticed as she lifted her leg that, in spite of our careful drying, there was a trace of moisture on her nether lips. I drew them up to her waist, my hands sliding over her luscious flesh as I went. Then Claire put on the bra for her, taking great care to slide her fingers into the cups to ensure that each globe was comfortably settled, and when she stepped back to admire her handiwork, the little bulges of her swollen nipples were clear to see. The next package contained a cream trouser suit, which we put onto her, again making sure that the material was nicely smoothed down.

'That looks super, Mum. We got the sizes just right. Now we'll get dressed and go shopping.'

Our first call was at a very upmarket lingerie store. I left Claire there with Mum while I went off to sort out some flowers and other little things for Mum. Claire had found out by chance that the lady who did the bra fittings was, if not lesbian, certainly very fond of other women. Claire had been in a cubicle in a restaurant toilet when two women came in and, while washing their hands and checking their makeup, were talking about the lingerie store.

'The women who does the fittings has got the most wonderful hands you could imagine, and she was all over me. It just started with a little rub against my nipple, and when I didn't complain she just went on, and I had to stop her before I had an orgasm. God, I wish Jim could have lessons from her, he's never turned me on like that.'

They carried on in this vein for a little longer as they left, and it gave Claire a brilliant idea. She paid a visit to the shop and asked for a fitting herself. The woman started by admiring her figure and then, as Claire tried a bra for size, she slid her hand in the cup 'Just to get it on properly' and squeezed her nipple. Claire gently pulled her hand away, but then had a discussion with her about doing a fitting for Mum, and now the fitting was to begin. Claire told me all about it later.

"Louise – that's the fitter – took Mum into a room at the back of the shop, and I went along as well. She told Mum to take off her suit top and stood back and looked at her bust.

'Yes, very nice, Mrs Carter, but it could do with a bit more lift, like this.'

She stood behind Mum in front of the mirror and put her arms round her and lifted her breasts with both hands, and I saw that her fingers brushed across the nipple area of the bra.

'All right, now let's see you as nature made you'

She unhooked Mum's bra and slid it off her shoulders, then walked in front of her looking at her.

'Yes, very fine. A 36D cup I should think, let's just check. I don't use a tape as my hands are very accurate.'

With that she went behind Mum again and held her breasts, feeling the shape of them and lifting each in turn, her fingers moving ever so slightly across her skin and just touching her nipples. I could see that Mum was embarrassed but she didn't say anything. Louise had several bras of different sizes to try, and she took three of varying forms and them on Mum one after the other. Every time after she had put the bra on she popped her hands inside to adjust the breasts, and Mum was looking more and more flustered, and going a bit pink in the face.

'Now I think that this style suits you best, this soft material gives you a nice uplift but still looks natural. I'd just better check that your nipples don't show too much if you get cold – or excited.'

Louise pushed the shoulder straps down and lowered the bra cups, then she started to stroke and squeeze Mum's nipples, and in no time at all they were standing up good and firm. She then put the cups back in place, making sure that they were nicely in place – by putting her hands inside again. She had a look and stroked the nipples through the bra.

'That's OK, you haven't got those great sticking out nipples that show through everything. You'll just show a hint of nipple, and that's much more sexy I think, don't you?'

She turned to me. 'Now, I was right, it's 36D, so perhaps you'd like to go and choose some patterns for your Mum while she finishes dressing.'

As I left the fitting room I heard Mum say "You've started me off, now you can damn well finish me!"

I was practically curled up from trying not to laugh, so I went and picked up the undies in the pattern you and I had agreed when we went in last week. Mum eventually emerged, looking a bit flushed but with a silly grin on her face. She muttered something to me about being devious, and that was that."

After the lingerie episode Claire took Mum to the hairdresser to be re-styled and tinted. She wasn't allowed to see a mirror while she was in the shop, so she left not knowing what she looked like. When I saw her I was amazed that she looked so much younger and more stylish.

We took her to lunch, and in the afternoon we went to the matinee of a musical, performed by the local operatic society, then back home. We took her up to her room, and Claire did her makeup for her, something at which she was quite expert, and again not letting her see the result. Then we undressed her completely, and I popped a scarf round her face as a blindfold. We unwrapped the new underwear that we had chosen and began to dress her..

The basque was black and made from a lacy, semi transparent material, strapless but also quite low at the back. Claire put it on Mum from the front while I did up the rear fastenings, then I put my arms round her and my hands inside the cups to lift her breasts into place. The feel of the warm, living weights of her lovely globes were smooth and inviting in my palms, and I knew that I would soon be getting over excited myself, so I just gave her nipples a little squeeze and released her. The cut of the cups was so low that the deep pink arcs of the tops of her aureoles were just visible above the black lace, and her nipples were clearly defined. Next to go on was a pair of lacy knickers with wide legs, of the same material as the basque, and as Claire pulled them up over her hips, the dark triangle of her pubic hair was displayed, and from behind the deep cleft of her arse

was on show. Next to go on was a pair of black fishnet stockings. We sat her down in a chair and Claire and I rolled on a stocking each, pulling them slowly up the length of her calves, over her knees and up her firm thighs. They were the hold up sort, and when we got them fully in place we let our four hands slide just a little further over the warm, smooth flesh, till our two hands inside her thighs met as we gently touched her sex through the knickers. We only rested there a moment, but we heard her breath catch as we touched her.

Then we came to the final robing. The dress we had bought her was a creamy colour, strapless and cut low so that it just covered the top of her bra, showing off the swelling of her breasts. At the back it dipped low, and the whole of the bodice was tightly zipped to keep it in place. The skirt was just below knee length, and flared to allow it to swing, while still clinging to her behind to just suggest the shape of the rounded globes beneath. When it was all in place, we moved her in front of a long mirror, and removed her blindfold.

'Is that really me? I look about ten years younger – what do you think?'

'Mum, you look young and sexy. We're going to enjoy showing you off tonight.'

We walked downstairs with her and sat her down in front of the TV, with a drink in her hand, while we went up to change. I put on a suit, while Claire wore a little black dress that was quite restrained, as we wanted Mum to be the centre of attraction. As I walked down, there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to the driver of the vintage Bentley that was our carriage for the evening (at Uncle Paul's expense!). The car delivered us to the best restaurant in the town, where we had reserved the best table. As we walked in, with Mum on my arm, I could see the heads turning to look at her, which was only right as she looked splendid. We had champagne to start, followed by an excellent meal, after which dancing began on the small floor to the music of a jazz trio.

Now, dancing was something that we were all good at. Our parents had always been keen dancers, and there was a very active dance club in the town. From the time we were big enough to walk safely, Claire and I had been taught dance movements, and by the time of her accident we were local junior champions, despite the difference in our ages. I led Mum onto the floor, and we were away. The band played a mix of jazz and classical ballroom, but it was when they played a jive number that we really went to town. She was light on her feet, and, as I spun her around, her skirt flared out higher and higher till she was flashing her naked thighs above her stocking tops, and the other couples stopped dancing to watch us. When the number finished we got a round off applause, and the waiter brought us another bottle of bubbly, courtesy of the management.

After that I danced with Claire for a bit and an old friend of Mum's took her on the floor in a rather restrained manner, probably because his wife was watching. At last Mum called time.

'This has been wonderful, but I think I'm ready to go home now.'

I phoned for the car to come, and soon after we rode home in state in the Bentley. When we got in the house, we all flopped out on the sofa, this time drinking mineral water.

'You children are wonderful to me. This has been the best birthday I've had since...well, since your father...'

Her voice tailed off. We knew just how much she had loved our father, and how utterly betrayed she was when he left her.

'Well, we thought you deserved something special, but you'd better know that Uncle Paul paid for it all, we just did the organising. You'd better pay him back next time you see him.'

'How will I do that...oh, alright, let's not go there. Anyway, I'm ready for bed.'

'We'll come and help you, we've got another present or two for you.'

'Why do I feel slightly concerned about what you have in mind?'

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

In her bedroom, we again put a blindfold on her, despite her complaining that she wanted to see what we were up to. Then we took off her dress and the sexy underwear, taking the opportunity to let our hands brush against her breasts and across her sex lips. Then we slid on the nightdress we had bought for her. It was black, and nearly transparent, with a bit of decorative lace round the bottom and the neckline. It reached half way down her thighs, and was fairly low cut so the swell of her breasts were on show, and it was fixed from the neck to the waist by three buttons. Her body was clearly visible, the silky material hanging to the curves and accentuating the voluptuous roundness of her. Now we took off the blindfold, and she stared at herself in the mirror.

'I never thought I could look that sexy. I reckon I'm not totally past it'

'Mum, any man with eyes would fancy you something rotten.'

'And quite a few women too' added Claire. 'Now it's time for beddy byes – and our last present to you.'

We held Mum's hands and led her to the bed. Claire pulled the covers right back, and Mum lay down.

'Just stay like that a moment, we'll be right back.'

We left the room and stripped off our clothes. I put on a pair of boxers, Claire a long tee shirt over nothing. Then we went back in to Mum's room, and got into bed, one either side of her.

'Now what are you pair up to?'

'Just a good night kiss.'

I leaned over and gave Mum a long soft kiss. Her lips were parted slightly, but I resisted the temptation to push my tongue in, and withdrew, and as I drew back Claire took over, and I watched as her lips moved gently on Mum's, then she backed off.

'Very nice, children, now I think I'm ready to go to sleep, it's been a long day. Goodnight, and thank you both for a lovely birthday.'

'It's not finished yet.'

I kissed her again, this time more urgently, and my tongue slid into her mouth and explored the soft wetness. After I had probed around I felt her starting to respond, and her tongue became active, and she pushed back into my mouth. For a while we became more and more engaged, and were nibbling each other's lips. Then I pulled away and, before she could speak, Claire had taken over from me. I slid my hand across the soft silky material at her waist and moved up till I felt the lower curve of her breast, and gently cupped her. Lying on her back as she was, the globes were flattened a bit, but as my fingers slid around her the warm weight in my hand it felt so alive and responsive to my touch. I moved my hand to and fro, lightly stroking the warm flesh under the cloth, moving in circles and slowly approaching her nipples. I could see through the thin cloth that they were starting to stiffen, and I soon began to touch her aureoles and then to lightly brush the nipples themselves. They were pushing up through the cloth and I took one in my fingers and squeezed it firmly, then pulled on it. She pushed Claire away and grabbed at my hand.

'No Chris, that's more than enough.'

'Don't you like me doing that, then? Your nipples look as though they are happy.'

'Of course I like it, you bloody fool, but you are my young son and there is no way you should be doing that.'

'OK' said Claire, 'I'll do it instead.'

Straight away her hand began exchanged for mine, and she started to stroke and squeeze Mum's nipples. Mum just moaned quietly 'What can I do?'

'Just enjoy, Mum', I said, and slipped my hand inside her nightdress and took hold of her breast. She felt so warm and smooth, and I could feel her body rise slightly under my touch. Claire's hand followed mine inside, and now both of her breasts were being caressed, and her nipples pulled and twisted, not enough to

hurt but to make her squeak with the sensation. We had talked about what we would do in advance, and now we moved our hands outwards together so that the nightdress was pulled open and her breasts were uncovered. Our heads moved together over her and, after quickly kissing each other, we lowered our lips to Mum's nipples, and drew them up hard into our mouths. It seemed as though the bud in my mouth was growing even longer, and I nibbled it with my teeth and raked the tip with my tongue. I could hear moaning as we worked on her, and I touched Claire's hand and we began to slide together over the slippery fabric covering her belly, moving to and fro across the soft roundness of her, over to the crests of her hips and back again, moving ever lower till we brushed across the mound oh her pubis, then outwards and down to the tops of her thighs. We moved down till we came to the bottom of the dress and found the naked firm flesh of her legs just above her knees, when we began to move slowly upwards, our hands sliding under the nightie and round to the inside of her thighs.

'Please stop, you two. You know that this mustn't happen.'

'Darling Mum, we aren't going to stop. We're all enjoying this, just relax and let us make love to our wonderful Mother.'

'Relax!!! How can I relax with what you are doing to me? You must stop.'

'OK, push us away.'

'I can't, I feel helpless.'

'That's all right then. So relax was the wrong word, just lie back and enjoy it.'

She just let out a quiet moan as our hands slid slowly up the warm softness of her inner thighs till we both felt the heat coming from her pussy as our fingers touched the shaved outer lips. The nightie had pushed up and we could see that they were beginning to puff up with her hot blood and we gently pulled her legs apart, and her dark red pussy lips began to emerge. We ran our fingers up and down the creases between the two pairs of lips, and saw a drop of moisture glistening like a pearl as it leaked out from the hidden orifice. I leaned over towards Claire, and we kissed, long and deeply, with our faces just above Mum's pubis, and I could smell the sweet scent of her pussy as she became more aroused. After our kiss we turned our faces down and began kiss her over her soft belly and across to her hips, licking and sucking at the yielding flesh, and moving ever lower to her pubic mound, all the while as our fingertips traced a path over the pouting lips, but without entering her.

'I think it's time, Chris, you go first.'

'Time for what?' said Mum.

'This.'

I lowered my face to her moist lips and pushed the tip of my tongue into the slippery groove as her lips parted under my touch. I flicked to and fro along the opening gap, gradually pushing deeper and deeper till my tongue was buried deep inside her love canal and I pushed in and out as I heard her whimpering with the forbidden pleasure. Then I withdrew, and Claire took my place, and I watched her giving Mum the same treatment, then sucking each pussy lip in turn, after which she drew back. We had been careful not to touch Mum's clitoris, but now I carefully took the hood between my fingers and pushed it backwards, exposing the little button. While I held her open, Claire leant forwards and just touched the spot with the tip of her tongue. As Mum began to whimper quietly Claire's tongue became more insistent and she was soon lapping on the sensitive flesh, then she enclosed the hood in her lips and began sucking and biting and licking. I slid my hand under Claire's chin and slid a finger into the wet pussy, then followed it with another, then a third. I pushed deeply into the hot channel and felt my fingers being gripped by her vaginal muscles, and moved quickly in and out of her, feeling on my wrist her juices pouring out. I moved my thumb backwards along the sensitive perineum, sliding easily in her wetness and moving back and forward but always getting nearer to her anus. When I could feel the slight indent I pressed my thumb lightly into her, not enough to penetrate, and as my fingers moved inside her my thumb also made little movements in and out. As we worked together on

her sopping wet sexual organs she was moaning louder and louder, and her hips were thrusting up against our attentions. Suddenly my fingers in her vagina were gripped hard, and her whole body shuddered over and over again as she had a shattering orgasm.

As we felt her starting to relax, I withdrew my hand and Claire her mouth from her sex and she flopped back on the bed, panting. We both took turns to kiss her gently, our hands resting lightly on her breasts. We caressed her sensitive mounds, moving slowly round her, lifting the full globes and squeezing them up so that her nipples stood out, and whichever of us was not kissing her mouth was licking and sucking the hardening nipples. We were being careful not to bring her under too much pressure, but I began to move my hand lower over the round belly till I found her moist crack and slid my finger in between the wet lips, but this time I went further back, rubbing softly on her perineum and down to her anus, which was wet from where her juices had trickled from her pussy. I circled the puckered opening, and, when I touched the indent, I began to press more and more firmly and felt my finger begin to enter the tight entrance.

'Chris, no, that's enough. You are not to touch me there at all. God knows, what you've done already is bad enough but this really is the limit. Stop it at once!'

I ignored her orders and continued to press in to her and entered a little further. She started to twist her hips to try and stop me, so, for a moment I eased the pressure and lowered my head so that I could lick her pussy lips. I pushed my tongue deep into her, then licked up to the top of her crack and pushed my tongue under the hood of her clitoris and felt the little button. As I began to lick and suck her, her movements changed and she was pushing against my face, while I could see that Claire was sucking her nipples, making her even more aroused. Although I had stopped pushing into her anus, I had kept my finger in place, and now I began to push again. I sensed that she was clenching her sphincter, but then I felt it relax and I could ease it in through the tight ring, and slowly began to ease it in and out. She felt red hot, and I could feel her throbbing as her whole body was on fire, and I pushed a second finger into her anus, at the same time pushing my thumb into her pussy, so that I could squeeze the thin membrane separating the two channels.

Her whole body was writhing now, pushing against me and thrusting her breasts up at Claire. Finally she screamed, and suddenly I felt her clit retract into its hood, and a rush of juice from her pussy. Then she just went limp. I withdrew my face and hand, and looked up at her, as did Claire. She had passed out, flopped back on the pillows, her eyes shut, and with her breath coming in short gasps.

'Do you think she's all right, Claire?'

'I think so. She's just had a monster orgasm.'

'Hope you're right!'

As we watched, her breathing quietened down and soon her eyes opened.

'Dear God, are you two trying to kill me? I'm too old for this sort of thing, and you are certainly too young to be doing it.'

'Well, Chris definitely is. Talking of Chris, he's had a monster hard on for ages, I think we ought to relieve him of a bit of pressure.'

'What do you mean, we? He's yours, you fix him.'

'Now, Mum, that's no way to be. Look at all he's been doing for you, I really think you should give me a hand – or a mouth.'

'You're being disgusting again, aren't you.'

'All right, then, but you're being a bit mean, really.'

Claire turned her attention to me. She started by kissing me gently on the lips, with her lips wide apart and her tongue searching in and out of every crevice, while her hand started to caress my chest, tweaking my nipples and tugging at my rather sparse hairs. She moved on down across my stomach, and her lips moved down my neck and onto my chest, giving my nipples more attention, her teeth nipping me hard enough for me to complain. She sat up for a moment and took

hold of the waistband of my boxers and pushed them down, allowing my cock to spring free. Her hand returned to its path, and now she was stroking my pubic hair – what I had got of it, which wasn't too much at that stage. Soon a finger was gently probing the root of my cock, which only added to the already firm hard that I was sporting. I watched her head as she kissed and licked my chest, when suddenly another mouth descended on to mine, as Mum began to kiss me. Although I had kissed her earlier, this was so different as she was doing it at her own wish, instead of being attacked by Claire and I. Her lips were soft and mobile as they moved across mine, drawing mine into her mouth where her teeth nibbled at me, then her tongue followed and began probing in among my teeth, my tongue, my palate and her hand was behind my head holding me hard against her, our lips crushed together. As this was going on I felt Claire's mouth moving down over my stomach and her tongue beginning to lick the base of my shaft, then licking up and down the length. Suddenly she took my foreskin in between her lips and firmly pushed it right back. Her tongue was racking over the sensitive glans, and then she took me right into her mouth before starting to slide her lips back and forth, taking the foreskin with them. With all the excitement of making love to Mum I was very close to coming, and Claire realised this, and withdrew her mouth.

'Mum, come and help me here. This is a two woman job.'

I couldn't believe what happened next. Mum – my mother, no less – moved down the bed so that her face was next to Claire's and suddenly my cock was being kissed and licked by the two women I loved most in the world. They were working together on me, one would take my balls and draw them into her mouth while the other licked me and nibbled my foreskin, then they would change places and repeat the process. This didn't last long before Claire moved aside.

'He's ready Mum – finish him off.'

I watched with amazement as Mum's mouth slid over the end of my cock and I was being sucked deep into her. She began to move slowly back and forth, and very quickly the soft warmth surrounding me had the desired effect and I could feel the fluid boiling up in my balls.

'I'm coming, Mum.'

I thought that she would withdraw, but she just moved a little quicker as my cock began to jerk as the juice rushed up my shaft and burst into her mouth. I pulsed into her again and again, and she was swallowing as hard as she could till at last the flow slowed and stopped. Still she held me in her mouth till I started to soften and she finally let the flaccid tool slip out from between her lips. Without a word she swiftly moved up my body and her lips met mine, and, as she opened them, I tasted my cum on my mother's tongue. Then she rolled away from me towards Claire.

'There, dear, you've been a bit left out. Come on Chris, let's sort her out.'

'Anything you say, Mum.'

She moved so that she was leaning over Claire, and proceeded to give her a long lingering kiss, and I could see her lips and tongue working her magic on Claire's parted lips. Then she rolled across Claire's recumbent body so that she was on the other side from me. She lowered her head to Claire's breast, and her lips closed round her nipples. She reached out towards me and put her hand behind my head, pulling me forward and down so that I was above Claire's other breast. I, too, took her engorged nipple into my lips and began to suck hard on her, drawing the hard teat deep into my mouth and biting down gently onto it. Claire was moaning quietly, but suddenly she gave a little cry.

'Oh Mum, that's good, do that...'

I slid my hand down towards her sex, but found that Mum's hand was already there, and I felt her finger delving deep into Claire's intimate parts. I moved my head towards hers, and pushed my tongue into the corner of her mouth, which was still enclosing Claire's nipple. She released it and turned so that we could kiss each other, our cheeks resting on Claire's breasts as our lips and tongues

searched each other out. My hand had joined hers, and, as her fingers explored inside Claire's pussy I searched out her hooded clitoris and began rubbing and squeezing it. Suddenly my hand was pushed away and Mum's head arrived between Claire's well spread thighs. I went back to sucking her nipples, at the same time I pushed one hand down under her arse cheeks and slid my finger onto her anus. I found that she was well lubricated from the juice that had leaked out from her pussy, and I pressed the tip till I felt her sphincter relax and I pushed the finger deep inside her, then drew back a little and pressed a second finger against the slippery ring and that too passed inside. By this time Claire was squirming and thrusting up against Mum's mouth, her cries becoming louder and more urgent, till at last she screamed as she came to a crashing orgasm. Just as though a switch had been turned off, she collapsed and lay quiet. Mum and I withdrew from her body. Mum gently stroked her forehead and cheeks, as though comforting a baby.

'Is that better, darling?'

'Oh Mum, oh Chris, that was shattering.'

'What a sight we all are!'

Well, we were a bit of a mess, the two women's hair messed up and smears of cum on Mum's face and Claire's pussy lips puffed up and bright pink, the juices still leaking over her thighs.

'I think we ought to go and shower' said Mum.

'Not yet, Mother dear, we've left the best present till last.'

'Claire, I can't imagine what you have in mind, but the answer is NO.'

'You're wrong, it's yes.'

Despite Mum's protests, Claire and I began to caress her again. This time we were very slow and gentle, running our fingers over her shoulders and the top of her breasts, taking turn to give her little soft kisses, on her mouth, her cheeks and down to her breasts, just brushing the nipples with our lips and tongues. Our hands roamed over her belly and the tops of her thighs, drawing her legs apart and caressing the soft inner thighs. We didn't actually touch her pussy, but her inner lips began to push out, glistening with her juice. Then we left her, and Claire leaned across her body to me, and dropped down to take my cock into her mouth, sucking me in and pushing the foreskin back and forth. Needless to say, I was very soon very hard, and a drip of pre cum appeared on the tip of my foreskin as she released me. I moved across so that I was kneeling between Mum's legs.

'Oh no Chris, no, please not that.'

'It's what you want though, isn't it?'

She answered so softly that it was like a breath of air.

'Yessss...'

I began to move forward, but she stopped me.

'I'm not sure why this matters to me, but while you're having sex with me you are not to call me Mum. My name is Christine, as you well know, and I don't want my new lover shouting out "Mum" in the middle of an orgasm, and that goes for you too, Claire. And my new lover's name is Christopher, not Chris. Understood?'

'Yes Mum.'

'Christine!!!'

'Sorry, Christine.'

'That's better.'

Suddenly our relationship had changed. My Mum had called me her lover. I thought that she wanted to make love, but I wanted to be sure, I didn't want there to be any doubt.

'Christine, do you really want me to make love to you.'

'Christopher, I'm longing to feel that lovely penis of yours slide deep inside me. No more foreplay, or any sort of play. Just come and enter me.'

I looked down at her pussy, her legs spread wide for me, and her inner lips swollen and deep red, and a trickle of her juice running down towards her brown puckerred anus. Claire's ministrations had made me hard, but my erection had subsided a little while we had been talking. Now the sight of the engorged, wet

pussy lips waiting for me to penetrate brought me back to a rigid state. As I began to move forward, Claire's hand reached round and took hold of me and pulled me gently towards my goal. It was as though she was giving me to my mother as the final birthday present, sharing the body that had been hers alone for the last few weeks. She brought me to touch the swollen lips and moved the tip of my penis up and down the crack, pressing it against the clit that was just visible under its hood, then she moved me back to the depth of the lips and the entrance to her vagina. She still held my shaft and she pushed the tip of my penis into the warm wet folds, then she let go of me.

I slowly pushed forwards and I felt my cock sliding smoothly up the well lubricated channel till I could go no further. I was holding myself up on my arms so that I could watch her pussy lips folded around my shaft as I went in. I looked at her face, and she was smiling up at me.

'Well, how does it compare with Claire's pussy?'

'If I answer that, one or the other of you is going to hit me, so all I'll say is that you are both wonderful.'

In fact, it was very different, as Claire was much tighter, not having had two babies pass through it, but Christine (that sounds odd, but it's what she wants) felt equally good in a different way. As I began to move in and out it felt as though my cock was being softly caressed instead of being firmly held – till she suddenly gripped me with her pussy muscles. I was amazed at the way she held me, my cock was throbbing at the unexpected pressure. Then she relaxed and again as I slid in and out of the wet channel I was getting this wonderful sensation of my cock slipping through the warm flesh, as subtle as if silky fingers were brushing it gently. It was a completely new sensation to me and was making my cock feel so good that I wanted it to last for hours, but as it was so good, it was also getting me very wound up. I felt her getting very aroused, her breathing was getting noisier and she was moaning quietly, and she was obviously going to orgasm, so I slid one hand down between our bodies and probed her slit to find her clitoris. As soon as I touched the little button, her vagina started to grip me again and she was writhing below me. I had been taking my weight on one arm as I rubbed her clitty, but now I lowered myself down so that she was taking all of my weight, our bodies locked together, and as I slid my cock in and out of her I felt her gently rounded belly and her breasts rubbing against me. Her arms were locked round me, her fingers digging into my back as at last she cried out and thrust her hips hard up at me, her pussy gripping me even tighter, till she quite suddenly collapsed beneath me. Her eyes were closed and she was panting hard, but she slowly relaxed and opened her eyes, giving me a lovely smile.

'Christopher, you are the most amazing man – well, boy, but I can't believe that it was a thirteen year old that did that. You're going to make some woman very happy with that performance.'

'If you don't mind, Christine, I haven't finished yet.'

'Oh, sorry darling. What can I do to help.'

'Just turn over for me, please.'

'You'll have to take that thing out of me first.'

I drew my hard cock out of her pussy, seeing it shiny from her juices, and backed off so that she could turn over. I took hold of her hips and drew her up onto her hands and knees. Her bum was big, but firm, and I leant forward and took a little bite at her, making her squeal, then I spread her cheeks wide so that the brown puckered anus was on display, above her vulva, her pussy lips pink and engorged pushing out from between the outer lips. She was soaking wet from her orgasm, and the juice had run into her anus. I slid a finger from each hand against the indent and began to push gently till they both slid inside her, and I felt how hot and smooth she felt. I pulled the fingers out, and her hole was gaping as I pushed forward till my cock was in place and I pushed steadily and firmly so that it eased its way through the tight sphincter, and slowly up the canal. She was moaning and telling me not to do it, but I started to move slowly in and out. Claire was watching

what we were doing, and I caught her eye and nodded at her. She guessed what I meant, and lay on her back under Mum's head, then wriggled along beneath her till her head was below her breasts, which were hanging down below her chest. She began sucking on the hard nipples, and at the same time Mum had taken Claire's nipples in her mouth. I could see the two women pleasuring each other's breasts, and I stayed still while this was going on. Then Claire moved further down Mum's body, until her head was between her thighs, and Mum gasped as Claire's mouth began to engage with her wet pussy. Then Mum lowered her face to Claire's pussy, and I watched as her tongue and her lips were delving into the hot lips gaping beneath her as Claire spread her legs wide.

Suddenly I felt my cock being rubbed by Claire's fingers as she delved deep into Mum's pussy, separated by the thin membrane from her canal. I began to move in and out, getting more and more aroused by the feel of the movement and the moans of the two women beneath me. I decided to pull out, and enjoy the sight of my two favourite people bringing each other to orgasm. They were writhing together, two heads buried in two vulvas, and soon Mum's body began to jerk and she cried out as she exploded with pleasure. Her mouth left Claire's pussy as she was practically rigid, but she recovered and again began sucking and licking as Claire also came with a long soft moan.

They finally parted, and lay together, legs spread, pussies engorged and dripping their juices. Now it was my turn, and I climbed onto Mum, my penis sliding easily into her sopping wet vagina. I laid full length on her and pushed my hands under her back and grasped her generous arse cheeks. I started thrusting into her as hard as I could, and I felt her legs open wide as her heels went round my back and dug into me. I now had only one object, to satisfy my own lust, and I was moving faster and faster. Our two bodies were both sweaty, and we slipped and slid on each other, my belly against her pubic mound, my chest crushing her breasts. At last I felt the beginning of my orgasm, as the fluids began to boil up in my balls and rush up the shaft of my penis. I jerked hard into her, over and over again, as at the same time she gripped my cock with her pussy muscles. At last it was all over, and I lay still, gasping for breath, then lifted my head from where it had been on Mum's shoulder and gave her a long, soft kiss. We stayed with our lips locked together as my cock slowly softened and slid out of her, and I moved from on top to lie beside her. It was a long time before Mum finally spoke.

'Don't say a word, either of you. We'll talk in the morning. Now go to sleep.'

I think we were all exhausted from our efforts, and Claire and I curled up either side of Mum and we all went to sleep.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Next morning little was said till we had showered - separately, this time - and gone down to eat breakfast. It was a sunny morning, and we had eaten on the terrace, and as we drank our coffee, Mum began to talk.

'Yesterday was the most memorable birthday I'll ever have. All the effort you had put into it to make it so was amazing, and I love you both for it. But...'

'Yes Mum?' Said Claire.

'Yes Christine?' said I.

'What a pair of little innocents you are. There was just a small matter of incest, group sex, lesbian sex and illicit carnal knowledge of a minor, to name but a few.'

'What's illicit carnal knowledge, for goodness sake?' I asked.

'It's illegal to have sex with an under sixteen year old, even if it was he who was instigating it - and that applies to you as well, Claire, when he does it with you.'

'Well, bless my soul. I've been shagged illegally by two women - whoopee!'

'Oh, and then there was anal intercourse. That was a first for me, your father wouldn't do it.'

'Well?'

'Yes, nice, but I still prefer the real thing, but for a bit of variety to brighten up a dull evening... Now, be serious for a bit. First things first. You absolutely must keep this to yourselves. If we got found out, Claire would probably get away with it, but I suspect I'd get a jail sentence.'

'You're joking.' I said. 'Incest isn't illegal, it's just immoral.'

'Incest with a minor is illegal, and technically I raped you, though God knows it felt a bit more the other way – don't apologise, it was great. But just make sure your lips are firmly buttoned. Now, for the future, I should say that we will never repeat what happened, don't you agree?'

'You don't sound as though you really don't want it, Christine,' said Claire, 'in fact I get the impression that you would rather enjoy a repeat or two.'

'I sure would like to do it with you again.' I added.

'You're both right, of course. It's as risky as hell, but as long as we're careful we'll be OK. Look, from now on, open bedroom doors are an invitation to anyone passing. Just remember, Christine will play, Mum won't. And, please, last night was very special, don't try repeats on that scale.'

'Yes Christine' we said together.

'One more thing – I'm getting a dog.'

'Hey, mum – not bestiality next?'

'Don't be disgusting. It's just something else your father didn't like, and I've always wanted one, so that's that!'

So our relationships were set for a bit. I slept with Claire most nights, and we often made love. Sometimes Mum would ask one of us to sleep with her, not always for sex, sometimes just for company, and occasionally we'd all three have fun together in Mum's big bed. It was just one big, happy, incestuous family, and this went on for a few months.

One day I came home from school, opened the gate into the garden, and found myself face to face with a very large German Shepherd dog. He rushed towards me, barking furiously and stopped just in front of me, teeth bared in a ferocious snarl. I'd shut the gate behind me so I could only stand still and pray. The Mum appeared from the house and I screamed at her to get him off.

'Just go forward with your hand out and pat him.'

'You're joking!'

'Do as you're told.'

With great fear and trepidation I cautiously pushed my hand out, fist clenched to reduce the chance of it biting off a finger, and frantically mumbling something like 'Good doggy, nice doggy.' To my amazement, it immediately sat, furiously wagging its tail, and let me stroke it, and was obviously totally harmless.

'Now you see why the police chucked him out. As an attack dog, he's a total waste of time, but I reckon he'll scare the shit out of anyone who tries to break into the house. He's called Prince, by the way, of all the inappropriate names.'

Prince rapidly became a much loved member of the household, and leaving the bedroom door open at night risked getting a bed full of dog. As none of us fancied trying sex with him as a bit of variety (well, I certainly didn't, and the two women said that they wouldn't all the time I could keep them happy!), we took to shutting him downstairs overnight. However, as a big dog he needed plenty of exercise, and I started going for a run every morning before school, taking him with me. Often Claire would join me, and we even got Mum in running gear occasionally, but that was a rare event.

One morning Claire and I were out together when we saw a woman whom a man was apparently attacking. She saw us and screamed for help, and I shouted 'Get him!' to Prince. Prince ran at the two people barking loudly, and the man took one look and turned tail and fled, closely followed by the dog. As soon as he was well on his way, I called Prince back, and he immediately ran to the woman and

started to threaten her. By this time Claire and I were close to her, and I shouted to her to put her hand out to stroke Prince.

'Do you think I'm mad? Call him off, Chris Carter.'

That was when I recognised her as Mrs Watson, who had been Senior Mistress at our school.

'Go on Miss, do as I say – you'll be alright.'

She reluctantly did as I had asked, and Prince gave his famous demonstration of how not to be a police dog, and sat down, wagging his tail.

She burst out laughing, and fussed the dog. 'You're just a great fraud, aren't you, but you had that swine scared, and me too for a bit.'

'Sorry Miss, that trick's too good to miss. He's a failed police dog, and that's as fierce as he gets.'

Claire suggested that we should all run together, to make sure Mrs Watson wasn't attacked again, and after a bit we arrived at her house, and were invited in for a cup of coffee. We sat round her kitchen table, chattering about what had happened since we had last met her. She had got an unexpected promotion as Head of another school, after the existing Head was taken ill, which was why she had left our school rather abruptly. She suggested that, as we were no longer her pupils, we should call her Gwen, not Mrs Watson or Miss, which was the usual address to a female member of staff. I was surprised when she said her name was Gwen.

'I thought your name was Susan.'

'I prefer Gwen, my second name, rather than Susan, my first name.'

'Oh, that explains...' I started, but suddenly realised that I was going down a dangerous path.'

'Explains what, may I ask?'

'Oh, nothing.'

'Tell me what it explains, Carter.' She said in a very schoolmisstressy tone.

Claire helped no end 'Go on, big mouth, tell her!'

'Oh lord, it's just that the bigger boys used to call you Sexy Susan.'

She burst out laughing. 'Well, I'm not going to object to being called sexy, that's for sure. I won't ask if you agree, I wouldn't want to embarrass you.'

'I'm too young to know about things like that.'

I thought Claire was going to have a fit, as she snorted at us.

'Sorry Gwen, just don't go there.' she said.

At that we all cracked up, drank our coffee and then Claire and I went home.

After our encounter with Gwen, she began to run with us regularly. She was unhappy about running on her own, after the incident that Prince had put an end to, so one or both of us would call at her house as we began our run, and she would join us, with our canine companion. These runs took place in the early morning before we went to school, but at the weekends we would run a little later and stop for a coffee at her house after the run, and sometimes she would cook us breakfast. Claire didn't always join us, especially if we decided to go a bit further than usual. One Saturday morning, Gwen and I set off for a ten-mile run. After we had done about seven miles, we stopped for a breather. We were deep in the woods, and sat down on a fallen tree trunk, and shared the water bottle that I carried, and then Gwen started to talk.

'You and Claire are really very close, aren't you?'

'Do you really want to know?'

'I must confess I've been fascinated by your relationship ever since I found out how you had looked after her when she was in plaster. It's sheer nosiness on my part, but human relations fascinate me, and yours is certainly unusual, but you've told me terribly politely to mind my own business when I was your teacher and I'll not be surprised if you do it again.'

I thought for a minute. It was a strain having to keep our affair secret, and I was sure I could trust Gwen to keep it to herself.

'Well, soon after Claire was plastered, Mum wanted to go to her sister in law's funeral, which should have taken about eight hours. I offered to feed Claire, she could pee for herself if she wore a skirt and no knickers, so there shouldn't have been a problem, but about an hour after Mum had left, she started the curse. Now, remember that we had always got on very badly and had constant rows, and I had only helped out with feeding her and so on for Mum's benefit. So, when she was bleeding from a very intimate place, the idea of me fixing her was pretty revolting, but when she realised that the only option short of calling an ambulance was for me to do it, and, with her telling me just what to do, I did...well, I fixed it.'

'Oh, that must have been pretty traumatic for both of you. And that started you off...?'

'No, but when Uncle phoned to say that Mum had fallen and was in a coma, we couldn't tell him the state Claire was in, so I just got on with doing everything for her. I guess there were two possibilities after that – either we would hate each other big time, or...'

'Or?'

'We'd decide that we liked each other quite a lot, and that's what happened, and it all went on from there. It's immoral and illegal, and bloody wonderful. The only problem is that it will have to stop soon, there's too much risk of being found out, and in any case Claire should be going out with someone her own age, not shagging with her little brother.'

'I think what you did for Claire was bloody wonderful.'

'What, shagging her?'

'I was thinking of the way you looked after her, and I guess you two didn't just shag but made love to each other.'

'Yes, that sounds better, doesn't it.'

We both sat in silence for a bit, then I looked round to her to find that her face was streaming with tears.

'Whatever's the matter?'

'I'm sorry, it doesn't make sense, just that hearing about your love for each other just struck a raw nerve.'

I looked at her some more, and realised that she wasn't my teacher any more and that she was very attractive. I slid my arm round her back and drew her to me. She looked up at me, a questioning "what's going on here" sort of look. Her eyes were shiny from her tears, her lips were slightly parted, and with no further thought I leaned down and kissed her firmly on the lips, lips that were full and soft and yielding, and I slid my tongue forward between them. At the same time I cupped her breast with my hand and gently squeezed it. After a moment I withdrew, and expected to be put firmly in my place, but she said nothing, just shook her head slightly as though she was trying to shake away the idea of what had just happened.

I pulled her to her feet, and we began to run again. I raised the pace above our normal level, and we ran the last three miles at a good speed. It was a humid morning, and when we got back to her house, we were both streaming sweat. We went inside and I filled with water the bowl that Gwen kept for Prince and put it outside the door for him, and he started to lap greedily. I went back inside, closed the door, and took Gwen in my arms.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Gwen's face was running wet, and our lips skidded as we found each other, and I thrust my tongue deep into her, delving into the warm softness, and she quickly responded and we were frantically licking, sucking and biting each other. With one hand behind her head I held her close, with the other I slid down her back over the sweaty wet tee shirt to the stretch waistband of her shorts, where I pushed under the elastic and felt her sweaty wet flesh. I went on down, inside her knickers and down to her arse crack. My palm was holding the firm globe while my

fingers probed down the slithery wet channel till I felt the dent of her anus, and I pressed gently against the opening. I felt her withdraw a little from me, so I moved away and brought my hand up and round over her hip till it was on her belly. As I pushed down I felt the bush, then my finger found the top of her vulva crack and I slid deep down. Her sex was wet with her juices mixed with her sweat, and when I touched her clitoris it was swollen under my touch and she jumped a little with the sensation.

When I had been love making with Claire and my Mum I had always felt that I was able to control myself, no matter how intense it had been, but this time I was just a mass of lust, and I desperately wanted to fuck Gwen. I took my hand out from her clothing and pushed her down on her onto the rug in front of the fireplace. I took hold of the waistband of her shorts together with her knickers, and began roughly to pull them down over her bottom, and she raised herself slightly to make it easier for me. We had taken off our running shoes when we came into the house, so I could pull her garments off over her feet. I looked down at her lying on the white mat. Her hair was a mess, her face shining with sweat, her tee shirt sticking to her body with sweaty patches under her breasts, her belly softly rounded leading down to the dark triangle, the top of her crack just discernable through the damp hair, her sturdy firm thighs and calves with her white running socks still in place. I pushed down my shorts and pants, my cock leaping up firmly as it was released, and saw her eyes open wide in surprise, though I didn't think that I was big enough to alarm her. I knelt down by her feet, and pushed her legs wide open, lifting her knees at the same time. Her vulva was spread open for me, her pink pussy lips pushing forward as her outer lips parted a little. I bent down towards her and a smell of unwashed body, sweat and sex rose towards me. As I approached her cleft, she realised what I had in mind and pushed at my head as she asked me to stop.

'Chris, you can't do that. I must smell awful and I'm running with sweat. Let's go and have a shower first, then see what happens.'

'I want you now, and I want to smell you and taste you just as you are.'

I pushed my face forward and my lips landed on hers, and I thrust my tongue out straight into her pussy. She gasped in surprise as I lapped up and down inside her vagina lips and onto her clitoris. The taste of her was something new to me – a bit acrid, but totally exciting and arousing. She had closed her legs against my head, and my cheeks were caught between her wet, slippery thighs and I felt her grip me even tighter as I sucked her clit in between my lips, the little bud swelling under my tongues attentions. My cock was aching for attention, and I pushed her legs apart, slid up her body and drove straight into her vagina. I had only entered a little way when I felt a barrier that reminded me of the first time I had made love to Claire and had had to pierce her hymen. But this woman had been married, surely she couldn't...?

'Gwen, you're...sort of...blocked. I mean, you can't be a...a...?'

'Virgin is the word you are looking for. Yes I am.'

'But...but...'

'Stop butting, you're not a goat. Yes I am a virgin, now fix it!'

During this interchange my erection had subsided a little, but now I had been instructed what to do, I moved gently just inside her vagina and I was soon up to full strength. When I felt fully erect, I began to push gently against the barrier, but it resisted my efforts. Suddenly she put her arms round me and grabbed my arse cheeks and pulled me to her as she pushed against me. For a moment nothing happened, then I rammed hard, and the membrane tore as I passed through. She screamed as the pain hit her, and I pushed slowly into the depth of her love canal. When we were fully locked together I stopped, resting my torso on my arms, and looking down at her. She looked back at me, wincing slightly.

'So that's what deflowering feels like. Can you just stay still for a few moments while I get used to the idea. I'm not used to being hurt and enjoying it at

the same time...now just try moving a bit to see how it feels...yes, I think I could get to like it... more...yes, more...much more...oh, yes...'

I was moving faster and faster, my cock plunging in and out of the slippery channel. I dropped my body so that my whole weight was pressing on her, and our sweaty bellies were sliding against each other. I slid my hands under her so that one was behind her waist and the other grasping her buttock with my fingers pushed deep into the sweaty crack. I was totally consumed with lust and I was humping her as hard as I could. It was not long before I felt the sperm juice boiling in my balls and rushing up the length of my cock before blasting into her vagina. My face was buried in her neck as I shuddered again and again, until the spasms stopped and I rested on her, inert. At last I spoke.

'I'm so sorry Gwen, I totally lost control of myself, I must have hurt you like hell.'

'Kiss me better, idiot.'

I lifted my head to find that she was smiling at me, her lips slightly parted. I brought my lips to hers and we kissed, long and slowly, our lips moving against each other, our tongue gently caressing instead of attacking.

'Did it hurt a lot?'

'Only for the first hour or two – or was that seconds? After that I did what American women soldiers were told to do – in the event of rape, just lie back and enjoy it. How soon can you do it again, and please can I have an orgasm this time? It was all too new for me to come properly, I think, I'm sure there's more to it for me than that'

'Shouldn't take too long, probably quicker if we get the rest of our clothes off.'

'Feel free, it's a bit late for me to get modest.'

I pulled off my tee shirt, then took hold of the hem of hers and, as she eased her body off the floor, drew it up and pulled her up to a seated position so that I could pull it over her head. Under it she was wearing a white sports bra, and I moved behind her to unhook it, then went to remove it, but she stopped me.

'Before you do that, let's go to the bedroom, this rug is a bit hard on my bum, especially when you are bouncing on me. And don't you think we ought to shower first – I must stink.'

'Yes you do, and so do I, but it's a nice stink.'

'Oh well, if you like your virgins smelly, so be it.'

'You haven't explained how a married woman gets to be a virgin.'

'Later – just now I want to do a bit of making up for lost time.'

'Yes Miss, anything you say Miss.'

'Don't ever say that again. If I stopped to think what I am doing being shagged by a thirteen year old schoolboy, I couldn't go on – and I want to go on, so carry on waking up my body.'

She got to her feet, still holding her bra in place, then led me into the bedroom where she pulled down the coverings on a big double bed and lay down on it. I leaned over her and lifted the bra away. Her breasts were not very big, but stood up firmly as she lay on her back. The aureoles were pink and slightly raised, while her nipples were a darker pink and were quiet at that moment. I lay down beside her and began kissing her. Her face was still slippery with sweat, and I tasted the tangy aroma as my lips ranged over her cheeks, her forehead, her closed eyelids, then to her mouth. Our mouths open wide as we bit and sucked at each other, and our tongues explored the depths, our saliva mingling and teeth clashing. As I kissed her, I put my hand down over her belly and slid my finger into the top of her slit. I felt the hood of her clitoris and as soon as I started to caress it I could feel the little bump hardening. As soon as I pushed under the hood and touched the skin of her tender spot Her head moved away from under my lips and her body jerked under my hand.

'Oh Chris, that's so good, please don't stop.'

I moved my finger quickly to and fro across the firm lump and she was soon thrashing about and gasping with pleasure. She wasn't the only one who was

getting excited, as I had got a ramrod erection. Without stopping what I was doing to her, I moved across on top of her and brought my cock up to her pussy lips. I pushed gently and slid slowly deep into the slippery channel till my pubis was jamming my hand hard against her, but still leaving my finger space to work at her clit. I began to move slowly in and out, my cock held tightly in her near virgin channel. As I moved my finger was still rubbing her clitoris, and she was way ahead of me as her pussy began to spasm, gripping and releasing my cock in the most delightful way, then her hands dug into my arse cheeks and gripped me against her and she writhed under me till she held me so tight that I could no longer move as she wailed in her orgasm. I lay on top of her, doing nothing until she quietened, then I began to move again, all my weight on her as I slid in and out, our sweaty bellies slapping against each other. Her pussy was streaming wet, and the smell of her sex added to the stale sweat was a real aphrodisiac, and once again I began to stroke harder and harder into her.

‘Christ, Chris, you’re killing me.’

‘Sorry, darling.’

‘I wasn’t complaining, I think I’m going to... oh god...oh yess...harder... please...more...ohhhh...’

I rammed as hard as I could into her, and very soon I felt the pressure in my balls as the fluid boiled up inside them, and I shot my semen deep into her vagina. Again and again I jerked hard into her, as she moaned and her pussy muscles gripped me. My arms were round her gripping her, but at last I released my grip and relaxed on her, my body limply flattened on her wet torso.

‘You’re squashing me just a bit, Chris, but I don’t want you to go. Can we sort of rearrange ourselves so that I can breathe occasionally?’

‘I’m getting a bit soggy, but, if we’re very careful, I have an idea that might just work. Raise one leg as high as you can...good, now I’m going to roll over onto it, and with luck I shan’t fall out.’

Pressing my pubis against hers I rolled over, hold in her hips so that she came with me, till we finished up side-by-side, one of her legs under my waist, the other over mine.

‘Just don’t wriggle too much.’

‘You feel all soft and tender inside me, not that great hard brutal thing that was raping me.’

‘It wasn’t really rape, was it? If you’d said stop, I’d have stopped – I think.’

‘If you’d have asked permission I’d have said no, but I really wanted it to happen. I’d fantasised about it, but thirteen year old boys hadn’t been part of my fantasy.’

‘Life’s full of surprises, isn’t it. Now tell me how you came to be a married virgin.’

‘It’s simple, really. I fell in love with my husband when I was about twelve and he was fifteen, but when we got a bit older, we agreed that we would remain chaste till after our marriage. We were married on my eighteenth birthday, and went on our honeymoon to Bournemouth. We had dinner at the hotel, but during the meal Keith started to sweat and said he had a violent headache, and he suddenly collapsed. We called a doctor, but by the time he arrived Keith was in a coma, and the doctor diagnosed meningitis. He was taken to hospital, but the next day he died.’

‘Oh Gwen, that’s awful.’

‘Yes, it wasn’t a lot of laughs. After that, every time I got a bit friendly with another man, the thought of actually making love made me feel that I was being unfaithful to his memory. Then you kissed me this morning, and I knew this was the moment. While we were running home, I told myself that it would be disgusting and all the other things that go with having sex with a young boy – how could I do such a thing. In any case, although I knew that you had had sex with Claire, I still couldn’t believe that you would even think about doing it with me. Then, when we got to the house and you kissed me again, there was no way I could have refused

you. All those years of celibacy caught up with me, and I desperately wanted to know what it would be like to feel a penis inside my vagina. And it was even better than I had ever guessed. When I felt the pain as you deflowered me, it was joy as well as pain, and suddenly I felt like a whole woman instead of just a sterile body moving through a life without fulfilment. Sorry, that sounds a bit like a bodice ripper novel, but all I can say is that I think you're wonderful, and I'm madly in love with you.'

'What the hell is a bodice ripper novel?'

'Oh Lord, now's not the time for a lecture on the English novel – remind me to tell you some other time. Just do some more of those disgusting things that you seem to be very good at – not that I've any standard to compare you with.'

'Well, now, let's see what I can do for these bulges on your chest. Just a little stroking around and about...and here...and here...well, what a surprise, your bulges have got bulges.'

'If I kiss you will you stop talking nonsense?'

Her hand was behind my head and she pulled me to her so our lips met. This time the kissing was gentle, there was no hurry, we explored each other's moist warm mouths, our tongues mingling, and nibbling each other's lips. Then I moved and began to kiss down her neck and onto her shoulders. My hand was cupping her breasts, first one, then the other, squeezing and stroking, my fingers brushing her hardening nipples.

'Raise your arm, please.'

'Why? I stink there.'

'That's why.'

She raised her arm, and I buried my face in her armpit. It was wet and smelt of stale sweat, but it was shaved nicely and I breathed in the heady aroma as I circled the cavity with my lips and tongue, sucking her flesh into my mouth and gently biting her. She moaned quietly and pulled my head into the soft dent as she closed her arm a little, making the pit deeper and trapping me in this hot, moist, odorous cavern. Soon I began to move again and my lips reached the upper curve of her breast, and I roamed to and fro feeling the firm flesh of her small globes. My tongue began to make a circular tour, getting ever nearer the centre, and, as I began touching the aureole, I felt her breathing starting to quicken. As she became more aroused, I was conscious of little movements in her vagina, and the soft ripples made my penis start to expand. I had been having some difficulty keeping it inside her as it was rather limp, but now it was firmer I could move a little more freely, and I tensed my muscles so that it would twitch enough for her to feel it. I let my tongue brush across the tips of her nipples, first one, then the other, and I could feel them hardening. My lips closed on one and I sucked it gently, while I rubbed my fingers across the tip of the other.

'Oh Chris, that's so good.'

I opened my lips wide and sucked her nipple and aureole deep into my mouth and raked my tongue across the nipple tip. I could feel her body staring to tremble and I knew she was getting close to orgasm before she spoke.

'Chris, I'm not sure what's happening, but I think I'm going to burst any moment.'

'Let's bring it on, then.'

I lowered my hand to her belly and slid straight so that my middle finger entered her crack. I moved to and fro on the hood of her clitoris, and could feel it hardening. I rubbed my finger round her pussy lips, which my penis was holding open, and when it was wet with our juices I slid it under the hood and rubbed directly on the little bud. I had hardly started to do this when I felt her whole body tense as she began her orgasm. I moved my cock slowly up and down her channel and almost at once she cried out quietly, then relaxed and her hand, which had been holding my head clamped to her breast, released me so that I could draw back and look at her. She was smiling, a big broad smile of sheer happiness.

'Was that just me? What about you?'

'Yes, that was just you. Didn't you realise that women can just keep on having orgasms, men can't. I'm pacing myself.'

'Did I know? I'd never thought about it. I must have just assumed that men and women did it together, and that's that. I guess I also thought that it would only happen once at a session, if you see what I mean, I never guessed that it could be like this. Now, you seem to have got a bit bigger, what happens next?'

'This.'

I started to move slowly, pushing my fully-grown cock deep into her slick, tight pussy. As my pubis bottomed out hard against hers, I held myself pressed against her and contracted and relaxed my cock inside her, while she responded by grasping me with her pussy muscles. I held her hard against me, my hand grasping her firm buttock, and was making tiny movements inside her, which I could feel was making her more and more aroused. Then I released my grip and began to withdraw till I could only feel the very tip of my glans brushing her pussy lips, then pushed slowly back inside. I repeated these moments over and over, never moving any more quickly and watching the expression on her face. She was smiling serenely, with no sign that she was aroused except for the little snatches of breath that told me that she was indeed very deeply involved in what was going on.

'I'm nearly there, Gwen darling.'

'Just come, then, so I can feel you filling me with your juice, make me overflow...oh, I think I'm...I'm wetting myself.'

'I think you're just coming and squirting.'

'What do you mean, squirting...oh...oh...'

I felt her liquid rush down my shaft, soaking my balls and my thighs. I pulled out as far as I could, then thrust firmly deep into her as I came, shooting my sperm into her waiting pussy. She was panting against me, and we held each other till the urgency finished, when she rolled away from me and my limp cock fell out of her with a loud slurping noise. We didn't speak for a long time, overcome with the joy of our mutual loving. Then she lifted herself on one elbow, looked down at me and said:

'I'm hungry, and I don't mean for more of you this time. Let's go and have breakfast, this sex business has given me an appetite.'

We got up and she moved in front of the full-length mirror.

'What a sight I do look.'

I stood beside her, and had to admit that we both looked a bit scruffy, to say the least. Her hair was completely mussed up, her body was streaked with sweat, and her thighs were running with my sperm and her juice, added to which there were streaks of dried blood. I wasn't much better, as sweaty as she was and with my cock dangling with a long thread of sperm fluid oozing from the end.

'I need a pee' she said, and went into the bathroom. I followed her and watched as she sat down and I heard the rush of urine hitting the water. When she had finished she stood up, and I took her place. I held my cock to point it at the pan, but she stood behind me and reached round to hold me and aimed for me.

'Look what you've done, I've pissed everywhere.'

'Never mind, the cleaner will mop it up. Do I shake it to get the drips off?'

'If you start playing with it we'll have to go back to bed, and I want my breakfast.'

We went down to the kitchen and, while Gwen cooked bacon and eggs, I let Prince in from the garden. He ran in, went across to Gwen and stuck his nose into her naked crotch and gave her a great lick.

'Get down Prince, you bloody fool. Put him outside, Chris.'

I opened the door and pushed him out. Gwen's face was a picture, and I burst out laughing.

'How about that, from virgin to bestiary in one morning.'

'Obviously he enjoys sweaty, spermy dripping vulvas as much as you do, but I don't think I'm ready for sex with a dog yet.'

'Sorry, Gwen, but it was funny from where I'm standing.'

We sat down to eat, both still naked and pretty insanitary.

'I'm soaking this chair with your cum.'

'Not just mine, you were pretty wet yourself. You squirted quite a lot.'

'What do you mean? I felt myself lubricating, then I was sure I had peed when I suddenly got a lot wetter.'

'Some women actually squirt quite a lot of liquid when they are aroused, and it looks as though you are one of them. Look up squirting on Google some time, you'll see what I mean.'

'I'll do that. How jolly to think I'll soak the bed every time I have sex. Anyway, I'm going to shower before you start messing me about again. Come on, you can wash my back...or something.'

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

We went into the bathroom, where there was a big walk in shower with plenty of room for us both. Under the rushing water we took turns to soap and wash each other, starting by shampooing our hair, rubbing the foam deep into the scalp. Then it was faces, shoulders, then her breasts, which I soaped for ages, very softly drawing her nipples up to their full glory. She returned the compliment, washing down till her fingers were massaging my sparse pubic hair. Then it was my turn, so I turned her round and washed her back. She had a beautifully firm body, and I felt the muscles under the silky feel of her soapy skin. I hadn't really looked at her from the back, now I was admiring the swooping curves, her shoulders running down to the hollow of her back, the hips rounded but with no excess fat, and her gorgeous bum. Her buttocks were shiny from the soapy water and were calling out to be held and massaged and squeezed, all of which I did. I spent a long time on those sweet globes, just enjoying the feel of the flesh under my hands, but then I began to move inwards a little till my fingers started probing the top of the deep cleavage. I didn't want to hurry this, so I slid down just a little way, then back up, then a little further and back, till at last I was deep in the lovely crevice and getting close to her anus, and then I felt the little depression.

'Chris, I don't think you should be there.'

'Why not? Don't you like the feel of my finger.'

'No, it's not that, it's just that...oh, no you mustn't.'

My finger had started probing into the entrance of her anus, the soap on my hand making it a bit slippery and easing my passage. She tried to draw away from me, but I held her hip with my other hand as I pressed a little more.

'No, please, stop it, it's – you can't do that – oh that's terrible...oh God.'

My pressure had succeeded and my finger had past through her sphincter and into her rectum. I pushed in as far as I could, moving the tip around inside her.

'Bestiary, now anal sex, you are an appalling boy with no morals and...what are you doing now...there isn't room...oh yes there is.'

I had pushed my second finger in after the middle one and she was gripping me hard, then she relaxed a little so that I could move more easily. I moved inside her for a few moments, then withdrew. She was panting heavily, and I cupped her breast, squeezing it to feel her heart thumping.

'Sorry to push you like that Gwen. I thought that if I suggested it you would refuse, but it was pretty good for you, wasn't it?'

'I'm not sure, I was just thinking it wasn't too bad when you stopped.'

'We can try again if you like, but it's better with a bit of lubricant, otherwise it will make you sore, the soap doesn't really do it.'

'Hm, I'll think about that. Now let's finish washing, the shower will go cold very soon, so I'll do the rest myself.'

We were soon out, and she produced a couple of big towels and we dried ourselves.

'You'd better be going home soon, but perhaps we could just – you know – sort of have a little game before you go.'

'What little game had you in mind?'

'Well, nothing too exciting, I'm a bit sore, but a kiss and a cuddle perhaps?'

'Have you got any lubricant? Then I could see if you like a bit more of what I was doing.'

'I've got a tube of KY jelly – my mother told me to take some for my honeymoon, just in case, but it never got use. It should be OK, the tube's sealed.'

'That might be fun, then. By the way, if you really want me to stop, you'll have to order me, not ask me!'

We went into the bedroom, and as we went in the smell hit us. It was a stink of sweat and sex. The bed was a mess of tangled bedding, with a bloody stain on the bottom sheet, mixed with our combined juices.

'Good God, let's open a window then you can help me change the sheets.'

With a window open and clean sheets on the bed, the room looked more inviting. She pushed me down onto the bed, and knelt beside me, looking down at my genitals. My penis was flaccid, and looked rather small, as it was when it was at rest.

'I've never seen one of these close up before, it felt a lot bigger than this inside me.'

She rested the heel of her hand on my thigh and touched me gently with the tips of her fingers, stroking it with fingers as soft as a feather.

'Can I do something disgusting? I want to eat it a bit.'

'Be my guest. But please be careful with your teeth, it's all a bit delicate.'

She bent over, lifted my cock with her hand and slid her mouth over the end of it. She had no trouble taking it all into her mouth, and I felt her tongue swirling over the end, and, needless to say, I soon began to grow until she could not longer hold it all in her mouth. She took her mouth away and looked at the rather more impressive object that she held in her hand. As she moved slightly she retracted my foreskin a little and the shiny glans began to appear, showing a drop of creamy liquid at the tip. She pulled the foreskin right back, then stuck out her tongue and lifted the drop into her mouth.

'Hmmm...tastes nice. If I put this lot back in my mouth, will you come? And should I swallow it?'

'You'll need to move around a bit, use your tongue all over the glans, so that it's as if it was in your... vagina. It'll take a bit of time, and it's up to you whether you swallow it. Oh yes, that's the idea.'

She had opened her mouth wide and lowered her head to take my cock deep into her mouth. Her tongue played tunes on my cock, she moved back and forth, her lips sliding the length of my shaft, and she was sucking at me. I took her hand and placed it on my balls, and she started stroking and squeezing, and she ran her fingers down behind my scrotum till she came to my anus. She didn't try to enter, just stroked all round and across the sensitive opening. This time I didn't try to delay, I just lay back, my hand caressing the back of her head, and let it all happen. I felt my balls ready to explode, and then the red hot rush of fluid up my shaft and into her mouth. She made no attempt to withdraw, and I could see her swallowing hard, as she sucked the sperm juice out of me. She held me there as I began to subside, when at last she released me, and looked up at me with a smiling face with a little stream of juice running from the corner of her mouth. She kept her mouth closed as she moved up over me till she could kiss me. Her lips opened wide and her tongue pushed into my mouth, and we shared the cum that was left.

'Nice.'

'Just nice?'

'Very nice. You taste good.'

We lay quiet for a moment, her head on my shoulder, my hand on her breast, gently stroking her till I felt her nipples start to grow. I dropped my head down and took one of her nipples in my mouth, and felt it stretch under my touch, then moved to the other and repeated the process. Then I moved my head down her belly, stopping only to thrust my tongue deep into her navel. Down to the dark triangle of curly hair, then quickly to her slit, and my tongue dived under the hood of her clitoris and quickly found the little bud and brought it to life. As I licked her I slid my fingers down to her vagina lips and pushed them inside. To my surprise, I felt her draw away slightly from me.

‘What’s the matter, darling?’

‘I’m sorry Chris, I’m just a little sore.’

‘Not a problem, let’s try something else.’

‘What sort of something else?’

‘Get that KY jelly, then I’ll show you.’

‘You aren’t thinking of...?’

‘Just get the KY, then let’s see what happens.’

She went and found the tube of jelly, and gave it to me as she laid down beside me. I opened her legs wide and went down between them. This time I licked her clitoris and her pussy lips without entering them, but then I carried on kissing down her perineum till I came to the brown puckered entry to her back passage.

‘No Chris, that’s not nice. Think what comes out of there!’

‘Just remember how carefully I washed you, inside as well as out. Just let me try, I’ll stop if you really don’t like it.’

‘Oh God, you’re really trying to pervert me, aren’t you.’

‘Just having fun, that’s all.’

Then I started to kiss her again, and ran my tongue over the sensitive spot. I lifted her knees and spread her legs wide, giving me easier access to her arsehole. After I had licked the outside, I pushed the tip of my tongue into the centre, pressing hard till I began to penetrate her. I felt her hips lift a little towards me and my tongue went deep into her, as I heard her gasp at this new sensation. After a few moments probing her, I withdrew and took the tube of KY and removed the cap. I put the end of the tube against the rosebud and gave a good long squeeze, then began to rub the jelly into her anus, pushing my fingers into the tight canal, till I felt that I could slide in more easily, then I squeezed some more jelly onto my hand and gave my cock a good covering.

‘Now for some acrobatics.’

‘What on earth...’

I took hold of her legs and lifted them high up to her shoulders, spreading them wide. Her lips were open wide, glistening with her juice, and her anus was tilted up towards me. I leaned forward till the tip of my cock was pushing gently against the puckered entrance to her back entry.

‘Is this OK?’ I asked.

‘I’ll tell you later – it’s all right up to now.’

I began to push a little harder, and watched her rosebud begin to yield to my pressure. Slowly, slowly I saw my foreskin pushed back as my glans start the spreading of her sphincter, and heard her wince quietly. I was finding it hard to penetrate her, and I realised that she was resisting me.

‘Gwen, you need to relax and let me in.’

‘Sorry, I’m a bit apprehensive. This isn’t a very natural thing to be doing, I want to keep my arse shut, but I’ll try.’

I leaned down to kiss her soft lips, and slid my tongue into her mouth. She responded with her tongue, and soon we were biting and sucking and licking each other, and suddenly I felt her arse relax a little, and as I pushed I felt her spreading open under me. We stopped kissing and both looked down to see the head of my cock going inexorably further inside, till suddenly it had passed through the ring of

muscle and into her canal, and I kept up the pressure and slid deep inside her till the whole length of my member was buried deeply.

'Oh God, I never thought I'd like this, but it feels wonderful, and it's not really hurting, though you do feel rather large. Are you going to move a bit now?'

'That's the idea. Just tell me if you feel uncomfortable.'

I slowly withdrew a little, and then pushed back inside. My cock was being gripped tightly, much more than in her virgin love tube, and I was glad I had put plenty of KY inside her. As I moved, I bent forward to suck her nipples, and she pulled my head hard against her breasts. Then she pushed my head away, and, to my surprise, she squeezed her breasts with one hand, tweaking the nipples hard, then she slid both hands down over her stomach till she came to her wide spread vulva. With one hand she pushed two fingers deep into her vagina, while with the other she was rubbing her clitty. I watched, fascinated, as she played with herself.

'Don't stop moving, I want to feel you caressing me inside.'

I did as she said, my cock sliding slowly up and down the hot passage, and I could feel the movement of her fingers through the thin membrane separating the two channels. She was getting more and more excited, her breathing was fast and loud and her face became screwed up under the stress, till at last she gave a little scream and her body lifted against me. Her sphincter spasmed, and gripped me rigidly, then she started to come down from her high, and her face relaxed into a smile.

'Hope you didn't mind that. Masturbation takes on a whole new dimension with a prick up my arse.'

'I could do that for you at the same time if you like. How about doggie style.'

'Still in my arse?'

'If that's what you want.'

'OK, let's try.'

I pulled my cock back through the tight sphincter, which was spread open after I was clear. We moved round so that she was up on her knees, with her head on the pillow. I looked at the firm round buttocks, spread to show off her open rosebud above her very wet gaping pussy lips. I bent forward and stuck my tongue into her pussy, then gave her arse the same treatment, which wasn't such a good idea as the KY tasted a bit odd, maybe because the tube was pretty old. I picked up the lube and gave my cock another good coating, then pushed it up to her entrance. This time it slid in quite easily, passing through the tight ring of her sphincter and sliding into her tight, hot passage, till it was fully home and my belly was pushed against the firm roundness of her buttocks. I leaned forward and slid my arms round her body, one hand grasping her breast and the other pushed down between her legs. My fingers found her clitoris and started to rub the little mound under its hood, while I tweaked and pulled on her nipples.

She spoke very quietly: 'Fuck me Chris, fuck me hard my darling boy.'

That was the only time I ever heard her use that word, and it sounded incongruous coming from the lips of this school teacher, who I had always respected. Never in my wildest dreams had I thought that, at thirteen years of age, I would have my cock deep in her arse while I diddled her clitty, and hear her speak like that. My response was to do as she said. I started to slide in and out faster and faster, and as I rammed her harder and harder she was grunting each time my dick bottomed out in her arse. As I came near to orgasm I thrust two fingers deep into her pussy pressing her G-spot, my thumb rubbing her clit, and I felt a rush of fluid as she began to come. At last I felt the relief as my spunk began to boil up from my balls, and she screamed as we both climaxed together, my cock jerking over and over as I filled her with the creamy liquid. As I finished pumping and my erection began to soften, I kissed her on the back of the neck, and then relaxed my grip on her. I was reluctant to separate my body from hers, but as I got smaller and slid backwards, her arse contracted and pushed me out. Reluctantly I released her, and moved back, looking down on the wide stretched arsehole with my juice flowing out and running down over her pussy lips.

As I freed her she rolled over onto her side, and I lay down beside her. We didn't speak for a while, just lay looking at each other. Her hair was all mussed up, and her face flushed from her excitement. At last she spoke.

'I should feel utterly debauched after that. I'd dreamed about having sex, but not for a moment did I think I would do things like that, and get such incredible pleasure from them. You've shown me that, if two people like what they are doing, it doesn't matter what convention says, it's good. I shouldn't even think of saying I love you, but I love what we've just done together, and I'll never forget losing my virginity twice over. I'm feeling exhausted right now, can we have a little sleep before you go.'

'Yes, Mum's not back till late afternoon, so no one will miss me.'

She turned over, and I slid close behind her, my arm round her waist and resting on her belly, and in no time we were asleep. We were wakened by the phone ringing, and Gwen stirred sleepily and reached out for the bedside receiver. I heard her voice suddenly change, and could hear both sides of the conversation.

'Hello, Gwen Watson.'

'Oh, hello Gwen, it's Christine Carter. Is Chris with you.'

'Oh, er, yes he is.'

'Did I just wake you, by any chance, you sound a bit sleepy.'

'I'm not now, just thinking what the hell I say next.'

'Don't get alarmed, I'm not going to be the appalled parent. Look, why don't you bring Chris back in about an hour, and stay for supper with us.'

'Yes, alright, thank you.'

She hung up the phone and looked at me, horror in her face.

'Bloody hell, now what? This is going to be the most embarrassing teacher/parent interview of all time. If I tell her you seduced me, she's not going to believe me, not that I would anyway, but what do I say. Help!'

'You're going to say something like "Hello Christine, sorry I kept him out late" and she'll fall about laughing, trust me.'

CHAPTER NINETEEN

We reluctantly got out of bed and went and showered. I went to caress Gwen, but she stopped me.

'I'm too tensed up at the thought of meeting your Mother, I couldn't enjoy you touching me like that – it would be a waste!'

She dressed herself, but all I had to put on was my stinking sweaty running gear, so that's how we went – she all clean and wholesome in a demure dress, me looking like a scruffy teenager. Oh, and Prince sitting on the back seat of her car, looking impressive as always.

We walked into our house to find a reception committee of two waiting, Mum and Claire. As Gwen stood uncertainly on the threshold, Mum walked up to her, put her arms round her and gave her a long kiss on the mouth. I saw Gwen recoil slightly, then her arms went round Mum and they held each other briefly, their lips crushed together. When Mum released her, Claire took her place and the same thing happened.

'Do I take it from that greeting that I'm not too much out of favour?'

'Of course not, I've no doubt that the randy young sod seduced you against your will!'

'Mum, you aren't accusing me of being a rapist, are you?'

'Not exactly. By the way, you stink, I hope that's just from your running kit. Go and shower, I want to talk to Gwen while I finish cooking supper.'

I went up and stripped off and went into the shower. I had only just started to wash when Claire came in and sat down on the toilet lid.

'Well, tell me all about it, how you came to be unfaithful to your loving sister – and Mother, come to that.'

'What you really want to know is, was it better with her than with you.'

'Well, of course I do, idiot, I'm human, aren't I?'

'Then you're in for a disappointment. I just can't compare, it was completely different.'

'Good God, what did you do together?'

'Not different like that. It's that you and I were both virgins, we spent time learning about each other. With Gwen it was like an explosion – from the moment I realise I fancied her to doing it was about half an hour, and twenty five minutes of that was running back to her place. With you it was getting to love you, with her it was just lust – to start with, anyway. I'll tell you all about it some time, not just now, it's too fresh to try and analyse.'

'Sorry Chris, I shouldn't have asked. Now, let me watch you finish, I won't try and touch you.'

I finished showering and dressed, then went down just in time to sit down for the meal. As we ate, I saw Gwen looking a bit uneasy, and she was obviously expecting something to be said about our night together, and she was right. After some inconsequential chatter, Claire asked a question which obviously was about as embarrassing as it could be.

'Well, Gwen, how would you rate my little brother in bed?'

'Oh Claire, that's an obscene thing to ask her.' My mother told her.

'It's OK, Christine, that's an easy question to answer. I've no idea, because I've got nothing to compare him with.'

'You mean he is your first? But you were married, I mean, how...?'

Gwen explained how she came to be a widowed virgin.

'So you see, I shan't know till the next man enters my life. Oh Lord, I keep forgetting that Chris is still a boy, but he certainly acts pretty grown up, and I just hope I'll find someone some day who will give me so much pleasure and excitement.'

'Well, you don't have to rush' said Mum 'I'm not going to mind if you let him give you the benefit of his wide experience for a bit longer.'

'No, it can't happen again, though I wish it could.'

'Why not', said Claire, 'we don't mind sharing him for a bit, do we Mum.'

'Christine, she doesn't mean that...that he...'

'Does it with me? Yes he does, and it's cheered my life up no end.'

'God, what a trio we are, three criminals. I don't think incest is actually illegal, but we've all had sex with a minor, you with a minor under your care, me with a pupil. Claire would probably get away with it, but you and I would almost certainly do a prison term and I'd definitely lose my job.'

'Yes, it does look a bit iffy, I can imagine the joy this would bring into the life of the Social Services, not to mention the gutter press.'

'I've got a neighbour who would certainly notice if Chris visited my house for long periods. But fear of the law is not the only reason for not repeating today's activities. I have a colleague of whom I am very fond, and he very much wants me to go out with him, but I've always put him off because I've been afraid of sex, and I've felt I would be unfaithful to my husband. Well, been there, done that, to coin a phrase. The only fear of sex now is that it might not be as good as it was with Chris, and that's a risk I'm ready to take, but I could hardly go out with him at the same time as Chris and I were having sex.'

'Actually, I shouldn't have said "having sex", I should have said "making love". And that's the real problem. I could fall in love with this adolescent sex machine far too easily, and where would that end.'

I decided it was time I put my oar in.

'She's right, unfortunately. It's one thing to do what we do in this house, but the risk of her getting caught with me is much higher. And, as for falling in love with me is concerned, that would be flattering but a bit tricky. Gwen, I'd no idea what I felt for you until today, and I'm feeling very confused, I've no idea if it's just

sex or what. I just know that it could all end in tears, and I'd just like to have a happy memory of making love to a lovely woman.'

'Thank you Chris, you really are a dear, and I'll be eternally grateful to you for killing the demons I've had about sex. I know that my husband wouldn't have wanted me to go through life as a virgin, though I'm not sure he would have approved of the way it happened.'

'Anyway Gwen, you've drunk rather more wine than you should to drive home, so you'll have to stay the night. In which case, you and Chris can end your affair in my nice big double bed. And don't say you haven't got anything with you. I'll got a spare tooth brush, and you won't need any nightclothes, will you?'

'The hell with morals and the law. Thank you, yes I'll stay – if Chris wants me to?'

I just smiled, stood up, and held out my hand to her and led her out of the room and up to Mum's bedroom. When we arrived, we stopped in front of the big mirror, just looking at each other.

'I see a lovely woman who looks as though she needs to be made love to. What do you see.'

'I see a rather naughty schoolboy who has been teaching his teacher all sorts of new tricks. Now he is going to do as he is told for a little while, teacher's in charge.'

'You aren't going to smack my bottom or anything like that.'

'Hadn't thought of that, maybe I will. Just now I'm going to undress you.'

She turned to me and bent down to take off my shoes, then undid my belt, pushed down the zip and dropped my trousers to the floor. Over my head went my tee shirt, leaving me in just a pair of boxers with a small bulge, which soon became a bigger bulge when her hand took hold of me, squeezing gently.

'Good gracious, you seem to have a growth, what could it be. I'd better have a look.'

She took the waistband of the boxers in her hands and slid them downwards, and as she pulled them over my hips my penis, which had hardened quite a lot, popped out like a jack-in-the-box. She said nothing, just slid the garment down and, as I stepped out of them, I was naked. She pushed me back to the bed, and made me lie down. Then she began to undress. It wasn't exactly a striptease, but she just took off everything slowly, looking at me all the time. It was only a few hours since I had last seen her naked, but it was still a thrill as she uncovered her legs, then her breasts and finally was fully displayed to me. She stood still while I looked at her, admiring the firm, high breasts with their pink aureoles and darker pink nipples, now quite soft, and the soft swell of her belly over the dark triangle of hair that hid the joys below. In the mirror I could see her back, her toned muscles leading down to her firm buttocks and her shapely athletic legs. Then she came and sat on the bed beside me.

'I want to memorise your body, so I'll always remember what my first lover looked like.'

She pushed me over onto my front, and began a long process of caressing and kissing my back. Her fingers stroked and pressed into my muscles, and her lips followed, and I felt her lips and teeth nibbling at me. When she reached my buttocks, she passed over them quickly, then went down one leg to my foot. She lifted my leg so that she could caress the soles, the instep, and my toes, which she sucked each in turn. That was a new feeling for me, and it went down in my memory as something to be tried again. Then she moved up the other leg, and when she got to my thigh her hand slid inside so that, as she progressed, her fingers found my scrotum and perineum, and a little more movement found my anus. She didn't try and enter it, just rubbed to and fro, then with both hands she opened my buttocks and I felt her tongue licking the sensitive spot, and, as she pressed, the tip just pushed into the entrance, then was gone. After that she turned me over, and did the same with my front, caressing and kissing. For a while it was quite relaxing, but when she approached my genitals, everything began to

stir. Her fingers probed among my pubic hair, and then stroked the base of my penis, which, of course, began to rise. She seemed to take an age over this, so slowly moving along the length of my shaft, her fingers so light that I could only just feel her, but, as she neared the end her fingers enclosed me, and gently drew my foreskin back, uncovering my glans, purple with arousal and with a bead of pre-cum on the tip. Her head descended, and her tongue lifted the drop of creamy fluid. Then she open her lips and slid them over the shiny helmet and on down till she had most of me in her mouth, and her tongue was raking over the tip as she moved her lips up and down over my shaft. I was getting near to orgasm when she released me.

‘I want to watch you coming, is that all right if I do it with my hand.’

‘Whatever you want, feel free.’

She grasped my shaft firmly with one hand while the other held my balls. She began sliding my foreskin up and down, while her head lay on my chest as she watched me. She sensed that I was near to climax, and moved more quickly, till my cocked jerked hard in her hand as the first rush of fluid shot out, up over my belly and into her face. She didn’t move, just held me firmly as I jerked over and over, spraying her face and her breasts. At last it was over, and she held my cock as it softened, then she released me and leaned over me so that her sperm covered face was over mine. I pulled her head down, and kissed her, tasting my cum on her lips. When I released her, she moved down my chest and belly, licking off the sticky mess, then presenting her breasts in my face for me to do the same for her.

‘That was a surprise, I didn’t realise you did so much. If I suck your lovely penis some more, will it bring it back to life?’

‘Just put it in your mouth, and I guess it’ll revive.’

She did just that. She took my soft prick into her mouth, and as she sucked and licked it, it soon grew again.

‘Now I’m going to ride you.’

She straddled me and, with one hand guiding me, my penis slid deep into her slippery wet hole. She sat still for a bit, grinning down at me. I lifted my hands and began caressing her breasts. Her nipples hardened under my fingers and I started to twist and pull them. She winced as I did it, but didn’t stop me, and I could feel her pussy muscles gripping me as I abused her. At last she let me know that it was beginning to hurt too much, so I released them, just kneading and squeezing the firm globes. She began to lift and lower her body on me, slowly at first as she found out just how far to move without releasing me. She was moving faster and faster, my prick plunging in and out of her as she bounced on my pubis. As she fucked me, she put her hand down between her legs, but I pushed it away and slid my finger under the hood of her clitty and started rubbing my finger over the tip of her little bud. She was leaning back on me, her breath coming in short gasps and at last she stopped moving, her body in spasm, and her pussy gripping me tightly. I took my hand away and watched as her face, tense with her orgasm, slowly relaxed and a smile came to her lips.

‘That was good, but you didn’t cum, did you?’

‘No, but I soon will.’

‘Let me turn over, do me from behind, but in my pussy this time.’

I rolled her over onto her side, and slid behind her. I eased my penis up to the entry of her pussy lips and she took hold of it and guided it into the warm, wet slot, and it slid sweetly home. I told her to raise her knees and I cupped her body, her firm buttocks against my belly. I put my arm round her and caressed her breasts, then down to her slit and slid round and round her clitoris before taking the bud between my finger and thumb and squeezing it gently to its full arousal. I felt that she was nearly ready to come again, so I pushed my middle finger into her vagina, entering the tight channel already stretched by my cock.

‘Are you sure there’s room for...oh, what did you do...oh, yes, yes, more please, oh...’

I had hooked my finger round to find her g-spot, and, with my thumb on her clitty she erupted, letting out a long wail of pleasure as her pussy muscled clenched hard on the two intruders, and a stream of juice poured over my hand.

'Now it's my turn.'

I pushed her over onto her front, and started to thrust into her. I was not getting very deep penetration, but I loved the feel of her arse cheeks pressing hard into my belly, and, my hands gripping her hips, I made the shallow thrusts till I felt I was on the edge of orgasm. Then I pulled her up onto her knees so that I could get in deeper. Just a few thrusts, and my cock pulsed as I poured my juice into her waiting wetness. We stayed like that for a few minutes, my head pressed into her shoulder, kissing the soft curve, then I slid out and again we lay side by side.

'If I had to die now, I'd die happy.'

'Don't do that, you're going to make some man happy, that'll be much more fun.'

'How am I going to explain that this thirteen year old boy showed m how to make love?'

'Just lie – tell him you read it in a book.'

After some more chatter, we fell asleep. I woke in the early morning light to discover a dark head over my groin and my penis being brought to life by a soft, wet mouth. When she realised I was awake, she released me.

'This is the only night we'll spend together, I don't want to waste it.'

And so we started again, and again, till we finally collapsed in sleep as the sun blazed in through the window.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

It was about nine o'clock when we were wakened by the arrival in the room of Mum and Claire. They each carried a cup of tea, and were both naked.

'We thought it was time you pair were woken up. God, it smells like a Turkish brothel in here – not that I have the faintest idea what a Turkish brothel smells like, but it certainly gives the impression that something has been going on of a... shall I say a sexual nature. I'll open the window.'

Mum went and opened the window, then sat on the bed beside Gwen while Claire sat beside me as we drunk our tea. Gwen was looking just a bit startled at the appearance of these two lovely bare bodies next to us.

'I suppose that every time Chris brings home a new woman you give her the nudist treatment?'

'Actually, you're the first he's brought home. Up to now he's just used the materials to hand for his sexual pleasures, well, and his hand, I've no doubt. As you're the first we thought we ought to check and see if you are up to our high standard.'

'Why do I have a premonition that my sexual education is about to be broadened?'

'Just look on it as an update. Claire, shall we...?'

The two women took hold of the bedclothes and slowly pulled them down the bed, leaving Gwen and I naked and uncovered. They stood and looked Gwen over. She made no attempt to cover herself as she lay, her lovely firm body exposed, with streaks of dried cum on her breasts and belly and thighs. After a few moments, she turned over onto her front, so that they could get a good look at her back, not to mention her rounded buttocks, her legs parted so that her gash could be seen, surrounded by her soft hair. Then she turned back over, and smiled at my family.

'Well?'

'Yes, you look good enough – now the touch test.' This from Claire.

Mum sat back on the bed next to Gwen, and Claire pushed me out of the way and climbed over me so that she could sit on Gwen's other side. They both bent over her face and began kissing her, starting at her cheeks, then moving to her lips, two tongues pushed out to touch the corners of her mouth. Then a hand closed on each breast and cupped it firmly. Mum drew back for a moment

'Gwen, is this really OK? Or shall we behave ourselves?'

'I don't suppose the chance to be pleased by two women will ever come my way again, so I'll just enjoy it – when I don't I'll tell you.'

'Oh, goody.'

After that, it all became a bit of a blur. Hands, faces, exploring her body, delving into every crevice. I sat and watched with amazement as my three lovers entwined. At first Gwen was passive, as the two women kissed down her chest to her breasts, sucking the swelling nipples till she was gasping with pleasure. Then two hands roamed over her belly and down to her pubis. Her legs were pulled open, and two hands caressed the inside of her thighs and up till fingers were touching her outer lips, then slid, side by side, into the crevice between her lips, sliding easily over the wet skin. Two fingers parted her inner lips and slid to and fro, around her vagina then up to the edge of her clitoris. Gwen was getting more and more aroused, she was panting and her breasts were flushed and heaving, when one hand moved up to her clitoris while the other parted the entrance to her vagina, and a finger slid into the wet passage, then a second finger, then the other hand pushed a finger inside, then the fourth was stretching her pussy wider than she had ever experienced. After a few moments of this, the fingers came out and Claire slid between her legs and her lips began sucking Gwen's pussy lips while her tongue did a dance in and out of her pussy. Gwen was writhing on the bed, and Mum's mouth started to suck one nipple while her hand squeezed the other was tipping her over the edge, which was finalised when Claire's lips began sucking her clitoris while her fingers pushed in and out of her pussy. She screamed aloud and her body arched, nearly rigid in her orgasm. At last she relaxed, and the two women ceased their ministrations.

Gwen then decided that it was time for her to take an active part in the proceedings. She rolled over on top of Claire, and their lips met in a long, noisy and passionate kiss, as their breasts rolled against each other and, as she pushed her legs between Claire's, their pussies were rubbing together. After a bit, she moved down so that she could kiss Claire's breasts, and Claire yelped as Gwen bit her nipple and pulled on it with her teeth. Soon she slid further down so that her head was between my sister's legs, and I heard the slurping sound of her licking and sucking. While she was down there, Mum moved across so that she could take over the treatment of my sister's breasts and very quickly Claire came to a moaning, writhing orgasm. In no time, positions changed round and it was Mum's turn to be serviced, and the bed was just a mass of legs, mouths, breasts and pussies, all intertwined, as three lovely women leaked their juices in each other's bodies and they slipped and slid in multiple orgasms. In all this I was just a very interested spectator, watching the sexy bodies and smelling their arousal, but finally they collapsed beside each other in a line of ravaged beauty.

I thought that it was my turn to get involved. Claire was next to me, so I spread her legs and slid my engorged penis deep into her. As soon as I mounted her, Gwen's hands arrived to caress her breasts and Mum slid a hand slid under her and I could feel her fingers pushing into her anus. Claire must have been well worked up, and almost immediately I felt the familiar reactions as she gripped my penis with her pussy muscles as she moaned in her orgasm. As soon as she had finished, I slid out of her, and mounted my Mum. Again, the other two women helped her to a quick orgasm, and I felt the hot juice squirting past my cock.

It had been so quick with my family, that I was still nowhere near orgasm, the efforts of the night having left me a bit drained, so when I moved to Gwen, I knew I had plenty in hand. This time, the other women did not interfere. I was raised above her, my arms taking the weight of my torso, and I moved slowly in her as

our eyes held each other. It was a long, slow, relentless progression as I gradually built up the tempo. As I was getting close, she said, so quietly that I could hardly hear her, 'I love you Chris.' Then I felt the first pressure of my orgasm, and I pushed deep inside her as the fluid poured from my cock, deep inside her vagina. It wasn't the fierce thrusting jerks of our earlier couplings, but a very gentle affair, and I felt her body responding, so gently, just little waves of release against me. She pulled me down onto her body, and buried her head in my shoulder, and I realised that she was crying very quietly. Then I realised that Claire and Mum had gone, leaving us to say goodbye together. As my cock had softened it slid out of her, and I moved over beside her.

'I can't believe what has happened in the last few hours since you first kissed me. You've changed my life, and I'll never forget you, Chris, my first lover.'

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I remained silent, just taking my last looks at the lovely body that I had brought to life.