Sunday 24/2/2013

The whole thing started one boring Sunday afternoon back in February. Mum & Dad had pissed off to a hotel for the umpteenth weekend in a row, leaving me, my baby brother, Tommy and my kid sister alone in the house. I say ‘kid’, she’s 14 and quite possibly smarter and more mature than me. For reasons that will become clear, I won’t use her real name, I’ll call her Tasha. Take it as read that every name I use from this point forward is a pseudonym. Apart from mine, but we’ll get to that.

My mother, truth be told, is a bit of a cow. I’m ungainfully unemployed at the moment, so to earn my keep, I’m assigned daily duties around the house and garden. This weekend’s list was quite extensive and strenuous, so I find myself contemplating the nature of the universe, and my navel, in the shower. I’m halfway putting the world to rights in my head when there’s a knock at the bathroom door.

“Pete? You in there?” “Who else would it be?”

“Yeah, alright. Are you going to be long?” I could wind her up, but we get on surprisingly well, for teenage siblings.

“Only a couple more minutes, I’m nearly done.” The door opens without warning, and I hear her moving around hurriedly in the room. Oh crap! I try to find something to cover myself with but the shower door is swished aside and the diminutive and very naked form of my kid sister hops in beside me, closing the door quickly behind her.

“Sorry bruv, that’s too long. Move over a bit.” I’m completely gobsmacked as she more or less pays me no heed and starts to wash her body.

I’ve never really looked at her in this way. Well, you don’t do you? I mean, I saw her in her knickers and vests a few times (she doesn’t really have enough for a bra, so I don’t think she’s bothered about getting one), but it was just in passing, and as we grew up in the same house, any changes were subtle, and to me, hardly noticeable.

But now, the svelte, shapely and unmistakably sexy sister I never knew I had is standing naked a few inches from me, glistening in the water, as every brotherly instinct disappears down the drain.

“Pass the soap.”
It takes me a second the realise she’s speaking to me. “Sorry?”
“The soap, in the thingy behind you.”
I turn around and try to select the correct pink bottle from the collection of pink bottles in the small rack suckered to the tiled wall. I take pot luck and hand her one.
“That’s shampoo, doofus. Here.”
She reaches past me and I take a deep breath, trying to make myself as small as possible. It doesn’t work as her chest makes contact with mine, and I’m oh-so- painfully aware of her breasts as the small nipples gently scratch across my skin. She doesn’t bat an eyelid, however and starts to apply shampoo to her neck-length blonde hair.

I’m staring, and I know I shouldn’t. Luckily, she’s got her eyes closed so I hope she doesn’t notice. I try to snap out of it and get back to finishing off, realising I had actually finished, and don’t actually have a genuine reason to be in here with her any more.
“Can you do my back?”
She hands me the soap bottle she retrieved and I pour a small amount into my hand. She turns around and shows me her back, and backside. Good lord it’s fabulous. Getting myself under control I start applying the soap to her skin, which is breathtakingly smooth. Something starts stirring so I take a deep breath and close my eyes under the stream of water, breathing out heavily, trying to quell any unwanted urges.

As I open my eyes, she turns around and now I’m actually rubbing the soap into her tiny breasts. She doesn’t say anything, just flashes me a crafty grin. That’s too much for me and things start to happen downstairs, and before I can do anything about it, I make contact with the skin between her bellybutton and *ahem* nether regions. She stops rinsing her hair, backs off slightly and looks down.
“Hah.”
“What?”
“I always knew you had a big dick.”
She squeezes out her hair, drops her hands, takes a step forward and with one hand, gently holds onto the shaft. Then she gets on tiptoe and plants a kiss on me, but it’s not a peck. She holds contact for longer than I’d call normal for brother & sister, gives me a few tender strokes, then lets go. Before I have a chance to gather my senses, she steps back out of the shower, closes the door and with a ‘See you Later’, she’s gone.

What the fucking fuck?

I'd been lumbered with looking after Tommy for most of the day (He was having a nap during the earlier shower) but later that evening, after putting Tommy to bed, I'm doing bugger all apart from watching some movie or another and browsing the internet. For my sins, I frequent 4Chan, and it occurs to me that the reprobates on there would probably want to hear about this little adventure, so I reel off a greentext story and pick a random picture from the cluttered folder system on my flash drive. I pick an image of Rapunzel from Disney's Tangled. It's a cute pic and she kinda reminds me of Tasha, so it seems apt. The thread goes down quite well, so much so that it's still active when Tasha comes home from having an evening out with friends. I decide to bite the bullet and come straight out with it.
"Hey"
"Hey"
"Good night?"
"Yeah, pretty good." then she goes off into talking about her friends and their little dramas. I let her finish.
"Listen. I want to ask you…" but I think she was expecting it. She cuts me off.
"I'm sorry about the shower thing. Dunno why I did that. I've never seen one... in the flesh before"
"Yes you have, you used to see mine all the time when we were kids"

"Well, yeah. But it never used to be so... It never looked like that before."
"And the kiss?"
She blushes and avoids eye contact. "Well. I'd never touched a dick. So I thought, I've never kissed a man either, so thought I'd give it a go." She looks up at me with those goddamn eyes. "Am I a good kisser?"
"Couldn't really say. I haven't done that much kissing either, but the shock kinda numbed everything. It wasn't horrible, if that helps."
She turns and starts fixing herself a cup of tea.
"So why did you come in the shower with me anyway? Didn't you feel awkward about it?"
"Not really, we normally share everything, and I really was in a hurry, so I thought why not? I thought you wouldn't mind. I'm always catching you looking at my arse."
Actually, I honestly wasn't aware I did this, but thinking back. yes I do. A lot.

So we chat for a bit longer, before we move back into the lounge, where she's curled up on the sofa watching dancing on Ice. I take the time to update the thread. Something suddenly occurs to me; "Wait a minute. If it was all innocent, why did you let me touch your tits?"
"Same reason. I've never had anyone except me touch them before."
"And?"
"And what?"
"And how was it?"
She blushes again, it's very endearing. "Tingly."

“Tingly?”
“Very.”
It’s at this point I start to get my own tingle in my boxers. I’m also bursting for a piss, but I don’t really want to get up, for fear of snapping it.

The programme finishes and she gets up.
“I’m going to have a shower.”
“Another one?”
“That wasn’t a proper shower. That was a ‘wash’”.
“Do you want me to wash your back?” I’m asking sarcastically, but the hope in my voice is probably obvious.
“I was counting on it” She says. With a smirk. I wrestle with my conscience for a while. But not for too long.

I get to the bathroom and she's already in the shower. Obviously, she hears me entering the room and raises her voice over the sound of the water.
“You took your time. Thought you weren't coming up.”
I get in, she immediately hands me a sponge with her shower gel on it. Camomile, apparently.

I wash her back, slowly and deliberately, and instinctively move forward to kiss her neck. She responds with a little moan, which leads to an instant and painful erection, which plants itself in- between her buttocks.
She giggles. I put my arms around her waist. She puts her hand on my arms, and we stand there, holding each other.
“I've been as confused as fuck all day”
“Yeah, me too”
"What are we doing?”
She turns around and puts her arms around my waist. As she holds me tighter her body pushes my dick down, and I can feel the intimate hair I’d never even contemplated before tickling the end.
“We're just having fun. Relax, I don't want to have sex with you.”
She’s wearing a serious face. But the hottest serious face I've ever seen.
“I didn't know what you wanted us to end up doing.”
“I know you love me, and I know you've been tearing yourself up about what I did earlier. And I'm sorry”
“What makes you think that?”
“I know you, plus I saw the thread on 4chan round Amanda's. Thought it sounded VERY familiar.”
Serves me right for falling into the trap of the digital age. As anonymous as you want to be, once it’s on the net, it’s there forever. I suddenly feel an onslaught of flaccidity.
“Ah.”

“Don't. I thought some of the stuff you said was nice, especially about me.”
I’m completely fucking speechless. I’m also straining to remember what the ‘4Chan Community’ said about her. I believe there were suggestions of activities, that fall into the ‘many and varied’ category. “Look, you know I'd never do any of that shit they sugg…"
Lips against mine.
Lips against hers.
The erection rises again, and starts rubbing against her slit. My hands move to her tiny bum. Firm, smooth, awesome. Hers move to mine. No idea what mine feel like, but I hope it’s ok. I move a hand to her tit and squeeze it gently, pinching the nipple. She lets out a moan, and I nearly shoot my load. She moves a hand around to my dick, so I move a hand to her slit, the hair’s not as thick as I'd thought, it’s actually nice and soft. I find her little clit and start playing with it like an amateur. I’m obviously doing it wrong, as she guides my hand into the proper motion.

She starts moaning. I mean proper moaning. I try to pull my hand away. but she pushes it back, tugging on my cock like she's mooring a cruise ship.
She comes, hard, and falls against me. I let her recover for a few moments before she stands up and starts playing with my cock again. I start heavy breathing as I’m getting close. This is my first time with another person so I’m getting a bit overcome.
She kisses me, hard. I give out a little moan, I am so fucking close and my breathing is erratic.
She quickly drops to her knees, tugs my cock hard and fast and lets me cum all over her tits. If I could, I’d come a thousand times again looking at that. No. She doesn't suck it. She does, however, scoop a little off her nipple with her finger and sucks it.
“Mm, it is salty…" She gargles in the shower stream, rinsing her mouth out, then kisses me. “They'll want an update.”
I’d left the thread open and had been updating in parts all evening.

Eventually I get out of the shower and head downstairs. Amazingly, the page hasn't 404d, so I quickly type “getting my shit together” to bump the thread. Then we hear my little brother stirring...

Finally it’s bedtime, and without saying a word, we decide to share my bed. There’s kissing and the odd fumble, but we manage to behave ourselves.

Over the next couple of days, our ‘relationship’ changes considerably, and while there’s the obvious barriers we shouldn’t be ignoring, we can’t ignore the fact we’re incredibly attracted to each other. We kiss and grope as much as possible, which led to at least one notably awkward moment the very next afternoon.

Monday 25/02/2013

I'd set my alarm early, but once it sounded at 6.30am, Tasha tutted and buried her face in the pillow, her arms holding me closer to her naked form.
"Why's you set that thing?"
"School, stupid."
"I've got a day off. Training day. There's a note on the fridge."
I press the off button on the alarm and we snuggle into each other again. I feel a hand head south, find its goal and stop moving. I'm expecting more, but a small snore tells me I'm not getting anything straight away.

A short while later, it's evident that Tommy has woken up, so Tasha grumbles and gets out of bed to sort him out. She's naked but Tommy's too young to care. I do how ever hear the word 'boobies!' shouted with a certain amount of glee, and the next time she comes into the room, she's thrown a t- shirt on. Let's just hope Tommy doesn't learn 'pubes' any time soon.

I drag myself out of bed not long after, and we spend the rest of the morning shlomping around, and making as much tactile contact as possible.

Tommy starts flagging around noon, so Tasha puts him in his cot, then calls me upstairs. As I climb the stairs, I see my bedroom door close slightly. Entering my room I see she's under the duvet with her t-shirt cast aside. I get into bed with her and within seconds we're all over, holding onto and inside each other when we hear the front door open.

"Peter! I hope you're not still in bed!"

Oh. Fuck. My bedroom door is at the top of the stairs, so there's no way I can sneak Tasha out easily, and she has exactly no clothes in my room, apart from the t-shirt, and it might be a giveaway if she comes out of my room wearing my clothes. Even worse, mum starts coming up the stairs. Without knocking, she opens my door and peers in. Tasha buries herself behind me, and I can feel her trying to make herself as small and as immobile as possible.

"You ARE still in bed. I hope you made sure Tasha got off to school on time." I come up on an elbow to obscure my sister a bit more.

"Er, I assume so. I haven't actually seen her this morning."
"Well, what have you been doing all day? I hope you've seen to your brother."
"Yes, of course I have. He's down for a nap, so I thought I'd have one too."
"Well, you'd better get up, I need you to do a few extra things around the house, then you can pick your sister up from school." I love the way she doesn't actually ask. What pisses me off more is she's not even looking at me, just casting her gaze over my room with a

critical eye. Finally, she leaves the room, but we can still hear her faffing around on the landing.

“What the hell do we do?” I expected Tasha to find the situation funny, but by the look on her face, she’s terrified. I rack my brains, and the only thing that springs to mind is so ridiculous it’s bound to fail.

I can’t hide her in my room all day, and I know mum makes herself busy around the house once she comes home from one of these weekends, and Tasha’s not the kind to stay in one place either.

“Follow me, and stay as close as possible.” She throws her t-shirt on, but without any knickers it’s pointless. I peek out of the door, and mum’s standing on her footstool sorting out the clothes in the airing cupboard (She’s only short, so can’t reach too high). Tasha’s room is behind her, with the bathroom to my right. I have to somehow get her to her room, but as I think my moment is near, she steps off the stool and goes into Tasha’s room.

I freeze. I can feel Tasha gripping the back of my shirt as she makes fearful noises. Mum comes stomping out of the room again. “Why is Tasha’s uniform still in her wardrobe? I thought you said she went to school?”
I simply panic, put a hand behind me to guide Tasha as I say ‘Just a sec’ and vanish into the bathroom, closing the door quickly behind me. She looks relieved, but slightly confused.
“Ok, now what?”
“Now, scream.”
“What? Why?”
“Because your brother’s just walked in on you naked.”
She smiles, gives me a quick kiss then shouts as loudly as possible “AAAAARRGGHH!! GET OUT!!!” I rush out of the bathroom, stumbling theatrically, Mum dropping the pile of clothes she was carrying.
“Tasha? Why aren’t you at school?”
“INSET day mum. I thought you remembered.”
Mum looks slightly rattled, but she composes herself quickly, turning on me in a heartbeat.
“Oh, so I suppose she’s been looking after Tommy all day while you slept in.”
That’ll do for me. I go back into my room, get a few things together and piss off out for the rest of the day. When I get back in later, I get the third degree from mum, but dad is a bit more lenient, and asks me to ‘go easy’ on her.
“On her? She never stops having a go at me. Nothing I do is good enough.”
“I know, she’s going through a rough patch at the moment. Just... try.”
“I will if she does.”

Tuesday 26/02/2013

First thing next morning, mum gently taps on my bedroom door and asks, if it's not too much bother, if I could pick Tasha up from school later, as she's going to be busy. It's not a demand, and the tone of her voice is gentler than I expected after yesterday.

"Ok mum." There's silence, but a few moments later I hear her walking away from the door. I get the feeling she was going to say something else, but didn't bother. Fine by me. Tasha pops in, gives me a quick but heavy kiss before I've even opened my eyes properly, then I hear them take a protesting Tommy with them as they leave the house.

The day is spent gardening, as much as you can in cold weather like this, but it takes most of the day, and after a shower, I'm only just in time to pick Tasha up. I manage to squeeze into a parking space just as the pupils start to flood out of the gates. I'm scanning the throng for my sister when I spot her. And it hits me.

This weekend has been great, and awesome, and incredibly sexy, but trotting towards the car is this tiny, thin, schoolgirl who, with her hair up, her uniform and her long socks, looks not a day older than 12 years old. She gets into the car and beams at me, but it fades when she sees my expression.
"What's wrong?"
I try to get the words out, but everything I can think of sounds insulting. I shake my head and start the car. We live a fair few miles out of town, which is about a 15 minute drive. The silence is painful, and every time I look over at her she looks both scared and resentful. Finally she breaks the silence.
"What did I do?"
"Nothing, honestly. It's not you.. well, it sort of is..."
"So I have done something?"
"No, really. It was just, when you came out of school, in your uniform, it just made me realise..."
"What?"
"You're still a kid." That won't go down well.
"Just a kid? After this weekend? After I let you come on my tits? After we spent the last few days naked in bed together? You honestly think I'm 'just a kid'?"
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it to sound like it did, but try to see it from my point of view. All this weekend I've had an amazing time with this amazingly sexy woman," that brought a smile to her face "But the next time I see you, you look... like a schoolgirl again."

She sits in silence for a while, arms folded across her chest, as I try to concentrate on the road. Next thing, she's cranking the back of her seat so it's starting to recline. Again, my eyes are on the road but I can see a lot of movement out of the corner of my eye. As I snatch a look, I see she's opened her blouse and parted it wide, her bare breasts on

display. I almost lose control of the car.
“Jesus! Tasha! What are you doing?”
“Just showing you how much of a schoolgirl I am.”
She reaches down and pulls her skirt up, revealing a pair of cute pink knickers, which are swiftly shifted down her legs, revealing her trim little patch. I’m trying my darndest to concentrate, but that goes to pot when I see her fingers head south, and she starts masturbating rapidly beside me, perhaps making more noise than she normally would, but I can see her staring at me the whole time. Finally, there’s a small lay-by ahead which I pull into, just as she brings herself to climax.

As she lays there with a look of deep contentment on her face, I anxiously look around in case there are any witnesses. “Are you nuts?”
She gives a giggle and starts to get herself back together. The knickers and skirt are replaced, and she slowly starts to button up her blouse again.
“Don’t they make you war bras at that school?”
“Only if you want to, and only if you need to, which I don’t”.
She brings the seat back up, and sits there with a very cocky look on her face. “So, did that make you think of me as a schoolgirl?”
“If it did, there’s something wrong with me.”
“Well, I knew THAT. I mean, when I’m out of uniform do you see me as a kid, or a fuck-buddy?” It’s still weird hearing her swear.
“Fuck-buddy?”
“You know what I mean.”
“No, I suppose not. Especially not after the last few days.”
“Right. Glad we’ve got that sorted.” I’m not entirely sure we have, but I indicate and pull out of the driveway. It’s only another 5 minutes until we’re home.
“Rules.”
“Pardon?”
“If you want me and you to continue this... thing we have, we’re going to have to set some rules.” She looks at me slightly aghast. I seldom take the upper hand these days, so to hear me making demands is probably new to her.
“Never when our parents are home.”
“Of course.”
“No bragging.” She scoffs.
“What, like you weren’t doing the other night on the internet?”
“That’s different, but you know what I mean.”
“Fine, but girls have a sixth sense, you know.”
“Whatever. Final rule. I never start.”
“As in...?”
“As in, I never start anything between us. It has to be you.”

“Why?”
“Because if I start it, it would make me feel I was forcing myself on you.”
She opens her mouth to interject. “I know, I’m not, but... it would feel better if you started it.” She adopts what I call ‘Her Chess Face’. It’s what she looks like when she’s mulling things over. I finally pull into our driveway.
“Fine, but remember, I’m younger than you, so I might ‘start things’ with more regularity than you’re expecting.”

Fine by me...

Thursday 28/2/13

Today actually started pretty normally. As normal as possible when the first thing you see is your sister in the bathroom, brushing her teeth wearing nothing but knickers. Actually, the thing first I experienced was my mother rapping on my bedroom door.
“Tasha are you in there again? You need to get ready for school. Plus, young lady, you're getting a bit old to be getting in with your brother every night. Honestly, you might as well move in for all the nights you end up in there...”

Her nagging voice trails off, Tasha stirs gets up on one elbow and kisses me on the cheek.
“Morning"
She gives my bum a squeeze and gets out of bed. Luckily, still wearing her PJs. A few minutes later I realise I need a piss, that's when I walk in on her. She spots me in the mirror, arches her back to puff out her tits blows me a kiss and does the neck-piss-of-jerk thing as mum is still on the same floor and it would appear unseemly if I go in for a grope/ snog/rub and we were interrupted.
As you know mother loves to leave me lists of things to do during the day to pay for room and board until I find a job. This has been going on for quite a while to the point where I can now pre-empt pretty much what she's going to ask me to do, so if I get far enough ahead, I can get a sneaky day off. Today was such a day, so as soon as mother left the house to do the inane shit she gets up to, I got the fuck out of Dodge and went to the cinema for a morning showing of Die Hard. Boy oh boy was that money well spent.
Our cinema is a bastard for mobile phone signals, and depending on your service provider and where you sit, you can have no signal whatsoever, or you get it in lumps. The movie was about halfway through when my phone buzzed (I’m considerate enough to turn the fucking sound off) and I see 4 missed calls and 7 texts, but they're from my mother, who never calls me unless she wants me to do something she can't be arsed to do, and she has never texted me in her life. I actually never knew she knew how to.
The cinema is pretty empty, and this is proper shit, so I scroll through the texts.
Why aren't you at home?
Why aren’t you answering your phone?
Can you call me?
Please call me
Are you getting these messages?
Please don't ignore me this is important
Your Sisters had an accident

I spit out my coke abandon my shitty popcorn and leap down the steps 3 at a time, I am not out of the auditorium before I've called mum.
"Mum what's happened? Where's Tasha"
"Where the hell have you been? I've been calling for an hour!"
"The signal's rubbish, I am in the garden mum, you know this. Anyway, what's happened?"
"Something happened at school, Tasha's been taken to hospital That's all I've been told. One of her friends and one of the staff are up there with her" I'm in the car park, completely forgetting where I've parked the poxy Car.
"OK, I'm on my way there now, when are you getting there?"
I find the car and get in.
"Can you go and see her? I can't really get away..." The tone of her voice irritates me most.
"What do you mean you can't get away? Where are you?"
"I'm at Muriel's. I can't just leave right now, it would be awkward?"
"Awkward! Your fucking daughter is in hospital and you're worried about your fucking image??"
"How Dare y.."
If you could slam down the receiver on a mobile phone I would have. I'll deal with this shit later. I start up the car and I'm just about to set off when I realise I don't actually know which hospital Tasha is at. The cinema is by a motorway junction and there are two A&E hospitals in a 30 mile radius. I don't know what's happened to her, and depending on WHAT has happened dictates which hospital she goes to. I'm staring at my phone, trying to swallow my pride and call my mother when the phone rings. It's Tasha.

I can't control my thumbs as I tap accept.
"Tasha?" All I hear is sobbing.
"No... no it's Amanda. I'm at the hospital, she's been hurt. It was my... was my..."
"Amanda, Amanda... which hospital?"
"it was my fault! I didn't see her!!" She's getting hysterical, I hear shushing sounds in the background "Amanda? Where are you?" A voice comes on the phone and tells me the location. I don't ask who the new voice belongs to. I hang up and break several laws getting to the hospital.

The hospital has a pay car park, but my parents have very good lawyers, so fuck 'em. I run through the car park and barge into reception. Calming myself I ask for my sister's location and the receptionist points me in the right direction. The hospital's like a maze, but it's not long before I turn into a corridor where I see

Amanda standing perfectly still with her back to me, phone still in her hand. I say her name, and as she turns to face me, she wails and starts sobbing, just a picture of misery. There's a man standing beside her. Obviously the voice I heard on the phone, trying to comfort her by lamely patting her on the shoulder, he doesn't look like a teacher. I walk towards

Amanda and put my arms around her. She buries her face in my chest and it's just one continuous cry of despair. I think she's trying to talk but I can't understand a word she's saying. I turn to the man standing there like a lemon.

“You're from the school?”
“Caretaker” (Janitor)
“Caretaker? No offense, but you’re all they could spare? What’s happened anyway?” He shrugged apologetically.
"Sorry, I was just asked to be the responsible adult until someone from Tasha's family turned up. I know as much as you. I'm sorry, but as you're here I have to get back. The school asked could you let them know how she is as soon as you know", and with that he leaves. Fucking fantastic. Amanda's calming down a bit as I hug her, and I lead her over to a chair and get her to sit down.
“What’s going on?" She's clutching a wad of tissues in her other hand, they’re already soaking wet but she still uses them to wipe her face. In between the sobs, she manages to tell me that just before midday, they had PE. Today was hockey.

If you’re not aware British schoolgirl's hockey can be fucking brutal. At one point a member of their opposing team hit the ball with some force up the pitch, rendering it airborne at head height. Both Amanda and Tasha went for the ball at the same time, Tasha got there but stumbled. Amanda brought her hockey stick back to hit the ball, just as Tasha rose from her fall. The ball hit Tasha on the cheekbone at the same time as Amanda’s hockey stick hit her with full force on the back of her head. She went down and smacked the back of her head again on the ground.

I’m just fucking numb. I sit there for what seems like an eternity, holding hands with Amanda to keep her calm. Nothing is said, and no one attends to us except to see if we want drinks or more tissues for Amanda. Eventually someone approaches us and tells me I can see her.
“What about Amanda?"
“Sorry, family only”
“She is family". We're led a little down the corridor and into a room, where all my birthdays have come at once. Tasha's sitting up in bed and very awake. No tubes, no wires. She looks up and manages a smile. She's got a huge wad of bandage taped to her cheek, and a bandage around her head. I'm elated but again, Amanda bursts into floods of tears. “I'm so sorry! I didn't know you were there!”, she walks over to the bedside while I talk to the man who let us in. Despite the seeming severity of what happened, she got off lightly. She regained consciousness not long after she was admitted and has been improving ever since. There's a tiny fracture on her cheekbone, which doesn’t need fixing, and the back of her head was badly cut, but they've stitched it well, although the area will have bruising for weeks. Two inches lower could have snapped her spine. I always said hockey was dangerous.

Tasha's talking softy to Amanda, who seems to have stopped crying, I join them and the conversation here is all niceties, broken when my mother walks in the door. She shoots me a look, I return the favour, but at least she seems to show genuine concern for Tasha. I back away slightly and Amanda comes over to stand beside me.
“You OK?" She sniffs a nod. I suddenly realise she's not in what I know is their uniform, its a pale blue t-shirt and rather short dark blue shorts. She's wearing knee and elbow pads.
"Is that your gym kit?”. She looks down.
‘”Oh crap, all my clothes are at School!”
“Don't worry; sure they’ve got all your Stuff together. I need to call them anyway to let them know how she's doing.” I whip out my phone, find the number and have a conversation with the receptionist. “Well, they've got all your stuff together, but they’re expecting you back in class this afternoon.”
“What?!”
“That’s what they said. Nice school you go to!"
“Oh, brilliant How am I going to get back? My parents are both at work.”
“It's OK, I'll take you". She smiles. It's a distractingly pretty smile. At least better than all that sorrow she had earlier. Just then mother calls over, it appears she’s been listening.
“Well, don’t be long, just popping out to inform your father what’s happened. We'll have a chat about your language at home later.” And she leaves, the doctor or whatever just after, leaving just the three of us in the room. Amanda looks embarrassed but Tasha has a knowing smile on her face. She looks at the girl beside me.
“Didn't lake you long.” I look at Amanda and we must have matching confused expressions. Tasha points between us. We look down and that's when I realise Amanda and I are holding hands.
It’s not the comforting ‘4 fingers holding 4 fingers’ hand hold either. Our fingers are intertwined, I didn’t realise we’d one it, and I don’t think Amanda did either, but for some reason, we don’t break the hold. In fact Amanda holds my hand tighter. It’s a little awkward but Tasha’s still smiling. I break the silence.
“Amanda needs to get back to school, and I’ve said I’ll take her. Mum should be back soon... hopefully”. Tasha adopts a fake pouty expression, I’ve seen it before a hundred times.
“Oh, fine! Leave me here all alone!” But the expression soon fades, I think it hurts to piss around. I ask Amanda to wait outside for a while so I can say goodbye. As the door closes I turn to Tasha and she’s got a huge grin on her face.
“I knew you’d like her!” I’m now confused as fuck.
“Yeah.. she’s nice, but we.. I mean we..” She gets that look on her face.
“What did we agree yesterday? This can’t last forever. I’m 14, Amanda’s the same age but she’s not related to you. We can still enjoy ourselves, but she’s a better long term prospect”
“Better long term prospect? We were only holding hands!”
“I know, but look, what we’ve got is great, I love it when we do stuff to each other, but we

can't do it forever. And anyway, I don't want you to abandon me straight away, we've only just started having fun!" and she pulls me towards her and we kiss. Nothing too strenuous, she's still covered in bandages and I don't want to break her. I feel a flutter of her tongue as we part lips, just as mother re-enters the room.
"Are you going then? That girl's looking bored." Classy as ever.
"Yes, I'll see you both later." As I reach the door I look back. Mother is fussing with something in the corner of the room, Tasha quickly looks over at her, then to me, before raising her hospital gown to show me her knickers and bare boobs. She tries to stifle a laugh but it quickly transforms into 'ow ow ow owwwwww!' as the laughter obviously hurts her injuries. I join Amanda outside, she grabs my hand, intertwines her fingers with mine and we leave the hospital.

We don't speak as we walk through the corridors to the car park. I think she's still in shock as she holds on to my hand for dear life. I find the car (no parking ticket) and we get in. The drive to her school will take about fifteen minutes, and the silence is awkward. Looking over at her she's staring out of the window. I think she's crying again.
"Tasha's going to be fine, you saw her" She nods but she's still upset. I reach over to put a reassuring hand on her leg. The awkwardness factor increases as too late I remember she's wearing very short shorts and I put my hand on her bare thigh. She doesn't seem to care.

"Hey, are you going to be alright?" She nods again, and finally speaks.
"I keep hearing the sound it made when I hit her, and I keep seeing her hit the ground." I give her leg a gentle squeeze.
"It was an accident, Amanda. It happens. Stuff like this happens all the time. When we get out remind me to show you my leg." She stops staring out of the window and turns to me.
"Why?"
"About 4 years ago, playing football (soccer), someone gave me a pretty nasty tackle, snapped my shin-bone. Had to have a steel rod put in there while it set." (true)
"Ow"
"Yep, pretty much what I said at the time." This raises a smile, so I take my hand off her leg and change gear. She moves one of her hands to where mine just was. Probably coincidence. Still, she's cheered up slightly as we pull into the school car park.

I walk with her to reception (after showing her my knackered shin), and tell the receptionist who I am, and that I've just brought Amanda back. The receptionist tells her to take her time getting changed, and she can rejoin her classes when she's ready. She gives me a smile, touches my arm and walks away. I can't help finally noticing her figure as she leaves. Taller than Tasha by at least six inches. Blond hair, but shorter and dirtier than my sister's, and my eyes are drawn to the wiggle of her backside as she walks. I remember where I am and snap out of it. Looking at rear ends in an all-girl's school is probably frowned upon. I thank the receptionist and turn to leave when she stops me.

“Actually, the headmaster did say he wanted to see you when he got the chance.” “Me? Why?”
“I don’t actually know, but Tasha was in his office for a while the other day so it might be something to do with that. His office is just down the hall, I’ll let him know you’re here.”
It’s very odd being in an all-girl school when you’re a hormonal teenage guy, made more awkward by all the glances I get from the passing pupils. I went to a mixed secondary and I know the girls there dressed more conservatively. I guess with there being no boys to distract them they have a more liberated approach to their educational environment, it also appears that the bra-optional rule doesn’t just apply to A-cupped girls. I have to concentrate fixedly on the wall straight ahead to avoid staring at the jiggling sweater puppies of all sizes that pass my way.

I find the headmaster’s office and knock. No answer so I wait outside. Again, avoiding eye and chest contact with the passing, giggling teenagers. Suddenly a couple that pass do a double-take, then come up to me.
“Aren’t you Tasha’s brother?”
“Um... yes?”
“How is she? It looked awful. Has Amanda come back yet? She was horrified. It was an accident but she was hysterical, insisted on traveling in the ambulance with her...”
I fielded the questions as best I could, until the headmaster turns up with the customary ‘aren’t you supposed to be in class?’ He shakes my hand, beckons me into the office, and after promising to pass on the girls’ well-wishes, I follow him in.

The head sat down and after asking how Tasha was, told me that my sister had asked that I be the ‘next of kin’ in the case of an emergency. I wasn’t sure what he meant, but basically Tasha had requested that should anything like what happened today, happen again, I would be the first person contacted instead of my parents.

“Sadly, despite her very eloquent request, I’m afraid we can’t do as she says. It’s a legal thing. I hope you understand.” I do, but I’m not entirely sure why I’m here.
“The reason I wanted to speak to you is because your sister’s request worried me. Is everything OK at home?” I’ve had this question asked of me a few times at school, normally when I was flunking something.

“It depends on how you define ‘OK’.”
“What do you mean?”
“My father provides for us all, but we only see him at weekends, but he and my mother generally spend weekends away. ‘Rekindling the old fires’, or something. My mother dotes after our little brother, but treats Tasha like a robot. When she eventually gets home from whatever brunch she’s attending, she’s got Tasha learning languages, piano, violin. She only gets free time at weekends, when the parents are away and it’s just me and her. Plus our brother, but he goes to bed quite early, so it’s just us.. chilling.”

“And you get on well with your sister?”
“Of course, we’re very close, always have been.” He nods, but there’s a hint of something in his expression I’m not 100% comfortable with.
“She speaks very highly of you, you know. I surmised as much about your family situation from what your sister told me. If there’s anything I can say positively about your... situation is that despite appearances, you have a very stable household, and Tasha is thriving. You know she’s been pre-accepted for university?” I nod.

“She’s a veritable sponge for information, and despite appearances, what your mother is doing will hold her in very good stead for the future. As long as she does indeed get some free time?’ the sentence ended as a question.
“Oh, yeah. She’s free to do what she wants at weekends, but she generally spends them at friends’ houses.”
“Like Amanda?”
“Yes, quite often.”
“Good, good. They’re quite alike, those two. Probably why they hit it off so quickly. How is she, by the way? I understand she was the one who...”
“Yes, she’s... better. She was fairly shaken up but I think I, I mean she’s calmed down a lot.”
Suddenly, there’s a knock on the door, but before the headmaster can respond the door bursts open and Amanda comes rushing in, in her full uniform, and throws herself towards me as I stand up. She’s sobbing again, and I wrap my arms around her like before and try to comfort her as much as possible.
“Sorry headmaster, but she’s in no fit state to continue here today” I’m assuming the woman at the door is one of her teachers. “I don’t know why she came back at all after what happened.” She stares daggers at me so I feel pressured to defend myself.
“I called earlier and was told Amanda had to come back to classes.”
The woman and the headmaster exchange a look. I think someone’s overstepped the mark (receptionist, I reckon). He comes over to us and puts a hand on her shoulder.
“Amanda, take the rest of the week off. You need time to recover from this. Don’t worry about your school work, I’m sure we can figure something out”
She nods her head against my chest, her teacher hands me her bag, the headmaster thanks me for our talk. He doesn’t seem like a bad type, despite the stuffiness of the surroundings. I shift Amanda to my side and we walk back out to the car. A few pupils come up to us and whisper to her, she nods and briefly holds their hands as we pass.
I help her back into the passenger seat, and once I get in and close the door, she’s off again.
“Hey, hey. What did I say earlier? Tasha’s fine.” But she looks at me with tears streaming down her face. “My hockey stick has still got her blood on it.”

We sit in the car for a bit as she calms down. I'm fuming they didn't at least clean the blood away, but we can bollock the school about that later. I ask her where she wants to go, but it's only just afternoon and no-one's home.
"Do your parents know what's happened?" She shakes her head and pulls her phone out of her bag. She taps a few buttons on the screen but quickly stifles a sob and hands the phone to me.
"You tell them, I can't." Awkward again. I manage to introduce myself to her mother, tell her what's happened, she sounds more concerned for Tasha than my mother did. She sounds a little annoyed that her daughter's been given two days off school, as she probably can't get the time off work at short notice without pissing off her boss. I offer to look after Amanda until the normal time she gets home, just to ease the obvious tension. Her mother seems a little wary, but I tell her we'll probably go back up the hospital anyway. She says thank you and I hang up.
"Right, I'm looking after you for the rest of the day, then I'll take you home later. Sound ok?" She smiles and nods.
The drive home is a little more cheerful. Knowing she's got a couple of days off school has probably lifted her spirits, so we talk bollocks until I pull into our driveway.
I let Amanda into the house and point her towards the living room. I pick up the hallway phone and call the hospital and ask to speak to Tasha, surprisingly, they put me through (Most private wards have phones these days. Progress for ya).
"Amanda's with me, she couldn't handle being back at school so she's got a couple of days off"
"Didn't you take her home?"
"No-one home until later, I spoke to her mother, I'm looking after her for a few hours until they get home."
"That's really sweet of you. Tell her if she needs anything she knows where my stuff is. Tell her to help herself"
"OK, thanks. We'll get sorted and come back over to see you"
"Leave it a couple of hours, mum's telling everyone how to do their job and I, apparently, need a nap."
"Where's Tommy (baby brother)?"
"She's dropped him off at Aunt xxxx's house, She's having him overnight."
"OK, cool. We'll wait a couple of hours then come up."
"OK, my body will be waiting."
"Pardon??" Concussed and still a wise-arse.
"I'm just kidding, stupid." Her voice drops to a whisper "But I still want you."
"I know, Love you sis."
"Love you." We hang up. I go through to the living room and Amanda's sitting on the sofa, staring at her hands. "Tea?" She gives me a soggy smile and nods. "We'll go up the hospital in a couple of hours, Tasha's having a sleep, so we've got some time to kill."

I point to a bookcase stacked with DVDs and blu-rays. “Unless you’re a Jeremy Kyle fan, there’s bugger all on TV so you can pick one to watch if you like.”
“Got any Twilight?” I give her a look, she cracks a wobbly smile “Kidding!” She gets up to peruse the shelves and I walk to the kitchen to put the kettle on. After about a minute she calls through. “What’s ‘Inner Space’?”
I’ve finished the tea so bring the mugs through. I hand her her cup and take the DVD case off her.
“Christ, I haven’t watched this in years. This film’s older than me. 80’s, old school. Practical effects, none of this CGI bollocks they cram into every movie these days. The effects should compliment the film, not tell the story for it.”
“You sound like an old man!”
“It’s my dad’s fault. Most of these are his, and most of them are older films...” I put the film on and we sit on the sofa to watch it, but we’re still discussing movies for so long (she’s taking media studies at school) that we actually miss the first 10 minutes so I have to start again.
“Ugh! Sorry, I should have said I don’t take sugar”
“Sorry, My fault. Tasha does so I thought.. never mind, I’ll get you another one.” I return with her unsweetened tea to notice she’s taken her socks and shoes off, and curled up on one end of the sofa straight in front of the TV. I hand her her cup again and move to sit on one of the single chairs.
“I don’t bite.” She motions towards the other end of her sofa (It’s a 3-seater, so there’s room to spare, but I sit a respectable distance away. I think she doesn’t want to be in a sterile environment.

We sit in silence watching the movie. I honestly haven’t seen it in about 5 years but it’s all flooding back to me now. After a while I happen to look over to Amanda and her head’s resting on the side of the sofa. I can’t see her eyes so I can’t tell if she’s fallen asleep. Her breathing seems quite deep, so I assume she has. I move to get up but she murmurs “Don’t go” and presses her feet against the side of my leg. I don’t know if she’s still awake or half asleep or what, so I stay where I am, turn the TV down a bit and just sit there as her feet find a comfortable position pressing against my thigh.

I’m actually getting into the movie (It is rather good, I highly recommend it) when Amanda twitches. She’s laying down away to my right, her feet on my right thigh. Her left arm moves quite erratically, I’m a little concerned until I realise she’s just trying to scratch the back of her leg. I let her get on with it and watch the movie when I’m suddenly aware of a lightening in the peripheral vision of my right eye. I look down and see that when Amanda finished scratching her leg, she moved her hand up and across her belly, but she took most of her skirt with her, so since she took her socks off, I’m gazing at a few feet of bare, unclothed skin, and as my eyes follow the shapely contours of her leg, I can’t help but notice she doesn’t appear to be wearing any underwear.

I'm staring. She's managed to bunch up her skirt in such a way it might as well be a belt running over the top of her hip. Her knees are brought up at right angles to her body and it's bare ankle all the way up to bare buttock, and I can't help but look. Looking up at her face, I can tell she's asleep purely by the sound of her breathing. I've spent enough time laying awake watching Tasha sleeping beside me to know when someone's faking. Still, I'm curious as to whether or not she's got any knickers on (who wouldn't be?) so I lean to my left to see if I can see any sign of material. Eventually I make out the material covering her privates, so I figure she's wearing a thong. My curiosity satisfied I reach over and try to grab the hem of her skirt to bring it down again, but she's got it bunched in her fist, so I leave it. The little devil on my shoulder tells me it's not cold in here, and she seems comfortable, so why not enjoy the view?

I hate that little bastard sometimes because he's normally right. So as the sounds of Jack Putter getting smashed on southern comfort in Tuck Pendleton's house play in the background, I'm sitting on a comfortable sofa, gazing at the bare bum of my sister's best friend for several minutes. I could reach out and touch it, but I won't. I'm actually happy just to look. I know she does as much sport as Tasha, so her legs are as toned as my sisters'. Naturally, I start pitching a tent in my jeans, and as it starts to become uncomfortable, I shift slightly, which makes her move her top leg up slightly, showing me more of her thong. It's not a solid material, in fact it's pretty see-through, and I can clearly make out her slit through the fabric. My dick's really getting hard so I try to get up but the foot that's still against my thigh pushes against me, telling me her subconscious still wants my company.

It's getting intolerable in my trousers so I check she's still genuinely asleep, undo my button and zip, and let my dick out for some air. The pressure's off so I can relax a little, but I can't help but look at her incredible legs. Before I realise it I'm wanking myself off at the sight of her nearly–bare bum and the sight of her slit beneath her knickers. It's all I can do to stop myself from grabbing her arse cheek before I can feel myself nearing climax. I grab some Kleenex from the box on the small table beside the chair and come hard into a wad of tissues.
I give myself a few minutes to calm down, wipe myself off and put my dick back In my pants. I manage to extricate myself from her feet, dash upstairs for a blanket and place it over her. I don't try to move her skirt, but I do take another long look at her curvaceous backside before I cover it over.

Half an hour later, she wakes up. I have moved to another chair so I say hello so she's knows I'm still there. She blinks and stares around the room, then notices the blanket over her. She looks under the blanket and untangles her hand from her skirt, blushing as she realises what she'd been showing me before I covered her over.
"Thank you. Sorry."
"It's ok, and don't be sorry, you were well out of it."
"I missed the film."

“That’s ok, you can watch it again any time. Borrow it if you want.”
“Thanks.” A pause. “Was I flashing my bum?”
“Not really. Flashing implies you gave a quick glimpse.”
It takes her a while before she puts her hand over her mouth in horror.
“I’m so sorry”
I have no idea why.
“Don’t be. I didn’t look, if you’re asking. I tried to cover you up but you had hold of your skirt, and I tried to move but your feet wouldn’t let me. So I just watched the movie.”
“But you got me a blanket.”
“Yes, I waited until you were asleep enough for me to move, them went up and got you the blanket.”
“How long did that take?” (quick maths in my head, wanking + erotic source material X proximity to source = time)
“About 10 minutes?” Again, the look of horror, but not quite as pronounced.
“Ten minutes? I was showing you my bum for 10 minutes?” She’s gone beetroot red and I can see her getting more uncomfortable, so I try to cheer her up and calm her down.
“Hey, for what it’s worth, it’s the nicest bum I’ve ever been forced to sit next to against my will for ten minutes.” She smiles.
“Against your will? You mean it was torture?”
“You have absolutely no idea.” I deliberately drop in the double meaning, but I hope she only gets one of them. She blushes again, but it’s a good blush this time. She seems to me softening after her traumatic experience, and for some reason, talking about her body seems to be key.
“Actually, it was quite a while before I realised you actually had anything on down there.” A look of confusion, then realisation.
“Oh, right. I always wear them when we have PE. Those shorts aren’t very flattering if you’ve got big knickers on. You get lumps.”
“But you’re an all girls school, why should you care about lumps? Who’s going to be checking out your backside?” She picks up her cup of tea (which must be stone cold) and takes a sip. She must like it tepid.
“It’s not a fashion thing, it’s a comfort thing.” Fair enough.
Naked bum conversation over, I check the time and we decide to head back to see my sister. I make sure Amanda’s got everything we need, and in a brainwave, I ask her to grab a few things that Tasha might need. I doubt mother’s been home. So we pop back up to her room and Amanda goes through her drawers picking out clean underwear, a few t-shirts, clothing for when she gets let out, her iPad and a book that’s laying on her bedside cabinet. All things that I wouldn’t have picked out at all, except her knickers. I pride myself in knowing my sister’s underwear preferences, even before we started fiddling with each others bits. She packs everything in a holdall, I lock up the house and we walk to my car.

We get back to the hospital half an hour later.. There's a nurse standing outside Tasha's room, she tells us it's ok to go in, but she's having her dressings changed. We go in, my mother's there as well.
"Tasha? We're back." She raises a hand and wiggles her fingers at us in a mini-wave.
"Gimme a sec, they're nearly done, I think." The nurse changing the bandage at the back of her head removes the old one, showing me for the first time the damage. Amanda really did a good job of slicing her head open. There's a 4-inch line covered in butterfly stitches at the base of her skull, in the middle of a shaved section of her hair. It's quite dramatic but it looks like you wouldn't notice it when her hair's down. Amanda's holding my hand again but also clutching my arm. I can see the look of horror on her face as she also sees what she'd done. She seems to be holding it together as the nurse places the new bandage on her head, fastening it with micro-pore tape. It's when Tasha turns round that Amanda breaks down again. Tasha's right cheek isn't sporting the puffy wad of bandage like before, but it is sporting several more butterfly stitches, and a swelling that's about the size of a golf ball. No exaggeration, it's huge. She smiles at us but her look changes to one of concern once she notices Amanda's got upset again, Tasha holds out her arms and Amanda lets go of my hand, rushing around the bed and crying into Tasha's shoulder.
"Oh, for pity's sake. Doesn't that girl ever stop whining?" This was my mother. "Mum, she's upset because she thinks she nearly killed Tasha."
"Well, she did. I've half a mind to sue the school you know. Letting them play dangerous sports like that."
"Dangerous sports? It's hockey. Football's just as bad. Remember my leg?"
"Well, they should have been supervised better, and maybe that silly girl wouldn't have…"
I lose it.
I've put up with this shit for 5 years and I go absolutely mental at her. Her indifference to Tasha's injuries is one thing, but I'm not having her ripping on Amanda when she's clearly still in shock.
I honestly cannot remember the specifics of what I screamed at her, but I do remember the look of fear on her face as I bore down on her, forcing her into a high-backed chair in the corner of the room. It's this look that makes me back off. I actually apologise for going off the rails, but it's obviously been building for a while. I sit down on the end of the bed, drained. Glancing to my left I see Tasha looking just as scared at my rantings, and Amanda looking like she'd rather be anywhere but here right now.

We're sitting in silence. I'm staring at my Mother, and I realise how much Tasha takes after her. Hair same colour (but styled like someone in their 50's), same blue eyes. She doesn't actually look that much older either, but I guess that's the make-up and spa visits.

"Why do you hate me?" It's a childish question that would normally sound more apt coming from a stroppy teenager.
She shakes her head. "I don't hate you." It's a whisper.

“But I can’t remember the last time we did anything together, apart from when you’re telling me what to do every day before you piss off and spend all day with your chums.”
“I really don’t hate you, but I can’t stand to be near you.”
“What the hell does that mean?”
She starts crying, not as much as Amanda has been lately, but it’s still awkward. Sod it, I want answers. She looks over at Tasha, says “I’m sorry my darling.” Then turns to me.
“I’m 31.”
I must be slow on the uptake, as I the only thing I can think is ‘what the fuck does your age have to do with anything?’, but the sharp intake of breath from Tasha means she’s figured something out quicker than me, as usual. My turn for the chess face.
“But I thought you were 36, or 37?”
“I’m sorry, we lied to you. It was easier that way.” It finally clicks.
“31? But that means you would have been 13 or so when you had me.” She looks down at the floor, shaking her head. “No, I never had you.”
“What?”
“I’m not your mother.”

When I was 5, my father was driving on the M6 outside Birmingham when we were involved in a crash. My mother, my real mother, died when the truck on the inside lane had a blow-out and ploughed into the passenger side of our car. My head was cut by flying glass. I still have the scar. My father was left to look after me by himself. He managed ok for a while, but trying to juggle his position at work and being a single parent started weighing on him. Eventually, he advertised for a live-in nanny/Au pair.

A young lady with a baby of her own applied for the position. My father wasn’t completely ok with having two children to look after instead of one, but apparently I took to the baby immediately so the decision was made. The living situation became more comfortable and my father started to dote on the little girl, just as the woman began to dote on me, and weekend socialising meant the parents became close.
Tasha’s mother eventually convinced my father to take a holiday, as his workload meant that while he loved and provided for us, he never really spent any time with us except at weekends, so we all took a holiday to Gran Canaria. It’s here that my father proposed. It had been two years since my mother’s death, and certain promises were made not to say anything to us until we were old enough to understand. I guess me ripping on my ‘mother’ was the breaking point.
I’m stunned. I am sitting on the end of the bed but I have no idea what to think or do. I feel a hand reach towards mine and I grasp Tasha’s hand, holding onto some semblance of normality. She’s crying softly, and Amanda’s a wreck.

“That’s the saddest thing I’ve ever heard.” And she comes around the bed to sit beside me. I look at the woman sitting in the chair and she’s the same picture of misery Amanda was a

few hours ago. I should hate her, but if what she's said was true, I can't feel that way about someone who, despite these new facts, has been my mother for the last 13 years. Still something bugs me.

"Mum." She gasps and looks up, I don't think she expected me to be calling her that again any time soon. "I get why you did what you did, and I'm grateful, I really am, but I don't understand why you don't want to have anything to do with me."
She shakes her head sadly.
"I can't tell you. Not now. It might be hard for you to understand, but.."

But I don't know what the 'but' is as at that point my father bursts in the door. He's left work early to see Tasha. He nods to mum, pats me on the shoulder, doesn't give Amanda a second glance and walks around the bed to see Tasha. He visibly winces when he sees her cheek, but recovers quickly, kissing her on the forehead he asks all the necessary questions to find out what happened. Amanda's got off the bed and is standing behind me, anticipating the part when he finds out about her involvement. He looks at her briefly, and she grasps my arm again, but my dad's a sensible bloke, and after the whole story has been relayed he simply says "Always said Hockey's bloody dangerous."

He turns to Amanda. "Are YOU ok?" She nods, grateful she's not getting a tongue lashing. "Just an accident. Has her brother told you about his leg? Thought so, he's always showing his scars off." He takes a moment to look around the room, and while his arrival changed the mood of the room, it's dropped again, something he's good at picking up.

"Something else happened?" Mum tells him that she's told us about what happened all those years ago, and his shoulders sag. My father's a large man, it's where I get my height from, but he looks remarkably small right now. Inexplicable, he takes his work laptop out of his bag, puts it on the over-bed table, powers it up and after a few clicks, he turns it round. There's a photo of a beautiful dark-haired woman with brown eyes on the screen. Dad starts talking about my real mother, and he talks for quite a while.

Over the next hour we all talk to each other, clearing the air, sometimes shouting, a few tears. Amanda's still with us but I just know she really doesn't want to be. I hint on the unanswered question but apparently now isn't the right time for it. I check my watch and it's gone half 3.
"I think I need to be taking Amanda home. Her mother should be back by now." I stand up and Amanda grabs her bags. I give Tasha a kiss on the good cheek. Give my dad a manly hug, then turn to face mother. She's finally let her hair out of that ridiculous bun on the back of her head and as she stands up I realise how stupid I've been to never spot it before. If Tasha has a habit of looking 11, my mother could easily pass for 20. She gives me an apologetic smile and seems surprised when I go over and give her a hug. I can't

remember the last time I held her and by the tightness of the way she hugs me, I guess she's missed it too. Eventually we break apart, I kiss her cheek and we say goodbye.

The drive to Amanda's house was quiet. I had so much stuff going on in my head I hardly noticed if Amanda actually said anything to break the silence, all I remember was her reassuring hand on my leg and my hand on top of hers.
We get to her house and her mother meets us outside. Amanda rushes to her and they hug on the doorstep.
"Thank you for looking after her. How's she been?"

"She's better now, but she was shaken up for a while." Amanda darts into the house leaving me there with her mother.
"It was an accident," I say "but she's still blaming herself. Seeing Tasha at the hospital was helping, until.. well, I should be going." Her mother grabs her purse.
"Oh, please, let me give you something for your trouble, you've been so helpful today, really." But I wave her down.

"No, please, it was my pleasure (thinking back, it really was). I wouldn't dream of taking anything for it." But she holds out a £20.
"Petrol fund then." I smile, say thank you and pocket the cash.
"Thank you again. So she's got tomorrow off as well?"

"Yes, the headmaster thought it would be for the best." I spot the look of mild annoyance on her face. I guess she's not looking forward to pulling a sickie tomorrow morning. "Look, if it'll help you, I can look after her again tomorrow. She can chill at our house and we'll probably end up visiting Tasha again." The look of relief on her face is poorly hidden.
"Would you? I really don't mean to impose, but it would be difficult to get the time off..."

"Think nothing of it. Did you want me to pick her up or...?"
"No, I'll drop her off at yours about 8-ish?"
(for those that might think I have ulterior motives, our families have known each other for years, and Amanda is always sleeping over, so ner)
"Sounds good." Amanda comes back out as her mother thanks me and goes back in.
"You and me again tomorrow kiddo." This brings a welcome smile again.
"Really?"
"Yep, but I have some things to do at home so you'll probably end up watching movies all day."
"Good, I can get to watch that movie again."
"Yes, and I'll be elsewhere so I don't have to stare at your arse for 2 hours." She blushes but smiles.
"Thanks for everything today. You've been really nice."
"It was nothing, really." She gives me a swift hug, looks at my face, then stands on tiptoe to

give me a quick, but soft kiss. Then she's disappeared into the house, closing the door behind her.

I drive back up to the hospital, spend a couple of hours there. It's less awkward than before, Tasha's still a little miffed about the situation, but like I say, she's the smart one, so she can see the sense in what happened. The conversation is light, it's something we seldom get to do lately. I decide to set off, but our parents beat me to it. Hugs all round and I'm left alone with my 'sister'. I look at her face but my eyes are drawn to the huge cheekbone.
"How bad is it, really?"
"You could hang coats on it." She slaps my hand.
"Thanks a bunch. No, really. How is it?" I take my time looking at her.
"You're still beautiful." She starts to smile but it obviously hurts.
"You're biased"
"But honest"
"How's Amanda?"
"Better. I'm looking after her again tomorrow." This raises an eyebrow.
"Oh, really? You and her alone in that big old house?"
"Pack it in you. Mind you, she did show me her bum for half an hour earlier"
"She what?" I explain. I omit the part about wanking over the sight though. "Lucky, she's got a nice bum, I'm always telling her."
"So do you."
"Thanks, but that's not the kind of thing my brother should be..." It suddenly goes very quiet, and she's got her chess face on. Then she just smiles.
"What?"
"Nothing. I'll see you tomorrow. Do me a favour though."
"What's that?" I get my coat and I'm halfway to the door.
"Remember what you've got waiting here." And she lifts her hospital gown again, only this time, she's totally naked. I dash back, cup her breast softly in my hand, kiss her gently, but with intent, then finally leave.

Friday 1/3/13

Amanda's dropped off the next morning, dad leaves for work and mum leaves for the hospital. She hasn't bothered with her normal power suit and hairstyle this morning. I swear it's a completely different woman. Our conversation yesterday has certainly changed a lot of things.
Amanda settles down and I put Inner Space back on for her. She's got free reign of the house, and despite everything that's happened, I do actually have some shit to do around the house. Today it's fencing (Erecting fence panels, not sword fighting), and there's quite a stretch to do.

I'm cracking on when Amanda comes out to see me.
"Got bored of the film?"
"No, it's finished."
"Really?" I check my watch, 2 hours have passed and I've hardly touched the job that needs doing. "Need a hand?"
"Well, it would be nice. It's hard work though."
"That's ok, I don't mind, might take my mind off things." Understandable.

So I tell her to grab a pair of gloves, and she helps me put posts and panels up. She's obviously very fit as she's helping me make light work of this, and before long we're done. But very sweaty and a little whiffy.
It's gone midday so we're sitting in the kitchen and I get a beer out of the fridge.
"Want one?" She considers it.

"Better not, have you got a coke?" I pass her a can of diet.
"Don't suppose you brought a change of clothes?"
"I would go home and get changed, but I don't have any keys to get in."
"I'm sure Tasha won't mind if you borrow some of her clothes."
"Are you kidding? She's tiny! I wouldn't get one of her t-shirts over my... head" She blushes.
I take a glance over. Looking at them, it's probably highly unlikely anything Tasha owns will get over them. Not without stretching. To break the awkwardness of the situation, I call the hospital and ask to speak to Tasha.

"Listen, Amanda wanted to change clothes but she hasn't got anything with her, she asked if she could borrow some of yours?" There's a laugh followed by a wincing sound on the phone.
"She'll be lucky! She'll never get any of my things over those massive tits of hers." I stifle a laugh and look at Amanda. I think she guesses what we're talking about as she gives a wry grin and crosses her arms over her chest.
"She can try though. She knows where my stuff is, she's slept over a couple of times." I gesture that she can go upstairs and sort herself out, she leaves.

“Ok, thanks. We’ll get sorted and come back over to see you.”
“Make it a bit later. I, apparently, need a nap.”
“Ok, cool. We’ll wait a couple of hours then come up.”
Her voice drops to a whisper “I still want you.”
“I know, I miss you already.” The line goes quiet.

I venture upstairs to see if Amanda’s ok. Can’t see her in Tasha’s room, Tommy’s, or mine. Our parent’s bedroom door is closed so I open the bathroom door to see Amanda standing there with her face in a flannel. She’s taken her shirt off so she’s just in her jeans and a black bra.
“Oh, shit, sorry. I was just checking you’re ok.” She lowers the flannel but keeps her arms together over her chest. She looks at me in the mirror and I’m reminded of the first time I saw Tasha yesterday morning, standing in pretty much the same place, albeit with much less clothing.

“I’m fine now, you’ve been really nice today. Thank you.” She turns to face me but keeps her arms up.
“Um, Tasha said you know where she keeps her stuff?”
“Yeah, I’ve been here a few times. We used to swap clothes before I overtook her in the chest department.”
My turn to blush. Weird I’m like this with her but fine staring at my sister’s body.
“Ok, well, I’ll be around, just take your time, come find me when you’re finished.” She smiles and as I leave she lowers her arms. For a second my eyes are drawn to her chest. The black bra actually has a pattern of flowers on the cups. She’s at least a C or D cup, but she’s very athletic, so it must be genetic. I can just make out the form of a nipple when I realise she’s spotted me looking, so I swiftly exit and close the door.

A short while later I come back upstairs to see how she’s getting on. She’s in Tasha’s room, the doors open but I don’t go in, just talk to the door.
“I’m getting there, I think. Tasha’s got a lot of stuff.”
“Tell me about it, I have to clean up after her most days.”
“Oh, you poor thing.”
“Look, I’m going to take a shower, I won’t be long. Go downstairs and make yourself comfy when you’re finished.”
“OK, but can you tell me something?”
“What’s that?”
She opens the door, and she’s wearing Tasha’s jeans that are very tight, but a T-shirt that’s 5 sizes too small so it’s squeezing her boobs together quite dramatically.
“Does this look ok?”
She’s taken her bra off, and the tightness of the material made it nearly see-through and I can see her squished nipples quite clearly. However, it’s far from sexy, so we both burst out laughing as she pushes the door to again.

I take my shower, and I'm nearly done when there's a knock at the door.
"Yes?"
"Can I come in?"
"Er.."
"I don't like talking through doors. I won't look"
"Ok." I hear the door open.
"I can't find anything that fits me, I've got trousers, but can't find a top. I don't suppose you've got any t-shirts that might work?"
"Yeah, probably, give me a second and I'll be right out."
There's a pause before she says ok, and another before I hear the door close. I finish washing myself. Privates last, always end on a high note. I rinse myself off and open the shower door.

Amanda is standing by the door. She's topless and just standing there, looking at my dick. The sight of her pretty fantastic tits, and my ending the shower on a high note makes it stand to attention a little more. I have an urge to cover myself, but for some reason I don't. For a while we're just standing there, looking at each other. I notice how well defined she is, and while her tits are large, they're well proportioned, toned, with large, pale nipples (Think Thora Birch, but symmetrical). Her eyes haven't left my dick, but eventually she looks up, smiles, and says
"I just wanted to check Tasha wasn't lying" and she slowly leaves, taking another look before she closes the door.

I take my time getting dressed, thinking about what she's just said, and what it means. How much has Tasha told her? Does she know we've got each other off? I step out of the bathroom in just my trousers and peer into Tasha's room, not there, so go into mine and she's sitting on my (messy) bed, still topless.
"Er, don't you want to put your bra back on?"
She shakes her head, and I can't help but notice the jiggle.

"No, it's too tight. I think I've gone up a size. Besides, Tasha said you two always see each other naked, so I didn't think you'd mind."
I dump my towel into the laundry basket and walk over to my wardrobe to choose t-shirts for us both.
"She told you that?"
"Yeah, she said you guys had a shower the other day. Don't worry, I think it's cool you guys are so close. If MY brother looked like you I'd want to shower with him every d..." She trails off. As I look at her she's blushing all over. "Sorry"
"It's ok. What else did she say?"
Again she blushes, and it spreads to her tits, which go bright pink
"Well, I might have asked how big you were. And it seems she wasn't exaggerating. I'm sorry, I was just curious. I've never seen one before, not for real anyway."

I have no fucking idea what came over me at that point, might have been all the adrenaline from the manual labour earlier, but I turned back to her, undid my trousers and dropped them to the floor. Her eyes widened as she looked at it. I felt like a still life art class model as she shuffled along the edge of the bed to get a closer look. I wasn't completely hard at this point, but her tits really were mesmerising, and it wasn't long before I was fully erect, her eyes getting larger as my dick did. She was as close to me as Tasha was in the shower when I came on her tits. The thought of it makes me harder and my dick throbs. Amanda jumps as it twitches. She's fascinated.
"Doesn't it hurt when it gets hard?"
"It does when it gets THIS hard, yes"
"Why? Doesn't it get as hard as this normally?"
She looks up at me, and all I can see is my hard dick, pointing at her huge breasts. It's all I can do to not blow my load non-contact.
"It does when I'm really turned on"
I back away and bend down to pull up my trousers.
"Wait"
"Why?"
She looks at me again. "Can I touch it?" In for a penny...
"Yes, but no rubbing."
She smiles."Why? Don't you want to come on my tits?"
I don't know if there's a double meaning there, but I'm losing rigidity fast, so I don't think I'm in danger of exploding any more. I stand up straight and offer myself to her. She gingerly reaches out and strokes the top of the shaft. Her fingers are very soft and I let her stroke it a little more. She moves her hand and grabs the whole thing gently. I look down and notice her free hand is down her trousers. I think she's getting herself off. At this point I'm too far along to care. She strokes my cock and herself with a matching rhythm and before long she's panting with pleasure. I can feel my pressure rising and as it builds I move her hand away and start jerking myself as I stare into her green eyes. I point my dick at her tits and my balls contract as I start coming over her breasts, but after the first spurt she bats my hand away, grabs my pulsating dick and closes her lips around it. She pumps my cock, sucking hard as I ejaculate in her mouth, her other hand kneads her pussy and she moans loudly through her nose. I don't really know, or care what just happened but I put my hands gently on the side of her head as she comes down from her orgasm, as I do as well. She stops sucking, but has the end of my dick in her mouth. Her other hand relaxes and we just stay still for a while.

Eventually she moves her mouth away, sucking the last remnants of cum from my dick. Looking up at me she swallows with a wince. She shudders at the taste and almost gags.
"I've always wanted to try that. I have no fucking idea why porn-stars are always smiling when they suck a guy, that was rotten."

She removes her hand from her trousers, scoops up the first shot of cum off her tits, licks her fingers (the ones she's just had down her trousers), then falls back on my bed, her tits wobbling as they settle. She looks at me.
"I won't tell if you don't."
I'm spent, I turn around and lie beside her, dick throbbing, trousers around my ankles, staring at the white ceiling.
"That was so fucking wrong."
"But felt so fucking right."
"I'm going to jail."
"No you're not, that was my fault."
"It doesn't matter. You're my sister's best friend, and she's laid up in hospital."
I feel like shit.
"That's ok, we share everything anyway."
I turn to her. "What do you mean?"
"You came on her tits too. She told me, that's why I wanted you to come on mine."
I put my hands on my face.
"This is so fucked up. First I molest my sister, she ends up in hospital then her 14 year old friend sucks me off. This week is properly fucked."
"You didn't molest her, moron, she always wanted you to get her off. She instigated it, remember? Plus technically, I didn't suck you off. I simply made you come in my mouth."
I can't believe how much Tasha's told her. Amanda turns on her side and lays an arm across my chest, I can feel her large tits against my side, and I'm aware of a sticky sensation on my ribs. "Look, if it makes you feel any better, kids my age are doing this all the time. They fuck around, but they don't have sex".
"So you've done this before?"
She rests her head on my arm. "No, you're my first. You were Tasha's too, in case you were wondering."
"You mean she planned what happened the other day?"
"No. Well. She told me she hoped it would happen one day, but she didn't want to jump on you. It had to be a mutual thing." She holds me closer "Like this."
I can't see her face but I can hear her smiling.
"So are you aiming to do this with anyone else?"
She faces me with a cross expression. "No, of course not. That might have been a one-off, so don't get your hopes up."

We lay there for quite a while. It's actually quite nice, until Amanda says she'd better take a shower to get the traces of my come off her chest. She gets off the bed, and takes down her trousers. Turning around, she pulls down her underwear, and I notice she's completely bald down there. Shaven, possibly, but hard to tell.
"Join me?"
"I've just had a shower."

“I heard you had three on Sunday.”
“Good point.”
I join her in the shower. I wash her back, she washes my chest, I wash her tits, concentrating on her apparently sensitive nipples. She’s taller than Tasha so it’s not so much of a height difference as she squirts a glob of shower gel into her hand, grabs my cock and starts washing it. Before long I’m hard again and she’s rubbing the tip along the top of her slit.
“I thought you said you didn’t have sex?”
“This isn’t sex” and she kisses me deeply, her tongue in my mouth as I reach around and finally grab her arse cheeks. I push forward and my slippery dick slides in-between the top of her legs and along the length of her pussy, she holds her knees together and my slight height advantage means as I push forward, I’m rubbing her clit with every stroke. It feels fucking fantastic, and I think she thinks the same. Eventually we both come together, she digs her nails into my back as I spurt my come down the back of her thighs. As I’ve already come recently, there’s not much and it actually hurts a little. We hold each other for a while under the water, then compose ourselves, washing the remnants of each other, off each other. We go back to my room and put our clothes back on. She puts her bra on with a dirty grin (looks fine to me). I give her one of my smaller t-shirts, which fits her fine. Making sure the house is respectable, and having one more prolonged kiss, we get back in the car and head back off to the hospital.

That's me done. We got to the hospital but Tasha was asleep. Amanda and I grabbed lunch at BK and I took her to see Les Misérables at the cinema over the road (Plenty of back seat fumbles) then dropped her off. We swapped numbers so text flirting has been plentiful and varied.

The docs say Tasha should be home Monday or Tuesday. I still don't know what the situation is with my mother, but hopefully I’ll find out some time this week, as it's still confusing the fuck out of me.

This is a picture I found on /b/ of a girl that has a body identical to Tasha's. This may aid the following.

Monday 4/3/13

Monday morning I woke up to a virtually empty house. No Tasha, and Amanda sent me a text that she was going back to school today. Dad left early for work, as usual (happy that Tasha was doing fine), so that just left Mum, little Tommy and me.
Dragging my arse downstairs, I meet mum by the front door. After the end of last week's revelations, her attitude towards me has improved greatly, and she finally seems to appreciate the work I've been doing around the house, rather than seeing it as my duty. Still, while she is much more cordial to me, she's developed this annoying habit of never making eye contact. She'll look everywhere else, but never directly at my face. I put it down to something else about this family I'll be told eventually, but I hope it's not too long. At least she seems happier, and since she's started wearing her hair down, she looks a hell of a lot younger too.

She tells me she has to head out for the morning before hitting the hospital. Surprisingly she gives me a kiss on the cheek, I ruffle Tommy's hair (too busy dribbling to notice) and the house is finally empty.
Not sure if mum forgot, or she's cutting me a break, but I appear to have nothing to do, so I go online, apply for 25 jobs (same as Friday), and after spending 10 minutes staring at the DVD shelf, I wuss up and give the house a quick clean. My bedroom's neater than normal so I try Tasha's, that's still tidy too. So I give the hospital a call and manage to talk to her.
"Hey, what's up?"
"Oh, nothing, I'm rifling through your knicker drawer wondering if you wanted me to bring anything up."
"As you're there, just some clean knickers, T-shirt and jeans. Oh, and grab that book by the bed. I'm losing brain cells by the minute here I'm so effing bored." (I guess she has company)
"You ok for bras?" I hear a giggle.
"I thought you knew me better than that."
"Pardon?"
"Tell you what, if you can find any bras you can bring some." A little perplexed, I check her drawers, the wardrobes, and the laundry basket.
"You don't have any bras."
Another giggle, and she drops to a whisper. "That's ok, I don't have any tits."
I laugh. "So what was I using as target practice the other day?"
A laugh, followed by an 'ow'. "Shut up. You coming over?"
"Yep, I'll be over as soon as I've finished trying on some of your clothes"
"OK, but don't stretch anything. Love you."
"Love you sis'."

I pack a few things, looking for her sexiest knickers, which is actually a bit of a challenge, as most of her underwear is quite plain and conservative. I choose a couple of sporty pairs (Grey with pink trim. Figure-hugging. My thang.)
I take a quick glance in my parent's room. I seldom go in there, but I give it the once over. I notice the little cabinet beside mum's side of the bed is open, so I go over to close it. I really wish I hadn't when I see what's in there.
Vibrators. (7 number. Varying sizes, including one 'two-fingered'). Anal beads.
Ben-wa balls. Nipple clamps. I stare for a while, and thankfully not seeing any real BDSM gear (no whips of handcuffs). I close the drawer and try to shake the image of by mother using any of them. Particularly the beads. I lock up the house and dash to the car, turning the music up REALLY FUCKING LOUD SO I CAN'T HEAR THE THOUGHTS RUNNING AROUND MY HEAD ABOUT MY MOTHER USING ANAL BEADS.
However, by the time I get to the hospital I've done my normal thing of over-thinking things. My mother, or at least the woman I regard as my mother, is entitled to a sex life. She's not that much older than me, so her appetite is still healthy, and fuck it, she's got a good figure (same as Tasha's) so I get out of the car feeling a lot less creeped out than I was earlier. I think the reason I may have been so shocked was because until a few days ago my mother dressed like Dolores fucking Umbridge, but with less pink.

Finally walking the corridors towards Tasha's room, the first thing I'm aware of is a buzz, of many hushed conversations, then comes a smell. Not unpleasant, but gradually more powerful as I get closer. I turn the last corner and I'm met with a line of teenage girls, all chatting and giggling, holding teddies and flowers, all seated along a wall, and since they're all in Tasha's uniform, I guess they're all here to see my sister.

I can feel myself getting redder as I walk past them, a few looking straight at me then whispering to each other behind their hands. As I near the door a couple of the girls I recognise make eye contact.
"Oh hi."
It's the two who came up to me at Tasha's school. As they're the only familiar faces I go over.
"Hi, what are you all doing here?"
"We've come to see Tasha, of course. They're only letting us in 2 at a time though, and only for a few minutes. We're only about halfway through."
I look back at the rest of the line. There must be at least an hour to go. I contemplate leaving and coming back later, but the girls weren't finished with me yet.
"Is Amanda here?" This raises a grin and a few nearby eyebrows.
"No, she's at school. The headmaster asked her if she wanted to come but apparently she was here nearly all weekend anyway."
"Oh... right. I suppose she was, yes." I'm surprised at how disappointed I sound.
"Can I ask you a question?"

I am, to say the least, trepidatious.
“Um, ok?”
“Are you Amanda’s boyfriend?”

My spider-sense tells me that there’s at least 20 ears hanging on my every word. I just look at her eyes, and notice they’re the same colour as Amanda’s. And I think;
Thursday, hold Amanda as she cries into my chest – twice. Gaze lovingly at her bare bum for half an hour and masturbate next to it. Have a bit of a chuckle about it afterwards. Amanda bears witness to my family unit turning itself inside out for an hour, then settle back to normality.

Friday, spend the morning getting sweaty and having a good laugh with Amanda as we put a fence up. Get a drink. Have a laugh, see each other naked, she performs a sexual act on me, culminating with her swallowing my come. Share a shower where we simulate the act of making love without actually doing it. Clean up, go back to hospital. Grab a burger, watch a movie (more heavy petting), then go home. I realise how much I enjoyed being with her, but can’t remember a time when I wasn’t holding her hand.
“Yes, I think I might be.” The girls giggle, jump a bit, and a couple even say ‘yay’ or whatever girls do in situations like this. The girls beam at me as I finally make my way into Tasha’s room, taking out my phone as I open the door.
At first, I think a florists’ has exploded. There are flowers and teddies everywhere. Tasha sees me and smiles, giving a little wave. I don’t interrupt as she’s got a couple of friends with her, but notice my mother in the high-backed chair, Tommy on her lap, asleep, and Tasha’s headmaster in the corner of the room. I quickly bring up Amanda’s number on my phone and write;
‘Hi. Sorry if I’ve overstepped the mark, but I just mighta sorta told your school friends that you’re my girlfriend.’
I pocket the phone and walk over to the headmaster, shaking his hand.

“Good morning.”
“Good morning.”
“I never knew my sister was so popular.”
“Well, truth be told, since your sister is so concentrated on her academic studies she doesn’t have a lot of time for socialising. She spends her lunchtimes in the library.”
“Really? I knew she liked studying but I never knew she was that into it. I hope she’s not working too hard, she’ll burn herself out.”
“Oh, no. I believe she keeps her weekends free. You told me.”
Recalling the events of the previous weekend, yes, I think she does.
“Anyway, your sister is well liked, and after the accident most of the girls begged the faculty that they be allowed to come and visit. I was glad to make the trip, actually, nothing for me to do today but fill out risk assessment forms for the Open Day next month.” Fascinating.

Friends are brought in two at a time, and their reactions to Tasha vary greatly. The smaller girls are stand-offish, just handing over the flowers and teddy bears and asking silly little questions, while the more brash girls come straight out and ask to see the war wounds, normally responding with ‘cool!’ when Tasha lifts her hair to show off the larger gash on the back of her head. I’m reminded of a movie press junket, where journalists get to speak to movie stars for 5 minutes at a time, answering the same questions over and over. She handles herself quite well.

My pocket buzzes, and I pull out my phone to see Amanda’s responded

‘That’s ok, because I mighta sorta told everyone you’re my boyfriend.’ This is followed by several smiley’s and love hearts. I’ve got a girlfriend. Cool.

Eventually, the last two girls are brought in, and while they sit on the bed to talk to Tasha I turn to the head.

“You know Tasha’s not my sister?” I’m not looking straight at him, but see him sigh.

“Yes, I did. As her headmaster I had to know. For a large number of boring reasons. It really wasn’t my place to tell you.”

“No, it’s ok, I understand.”

“When did you find out?”

“Thursday. In this room. Got quite emotional. I hate to say Amanda was here when the fireworks went off, but it ended well. Plus she spent most of the day with me on Friday and she seemed fine.”

“Oh. You and Amanda are...?” I can hear the levels of concern in his voice.

“You don’t have to worry. It’s very early days, we don’t know where this will take us, but I won’t let it get in the way of her school work. I promise.”

He seems ok with this (like I actually care).

“You’re 18, I believe.” Another loaded question.

“Yes, there’s 4 years between us, but I suddenly found out there’s 9 years between my ‘parents’, so that’s something else you don’t have to worry about.”

He gets the meaning, and it’s well timed as the last two girls get up from Tasha’s bed, the Headmaster shakes my hand again, thanks my mother and apologises for the intrusion, then leaves.

“That’s a lot of flowers.”

“I know, it’s really starting to hit my hay fever.”

Mum starts looking in her handbag. “You and me both sweetie.”

She hands Tasha some tiny tablets. Anti-histamines. “It’s been killing me since the first lot came in, but I didn’t want to say anything, they were all so nice to you.”

She looks up and smiles at me, I smile back, relieved the atmosphere is so genial, but suddenly I have an image of various sex toys flashing across my mind and I’m feeling awkward again. I hope I’m hiding it.

I sit on the chair right beside the bed as mum tells us she has to go into town for a few things. She loads Tommy into his buggy, gives both of us a kiss on our cheeks, and backs out of the door behind me. I turn back to Tasha and I’m shocked to see an incredibly stern

look on her face.
“What did I do?” I’m actually a little scared of her, she looks exactly like mum used to before I found out she wasn’t my mum.
“Everyone’s been telling me that you and Amanda are boyfriend and girlfriend.”
She slaps my hand, quite hard. “Why wasn’t I informed?”
“Well, in my defence, I didn’t actually know we were an item until I got here.”
“How do you mean?”
So I explain the conversation I had with the girls outside (Christine and Sarah, apparently), and the sudden reasoning I had to do.
“This doesn’t change anything between us, you know. I don’t want to sound like I’m going behind Amanda’s back, but... Oh crap” I lean forward and put my forehead on the bed beside her hip, my hands on the back of my head. I bury my mouth into the mattress and yell.
“I never knew having a love life could be so fucking complicated.”
Tasha starts stroking my hair. It’s nice.
“From what I’ve heard, they aren’t as complicated as yours.”
I keep my face down. “Explain.”
She sighs. “You’re currently engaging in semi-sexual relations simultaneously with two under-age girls, one of whom, until recently, you thought was your sister, and the other one, nearly killed the former (who until recently, you thought was your sister) with a hockey stick, and now, you’re officially an item with the latter, as an official loving relationship with the former would be deemed morally reprehensible, what with everyone thinking we’re still blood relatives.” I’m guessing she’s been going through this a lot over the weekend. “Did I... miss anything?”
“Yeah, I had a wank while looking at her arse while she fell asleep watching inner space.”
She gasps dramatically. Then laughs. “You fucking perv! Have you told her?”
“Yes”
“When?”
“During an afternoon showing of Les Misérables”
“Didn’t she mind?”
“Don’t think so, I had my hand down her pants when I told her”
“You classy bastard.”
I sit up and laugh, we both do. “So what did you guys do the other day? She never actually told me.” So I tell her about Amanda helping me with the fence. She accuses me of making Amanda do all the work. It’s when I get to the part where Amanda wanted to change clothes that Tasha really begins to take an interest.
“That’s when you called me. Did she find anything that fits?”
“No, but she did try on one of your t-shirts. You were right about her tits. She tried on this yellow shirt without a bra and it looked like one huge boob under there.”
“Ha! I hope she hasn’t stretched it.”
“T-shirts are stretchy, I’d be more worried about the jeans she squeezed into.”

“She got into my jeans? Jesus! I bet she had trouble getting them off.”
“Actually, they came off pretty easily....” Damn. Sneaky cow.
“I knew it. You two had sex didn’t you?”
“No, actually no, we didn’t.”
“Don’t worry, I’m not jealous. I told you, you two are made for each other.” She actually makes herself comfortable, folds her arms and looks at me like I’m about to tell a bedtime story. “Well? What happened, and don’t you dare leave anything out.”
So I start regaling her with the story of Friday. Amanda coming over, watching the movie, helping me with the fence, trying on her clothes, then as I get to the part where Amanda and I are staring at each other in the bathroom, she stops me. “What are her tits like?”
“You’ve never seen them? I thought that’s what girls did on sleepovers. Try on clothes, get naked and talk bollocks about boys.” She shrugs.
“Maybe, but her tits grew three sizes in about 6 months. She was always shy about them, so even though she’s seen mine, I haven’t seen hers. She always keeps her bras on. So come on, what are they like?”
“Well, they’re about a C or D. I don’t really know sizes.”
“She’s halfway.”
“Whatever. They’re huge for a 14 year old. Big, pale nipples. Very sensitive.”
“What do they feel like?” This line of questioning is very odd.
“Well, they feel like yours, only...”
She looks down at her chest, her tiny bosom hardly making an impression in her hospital gown.
“Bigger.”
“Look, sis. I’ve told you, I love your tits. I love the way they feel, plus I bet I can get a whole one in my mouth.” She giggles, looks at the door and lifts up her gown.
“Go on then.” I look over my shoulder and comply. I give it a good go, it obviously tickles as she’s squirming and laughing as I try to get her whole left tit in my mouth. I more or less get the whole thing in with a lot of sucking, plus I’m flicking her tiny nipple with my tongue. Might as well while it’s in there. Eventually she manages to push me off. All the laughing has obviously hurt her face slightly. The swelling’s eased considerably, and there’s going to be a hell of a bruise, but she’s still smiling. I give her breast a rub, my saliva moisturising her skin. She lays back on her pillow as I rub.
“So what happened next?”
So I tell her about Amanda sitting on my bed, topless, asking to look at and touch my cock. As I tell her this my hand slides down her tight belly and I start running my finger along the top of her underwear. Without a word she moves her legs further apart, and I get a finger under the elastic waistband, still moving from side to side.
I may have exaggerated and embellished the story a bit for her benefit, but her breathing was getting harder, so I thought I’d help her along a bit. I tell her about the warmth of Amanda’s hand as she started to jerk me off, and the sight of her tits jigging as her hand moved. My hand is now in Tasha’s knickers, my fingers running through her soft pubic hair

as I head south. I manage to reach her clitoris and start gently massaging it when I tell her about Amanda taking my cock in her mouth as I came.
“She did what?” she sits up slightly, breathless but shocked
“She put my cock in her mouth, I came. She swallowed.” I’m still rubbing Tasha’s little clit as she lies back on the bed.
“That dirty cow. I wanted to be the first to give you a blow job.”
“You still can be, she didn’t technically suck me off. I was already coming when she started sucking.” A pause as I rub, her eyes are closed, and her nipples are definitely starting to make an impression on her gown now. I reach up with my spare hand and start rubbing them through the cloth.
“So was that it?”
“No, we had a little cuddle on the bed. Then she asked me to join her in the shower.”
“So you saw her naked then?” I nod as I rub the length of my finger along her clit, dipping the tip of my finger into the entrance of her vagina. She’s incredibly warm, and incredibly wet.
“Did you fuck her then? I would have.”
I explain how Amanda closed her legs around my dick, holding it against her pussy as I fucked her thighs. Tasha’s getting bloody close when there’s a knock at the door. We quickly arrange her bedsheets and gown as the door opens and a nurse pops her head in.
“Can I get you anything dear?” My finger is still inside my sister’s labia.
“Um... no, I’m fine, thank you.” The nurse looks at Tasha’s cheek.
“Are you sure dear? You look a little flushed, and that dressing is weeping.” She comes into the room, opens the window, comes over to the bed and starts getting some medical bandages out of the bedside cabinet. I’m stuck. I can’t move my arm, hidden under the bed-sheet, unless the nurse sees me moving. So we’re there for at least 5 minutes, Tasha trying to act normal, with every involuntary tiny movement of my finger sending a jolt through her body. To make it worse, the tenseness of the situation has made her pussy juices dry up. I really am stuck to my sister.

If I tried to slide my finger out I’d probably hurt her. So we wait, until the nurse (who appears to take pride in her work) is finished. Eventually she gets up and leaves, with the promise of cold drinks for the both of us.
“Fuck! I was nearly there!”
“I know, but we’d better not do that again. Not here anyway”. So I manage to peel her lips off my finger. I give her clit a little tickle, and remove my hand.
“Good job I brought you some spare knickers. You’re soaking down there.”
“Really?” She checks. “Wow! I’ve never been that wet before.
“Must have been all that imagining of Amanda’s body. What was that about anyway? Not on the turn?”
She blushes. “No, I just appreciate the beautiful things in life, and I happen to envy her figure. I’d kill to see her naked though.”

“Well, the way things are going with us three, that’ll probably happen sooner or later. I just hope I can take it.”
She beams. “You’ll be fine. We’ll take care of you.” She gets out of bed, takes off her sodden knickers, throws them at me, flashes her pussy, then darts into the en-suite bathroom (posh hospital) with her bag to put a fresh pair on. I hear running water so I guess she’s taking a shower.
Taking a seat in the high-backed chair, my phone buzzes in my pocket. A text from my girlfriend. ‘Hi’
‘Hi’
‘You at the hospital?’
‘Yeah. Loads of school friends were here. Didn’t see you’
‘Missed too much school work already’ (swot) ‘how’s T?’
‘Good. She just made me tell her about Friday’
‘OMG! You didn’t?’
‘I did, I think she wants to lez up with you’
This brought a long pause, leading me to check my signal.
‘Tell her it’s mutual. I gotta go. When will I see you?’
‘Sat?’
‘it’s a date. Love you xxx’
‘Love you too.’
Probably don’t just yet, but it feels nice to say it. Tasha comes out of the en-suite. I can see knickers under her gown and she’s drying her hair.
“Just been talking to Amanda. She says she wants to fuck your brains out”
She laughs.
“Don’t blame her, I would too if I was her.” The door opens again and her doctor walks in.
“Is your mother here?”
“No, my brother is, he’s over 18 so you can talk to him.”
The doc turns to me. Indian (shocker), glasses, old, stereotype. “Very well, your sister’s health is improving very well. She should be able to go home tomorrow.” Tasha slumps on the bed, several teddies fall to the floor.
“Tomorrow? I’m booooored. I want to get back doing stuff. I need to get back to school.”
The doctor looks at me. I shrug. “Teenagers…”
“Well my dear, I said you could go home, but I fear school is another week away. You had a rather nasty concussion, you mustn’t rush these things. Head injuries are unpredictable. You need to let your brain heal. No mental exercises. Afternoon TV should be a helpful healing aid. Nothing too challenging.”
“Great. So my prescription is Philip Schofield and Jeremy effing Kyle.”
“Precisely. Nothing challenging at all. Now, relax, try to get some more sleep and I’ll see you tomorrow to give you your discharge papers.”
She’s not happy, but gets back into bed. I hold her hand and we shoot the shot for a couple of hours until mum gets back. My hand firmly above the covers.

Tuesday 5/3/13

Tasha came home Tuesday, and mum's treating her with kid gloves. Chasing after her, asking if she needs anything. I think Tasha's relishing the positive attention, rather than having extra-curricular activities shoved down her throat. I leave them to it as I have to give my car an oil change. My car's a mk2 Mondeo, no parental freebies in our house, we pay for privileges. Well, I do.
I'm under the car waiting for the oil to drain when I hear piano music. Tasha's very good, but this is Ode to Joy. I didn't know she could play that. Walking over the French windows I look in to see mum playing the piano, with Tasha sitting beside her. After while Tasha joins in lower down the keys. I never knew mum could play, and seeing them sitting together smiling and looking like twins is something I'll remember for a long time.
Oh, then they lezzed out for half an hour.
Kidding.

Anyhoo, the rest of the day and Wednesday were dull and gentle affairs. Dad constantly called during the day to check and talk to Tasha. We weren't exactly a dysfunctional family but this near-fatal accident has really brought us closer together.

Thursday 7/3/13

Thursday started ok, but for some reason mum started to act quite agitated early afternoon. While the last few days had been fine, she suddenly started avoiding me again, avoiding eye contact and obviously leaving a room if I was the only one in there. It was during a rather brutal game of monopoly between Tasha and myself (I was winning for once) that mum came up to us and said she had to go out at short notice, could we look after Tommy, and she'd call us later to let us know what time she'd be back. I was about to ask where she was going when Tasha cut across me.
"Ok mum. We'll look after Tommy. Take care."
We hear the door close, and the car leaving the driveway.
"What was that about?"
Tasha shrugs. "No idea. Wait here" and with that she rushes upstairs. Presumably to check on our little brother. I sit back down at the board and start counting my bank so far. Not bad, even if I do say so myself. I detect movement to my left and see Tasha standing by the door, in just some tight knickers and a tighter vest top with skinny straps that hold her figure nicely.
"Oh, hello. You appear to have misplaced some clothing."
"No, I know exactly where it is." She shows me the PJs in her hand. Large, baggy, unflattering. "Just in case."
I'm sitting on the floor with my back to the sofa, so stretch out my arms across the cushions. I'm anticipating sauciness when; "Right, whose go is it?" She sits down, cross-legged on the rug opposite me. I'm immediately aware of the slight bulge of her pussy mound in her knickers. I experience a 'stirring' in my loins.
"Pardon?"
"Whose go? You're winning, we can't have that."
So we continue to actually play monopoly, but I think the skimpy attire is merely a distraction, as I can't help staring at her erect nipples and pussy, clearly visible through the thin material. I tell her my suspicions as she picks up another chance card, winning second prize in a beauty contest.
"Well, I had to up the ante somehow. I can't have you taking advantage of my addled brain, you know."
So we play on, and I start losing, mainly because I'm not paying attention to the game. Can't have this. I excuse myself for a toilet break, and strip down to my jockey shorts. She's looking hot as fuck, bruised face and all, so I'm starting to pitch a tent. Without bragging, I look after myself, I've got a moderately good body (all the fucking chores helped), and the shorts are accentuating my bulge, so I sit down, cross legged, with my arms back across the sofa. I've got large pecs, so I'm trying to look fabulous.
I guess it works as she looks up as I sit down, and throws the dice down.
"Oh, now that's not fucking fair."
"All's fair in love and war sweetie."

We continue to play, but I can see her eyes darting to my bulge. I start stroking the inside of my thigh. Does nothing for me, but she's clearly getting annoyed at the distraction. Again, she's losing.
"Right!" she sits up and rips off her vest top. Sitting there in just her knickers, her wonderful breasts jiggling as she shakes the dice. I stare, but I'm used to breasts, even ones as wonderful as hers. I've lurked in enough TYFTT threads to know it's the touching that counts, so with this in mind, I think I have a deuce in hand. The game continues, and our accounts are pretty even. It's her turn to use the 'toilet break' excuse, but she takes her time, so I have a quick count. There's only a few hundred in it, so an unlucky roll could end this quickly. I hear her entering the room but don't look up.
"Your turn" She sits down opposite me, same position, and at first glance my suspicions are confirmed. She's taken her knickers off, so she's completely naked, but looking again, I see something new. She's completely bald down there. I look up, my face must be a picture, but she just looks smug as hell and rolls the dice, jiggling her tits again. I simply cannot stop looking at her pussy. She's done a good job as it looks perfectly smooth, just like Amanda's. Even though her legs are apart, there's only a small separation of her slit. I can just make out her clit hood. It looks moist.
She lands on 'go to jail' and swears. She's there until she rolls a double, so I saunter around the board. She obviously hasn't got any more clothes to discard so she unfolds her legs, spreading them far apart, leans against the chair behind her and starts tracing the contours of her body, down her pelvis, and stroking the sides of her pussy. I'm fully erect by now, and it's starting to hurt, so shunning any excuse, I stand up and whip off my shorts. My cock springs up, and her eyes widen as she stares. I sit back down, same position, and beckon her to roll the dice while my dick points at her. Finally, she rolls a double, and gets off her square.
My turn, I roll to old Kent Road. Mine, so no rent to pay. I stroke my cock once or twice, she stares.
Her roll. She just avoids the Go to jail square again. She strokes her pussy, running her finger up and down her slit, her breathing sounding heavy like before.
My Roll. Just visiting. I lean back, cradling my balls and squeezing the base of my cock, making the veins bulge.
She rolls, she lands on Mayfair. Mine, 2 hotels. She bankrupts. She jumps off the floor and lands on me, planting her mouth on mine and we kiss passionately, rolling over the board. I ignore the stabs of pain from the little plastic hotels and metal playing pieces (I was the car, she the little doggie) digging into my back. I stand up, lifting her with me as she wraps her legs around my waist. I'm amazed she hasn't come up for breath as she continues to kiss me, her tongue exploring my mouth.

In the back of my mind is my self-imposed rule, (No aggressive dominance) so I move back to the sofa, and lay down on it, holding her as we continue to kiss, finally relaxing slightly as the initial fire dies, but the lust still hangs between us. I stroke her body, hands

all the way down her back, cupping her little bum, my fingers reaching around and in-between, fingers dipping into her vagina from behind, dripping wet once again. After we calm down some more (circumstances permitting) I finally shift position. I spin her around and lay beside her, kissing her gently, moving down to her neck, collarbone, chest, nipples, which I spend a few minutes sucking and nibbling. My right hand has moved down to her pussy and I'm stroking her clit like I did at the hospital. Her whole body is writhing gently as I continue moving down her body, kissing her tummy, her belly button, and I move onto her pelvic area.
I knew what my ultimate goal was, but I wasn't sure if she did until I kiss the now hairless area and she puts her hand gently on the top of my head. I take this as tacit approval of my intentions, so I shift off the sofa, and turn her slightly. Raising her knees, I start to kiss the inside of her thighs, starting halfway up and slowly moving down, keeping my eyes on the prize as I move. Her breathing is becoming heavier and more ragged in anticipation of my contact, and she shudders as I place my lips square on her closed but warm pussy lips.

I kiss and gently suck the soft tissue on her pubic bone until I eventually use my tongue to separate her lips. She's very wet again, and while I wasn't sure what to expect, it simply tastes of musty water, with a subtle tang of something. I don't care what of as I'm too busy diving my tongue into my sister's pussy, exploring the folds and crevices, dipping my tongue into her vagina as she places her other hand on the back of my head and pushes me down. I find her clitoris and concentrate on it, sucking and gently nibbling the little bead. Her thighs come up and I can feel her pussy swelling against my face as she nears her climax. Suddenly she shifts her body away from my face, bringing my head up and we rise, her face meeting mine, kissing me again, not caring I have her vaginal lubrication all over my chin.

We kiss deeply, when I'm suddenly aware of warmth at the end of my dick. She must have experienced something too as we stop, and look down between us.
She is sitting on the edge of the sofa cushion, legs wide. I'm kneeling on the carpet between them. My penis is fully erect, and as I've straightened up, the tip is touching the entrance to her vagina. It's there, all I have to do is move my hips.
All she has to do is move hers. I can feel the heat emanating from her, inviting me in. I can feel how wet she is, penetration would be easy. I can see how red and swollen her lips are. She can see how engorged and swollen my dick is, pre-cum dripping from the tip.
We look at each other, breathing heavily into each other's' face.
We know what we want,
We know what we don't want.
"I really want you to fuck me."

It's not a plea, or request. It's a small moan of frustration and despair. She has a look of deep passion on her face, but also confusion and sadness. I can feel the coiled spring in my pelvis. My hands are on her hips, I can feel the tension there too. Our bodies want

each other, and if we weren't so fucking sensible, we'd be a writing mass of limbs and skin, fucking each other's brains out on the Axminster, but we are sensible. She's 14, not on the pill, and the amount of cum I would have deposited inside her probably would have given her quadruplets.

"I really want to fuck you." My dick is still there, but we've both backed off. She reaches down and grabs it. Stroking it gently, like Amanda did. My hand moves down to her pussy and I'm amazed at how wet and inflamed her pussy lips are. I slip a finger inside, then another. It's tight, and I'm sure I can feel the remnants of her hymen as I push both fingers inside. I hook them up and start sliding them in and out, making sure I contact her clitoris with every movement. She pulls at my cock as I pump her vagina (Taking my tips from the awesome video on Pornhub where that guy massages his girlfriend until she comes constantly for 5 minutes – look it up).
Again, she comes, hard. Her tugging becomes erratic as she loses concentration, stopping as she comes down. After a while she gets up and beckons me to lie on the sofa (good, my knees were killing me kneeling on the carpet for that long).

"My turn." And she lays on me, kissing my body as she moves down to my cock. She grabs it in her right hand and gingerly opens her mouth, hesitating, then lowering her head until my dick is in her mouth, her soft lips closing around the shaft. She holds still for a while, but starts moving her head up and down. It's clumsy to start with, and I feel teeth a few times, but eventually she gets a good rhythm, her hand pumping the rest of my dick she can't get in her mouth. She makes small moaning sounds, coupled with her heavy breathing, and it's not long before I can feel the build up again, but this feels like a big one. I have half a mind to warn her, but can't get the words out as I place my hands on her head and help with the rhythm.
I manage a whisper; "I'm coming."
She nods, says 'mm-hm' and carries on sucking. My hips buck as the first shot explodes in her mouth. She stops and backs off slightly, letting my come fill her mouth. Just as Amanda did, she holds it there for a while as I finally finish coming. She gives a couple more sucks and raises her head. Sitting back on her bum, she looks at me, her cheeks puffed out.
"You don't have to..." but she raises a finger, closes her eyes, and swallows noisily. She doesn't gag, or make a funny face.
"I guess it must be an acquired taste." She relaxes and smiles at me, a little come dribbling out the side of her mouth, which I point out. She scoops it up with a finger and sucks it.
"You ok?"
"Yes, thank you. That was fucking awesome."
"That was fucking close. I was this close to putting it in you."
"I really wanted you to. I'm impressed at your restraint actually."
We stay there for a while, looking at each other. I start to get soft, and a little bead of come leaks out of my dick.

“Oops, don’t make a mess!” and she picks up my dick again, puts it back in her mouth and sucks the dregs of come out of my cock, holding it in her mouth for a moment, I feel her tongue massage the base. She swallows, smiles, kisses me on the forehead, picks up her clothes and walks out to the kitchen as I slip my shorts back on and start hunting for the scattered monopoly pieces.
“Want a beer?” She’s going to make someone a good wife.

Not long after that (and after we’d got redressed and the front room was back in order) mum returned, looking happier and less agitated. Still no eye contact but smiling.
“How’s Tommy?” This is to Tasha
“Sparko. Gave him a little drink earlier but he zonked back out. Haven’t heard a peep since.”
“That’s good. So what did you two get up to?”
“Nothing, just watched Die Hard and had a game of monopoly.”
“Pretty boring evening then.”
“I wouldn’t say that. I quite like Die Hard”

Tasha crept in with me again that night, but we didn’t get up to anything. There’s a lot to be said for just holding someone close while you sleep.

Friday 8/3/13

My alarm went off (forgot to turn it off) I did take a look under my duvet to discover that while she was wearing her vest top, her knickers were under her pillow. I took a chance and felt her newly shorn mound, she had indeed done a good job, and I wonder what inspired her to shave it off. I guess she's been chatting to Amanda about the benefits of being hairless. As I was having a feel, she started to stir. I couldn't hear any noises from anyone else in the house, so continued rubbing. She still seemed to be asleep, but was making all the right noises as once again I stroked her clitoris. I immediately regretted it as she let out a moan that could easily be heard in the next room. I freeze, and stop moving, listening for the slightest sound of anyone else in the house. Nothing.
So I just lay there watching her sleep with my hand on her pussy until I drop off again. She wakes me up with a kiss an hour later and we go down for breakfast. Tasha's back at school Monday, so she asks me to take her there so she can pick up anything she needs to catch up. I tell her it's against doctor's orders but I know she won't listen, so about midday we head out.

We arrive at the school just as the kids are breaking for lunch. I see a few familiar faces from the hospital and a few come over to speak to Tasha. Some say hi to me first, which was nice, and it's not long before we bump into Amanda. She smiles meekly and is a little standoffish. I feel a little worried until Tasha whispers in my ear.
"It's common knowledge she's your girlfriend now, and the school has strict rules about 'fraternising' in the grounds. So no touching, no holding hands, no kissing, no heavy petting, no bombing and no diving." So we exchange an awkward 'hello', and she comes with us (on the other side of Tasha) to reception. My sister stands in the middle of us at the desk as we wait for her teacher to come out to us. The girls are nattering away about girl stuff when I feel something touching my fingers. Amanda's reached out behind Tasha (and out of sight of the receptionist) to hold my hand. It's weird but I feel slightly naughty, breaking the rules in such an outrageous way, the fact she's had my dick in her mouth seems tame by comparison.

There's a small cough from behind us as Tasha's teacher walks up the corridor to the desk. Amanda and I break hands, the teacher looks over her glasses at me. I mouth 'sorry' and suddenly I feel 8 years old again. Tasha is given a list of things to research and study (meaning she'll be on the PC all weekend). She thanks the teacher and we leave. Amanda comes out with us to the car, and manages to sneak a quick but tongue-filled kiss before she's spotted. Tasha tells her we'll see her tomorrow and we drive out.
"Is that place run by nuns or something?"
She laughs. "You'd think so, but no. They're strict because they know how damaging boyfriends can be to a girl's concentration, so it's a blanket ban. The only reason you're allowed in the door is you're my brother. Sort of."

“The headmaster knows we’re not actually brother and sister, you know.”
“Yes, I thought he would.”
“Won’t that matter?”
“No, as far as he’s concerned, as we’ve grown up since childhood, we’ve regarded each other as siblings. It wouldn’t even cross his mind that we regularly dine on each other’s genitalia”. So clinical.
“’Regularly?’ We’ve only done that the once.”
“Yes, but I sincerely hope you intend to do it again. I know I do.”
We exchange knowing smiles, and she puts her hand on my leg.
“That’s a point, why did you shave?”
“It just came to me. I knew you wouldn’t expect it. Plus Amanda said you enjoyed her lack of hair so I thought I’d treat you.”
“So, does she shave?”
“Actually, no. She just hasn’t grown any yet. It happens. Her boobs came in really quickly, so she’s more concerned about the monthly size changes than what’s happening downstairs.” She starts reading the list of references she has to research. “I missed so much while I was off. I’m going to have to get straight on with this.”
“Hey, remember what the doc said, so no excessive thinking. I know that’s tricky for that super-quick brain of yours.”
“Yeah, that’s a point. Can I borrow yours so I don’t strain myself?”
“Oh, har-de-har.” I reach across and grab a hold of her boob, giving it a squeeze and then moving my hand down in-between her legs and tickling the inside of her thighs, getting a sneaky grope in every now and again. I nearly lose control of the car as she brings her knees up as she laughs, so I pack it in and behave until we get home. She gets out her reading glasses, heads straight for the PC in the lounge and starts looking stuff up. It’s best not to disturb her in learning mode, so I offer to make her some lunch. She nods acceptance while staring at the screen, so I get her a sandwich (which I know won’t get touched) and put Galaxy Quest on the TV, with the volume down so I won’t disturb her.
Eventually, I hear a cry of frustration from the next room. She walks through to me, glasses as a headband, leaning on the door frame, and in her most simpering voice;
“That computer’s crap, it takes ages to switch windows (true, it’s a ‘family PC’. i.e. shitty specs, still running ME. I shit you not.) Can I use yours?”
I’ve got a modest battlestation upstairs, 3 monitors, but a fairly decent setup.
“Sure, grab your stuff and come up.” It takes a while to find all the necessary cables to hook the two outside monitors back up, she plonks her arse on my chair and gets to work, throwing browser windows across the monitors and getting her chess face on. I leave her to it.
About an hour later I go back up to check on her, opening the door to see her exactly where I left her, but only wearing her knickers. Still working and writing things down, just virtually naked.

“Um.. everything ok?” She looks at me, then down at her body, seemingly forgotten she’s topless.
“Oh, yeah, I’m good, my back got a bit sweaty.” I take a moment to take in the pleasant view. She’s tied her hair up in a ponytail, and I can see the shaven area on the back of her head I’d completely forgotten about. I look around the room and spot the clothes she’d taken off, and spot the dark red stain on her shirt.
“What the fuck?” I walk around behind Tasha to see the gash on the back of her head has opened, and blood is smeared all down her back.
“You’re bleeding”
“What?”
“Your head is bleeding, you’re covered in blood.”
Still she doesn’t take her eyes off the screen. I rush to the bathroom to get the little first aid kit we keep in there and take out a large melolin pad. I put my hand on her forehead and the pad on the wound. Still she works and I figure out what’s happened. For all her smarts, she’s not a fantastic typist. In fact, she envies me for my typing speed, so she does that thing where she types a string of words, then looks up at the screen to check her spelling, then back down to type, then back up again. Having done this for an hour, the constant movement has split the stitches and hence the blood.
“You need to stop, this looks bad.”
“Head wounds are bad bleeders anyway, the doctor said so. I’m nearly done. Just a few more minutes.”
“Tasha, come on...”
“No, look, one more paragraph and I’m done.”
“Fine, then dictate. Here.” I put her hand on the pad, tell her to apply pressure, and we switch so I can finish her homework for her. I transfer her document to a flash drive (I don’t have a printer), pocket the drive and shoo her into the bathroom so I can wash the blood off.

The blood’s stained her knickers too, so she takes them off and I’m treated to the sight of a little naked body shivering as I wash off the blood as she stands in the shower. She’s still holding the pad as she steps out so it’s up to me to dry her off. She wraps a towel around her body as we go into her bedroom so she can get a change of clothes. I call the number of the hospital we were given and tell them what’s happened, they say to just apply pressure until the blood stops, then put another melolin over it held down with micro-pore tape, and no more homework.

“Yes dad.” She sulks. I get her some clothes as she sits on the bed. She opens her towel and lies down across the mattress, giving me a very sultry look. It’s a very inviting sight, but I look around the room, and all the teddy bears from her friends are piled up everywhere. There’s a pervading sense of pinkness, and as I look down at her beautiful naked body, with her small breasts and suddenly hairless mound, she looks 11 again, and

I'm very uneasy about starting anything sexual in this room. I don't want to upset her, so I kneel down, part her knees, get between them and cradle her head as I bring her up to a sitting position. I move her hand holding the antiseptic pad away and its properly covered in blood. I don't think a single pad is going to work

"We need to get this looked at, I don't think it's going to calm down any time soon." She looks at me with an upset expression, but I think she gets my emotions right now. I'm more concerned about blood loss than I am with cunnilingus, so I help her get dressed. I have to choose a different top as the one I selected is one of her favourites and she doesn't want it to get covered in blood. I do appease her slightly by kissing just above her pussy as I pull her knickers on, but the bleeding's getting worrisome, so I stop fucking around and get her to casualty (ER) as fast as my 18 year old car will take us.

As I feared, the constant movement of her head has ruptured the stitches, so we wait a couple of hours until she can get sewn up again. There's an awkward moment when the doctor I spoke to comes in and chastises her for not following doctor's orders, so I promise I'll keep her on a tight leash. We get back home and I thrust her down on the sofa. Tell her to 'stay!', and tell her to choose a DVD to watch. She chooses Notting Hill, which is one of my guilty pleasures, so I make a brew and we cuddle up on the sofa. Natch she cries at the end, but then it's my turn to choose, so I pick How to Train your Dragon. Yes, it's a kid's film, but it's awesome, and I have a proper thing for Astrid. Mum comes home from wherever about 5, we have dinner, I fill her in on the dramatic events of the day. She thanks me for looking after Tasha, and I get the most fleeting moments of eye contact. Her head doesn't explode so I'm assuming she's ok as well. Pissing about on t'internet for a while I spot a showing of Hansel & Gretel I wouldn't mind seeing. Tasha asks if she can come, but it's a 15, and she'd never pass for a 15-year-old in her life.
"Oz is on"
"Is that the one with Franco?"
"Yep." We're agreed he's an overrated actor, but Mila Kunis is in it (Bless Chris Stark), so I convince her it might be watchable despite the one-trick-pony, so we get ready to head out. I pop onto /b/ to inform the masses of another updates, and we head out.
Our opinion: 6/10. Meh.
We get home, and dad's got back from work. Hugs all round, bit of TV before Tasha tells us she's really tired, and is going to bed. We can't really do anything too obvious in front of the parents, so I get a small peck on the cheek and she heads up.
"How's she been today?" This was dad.
"She's been ok. She just tried to get back into things before she was ready." Dad gives a little chuckle.
"I know where she gets that from."
I have no idea what he meant by that, but I grab us both another beer as we watch TV. I drain my bottle, say goodnight, and head upstairs. Tommy's asleep, so I check in on Tasha.

She really must have been tired as she's still fully clothed. I move her into a comfortable position, and remove her glasses and jogging trousers. I leave her T-shirt and knickers on just in case our parents decide to check on her too. I sneak in a quick nipple stroke, run my fingers over her pussy and give her a peck on the lips as I cover her over, stroking her hair as I tuck her in. Back in my room I check my phone and I have a text from Amanda;
'Cnt w8 2 c u 2moro. My turn 2 giv u bj'.
It takes me a second or two to decipher the text speak, but once I figure it out, I send her a text back.
'69?'. There's a colossal pause. Then my phone rings. I quickly answer so it doesn't disturb anyone.
"Yes." She whispers.
"Tasha told you?"
"She may have mentioned it. It sounded... intense."
"It was close, I was that close to actually having sex with her."
"She said. I'm impressed, I wouldn't have held back."
"Well, we had to be smart, she's not on the pill."
"I am."
"Oh."
"It's a medical thing. Doctor's orders." I think I know what she means, the pill isn't just a contraceptive.
"OK. I understand. Well, it's something to think about."
"Don't think about it too long. I want you."
"I want you too." Another pause.
"What time are three we meeting up?" We arrange a time, and we both hang up, promising to dream of each other. Little bit sappy, sorry.

Saturday 9/3/13

I wake up by myself, but I know today should be interesting so I shift my arse before I'm properly awake. Tasha's in the bathroom brushing her teeth, still wearing what I put her to bed in. She's still got her hair in a pony tail and she's holding up a mirror behind her head to look at the damage. She can't quite get the angle so I take the mirror off her and hold it so she can see it properly.

"Oh crap. That looks bad."
"Yep, you'll probably have a scar now." She looks a little sheepish. "Told you not to push yourself. I know you like your school-work, ya weirdo, but rules is rules." I put the mirror down and hug her from behind, no groping, but her nipples show themselves and I stare at them as she finishes brushing her teeth.
"What's the plan?"
"I'm up for whatever, but nothing too girly." After she retreats to her bedroom, I hear her getting a few texts messages and she pops her head back into the bathroom, I'm nearly naked as I'm getting into the shower.
"Amanda says... oh!" Her eyes give me the once over. "Don't stop on my account." So I slowly remove the rest of my clothing, standing up slowly and theatrically. There's a moment of silence.
"Yes? Amanda said what?"
"She said we can go shopping?" I tut and get into the shower. Turning on the water I raise my voice.
"That's a little bit girly."
"It's Lakeside, it's not just girly shops, you know. Plus there's an Ann Summers we were thinking of popping into." Suddenly I'm awash with all sorts of inappropriate visions, and little fella stands to attention.
"Yeah, alright then." She opens the shower door, beckons me down to her height for a kiss, holds the base of my dick, deftly also cupping my balls for a second or five, then goes back to her room to get changed.

Lakeside's a fair drive, about an hour away, so after we picked up Amanda, I stopped off for petrol (£1.42 p/litre. Jesus fucking Christ) and grabbed some snacks for the trip. Both the girls are in the back as I don't want to pick one over the other. Driving is impeded somewhat as I keep getting distracted by one or the other flashing their boobs at the rear view mirror.

Eventually we get there, park outside the cinema and make our way in. Amanda's holding my hand, but Tasha is just staying close, for the look of the thing. Every now and again we make contact, so she doesn't feel left out.
Once we start shopping I teeter dangerously close to the friend-zone, holding their stuff while they pick out various clothes and girly stuff. I can't tell one shade of blue from

another but apparently it's the difference between blending and clashing. After a while I notice Tasha getting some odd looks from people walking in the opposite direction, and so am I. It's when we're sitting in the food court on the top floor I figure it out; There's a train of thought that if you ever see a woman with a black eye or any large bruise, then it 'has to be' the boyfriend/husband/partner that's done it. Not always the case, but it happens. Her facial bruise is still quite obvious, the swelling's gone but there's still a large purple mark behind the cut on her cheek.

Eventually the subtle stares start to get to her, and she makes noises about wanting to go home. Sod that, I'm having a nice time, so I tell her to wait here and I leave the girls alone while I pop to a shop I know down one level.
10 minutes later I return, and hand her a small bundle.

"It's a t-shirt, Pop it on." She nips off to the ladies, giving Amanda and I a few minutes alone for a little kiss 'n' cuddle, and returns a few minutes later. She's wearing the shirt I got her. It's bespoke, white, and a little tighter than I'd thought, but on the front bears the message;
'I got smashed in the face with a hockey ball and all I got was a lot of dirty looks.' Amanda laughs and Tasha looks happy again, picks up her drink and takes a sip.
"So where to next?" I fancy popping to HMV (it's still open, thankfully) and the gadget shop, but it's Amanda who chips in first.
"I know exactly where we're going next. We're getting THOSE sorted." She gestures towards Tasha's chest and I realise tight and white might not have been such a wise choice. Maybe it's the air conditioning or the ice in her drink, but suddenly she's pointing in two directions at one, and as her nipples, while small, are quite dark, they're very obvious under the material, and all of a sudden the nearby lads aren't staring at her face any more. She blushes as Amanda continues. "You're a big girl now, it's time we got you your first bra."

It actually becomes a little event as we walk the aisles looking for a suitable shop. Sadly, Ann Summers aren't happy with a couple of schoolgirls buying sexually-specific underwear (damn them), so they're turfed out. Luckily the La Senza on the bottom floor is more than happy to accommodate them. I wait outside as Tasha gets measured up. She comes out with a little bag, a smoother (but a little padded) chest, obvious bra straps and a broad grin. She gives a little spin to show off her newly-purchased boulder-holder.

Picture very related.

“30B! I could have sworn I was smaller! I bought a few things I’ll show you later.” She gives me a wink as Amanda comes out with a less sunny disposition.
“I’ve gone up again. This is ridiculous! It’s costing a fortune in bras.”
“Why? What size are you now?”
“32DD.” Normally men would be happy with this, but for someone as young as her, it’s obviously a curse. We can see she’s a little down, so Tasha offers to buy her several bras to tide her over. (Amanda’s family isn’t as well off as us, but we insist). They go back in and spend a good half an hour picking out many matching sets. I piss off up the other end and pop into the Entertainer; Only place that sells SW Lego, so I get myself the motherfucking Millennium Falcon. Boo-ya bitches!

A swift text and we meet up again. It’s mid-afternoon so the place is getting busier, and I’m not good in large crowds. Tasha knows this so suggests we go home after one more shop. Can’t remember which one we ended up in, but it looked a little swanky, and the girls wander off to the girls’ section while I go upstairs to the gents’. I’m not really a clothes guy but I see a few things I like, so drape them over my arm and head downstairs.
They’re in the queue for the changing rooms, and it looks like they may be a while, looking at the many outfits they have. I buy my things, and tell the girls I’ll dump the many, many bags we already have in the car, just to lighten the load. In, the time it takes to walk to the car and back, they’ve hardly moved, but this appears normal to them. Eventually they get near the front of the queue and beckon me over. The female shop assistant stops us going any further.

“Sorry, if you ladies are going in he has to stay.”
“We’ve got a charity ball this weekend and he simply has to come in with me.” Tasha’s effort was good, but Amanda wins.
“Anyway, he’s gay, so it’s not like he’ll be perving over us.” The shop assistant looks at me, I give my campest smile, she mumbles ‘what a waste’ and beckons us though to one of five doors.
Things must have changed since I last used a changing room. I’m used to three walls and a curtain, but we have a large room, with a full size mirror and a bench for our stuff. A large curtained cubicle at the back, and there’s even a few chairs and a table with tea and coffee making facilities. No wonder they had to wait so long.
“Blimey. This is a bit swish. I never had...” But I don’t get to finish my sentence as Amanda throws her arms around my neck and kisses me passionately. I hold her body close to mine and run my fingers through her hair.
“Save some for me” says Tasha. I look over and she’s stripping down to her underwear, taking her prospective purchases into the cubicle. I wonder why she closes the curtain, but it must be a girl thing. Amanda stops kissing me and relaxes. I move my hands round to her breasts and give a gentle squeeze.
“Double-D’s eh?”

“It’s a pain in the arse. It was really kind of Tasha to buy some for me. I’ll have to show you some... oh crap, you’ve put them in the car already.”
“I can go get them...”
“Nah, better not, you’re supposed to be gay and it might look dodgy if you come in with a bag full of underwear.” Good point. So I sit in one of the chairs, flick the kettle on and start making us a brew.
The girls take their time trying on various dresses and outfits, and I fulfil my duties as their stylist by giving the seal of approval to some, and being brutally honest when I think something looks dreadful. Tasha’s not really a fashiony type, so a lot of her choices are quite demure, but Amanda helps her out and it’s more hits than misses.
I’m sitting in my chair drinking my tea when I realise the girls have been in the cubicle for quite some time.
“Everything al-right in there?”
“Mm-hm.” Odd. Sounds muffled. I walk over and pull back the curtain. The girls are kissing. Not passionately, but gently. Fondling each other’s bare breasts. Knickers are still on though. I guess when Tasha said ‘save some for me’, she wasn’t talking to Amanda. They break apart and blush, still holding each other’s tits. Tasha turns to me.
“Sorry. I always wanted to know what they felt like, so I asked, and we got carried away.”
I fold my arms and adopt a pissed-off expression. Tasha moves towards me and kisses me. Amanda moves behind her and holds her breasts again. I’m only wearing a t-shirt so I whip that off so I can get some skin contact. I reach around Tasha and caress Amanda’s tits, running my fingertips over her nipples. I break from Tasha and crane my neck to kiss Amanda, my sister between us starts kissing my chest.

Tasha drops and I feel and hear my jeans zip being undone. My waistband is tugged down, and I feel release as my dick springs up. I shift Amanda to one side to give Tasha more room as she starts to stroke me. Tasha grabs Amanda’s arm and pulls her down to her knees beside her. I guess they’ve decided it’s my girlfriend’s turn, so she opens her mouth and closes her lips around my cock. She can get more in her mouth than Tasha could, and it feels fantastic as she uses a combination of head movement and gentle sucking. I’m absolutely solid, and holding it in as any noise would surely attract the attention of the people outside. Tasha stands up and kisses me again, my hand finds her 30Bs, but she moves my hand down and into her knickers. She grinds her clit against my hand and she comes quite quickly. I’m getting there, but Amanda’s doing such a good job I want it to last.
Tasha pulls my head down and whispers in my ear;
“Fuck her.”
I look into the eyes of my sister, and I see the lust there.
“Didn’t you want me first?”
“I blew you first, now your girlfriend gets first dibs. We’ll still have to wait.”
Tasha crouches down and pulls Amanda off my dick and to a standing position, then crouches again as she pulls her knickers off. Amanda looks a little confused, but it seems

Tasha’s taken charge and guides her over to the bench, pulling me by the cock. She kisses Amanda, stroking her clit as she makes her sit on the bench, her pussy is the ideal height now so as Tasha guides me towards her, I don’t have to crouch or stand on tiptoe. She places her hands on my shoulders. My dick is at the entrance of her vagina, being held in place by Tasha. I look at Amanda.
“Do you want this?” She looks a little scared, but she bites her lip and nods, leaning back against the wall and closing her eyes. I look at Tasha, and she kisses me as she pulls me into Amanda, once the head is in I gently push myself, slowly as she’s quite tight. I meet resistance, so give gentle and repeated pushes, entering her a little more each time. I’ve mentioned before I was a virgin up until this point, but that’s out the window now. We hold each other tight as she get used to her vagina being stretched. The tension in her shoulders abates slightly, so I start thrusting my hips gently, sliding my length in and out of her. As her natural lubricant starts to flow, she starts to moan, quietly at first, but when it appears she might get noisy, Tasha moves in and clamps her lips over her mouth. They kiss but it’s more a noise suppression exercise than an act of passion. Tasha starts cupping Amanda’s breast and I reach down behind my sister and reach between her butt cheeks. Because of the height difference I can’t reach her pussy, so have to make do with toying with her little anus. She doesn’t object, even when I pop the end of my finger in past the sphincter.
We all calm down, breathing heavily. Amanda looks at me with what I can only describe as a look of contented love. Tasha looks tired and looks at me with a look of surprise.
“Well, I wasn’t expecting THAT!” I apologise and very, very slowly extract my finger from her arse. No lubrication so there’s a little bit of friction.
Amanda pipes up. “Don’t mean kill the mood, but does anyone have any tissues? I can feel it leaking out and I know it’s going to fuck up the carpet.”
“Move over.” Tasha gently pushes me to one side, and as my dick exits Amanda’s pussy with a little ‘pop, Tasha ducks down in-between her legs and clamps her mouth on her friend’s vulva. Amanda looks just as shocked as me, and I realise my ‘kid sister’ is sucking my come out of my girlfriend’s pussy. This shit is unbelievable, I know, and I think Amanda has another little orgasm as Tasha sucks the last dregs out, giving Amanda’s clit a little flick with her tongue, pausing only to tun to me and suck the last of the come off and out of my dick. She finally stands up and gives Amanda a little kiss, and it’s generally decided the fun needs to end as we’ve taken up the changing room for far too much time.

It takes 5 minutes to clear the room up and get our shit together. Tasha had the foresight to buy a small bottle of mouthwash from Boots and she passes the bottle round, before we all leave with hint of minty freshness, and impatient looks from the waiting queue.
We do finally leave not long after, and the girls fall asleep in the back on the way home. There was mention of popping into the nearby Ikea, but you don’t just ‘pop’ into Ikea, you need to book a fucking day off work for those places.
Arriving home, mum’s there already, and once I wake Tasha, she and Amanda run in to

discuss her newly-found bra-related maturity. As I get close with all the bags I hear mum say “It’s about time.” She looks at me, and the bags. “Lego? Seriously?”
“I thought I deserved a little reward after putting up with these two all day!” This raises a smile, and she actually holds my gaze for longer than usual. Whatever her problem was, she seems to be getting over it.
We all have dinner together, Amanda, Tasha and me playing three-way-footsie under the table. The girls disappear upstairs and reappear periodically to show their new outfits to mum. On one occasion, Amanda’s got her phone to her ear. She hands it to me with a sheepish look. Oh crap.
“It’s mum, she wants to talk to you.” There’s a smile, so I’m assuming she hasn’t told her mother about the changing room acrobatics.
“Um.. hello?”
“Hello, it’s Amanda’s mother here. My daughter tells me she wants to sleep over there tonight.” Not sure why she’s telling me.
“My daughter also tells me that you and her are a bit of an item.” Ah, I get it now.
“Well, yes, sort of. It’s early days, but yes, you could say we are.”
“I appreciate you looking after Amanda the other day at such short notice, but I didn’t know it had led to anything else.”
“Neither did I, really, but I had cause to think about it a few days later and as it turns out, that Friday turned into a date of sorts. We had a nice time, and I enjoy Amanda’s company.”
“That’s very sweet, but can I have your assurance that there’ll be no...” I cut her off.
“I can assure you, there’ll be nothing like that going on. I’ve been told of the rules with regards to her school work, plus I’m very aware of her age, so no, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. I’ll be the perfect gentleman. I promise.” Fingers crossed on both hands.
“Well, that’s very reassuring. Could I speak to your mother?” I pass the phone over, and slightly eavesdrop as my mother says things like ‘Hello?’ ‘yes, she did’ ‘32DD’, ‘30B’, ‘well, she takes after me’ ‘I never bothered until I had children’ ‘I think Tasha treated her to some’. ‘No, it’s no problem, really’ ‘Honestly, I wouldn’t dream of it’ ‘We enjoy having her over, my son tell me she’s good with a hammer’. Amanda comes and stands beside me.
“What did mum want?”
“She wanted my assurance I wouldn’t try to have my wicked way with you.”
“Too fucking late for that.”
Mum hands Amanda back her phone, and she looks straight at me.
“I’m happy you’ve got a girlfriend, and I’m happy you’re both happy. But I don’t think I need to tell you what kind of behaviour I expect from you both when you’re under my roof together.”

Amanda stands close to me and holds my hand. It’s that awkward moment when you’re told off by someone else’s parents.
“No, you don’t mum. While Amanda’s here, I’ll treat her the same as if she was Tasha.”
Am I lying? This seems to meet with her approval, and the girls disappear back upstairs to continue the fashion show.

Sunday 10/3/13

When we went to bed last night, we were good boys and girls. This morning, I was woken by a gentle tap on the door and my dad coming in with a cup of tea. He hasn't done that for a while.
"Morning son."
"Morning dad."
"Looking at bit crowded in there."
He gives me a wink and leaves. I'm suddenly aware of an arm across my chest. Looking behind me, I see Tasha's crept in again, and is spooning me from behind. I lay there for a while until I realise the mattress seems more weighted down than usual. I shift in bed and look behind Tasha. Amanda's in here too, spooning behind my sister, her arm around Tasha's body, under her vest and holding her boob. They're both fast asleep, and I wonder if they got up to anything in Tasha's room last night. I start pitching another tent, so decide to leave them alone.

Dad's sitting at the breakfast bar and beckons me over. "Sleep well?"
"Yeah, I think so."
"Three in a bed?" I nearly choke on my tea.
"Yeah, Tasha must have crept in in the night. She's done it a lot more since the accident."
"And your girlfriend??"
"Amanda still feels responsible, so I think she's getting maternal." This seems to satisfy his curiosity.
"I hear Amanda's mum gave you the third degree about her daughter, so I probably don't need to."
I shake my head. "Don't worry dad. I'm keeping myself under control." Me, yes, the girls, not so much.
"Glad to hear it." Mum's out in the back garden with Tommy. It's a nice morning, so all the toys are out. "Look, you've probably noticed your mother acting strangely around you lately."
"I had noticed, yes. She's getting better though, especially since..."
He nods sagely. "Yeah, she would. Look, I'm going to tell you something about your mother, and I want you to take it seriously. Don't jump to conclusions, and think about what I say before responding. Ok?"
I'm apprehensive, but I nod. He takes a deep breath.
"Your mother's a nymphomaniac."

Wow.
I don't laugh, or raise my eyebrows, I just do as dad asks.
"Actually, to be specific, she's a clinical, targeted nymphomaniac. Which means she's diagnosed, in therapy, and her condition only applies when she comes into contact with

certain people."
Due to my time looking up random crap on the net, I know that clinical nymphomania isn't the joyful fuckfest you'd think. And dad pretty much confirms it. There's a difference between having a high sex drive and wanting to have sex all the time. Imagine wanting sex so badly you can't function normally. Imagine wanting sex WHILE you're having sex, because the sex you're having isn't enough.
"OK, I get it, but what about the targeted part?"
"She's sexually attracted to certain people. Certain personality and physical traits can set her off. This is why she's always been standoffish with you." This time I really do spit out my tea.
"With me? You mean she's attracted... to me?" He shakes his head.
"No, not yet. And she never used even think about it until you hit puberty and started looking like me. I won't lie, she was terrified of suddenly looking at you and wanting you more than me. It kept her up at night."
"So that's why she's been avoiding eye contact. And disappearing for hours."
"Pretty much. She has priority access to her therapist, and if she feels an episode coming on, she goes to get talked down."
"She's been a lot better lately."
"Yes, and we have your young lady friend to thank for that. Now you have a girlfriend, it's put up a barrier between you. Mental conditions like nymphomania are hard to cure but since your mum came to us while you were still young, she saw you as a small child. Puberty changed that, with you becoming a man that ticked all the right boxes. Now you have a young girlfriend, she's started regarding you as her child again, instead of a desirable object."
"I never knew you knew so much about things like these."
He shrugs and moves to get another coffee.
"I had to, if I was going to make it last with Catherine (mum's real name – but not real for the purposes of this update) I had to understand her condition, and learn how to combat anything that might happen along the way." We sit in silence for a while.
"So can I do anything? If she has a turn?"
"Actually yes, she needs to be reminded you're her son. I know you're not actually, but the barrier has to be reinforced."
"That's it?"
"That and calling her therapist if it gets bad. I'll give you her number. Nice woman, very understanding, and she knows the potential problem you might pose." I get what he means. He gets up and moves to join mum in the garden.
"Anything else? I mean what else can I do to help?" He thinks for a second.
"Don't tell your sister, or Amanda. And for god's sake, never call your mother by her name."
"Barriers?"
"Destroyed. You'd be lucky to escape the room with your arms attached. She put me in hospital once, don't let her size fool you." And he joins mum and Tommy in the back

garden.
So as of now, I have two under-age fuck-around-buddies and an adoptive mother with a collection of sex toys who could very easily rape the shit out of me if I say the wrong thing. Yay.
The girls come down, still in their PJs, and I notice Tasha's got one of her new bras on.
"How are you getting on with them?"
"It'll take some getting used to. I'm having trouble undoing them actually."
"Oh, I can help you with that, I'm an expert."
"Since when?" As she's close I reach around her back and do the two-finger trick. She squeals as I undo her bra and clutches her hand to her breasts.
"You Git!" I tell her to turn round and do it back up for her. Amanda comes over and gives me a quick kiss. I squeeze her bum out of sight.
"Didn't know you could do that."
"Misspent youth in a mixed school." They grab breakfast and sit with me at the bar, we exchange flirty glances as they eat their cornflakes. We don't really have any plans for today, and I'm all shopped and shagged out after yesterday. They go back upstairs to get changed, Tasha being the one to give me a kiss as they leave the kitchen. I'm reading the Sunday paper a few minutes later and I hear laughter from out in the back garden, and see Mum and Tasha out there with Tommy, I'm wondering where Amanda is when I hear the clink of cups. She's over by the kettle (I didn't hear her come in) so I creep over, slide my hands around her waist just under her boobs and pull her close, parking my flaccid dick between her bum cheeks.
"Morning sexy." I start kissing her neck.
I hear more laughter.
I look out of the patio doors to the back garden. I see Tasha. Dad. Tommy.
And Amanda.

I freeze. So does the woman in my arms. I can hear her holding her breath. I gently back my pelvis off, but carry on holding her.
"Mum. Mum. Mum..." I keep repeating it over and she starts breathing again. "I'm sorry mum, I thought you were..." I move my hands so I'm not holding her so tightly. "It was an accident, you girls all look the same from the back!" I'm trying to make it light-hearted, but I still can't see her face. I call her mum a few more times and her breathing returns to normal. My hands are still on her waist, and she pats the back of my hand.
"Ok, I'm ok. That wasn't as bad as it could have been."
"Yeah, sorry." I remove my hands and she turns to face me. She looks directly at me, and holds my gaze.
"I take it your dad's told you..."
"Yes, about 20 minutes ago, so I feel like a proper moron now." She laughs softly and holds up her cup, blowing across the top before taking a sip. She's still taking slow, deep breaths.

“I always knew you were a fast mover. It’s not too bad now, my therapists’ got a new method and it’s working wonders, but only as long as I don’t get overly excited, such as when I feel something large pressing against my backside.” Awkward. “Shit, yes. Sorry again.”
“Actually, there’s something else that’s stopping me from jumping on you right now.” She’s being remarkably calm, and it doesn’t match with what she’s saying. It’s scary.
“What’s that?”
“It’s just that you thought I was your 14-year old girlfriend, and the first thing you did was rub your penis against me, thinking I was her.”
She has a point. I go scarlet. “Honestly mum, I was just coming in for a hug, I wasn’t trying anything else. Anyway, I HAVE just woken up you know. You have NO idea what it’s like for us poor men first thing in the morning.”
She smiles again, but she looks at me through semi-closed eyes. Hopefully she won’t see through my craftily constructed web of lies.
“Okay, fair enough, but just keep it in your pants. She’s 14 and I don’t need any scandals. I’ve got enough going on in my head as it is.”
“Ok, promise.” She gives me a hug (I ensure there’s no more rubbing) and she goes back outside, leaving me alone with a terrified penis and a rapidly decelerating heartbeat.

A couple of hours later, Tasha comes along ‘for the ride’ as I take Amanda home, but on the way we stop off in a lay-by so we can all say goodbye properly. Tasha keeps lookout (and faps in the back) as I recline my seat and Amanda gives me an awesome blow job. Tasha has trouble doing her bra back up so Amanda shows her an easier way to do it. Tasha complains that she would have been better off not bothering, I counter by telling her we could have used her nipples as coat hooks. She passes round the mouthwash again, extended kissing happens and we finally get my girlfriend home. Her mum is waiting outside the house to make sure there’s no hanky-panky as we say farewell.

On the way back home I turn to Tasha.
“Your school has a strict rule about boyfriends, right, and how they can be a distraction to your school work?”
“Yes?”
“What about girlfriends?” She just smiles.
“They’re old fashioned. They don’t seem to think that’s an issue.”
I envy her.

So post an image of Amanda's body type. Her tit's are actually bigger, and nipples larger and paler, but it's pretty damn close.

Also, I have to say that at least on 5 occasions, I've called both my sister and my girlfriend, by the alter-egos I've given them in these updates, but they're getting used to it.

Monday 11/3/13

Monday was dull as. Dad at work, Tasha at school, ditto Amanda. Mum hung around the house for a bit and I actually proved my worth as a man and changed Tommy's nappy (diaper). How you women put up with that is beyond me. Surely they must have invented a machine that can clear that up by now?

Mum popped out (therapist, possibly, she didn't say), but asked me to pick up Tasha. After the last time I did this I was a little excited, but as soon as I stepped outside and saw the snow had started to fall, sauciness was the last thing on my mind. My car's 20 years old, and doesn't have all the gadgets and gizmo's modern cars have to cope with weather like this, but as it's not laying yet, I head off slowly but surely to get my sister.

By the time I'm outside the school, it's getting bloody windy, and while the snow isn't coming down In huge flakes, it's dusty as hell, and all the girls are bent into the wind as they scan the road for their waiting chariots. I spot Tasha and Amanda huddled together under a tree so grab an umbrella out of the back of the car and run over to them. Tasha smiles, but Amanda looks a little concerned.

"My Mum's not here! She said she'd pick me up." She tells me what car her mother drives (Front wheel drive Citroen Picasso), and I scan the line of cars. No sign at all.
"Have you tried calling her?"
"Yes, it's going to answer phone." We huddle together, the tree providing some shelter from the snow and wind. The line of cars thin out, and still no sign of her mum. She's getting worried, I can tell by the way she's cutting off the circulation in my arm.
"Right, in the car. We'll go back the way your mother comes to get you and see if she's got stuck somewhere."
We set off, luckily the wind is behind the car so I don't have a problem looking ahead. We get out into the sticks and the snow is drifting off the fields over the road. Amanda's in the passenger seat, eyes fixed on the road. I'm hoping we find something soon because this is no weather to be out in, on your own, in a poxy FWD people carrier. Suddenly Amanda yells "There she is!" and points. Sure enough, the car's wedged in a drift on the other side of the road.
Her mum's had the sense to get in her car, but she looks in a state. I stick the hazards on and pull up behind her. Brolly out again, I get out and walk around to tap on her window.
"I've got Amanda."
"Oh thank God! Is she alright?"
"A little worried about you. Are YOU ok?"
"About the same. Bloody car got stuck, I've been trying to call Amanda but no signal."
"I've got a tow rope, I'll pull you out backwards, you should be able to turn around in that t-junction back there." I know the female species' inability to engage reverse properly, so once I get the tow-rope hooked up I pull her most of the way, and then get her to turn it

round. Amanda gets out of my car and into her mothers, and we exchange a quick formal kiss before her mum thanks me for my help, and I follow them most of the way home to make sure she gets onto more enclosed roads ok.
Not enthralling I know, but after that, Tasha and I nearly never made it home. She put her hand on my leg, telling me how wonderful I am for helping Amanda's mum, but the roads are getting dangerous, and while I appreciate the company, I really don't want to end up upside down in a ditch. I burn the fuck out of the clutch getting up our steep drive, and finally get indoors after a bloody scary afternoon. Mum's home, we tell her about our excitement and she calls dad, telling him about the shitty weather. He's way ahead of her, so he's heading out of the office and should be home in a couple of hours. Sadly, the trains in our country are crap when it comes to snow, so his train ends up getting delayed and the drive from the station car park took an hour longer than normal, and he didn't get home until long after Tasha went to bed.

Tuesday 12/3/13

So Tuesday was a snow day. In the night we had another few inches, but the wind blew it around so that our driveway was a couple of feet deep. I'm dispatched to clear the drive, dad decides to work from home, and Tasha's school is closed. I clear the driveway, but the gritters have left it too late and the roads are impassable, although I do have quite the laugh watching people in cars similar to Amanda's mum's trying to get up the road. Luckily I have a snow shovel handy and dig a couple out before going back indoors. My feet are soaked and I'm freezing, so even though my clothes were clean on, I decide to take a shower. I can see Tasha's ears prick up when I tell mum what I'm up to, and she makes some excuse about wanting to catch up on some more homework and darts upstairs before me.

I take my shower, and surprisingly, I'm undisturbed. I dry myself off and get more or less fully dressed in the bathroom. We've got central heating, but it's still cold in the hallways. I walk into my bedroom, and lo and behold, Tasha's sitting on my bed. She's still clothed, but she's taken one of her new bras off and the button and zip are wide open on her jeans. She's leaning back on her arms, nipples a'poking and knickers a'displaying. She sees me fully clothed and the disappointment is obvious, but quickly hidden. She's swinging her feet (Tall bed, short sister) and looking extremely playful.
"What are you up to?"
"I'm bored stuck at home, bruv. Entertain me."
I close the door and kneel down in front of her. She parts her legs and I position myself between her knees. She shuffles forward, drapes her arms around my neck and we share a long and soft kiss. Then I remember where we are, and more importantly, who else is here.
"Remember the rules we made?" She sighs.
"Yes, I do. And don't worry, I'm not going to ravage you. Although this doesn't suck."
We kiss again, running our hands over each other's back. My hand comes around the front and I find a very solid nipple to play with. She giggles.
"Pack that in! Rules is Rules. I only want to borrow your PC again. Believe it or not, I actually want to do some homework."
"Could have fooled me."
She stands up, does up the button on her trousers, but whips off her top.
"Actually, I just wanted to make full use of the facilities."
I discover something else I find incredibly sexy. Topless chicks in blue jeans, must remember that. She moves to get her bra but I stop her.
"Wait!"
I look intently at her tits, as if I've spotted something.
"What?" She looks a little worried, but after a few seconds, realises I'm just starting at her breasts. She flips me the V's and retrieves her bra (a nice grey one with pink lace lining)

from where she was sitting, puts it back on (eventually, she's still learning) and replaces her t-shirt. "Could you type for me again? My scar's still hurting." She gives me the puppy dog eyes and I relent.

The homework is mind numbingly dull. It's sociology, or psychology, some kind of –ology anyway. Too advanced for me, and for most 14 year olds too. So during one of the many pauses while she studies 4 books at once I turn on the web- cam and point it at her. I have 3 monitors so put her in a small window on the left, and just sit there watching her. Hair in a pony tail, pink shirt hugging her figure (and new padded boobs) and her thin rectangular glasses on the edge of her nose. I really can't see why I never found her attractive in 'that' way before.
Some kind of cosmic cataclysm must occur as Tasha suddenly asks 'Are you watching me on that thing?' and at the exact same time, I get a text from Amanda.
'Bored at home. What r u guys up 2?'
'Helping T with Homework.'
'Helping? How?' Such faith in my intelligence level. 'typing'
'what a wonderful brother.'
'well, I try my best.'
'Really miss you'.
Sod it, Tasha's still reading quietly, so I give Amanda a quick call and we whisper sweet nothings to each other. Actually, filthy everything's. A small cough from Tasha tells me flirting time is over, I tell Amanda I'll see her soon and we sign off.
Eventually, the ordeal is over, she hands me her books, I put them on the computer desk and I get onto the bed beside her. We have a clothed, above the covers cuddle, I'm stroking her hair and we talk rubbish until we randomly fall asleep. No idea how long we were asleep, but I remember hearing my dad, I think whispering 'Psst... tea,' and opening my eyes just as the bedroom door closed. I look beside my bed and see two steaming cups of tea there. I check Tasha, laying with her head on my chest, still fast asleep. But I also notice her hand is firmly on my jeans over my dick. Not just 'there', but definitely 'gripping' at the bulge. I just hope dad regards it as an unfortunate hand placement, that happened quite by chance. I shift slightly, enjoying the contact, and nod off again.

Wednesday 14/3/13

Up until a while ago, my mother never had much to do with me, if anything at all. It was starting to get me down until dad sat down with me this past weekend and explained things to me. Essentially, she was fine with me until I hit puberty, and started to resemble dad in pretty much every aspect, this was then she started to fear she would find me as irresistible as she does her husband, so she kept me at arm's length, hoping the distancing would prevent any 'occurrences'. She has a therapist, who's helping her immensely (I have her number in case of 'emergencies'). An unfortunate incident Sunday morning where I thought Mum was Amanda may have impaired things somewhat, but I thought we got through it okay. That was until this morning.

Most of the snow had cleared by this morning. Still bloody huge drifts here and there, but dad got off to work and Tasha to school. I'm still job hunting so made a few phone calls and applied for a few more jobs online. I do have an interview tomorrow, but it's best not to hedge your bets. The snow was still thick in the back garden, so I decided to clear off the patio and the pool cover. (yes, we have a pool, but don't hold out for any bikini action until at least May. It's fucking freezing out there.)

I was about halfway through when the sun came out, so I took off my coat & sweater. It was hard enough work so I was warm enough. Mum came out with a hot drink for me, and I thought she was going to ask me something else, but shook her head and went back indoors. Not usual behaviour for her. A little later on I looked at the kitchen window about 20 yards away. Mum was there, staring at me.

I smiled, but her face didn't register. In fact, she had an expression on her face I recognise, Tasha has that same face when we're getting intimate. I notice mum's shoulder is moving up and down, and her face is getting more intense. The sensible side of me wants to think she's just vigorously cleaning the kitchen counter, but then her head bows, and I see her shudder. I have a horrible feeling my mum just got herself off while staring at me.

The first thing I think of is what dad told me on Sunday. If I feel it's getting a bit intense, call her therapist, and 'for the love of god, don't call her by her first name'. Unfortunately, I don't have my phone on me. I try to act nonchalant and continue working outside until I see she's left the kitchen. I feel like a burglar as I sneak into the house, and try to head upstairs. Mum calls to me from the front room.

"Can you come in here for a second?" My heart is racing as I cautiously enter the room. She's still fully clothed, thank god, but she's lounging on the sofa me and Tasha 'used' the other day, and twirling her hair seductively. I'm freaking the fuck out. I mean, she's not bad looking, and she's not 'actually' my mother, but still, she's my 'mum'. She beckons me to sit beside her. I try to make and excuse about needing something from my room but she's

having none of it. I try to keep it light.
“Where’s Tommy?”
“Oh, he’s asleep, he’ll be out for a couple of hours. Plenty of time for us to have a little chat.” Oh shit. I reluctantly sit beside her, keeping a discreet distance, but she closes the gap swiftly, I’m uncomfortably aware of her hip touching mine. “Your dad tells me you and Tasha were in your room for a while yesterday.”
“Oh, yeah. I was helping her with her homework, she can’t type at the moment because of her head.”
“And afterwards?” She manages to increase our contact area without seeming to move. I’m not in a happy place. “Nothing, really, we just fell asleep. It was kind of a lazy day, really.”
“Your dad said Tasha had her hand on your privates.”
“Really? I didn’t know. I was asleep myself, must have happened by accident.” I wasn’t much good at drama at school. “Apparently she was holding it quite securely.” Not entirely sure how my poker face is holding up, but I still try to laugh it off.
“She must have had weird dream or something, I don’t know.”
“Are you sleeping with Tasha?” That was unexpected. I go on the defensive.
“What? No! Of course not! She’s my sister!”
“Well, she’s not, you know. There’s nothing really stopping you.”
“She’s only 14.”
“Okay, are you... messing around with Tasha?” I inadvertently pause.
“No, no I’m not. We just like each other’s company. We’ve always been close, you know that.”
“I know close. And I know ‘close’. It was the same with your dad and me. Close became ‘close’ after a few years together for us. It would only be natural if you two started having feelings for each other.”
“Mum! Seriously. I have a girlfriend.”
“Oh yes, Amanda. Nice girl. Looks a lot like Tasha, when you think about it.”
Not entirely sure where she’s going with this. “Yeah, I suppose.”
“Bigger tits though.” I actually laugh, but stop myself.
“Well, yes, but that’s not why I like her.”
“Are you shagging her?” I stand up, radiating indignance.
“No, I’m not. We like each..”
“...other’s company. You said that about Tasha.”
“Mum, what’s this about?”
“Do you think Tasha takes after me?”
“A bit, you’re very similar.”
This is when I notice she’s wearing one of Tasha’s T-shirts. Oh shit.
“So... under different circumstances, you’d find me attractive?” Here we go.
“Possibly, but it’s not different circumstances. You’re my mother.”
“I’m not, I told you.”

“I know, but you raised me like a mother. While I admit, you’re very good looking, I can’t see you in that way.” This may not have been the right thing to say. She stands up and walks towards me.
“Why not? You think Amanda looks pretty, You think she and Tasha are alike, and you think me and my daughter look the same, so you must at least think I’m attractive?”
I desperately need to get to my phone, as I put the therapist on speed dial, and my mum, as small as she is, is properly scaring the shit out of me. Especially that last little speech.
“Look, stay here, I’ll be right back, I promise, I just need to get something.”

I back out of the room and take the stairs 3 at a time, getting into my room and closing the door. Hearing her call after me.
“I’ll be right down!”
Snatching up my phone I call the therapist, telling the receptionist it’s an emergency.
“What’s she doing now?”
“I don’t know, I left her downstairs, but I think she’ll be up soon. I’ve never seen her like this.”
“I have, during our sessions. The problem you have is she’s not your mother, so while she raised you, her condition materialised when you hit puberty, so the maternal bond became very fragile.”
“Yes, my dad sort of told me all this. Do you think I should call him?”
“No, that won’t do any good. If he’s at work he’s 2 hours away, and speaking to your mother over the phone won’t work.”
“Why not?”
“Disassociation. If she’s having a deep episode, which it sounds like she is, she won’t associate your father’s voice with your father, if you follow.” Not really.
“Sort of. So what should I do?” There’s a pause. I can hear a faint tapping noise. “Hello?”
“Yes, sorry. Look, is your mother being the aggressor?”
“You could say that.”
“Then you need to turn the tables, take command. It’s something I’ve been working on with your parents and we’ve had good progress.” I faintly remember mum mentioning something about a different method helping her problem.
“Wait, when you say ‘take command’... you don’t mean...”
“You need to try to aggressively seduce your mother.”
“What? How? She’s my mother!”
“No, she isn’t. And that’s what she’s basing her current actions on. You need to switch the parameters of the situation and bring her out of it.” I can definitely hear mum coming up the stairs. She’s crap at sneaking about and the second to top stair creaks like a bastard unless you step close to the wall. She doesn’t. It creaks.
“Bring her out of it? Switch parameters? HOW?” Mum knocks on the door.
“Who are you talking to?”
“Just a job possibility mum. Won’t be long.” I don’t hear any footsteps. She’s still there.

I drop my voice. “How do I do it?”
“Your mother wants to have sex with you. You need to get as close as possible to the act then remind her She. Is. Your. Mother.”
“You want me to fuck my mother...? Sorry.”
“No. Just get as close as you’re comfortable with, then break the sexual connection. Just use whatever you can. I’ll contact your father, let him know what’s happening.”
“You’re going to tell him what I’m...”
“It’s an eventuality we’ve planned for. We’d hoped you wouldn’t have to go through with anything like this but it appears you have to now. Good luck.” The phone goes dead.
‘Good luck’? What the fuck am I supposed to do?
Looking around my room there’s not much that springs to mind, until I look up at my TV. It’s still hooked up to the receiving part of the baby monitor, which has a wireless camera built in. It’s a crap plan, but I know she’s still at my door, and from what dad’s said, when she’s in this state, she couldn’t probably take it off the hinges if the mood took her. I stand up, take a deep breath, hide my TV remote under my pillow, remove my shirt and face my door. I open it.
“Catherine.”
I have half a second to realise she’s completely naked, her clothes at her feet, before she launches herself at me. Her face comes into contact with mine with such force it hurts my mouth, and I can taste blood. Mine or hers, I don’t know, but she doesn’t seem to care as her tongue forces its way into my mouth.
I’m feeling sick, not just because of the blood, but I still see her as my mother, even though her arms are around my neck, her legs wrapped around my waist, and as I removed my shirt, I’m painfully aware of her pubic hair brushing against my stomach. I try to regain my senses, and as much as I don’t want to, I reciprocate her advances, joining in with the kiss, holding the back of her head and stroking her back. I just try to imagine it’s Tasha or Amanda in my arms. It helps.
I turn around and put her down on my bed, continuing the kiss. She’s calming down, her ferocity abating a little, and the kiss becomes softer. I won’t lie, it wasn’t unpleasant, but I’ve got a job to do. I open my eyes for the first time and look down at her body. She’s as slim as the girls. Same bust size as Tasha, but a little saggier due to birthing two children. What shocks me the most is two pierced nipples. It obviously registers on my face and she squeezes them together, pushing the bars up and stretching the teats.
“Like them?” I weakly nod, and try to get on with it. It IS me bleeding, I can feel the cut on the inside of my lip. I kiss her again, and move down to her neck. Kissing between her breasts, I try to force the image of Amanda into my mind, to help me as I move down her body. I’m concentrating around her bellybutton and reach down to undo my trousers, pulling them down and I leave them around my knees. I move back up and I find myself in the same situation I was with Tasha over the monopoly game. Despite my nervousness, I must be a better method actor than I thought. I’m fully erect, and mum notices, reaching down and placing her warm hand on my dick, pointing it towards her.

“Wow, looks like you DO take after your father!”
I spot it. There’s a twitch, just a little one in the eyes. I reach under the pillow and pull out the remote, turning on the TV. I increased the volume so the room is flooded with the sound of Tommy sleeping, her eyes dart to the screen, then back to me. Another flicker. Her hands are still directing me towards her. Here we go. “Mum.”
I push my hips down. It’s at this point my penis enters my mother’s vagina.
I’ve only ever had sex with one person, and that was Amanda, a few days ago, so my only experience of penetration is a virgin tight, slowly-yielding pussy that takes a little effort and coercion to fully enter. In retrospect, I should have realised that my mother’s vagina has squeezed out two full-sized babies (one of whom was Tasha), and gauging by the sounds we awkwardly hear coming from our parents’ room on various evenings, a healthy sex life. My actual intention was to merely press against her pussy lips and apply pressure. Of course, in her highly excited state, my penis slipped straight in.

I try to rally, and act like it was intentional. Her face beneath me is perfectly still, we’re not moving, and all I’m aware of is the warm moistness around the end of my dick and the blood that’s still slowly filling my mouth. Slowly, her expression changes, from sexual mischief, to one of realisation and horror. I still don’t move, but her hands release my dick and she puts them over her face, her eyes creasing as she starts to cry. Hard. Her racking sobs make her body move and it’s all I can do to ignore the stimulation going on in my dick.

She continues crying and I slowly pull out of her. Her knees are up and apart so I push them together, roll her onto her side, spoon up behind her (avoiding penis contact), pull the covers over the both of us and I hold her close to me. I keep whispering ‘It’s ok, mum’ and other comforting things to her, while stroking her hair. Eventually she stops crying, I lean up on an elbow and notice she’s actually fallen asleep.

I get out of bed, get my clothes back on, pick up my phone and leave the bedroom, turning off the TV as I leave. I hit redial and the therapist picks up straight away.
“How did it go?”
“I don’t fully know. It got very intense, but I think I managed to get her to snap out of it.”
“Really? How did you do it?” So I tell her. She’s silent for a while after I finish.
“And how do you feel now?”
“...Conflicted”
“Don’t be. I couldn’t have suggested a better method. I realise that the actual act of sex probably wasn’t something you wanted to include..”
“No shit”
“...yes. But still, you bombarded her with the sense of motherhood when she was at the peak of an episode. The very fact she came out of it, and apparently felt sorrow and shame, is a HUGE step in the right direction.”
“So will this happen again?” I hear Tommy stirring in his cot, so I check on him, he’s

settling down again.
“I can’t say. Your mother’s condition isn’t common at all, so she’s still in a state of flux. But, that said, what you’ve done can only improve things. How is she now?”
“Still asleep.”
“Ok, I called your father, he’s heading home. And I think I’ll come over too. The important thing is that your mother doesn’t feel abandoned. When she wakes up, she’s going to remember how she felt before she fell asleep, you need to be there to help her cope with her feelings. It might be a little emotional.”
“I’m already there, honestly.”
“You’ve done really well, honestly. For someone with no professional training it’s remarkable you handled the situation so well.”
“I’m not sure I did.”
“Don’t worry. By my reckoning, I should get there about the same time as your father. I’ll see you soon, and don’t leave your mother alone until we get there.” And she hangs up.

I approach my bedroom door and her clothes are still on the floor outside the room. I collect them up, fold them neatly and place them beside my bed. Apart from her knickers, which are unpleasantly wet. I hold them with fingertips and put them in the laundry basket, then I have the further unpleasantness of going through my parent’s drawers to find my mother some clean underwear. I find the correct drawer and select the first pair that comes to hand. Sneaking a glance I see she has the same taste in knickers. Conservative, plain, but still sexy when on the right type of body. I take them into my room and place them on her clothes. For some reason I’m happy the bra and knickers sort of match.

In the bathroom I finally get to look inside my mouth. As I feared, the force at which she barrelled into my face has cut the inside of my top lip quite badly. I soak a cotton wool ball in warm water and stuff it between my teeth and lip. Hopefully it’ll apply enough pressure to at least slow the bleeding until I can get it looked at.
I whip out my phone and text Tasha.
‘Don’t come home straight away. Go to Amanda’s. I’ll come get you later’. It must be lunchtime as she responds quickly. ‘Why? What’s happened?’
‘Don’t worry. It’s nothing horrific. I’ll tell you when I see you.’
But I’m not sure if I actually will.
‘Ok. Love you.’
‘Love you.’

Tommy wakes up a while later, and I’m in the unusual position of being his parental unit until dad gets her, or until mum comes round. I manage to get some lunch into him (Pasta shapes. Disney) and he adopts this constant expression of ‘who are you and why are you putting food in my mouth?’. Still he eats. I still have time to change his nappy and put some toddling clothes on him before I hear a stirring from my room.

I knock gently and enter. She's awake, and half dressed. Underwear's on, but no trousers and she's pulling Tasha's shirt back over her head.
"Sorry, I'll wait"
"No, it's ok. Doesn't matter now anyway." She sounds like she has a cold.
"Yes it does, mum." Emphasis on the 'mum'.
"How's Tommy?"
"He's fine. Fed and watered. The stair gate's closed and he's playing in his room." I flick on the TV and she can see him. We stand and watch him for a while until I hear her give a small sob. She still hasn't got her trousers on but I go over, sit her down on the edge of my bed and I put an arm around her. She starts crying in earnest.
"I'm so embarrassed"
"Don't be. You couldn't help yourself. Your therapist helped to talk me through getting you out of it."
"But I thought I was getting over it. I feel so fucking useless." It's still weird hearing her swear.
"Hey, pack it in. It was just a moment of weakness. For all you know, it might have been my fault. I might have triggered it." She looks up at me.
"How do you mean...? Oh my god you're bleeding!" I have a handful of tissue I'm using to mop up any errant traces of blood. The cotton wool worked, up to a point.
"It's ok, I'll get it checked later. Don't worry. Anyway, what I meant was what I did on Sunday, when I thought you was my girlfriend."
"You mean when you pressed your...."
"Yes. I'm still sorry about that. And I always will be. Especially when I see what it can lead to. It'll never happen again. I promise." We sit in silence. I pick her trousers off the floor and hand them to her. She stands up and I get an eyeful of her backside as she pulls them on. Yes, it's quite shapely.
"Tea?" She nods. It's a British thing. We head downstairs after getting Tommy and sit at the breakfast bar. I sip my tea slowly as it stings my lip. She's got her hair back in a ponytail, and is sitting very quietly. I'm reminded of her adopting the same demeanour when her favourite aunt died a few months ago. Horrendous sadness to begin with, then a sense of accepting what's happened. Eventually, she breaks the silence.
"Listen, I want you to be honest with me. Have you and Amanda...?" I don't think I should be completely honest, not now. "Well, we've... explored, like I told you earlier. We're teenagers. We do this stuff. You should know!" She smiles, it's a good thing.
"And Tasha?" I'm a little worried this conversation is reverting back to the one during her episode, but it's not. I can see it in her face. She must have had thoughts like these before, but it wasn't until she was in a confused state she voiced them.
"I told you earlier. She's my sister. I love her. I'd never..."
"She's changed."
"How so?"
"She's been acting differently for a couple of weeks. Your father and I have noticed. You

have too.” Damn, I didn’t think we’d done anything too obvious.
“I think we’re just growing up, mum. Honestly. Tasha’s even started wearing bras!” She laughs gently.
“I know! How did you manage to get her to buy any?” So I tell her about the dirty looks her bruise was getting, and the t- shirt I bought for her, and the obviousness of her figure they displayed. Before long, we’re just sitting there, having a conversation for what seems like ages, when Dad comes in with a look of urgency on his face. But when he sees us just sitting there, the obvious tension in his shoulders disappears.
“Oh, I got home as soon as I could. The therapist said...” The front doorbell goes, dad tuts and goes to answer the door. There’s a short muffled conversation and dad returns followed by a short, grey-haired woman dressed pretty much the same as mum used to before the family closets were cast asunder. She fixes her eyes on mum and smiles. Then looks at me.
“Doctor Jacobs, we spoke on the phone. It seems you’ve done very well.” She turns to mum. “How are you feeling?” “Better now. My son managed to get me out of it.”
“So it would seem. Any residual urges?” Mum fixes her eyes directly on mine. She holds my gaze for longer than what I’d call comfortable, and squints her eyes.
“Actually.... No. None.” She visibly brightens up and beams at dad, who obviously understands more of what’s happening than I am. Jacobs pulls dad to one side and whispers to him. I turn to mum.
“What did that mean?”
“I don’t find you attractive.”
“And that’s... good?”
“Very.”
“Not at all?” Can’t help but feel a little put out.
“Well, you’re a good looking young man, but you get that from your father, and that was the problem.”
“Yes, I know, dad told me. So... are you cured?” She puts down her cup and sighs.
“Probably not. But it’s not up to me to say if I am or not, but it’s doubtful.” She reaches across the counter and puts her hands on mine. “But I’m not shoving my tongue down your throat, so it’s progress!” I give an awkward laugh. Naturally some barrier between us has been broken, one of the ones dad told me about. She seems a little too comfortable with the events of earlier, but she’s making eye contact, not treating me like a stranger, but at the same time, she’s not trying to rape me. I call these good things.

Jacobs walks over to us, and sits on an empty stool. She explains that after the ‘episode’, my parents need to spend some time in a different environment. There’s a Center Parcs style resort she recommends they stay at. It’s actually the ‘hotel’ they’ve been staying at for weekends on end. Not so much marriage guidance, as marriage reinforcement and support.

I ask about Tommy & Tasha. Tommy will be going with them. Oddly enough, having a young child with them helps with the bonding after an event like this. I wonder for a second if Tommy was brought into the world as a marriage aid, rather than just a want for another child, but I dismiss that thought as soon as it entered my head. Tasha can stay at home in my care. Normally I'd be planning all kinds of 'board games', but right now, the only female I care about is mum, and her getting better. My parents go upstairs to pack (has to be straight away) leaving me with Jacobs.

"You did astoundingly well. It's often said a little sacrifice is needed to make the larger breakthroughs. It was incredibly brave of you to go as far as you did." I hold back a scoff.
"Sacrifice? I put my..." whispering "...penis inside my mother."
"No, you didn't. Your mother is no longer with us. The woman upstairs is a young woman, not actually old enough to be your mother, who desperately needed your help, even though she didn't know she did, and you came through brilliantly! Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if this didn't end up in The Lancet!" Again, I laugh.
"Yeah, the only way to cure targeted nymphomania is to aggressively act on Oedipal impulses!"
This raised an eyebrow. "Oedipal?"
I stop her in her tracks. "I was joking. I know about Freud too, so you can pack that in. Did you want a tea while you wait?"
"Any coffee?" We've got this Dolce Gusto thing that uses pods, so I get her a macchiato.
"What were you saying to dad?"
She suddenly looks concerned. For me, more than anything.
"I told you on the phone, we'd been preparing ourselves for any eventuality. The possibility that something might happen between the two of you was actually one of our main concerns, but it could also be of great benefit, if controlled."
"You knew something like this would happen?"
"We guessed. We discussed it over many weekends. Your mother has been lucid for several years now, and we all agreed that should anything like this happen, it would probably be the proverbial straw, one way or another."
"That's a hell of a gamble."
"But one that had to be made."
"So.. wait. Does dad know? That Mum and me..." She just nods.
"That's why we're going away. Your father's not angry, he's been expecting something like this. He's probably less than happy anything happened at all, but given your control, I wouldn't be surprised if you end up being closer as a result."
I'm barely given time to think about this when our parents come back down. Dad holding two suitcases, Mum holding Tommy. Jacobs drains her cup and walks over to them. I walk just behind her but a gentle hand on my arm, out of sight of my parents, tells me to hold back. She turns to me and smiles.
"We'll see how it goes, but I should be able to get them back to you by Sunday." She's

playing the happy medium, but I can guess what kind of conversation, if any, happened upstairs. Mum's smiling, but doesn't seem as happy. And dad gives me a very strained smile. I mentioned before that we weren't exactly dysfunctional, but I'm hoping I haven't just completely fucked it up for everyone.
I mooch around the house, trying to concentrate on something. Music, a movie, but my mind keeps on wandering. I keep picturing my mother naked beneath me. But it's not her nudity that I fixate on, her slim body or small breasts, but the look on her face when she came around. I'm suddenly reminded of Tasha, and check the time. Fuck! It's 5 o'clock. I only assume she's at Amanda's. I get out my phone and call her.
"Hey"
"Are you ok? What happened?"
"I'll tell you when I come yet you. Have you eaten?"
"Yeah, Amanda's mum game me something. When are you coming?"
"Heading out the door now."
Takes me a while to get there, I take it slow as I'm not properly concentrating on the road. Knocking on the door, both the girls open it and I can see the concern on their faces. Tasha's gets worse when she sees my expression.
"What's happened?" I just shake my head and start to walk away. Amanda grabs my hand and we pull each other into a hug. I'm not a crier but I'm fucking close. I kiss her on the check and Tasha joins me as I walk to my car. I have to tell Tasha something as she looks properly terrified, so as I pull out onto the road, I start to tell her what's happened. It's not long into the story when I'm reminded of the cut on my lip. It was probably doing ok until I decided to check it. As I touch the wound I get a searing pain as the cut opens and my mouth fills with blood again. Tasha shrieks as she sees it dribble out of the corner of my mouth and I pull over. I mop up the blood on my chin and swallow what's in my mouth.
"Does it look bad?" I roll my lip down to show her. I can see by the look on her face it is.
"Fuck! It's really bad, I think you need stitches."
"You said you've eaten?" She nods, and I change direction and head the hospital she's only just recently checked out of. I know there are vending machines in the waiting area and I have change on me so if she gets peckish we're sorted. I try to continue telling her what happened but blood keeps leaking so she tells me to tell her later. She places a comforting hand on my leg and we sit in silence for the rest of the journey.

The casualty department is normally full, and it can easily take 2 hours to be seen by even the triage nurse, but I'm seen and in a booth in less than half an hour. Tasha holds my hand as the nurse injects my lip with general anaesthetic. She leaves us for a while as it takes effect.
"Is it feeling numb?" I shake my head, prodding my lip to check. Nope, not yet.

"Was it something to do with mum?" Pause, nod. "Was she hurt?" Emphatic shake of head
"Did she do this to you?" Pause, nod.

“Did she hit you?” Shake.
“Then how...?” shake. Long pause. “Did she have an episode?”
I really wasn’t expecting that. I nod, but don’t look into her eyes. She puts a hand on my shoulder.
“She’s told me about them. Did she get through it?” Nod.
“Did YOU get her through it?” Nod. “So they’re away?” Nod.
The nurse returns with a tray of instruments. She checks my lip, checking with a sharp implement, and once she’s satisfied I can’t feel anything, she starts sewing me back together. It’s a quick job, and after signing a few things and being handed a leaflet about suture care, we’re free to go. I hold Tasha’s hand and I’m thankful it’s reciprocated, but we still walk in silence until we get to the car. I’ve been told I can talk, but not to stretch my mouth too much. This results in much mumbling.
“Start again. What happened.”
“You might not want to hear it.”
“I’ll bug you until you do.”
So I take a deep breath. Telling her everything, from Sunday, when I accidentally planted my semi-erect penis between the butt cheeks of my mother. Tasha suppresses a giggle, but I give her a semi-stern look and she stops. Fast forward to earlier and my suspicions that mum might have been masturbating to me in the kitchen. Then there’s the awkward conversation in the front room, and my desperation to get to my phone as I didn’t know the therapist’s number by heart. I manage to get upstairs and call Jacobs, who gives me advice on what to do.
“She told you to do WHAT?!?”
“I know. It took me a while to figure out what to do. I didn’t really want to do it, but I couldn’t see any other way of helping mum.”
I tell her my plan, to use Tommy sleeping next door, to remind her she’s our mother and to make her realise she’s trying to have sex with her son.
Then I tell her what I actually did. Including the part about the slight penetration. I’m not looking at her face, but I can’t imagine what emotions she’s going through now. When she speaks again, she’s very quiet. It sounds like she might be crying.
“What did you do next?”
“We just laid there for a bit. She started crying. I got off her and held her, like I did with you yesterday. Reminding her she’s my mother, then she fell asleep. I covered her over, made sure she could get her clothes, and called the therapist again. I got Tommy sorted as he woke up not long after. Then mum woke up and I made sure she was ok.”
“And was she?”
“She was embarrassed, and scared, and ashamed. She hated herself.” I hear Tasha say ‘good’. But ignore it. I tell her she cheered up a lot once we started talking about bras, and relating the shopping story. Ending in mum and dad leaving for a long weekend with the therapist in tow.

“Apparently, I did everything right.” Stony silence. “I hated it, you know. Don’t think for a second I wanted to do what I did. You’re smarter than that, Tash. You know I love you. I love you more than a brother should love his sister, but I love mum too, and I knew I had to do something to help her. Dad told me mum hospitalised him once. She’s just done that to me. Sort of. This wasn’t about sex.”

There’s silence. For a long time. Then a sniff.
“Is she ok? Really?” I’m relieved her voice has softened.
“I really hope so. That was a horrific experience I don’t want to repeat any time soon, but we were talking for ages in the kitchen afterwards. She seemed a lot more relaxed. Plus she said she didn’t find me attractive any more.”
“You mean she did before? Oh, right, the ‘targeted’ thing.”
“Yeah. Oh, and I think they might be onto us.”
“What!?”
“Apparently, we’ve ‘changed’, and that’s a dead give-away that we’re... how did you put it? ‘Dining on each other’s genitalia’?” This raised a big laugh, I started to laugh as well, but stopped quickly as I felt the stitches in my lip stretch.

We get home, it’s after dark. I fix some supper and we have a quick talk about the weekend’s logistics. I do have that job interview tomorrow, but it’s close to the school run, so I’ll drop her off at school early and pick her up as normal. We watch a little TV before I tell her if she’s going in early she should get to bed early. It’s been a shitty day so I decide to turn in as well. There’s absolutely no thought of sauciness in the air (all things considered), so I jump in the shower. I’m not surprised to hear the bathroom door open, and shortly after, Tasha joins me. I look at her sweet body, similar but so very different from that of her mother’s; Hairless pussy, firmer breasts, smaller nipples. We just stand there, holding each other’s waists until we pull each other together and hug under the shower.
“I could invite your girlfriend over for the weekend?”
“That sounds nice, but I don’t know if...” She looks up at me, the effect slightly spoiled by the water spraying into her eyes. She blinks it away and moves position.
“It doesn’t have to be about sex. We can just hang out. I’ll ask tomorrow.” I say thanks, kiss her on her soggy forehead and resume hugs.
I don’t know what the sleeping arrangements are supposed to be, but I stand in the doorway, staring at my bed, looking exactly the way it did when my mother wanted to screw me earlier. I could change the sheets, but it’s late, I’m tired, and I really can’t be arsed.
A hand grabs mine, and Tasha leads me into her room. There’s a bit of formality as she empties her bed of the umpteen teddies she received the other week, and dries her hair with a very noisy hair-dryer, but before long, she gets in beside me, all warm and naked. She sets her alarm, we kiss gently for quite a while, then she settles beside me and we fall asleep in her big, pink, comfy, but above all, girly bed.

Friday 15/3/13

Tasha's alarm is crap. It barely wakes us up and I jerk awake at 8.15. We have half an hour to get her to school and me to my interview. Luckily I have very short hair, so I don't have to spend half a bloody hour sorting it out. Unlike Tasha. So she's in the kitchen, munching on toast while running a very large brush through her hair, I'm trying to put my tie on straight and drink a cup of tea at the same time. Sod it.

Tasha gets to school on time, but it means I may be late for the interview. Luckily, I get there and they're running late themselves, so I have time to compose myself before going in.
I'm cautiously optimistic. I'll let you know.

Instead of going home, I mooch around town all day. There's a CEX so I look up some cheap PC games and blu-rays. Manage to get Bioshock and the Olympic games box set for a tenner all in. (Danny Boyle can do no wrong. Plus we went to the opening ceremony and I know we're on screen more than once). Grab lunch, get a few things from a Tesco express (beer, pringles, more coffee pods), then decide to head home to get changed before picking up Tasha from school.
The house is always intimidating when empty, so I quickly change my bedsheets before heading out again.
I'm outside the school, mucking around with my Rubik's cube when there's a tap at the window. It's Amanda's mum.
"Oh Hi!" I get out of the car.
"Hello. Amanda told me she wanted to stay at yours this weekend. She said you'd had some bad news or something..."
"Um... yeah, sort of. It's complicated. Mum and dad are, I don't want to say having trouble, because they're not, not really, It's difficult to explain."
"You don't have to. Catherine and I are friends so she normally confides a few things in me. Look, I know you and Amanda are kind of an item, and if it was anyone else, I'd say no, but I feel I can trust you to look after my daughter without taking advantage. In any case, her father and I haven't had a free weekend in years. We love our daughter, but..."
"No, I understand. You have my word as a gentleman I shall be on my best behaviour all weekend. In fact, Amanda's a pretty good worker, I might get her to replace our guttering!"
She laughs, waits with me until the girls come out, tells her daughter what's happening, and waves goodbye.
Amanda turns to me.
"So it's just us three? All weekend?"
"Yes, but your homework has to be finished, and I promised your mother I'd be a gentleman."
"That's very noble of you." She gets into the back of the car with Tasha. "But I haven't

promised anything."
There's a fair amount of whispering in the back seat, which seems to be mainly coming from Tasha, other than that, it's a fairly quiet journey home. I pull into the driveway and they're both still quiet as we walk to the house, although Amanda does come up and hold my hand for the very short walk.

The girls disappear upstairs to get out of their uniforms. I'm looking in the fridge and larder for inspiration for what to get for dinner, but nothings leaping out at me, and after the last few days I've had, I can't be fucked to cook. So I stand at the foot of the stairs and call up.
"You guys want takeaway?"
"OK. What we having?"
"What do you fancy?"
Amanda appears at the top of the stairs in just her underwear, putting her hands through the sleeves of a sweater before throwing it over her head, stretching the material to get it over her tits. It comes down to below her knickers, but she's still looking cute.
"Pizza?"
"Sounds ok, What about Tasha?" Her muffled voice comes from her room.
"Yeah, Pizza for me. Hawaiian please." Amanda tell me she wants a meat feast, so I grab the phone as she disappears from view. I order coke and a few starters too. The guy on the phone tells me they don't deliver that far, but I give him some bullshit about we normally use papa johns, and they come out here all the time. I finally tell him I'll give a £20 tip and he nearly bites my hand off, throwing in some hot wings. Result.
The girls come down, Amanda's put some figure-hugging leggings and Tasha seems to have made the same wardrobe choices. The pizzas arrive and we sit down in the front room watching the Red Nose day stuff, but we eventually turn it over when the girls get too upset watching all the appeal videos.

They still haven't seen Skyfall, and they're keen so I put it on. Over the course of the movie they subtly take turns to sit next to me for hugs. There's no flirting or sexuality, just hugs, and I figure out what they're up to. Tasha's obviously told Amanda, or at least given the gist to her about what happened with mum, and they're being affectionate without being overbearing. It's nice, and welcome. It actually turns into a proper sleepover after a while. At one point Tasha even gives Amanda a French plait. Looks quite nice.

Watching the Bond film, it gets to the bit where Daniel Craig is swimming in that rooftop pool.
"Girls, tell me. What's the attraction with him? He's a good actor, granted, but by god he's ugly." This draws a synchronised sharp intake of breath.
"No he's not, he's gorgeous!" This was Tasha.
"How? Explain to me how that craggy-faced bloke with transparent eyes is deemed attractive"
"He's got an awesome body." (Amanda)

“What’s wrong with mine?” I flex a little. They both look at me.
“Nothing wrong with yours, but he’s more rugged.”
“Rugged? Should I sandpaper my face then?”
They laugh, Tasha comes over and plants a kiss on me. “Don’t be so self-conscious, there’s different kinds of handsome. He’s just a different type.”
“Oh, that makes me feel so much better.”

We carry on watching the movie to the end. They both get sad at the death scene, so we finish the rest of the movie and I ask if they want to watch anything else. They tell me they’re both pretty tired, which is when I realise it’s half 11, and they’ve been at school all day, so I send them up, turning everything off as I follow them upstairs.
It’s nigh on impossible to have 3 people brushing their teeth over one sink at the same time, so let them get themselves sorted out, and move into the bathroom as they’re on their way out.

Given the circumstances, I don’t know what the sleeping arrangements are going to be tonight. I knock gently on Tasha’s door, they’re both in varying states of undress as I pop my head in to wish them goodnight. They take it in turns to give me a kiss and I walk across to my room. In bed, I read for a little while, I’m just settling down and reaching over to turn off the lamp when I hear footsteps and Amanda enters my room. She’s wearing a simple nightie and doesn’t say a word, gets in beside me, gives me a lingering kiss and lies in front of me, her back spooning against my chest. She grabs my hand, moves it up against her body (No knickers) and places my hand on her breast, clamping my arm under hers. Tasha comes in shortly afterwards, gets in behind me and puts her arm in pretty much the same position mine is around Amanda.

There’s no sexuality here. They’re just holding me. And I’m grateful.

Saturday 16/3/13

I have no idea what's happened in the night, but when I went to sleep, I had a girl either side of me. Now I have no one at my back, my hand around Tasha, holding her breast, morning erection pressing against her bare bum. Looking over, I can see Amanda the other side of Tasha, with my sister seemingly having her hand where mine was last night. I snuggle back down, enjoying the closeness and contact. I'm aware of what my dick is doing, pressing against Tasha's pussy, but I'm glad she's still a virgin. I'd hate for any more accidental penetrations to happen, so I just sit there. I quell any saucy thoughts and the pressure dies down, but the contact is comfortable.

Suddenly, I'm aware of how very cold my head is. The warmth under the duvet is nice, but that's what comes with three- in-a-bed. I raise my head and realise I can see my breath in the room. I look over at my clock radio and the readout is blank. Bollocks, we've had a power cut in the night.
Getting out of bed, Tasha stirs.
"Mmm.. whuzzup?"
"Power cut, I'm just going to check the house. Stay here with Amanda. Keep her warm."
I see her flump back down on the pillow, her face buried in Amanda's hair, and she's asleep before I leave the room with my robe around me. I check all round the house, everything's quiet and eerie, and I absent-mindedly try to put the kettle on before remembering there's no fucking power.
Luckily, we have this portable gas stove from when we had a camping phase. I fire it up, fill the camping kettle with water and read the delivered paper while waiting for it to boil. I notice the clock above the window. It's only 8am. On a Saturday morning. Fuck it. I turn the little gas stove off and go back upstairs.

Entering my room I see Amanda has turned over, so the girls are facing each other. Their faces are mere inches apart and I wonder if they're actually awake. There's no room behind my girlfriend so I walk around the bed and get back in where I had already been behind Tasha. She stirs as I spoon up behind her, my hand stroking her hip as I move my hand over and onto her belly. We lay there for a while when for some reason I move my hand again, moving down and stroking the inside of her thigh. As my hand comes back up I gently touch over the surface of her pussy mound. She inhales deeply and stretches her arms above her head.
"Mmm... That's nice.." She half turns towards me, her top leg straightening out so as my hand moves back down, my fingers follow the contours of her pubis and my fingertips find the top of her slit. She makes more agreeable sounds and shifts her body a little more. She's flat on her back now so I move my hand so my middle finger is laying along the length of her labia. I move it slowly and subtly, gently parting the lips until I feel contact with her clitoris and the entrance of her vagina. She opens her eyes slowly and looks at me.

“Morning.”
“Morning.”
“Feeling better?” I just nod, my head on the pillow beside her, right way up but sideways. We extend lips and kiss. She looks at the ceiling and deliberately breathes out. “No heating?”
“No. We should stay in bed until the power comes back on. Purely for survival reasons.” She smiles. Places her hand on mine and moves my fingers slowly up and down her slit. Her breathing gets heavier so I duck under the cover, raise her nightie over her breasts and take her right nipple in my mouth, sucking gently.
“You two don’t waste any bloody time!” I jump, Tasha says ‘ow’ as I nip her nip with my teeth. I come up for air and Amanda’s up on an elbow, giving me a stern look. I lean over and kiss her, which she returns, but still gives me the look, albeit with the faintest trace of a smile.
“Sorry sweetie. Thought you were asleep.”
“’Sweetie’? Really?” She lays back down heavily on the pillow, looking at Tasha. I continue moving my hand, Tasha’s breathing gets deeper, and I feel Amanda’s hand on top of mine. The girls kiss. Nothing too strenuous for this time of the morning, plus they haven’t brushed their teeth yet. I remove my hand and let Amanda guide Tasha to a gentle, early- morning orgasm. My hand joins my girlfriend’s and we interlink fingers over Tasha’s open vagina, and we all fall asleep again.

I have no idea how much time has passed, but I’m awoken by a strange feeling down below. I look to my left and I see Tasha, leaning up on an elbow like Amanda did earlier, with a knowing smile. I can’t see Amanda but suddenly realise there’s pressure on my thighs and a sucking motion on my penis.

Lifting up the duvet I see Amanda with my dick in her mouth. She gives a little wave and continues sucking and pumping as I put the duvet back down. Tasha puts her face over mine and kisses me deeply. I run my fingers through Amanda’s hair, but as she’s still sporting the French plait Tasha gave her, it’s a little tricky. Tasha’s breathing is getting deep again, I lift the covers a second time to see her working her pussy. We’re in the wrong position for me to take over for her, so I whisper a suggestion to her. She seems reluctant at first, but then moves up the bed, places her knee beside my head, lifts her leg, and straddles my face. I place my hands on her bum and guide her down as her clit is lowered down to my waiting mouth.

It’s mustier then before, probably because we haven’t bathed, but for me it’s all the sexier. I suck and lick her again, her hips moving with my movements.
The warmth and pressure disappears from my dick. I feel Amanda moving on the bed, out of sight as Tasha’s in the way, but then I feel a hand, and again, warmth, and a familiar tightness as Amanda slowly takes me into her pussy.

Looking up, I see hands holding Tasha's breasts that aren't my sisters, I'm not sure the bed can take the movement as Tasha gyrates on my mouth, and Amanda bounces up and down on my pelvis. Tasha comes first, I feel her juices leak onto my chin as she leans forward against the wall behind my bed, her pussy quivering against my face. She slowly lifts a leg and moves to one side to allow me to see the glorious sight of Amanda riding me, her hands on my chest, her knees in the air and her feet by my hips as she lifts herself off me, then back down again. The sight tips me over the edge and I buck my hips against her pussy as I come hard inside her. She comes herself immediately after, and I can feel her vagina pulsating, squeezing the last of the come out of me. Amanda falls against me and I hold her tightly. Tasha's still breathing heavily but grabs the duvet and brings it up over the three of us. Now we've all come, we're bitterly aware of how cold the room is, so I shift Amanda onto one side, while still inside her, and we lay there until we all regain full control of our senses.

Sadly, we don't have time to fully recover as someone presses the front door bell. We all adopt the same 'huh?' expression and leap out of bed. Amanda says 'ew' and dashes to the bathroom with her hand on her crotch. I think she's leaking again. Tasha runs into her room and I pull on some trousers and a shirt. As I descend the stairs the power comes back on and there are various beeps and electrical noises as our various gadgets power up again.

I reach the front door and can see two diminutive figures at the doorstep. It's Sarah and Christine, the girls from school who came to visit Tasha in hospital.
"Hi!" They're excessively chipper for this early in the morning. I check my watch. It's not early.
"Hello you two."
"Is Tasha home?"
"Yeah, we've had... a bit of a lie in. Power went off so no alarms." I look behind them, there's a car in the driveway with a bored looking man behind the wheel. Looks about the same age as me. I hear footsteps behind me and the girls appear, fully clothed. Amanda's still a little flushed but it's fading fast, she comes up to me and hugs my side.
"Amanda! You're here too?" She holds me closer, smiling mischievously at them.
"Yeah, sleepover." The arrivals look to her, then to me, then to her, their mouths wide open. I cut in. "Yes, a GIRLY sleepover, as in sleeping in Tasha's room, thank you."
Tasha steps up beside me. "So, what's up?"
"Nothing, just wondered if you fancied a little retail therapy? My sister's just got a job in that new River Island in town and she said she can get us HUGE discounts. Christine brother said he'll take us there." This obviously appeals to Tasha, who turns to me with an expression akin to a child asking if they can get a new puppy.
"Fine, might be nice to have a bit of peace and quiet."
"Amanda, did you want to come too?" She looks into my eyes and I can see the teenage

conflict going on there.
“You don’t mind? I could stay here with you....” I lean down to her ear and whisper ‘might be too obvious, they don’t seem the discreet type’. We swap ears. ‘Good point’.

The girls disappear upstairs to grab a few things so I wander over to, I assume, Christine’s brother. He gets out as I approach.
“Taxi duty?”
“Yeah, either that or face the wrath of my mother. I said I’d drop them off, but I have other plans for later. Don’t be surprised if you get a phone call this afternoon.”

“Nothing new there then.” An increase in giggling heralds the return of 4 teenage girls with shopping in mind. Tasha gives me a fleeting peck, but Amanda goes for a quick bum grab and heavy snog, which instigates much whispering behind hands from the new girls. They pile in to the car and disappear from view.
I spend a few minutes checking all clocks and timers are correct after the power cut, and I’m wondering what to do with myself when the phone rings. It’s the company I had the interview with yesterday. They want me to come in asap for a second interview. I ask is today soon enough, and I’m nearly out the door when the phone rings again. It’s dad.
“How’s Tasha?”
“OK, Amanda slept over again to keep her company.”
“Kept Tasha company? Or you?”
“We enjoyed each other’s company, it was a quiet night actually. Red nose day.”
“Again?”
“I know. Anyway, how are you? And mum?” He sighs.
“We’re good. She’s still embarrassed about what happened.”
“Yeah, me too.”
“Don’t be. From what Jacobs has told me you’ve done a great deal of good. I know what your mother can get like. You must have been scared.”
“Terrified. I mean, I know I’m stronger than her, I didn’t want to end up hurting her if things went bad.” He just laughs. “Unlikely. Remember I told you she put me in hospital? She broke my wrist.”
“Really? How?”
“Brute strength. She’s tiny, but it’s amazing what the body can do when the mind isn’t right.” Pause.
“I take it you know what I did, to get her out of it.”
“I do, and that took guts, Son. Believe it or not, I’m very proud of you.”
“You’re not pissed off at me?”
“When I first heard, a little. But a lot of this therapy is looking at the bigger effects of our actions. Don’t worry son. We still love you.” He hasn’t said that in a while.
“I love you dad,” ditto “I’d love to talk more, but I have a job interview.”
“Really? Now? Where?” I tell him. “Well, good luck, we should be home tomorrow night, all

things being equal.” We say goodbye and I run out to the car.
The second interview goes incredibly well, and they more or less guarantee me the job, starting Wednesday, which works brilliantly for me in case our parents aren’t back when they say.

I barely have my foot in my front door when the phone rings yet again. It’s Tasha. “Hello wonderful brother.” Uh-oh.
“What?”
“Is that anyway to speak to your baby sister?”
“Baby sister who’s sucked my huge cock on more than one occasion?” She gasps, giggles, then whispers. “I could have had you on speakerphone!”
“Good job you didn’t, wonder tongue. What’s with all the platitudes?”
“We-ell. Seeing as our parents are away, and as Amanda’s already sleeping over...”
“Sarah and Christine want to sleep over too.”
“Is that ok? I said you would be cool about it.” Bloody hell. 4 giggly teenagers in one house. Having two is enough (although they do come with fringe benefits). “Pleeeeeeeeease.” I know Tasha doesn’t have many sleepover-level friends at school, what with her being so concentrated on her school-work.
“Okay.” Shrieking on phone. “BUT, when you guys get home, we shall have some rules to follow. OK?”
“Yes ‘daddy’. Oh, speaking of ‘getting home’.....”

I rock up at the designated meeting place, and the girls are easy to spot. They must have 5 or 6 large store-labelled bags each, and wave whatever they can when they see me pull up. Luckily, I had the foresight to clear the boot (trunk) before I left the house. I do the chauffeur duty and load the bags into the back and the girls pile in. Tasha gets in the front and the others wrestle with the seatbelts in the back. I’m reminded of a pet shop that sells caged birds as the girls incessantly chatter all the way home. Tasha chips in every now and again, but as I’ve mentioned before, she’s relatively new to this ‘being a girly girl’ stuff, but she’s not being excluded, and I hear invitations to parties and other social gatherings being thrown about. She can’t stop grinning. I know she loves her studies but good god does that girl need a social life.

Arriving home, the girls exit the car and traipse two by two to the front door.
“OI!” They turn back to look at me. “Screw feminism, I’m an equalitarian!” and I hold up a couple of bags. They get the hint and come back to collect their new belongings. Tasha gives me a ‘don’t show me up in front of my new friends’ look.
“Are you going to be like this all day?” I simply give my best and most charming smile.
“Oh yes. Yes indeed.” The stern look is replaced by a cunning smile.
“Good!” Kiss on cheek, goes off to join friends.

The bags are dumped by the front door. With only a few taken into the front room so the girls can compare purchases. There's much ooh-ing and aah-ing. The noise levels threaten to reach a certain peak and I interject.
"Ladies, if I may have your attention?" 4 sets of eyes look at me. "I'd like to set out a few rules and regulations, if I may, before this evening's festivities are to commence." Sarah and Christine look confused, my girls just look amused. I theatrically pace up and down the room.
"While I realise I am outnumbered 4 to 1 in the gender stakes, I must remind you I am the responsible adult, so what I say, goes."
"There is to be no excessive giggling, shrieking, or other weird noises you girls make when you're together."
"Bedtime will be 10pm." Faint whining noises "That is to say, that's the time you are to retire to Tasha's bedroom, what you do after then is up to you, but I must refer back to rule one. I have inflated some camping mattresses on the floor and provided blankets. Argue amongst yourselves who sleeps where and who with.
"Dinner will be served as soon as I figure out what we're having, but I should announce I do a bitching macaroni cheese with frankfurters if anyone's interested?" Sarah raises a hand, I point at her. "Yes? Blonde girl with the freckles." Blush. "Lactose intolerant."
"Gesundheit. See me in the kitchen and we'll discuss food. Finally, you are a bunch of 14 year old girls and I am an 18 year old man. Have fun, but for the love of god, go easy on me, please?"
I think I did rather well at short notice, the girls seemed to enjoy it and I think I got big-brother/boyfriend points into the bargain.

Sarah joins me in the kitchen to look through our food stock and picks out something she can eat.
"If I'd known we could have stopped off somewhere."
"No, it's ok, mum tried to raise me vegan and it screwed with my system or something."
She's quite pretty, and easy-going when you get past the it-girl crap. Plus those freckles are unbearably cute. I guess the collar doesn't match the cuffs.
The evening goes ok, they do indeed cut me some slack, and we spend a lot of the night watching rom-coms, but Christine 's more interested in the TV setup, which I devised myself.
"I'm doing media studies, I want to get into TV or radio so this stuff fascinates me." We have a small home cinema, nothing more than a projector and screen, a few cinema style seats and a pool table. One of those projects dad always wanted but never gets the chance to use. Once Christine sees the table that's it, and we end up playing best of 7, which I win – just.
I decide Sarah and Christine are worthy companions for Tasha. They exude over-confidence, like most girls their age, brash and bolshie, but get past that, they're a good couple of kids.

10pm comes around and the girls are duly despatched to Tasha's room. I make sure my room is secure (as is mother's room and THAT drawer) and go back down to get myself a beer, throw on the shitty PC and have a browse while Jedi is on in the background (DVD, not Blu-Ray. Lucas doesn't know when to fucking stop).
"Can I have one?" I turn to see Amanda there. In a loose-top and shorts PJ set. Her boobs fill out the top to the point is shows off her bellybutton, which I notice is pierced. I'd never noticed that before.
"Is that new?" I point at the shiny bar and she lifts her shirt.
"Yes, we had them done today... oh."
"We?" She blushes after sex, but this is a whole new shade of red.
"TASHA!" I stand at the bottom of the stairs, she rushes to the top and looks down at me, concerned.
"What? What's the matter?"
"Bellybutton. Now!" She smiles and lifts her top. Yep, pierced.
"Don't you like it?" Sarah joins her and does the same.
"We all had them done. Call it a bonding experience." I stare at the both of them. Christine's head appears over the banister, she doesn't show me hers, but I can guess from her expression she's sporting too. I throw my hands up.
"Fine! Yes, they look very nice, but I don't know what mum and dad are going to say. Go on, back to bed." Amanda's moved to the kitchen, and has a bottle of lager in her hand. The cap's still on.
"You shouldn't really, at your age. Might make you do something silly."
"Already done that." I take the bottle, pop the cap and give it back. She takes a swig or two, or three, then I retrieve it. Not saying a word we have a gentle kiss, me leaning against her. Her arm reaches around my back and holds me until I feel a stirring. I break contact and straighten up.
"Not tonight. Not with those two here."
"No, I know. I only wanted to say goodnight. They understand. Plus, I wanted to give you these." She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small square package.
"I managed to get some from Boots." It's a pack of three condoms. I'm a little confused.
"But I thought you were on the pill."
"I am, but Tasha isn't." I look at the box, I'm flattered she's chosen a larger size.
"Look, Tasha and I..."
"Tasha wants to have sex with you, but she thinks you never will because you grew up together. And that's awesome, but as much as she says it doesn't matter, I think it does, but she loves you too much to tell you."
"We made these rules..."

"I know, but you made them when you thought you were related. If you and me can have sex, so can you and her. There's nothing stopping you really, apart from the obvious moral and legal obstacles, of course."

“Thanks for reminding me.”
She puts her arms around my neck, I put mine around her waist.
“Don’t worry, ya perv, if anyone asks, we started it.” And she kisses me.
“Will you two stop snogging! It’s bedtime!” comes the cry from upstairs. I Let Amanda go, patting her bum as she leaves. She turns, flashes her amble bosom at me and darts back upstairs.

As mentioned before, I’ve only had sex twice (mum doesn’t count), both times with Amanda, and she’s on the pill, so I unwrap the small packet and pull out the leaflet they always enclose inside. It’s fascinating stuff, for sure, but at least I know which way to hold it before rolling, PLUS, I now know to squeeze the teat before rolling, to prevent bursting. Now I know why Catholics hate contraception, they probably can’t understand the instructions. I grab another beer and I’m watching a rerun of Top Gear on Dave when I get a text.
‘Turn on your TV’
‘It IS on.’
‘YOUR TV.’
I guess Tasha means the one in my room, so I slowly walk upstairs, I don’t need to be quiet as they’re making enough noise anyway. I enter my room, turn on the TV, turn down the volume and lay on the bed.
So far, so nothing, I flick through the channels and nothing leaps out at me. Then I hit the little button the on remote that switches feeds. Tasha has been very sneaky.

The monitor we normally use to check on Tommy, and the very one I used earlier this week to help mum, is now in Tasha’s room, It’s in a surreptitious place, obviously, as on my screen is 4 young ladies in varying states of undress. I can see 6 breasts and copious amounts of bare skin frolicking before me. Once I get over the initial shock, I lay back and enjoy the evening’s programming. Camera placement was ideal, as she’s put it at chest level near the full length mirror in the corner of the room. They appear to be trying on and showing off their new purchases, not bothering with underwear, I get a good view every time they take something off. The two new girls are pretty well stacked. Halfway between Tasha and Amanda. I’d say C-cup each, both with shiny, puffy nipples. The only person not topless is Amanda, I think she’s gone shy again, but after some coercion from the other 3, she eventually releases them back into the wild.
The fashion show ends, and they end up sitting on their beds talking about boys and boyfriends. Tasha tells them she’s still single, but soon Amanda is the centre of attention, and thusly, so am I. Luckily she’s quick on her feet, so when the obvious ‘have you done it yet?’ question pops up, she handles it deftly.
“No! Of course not!”
“Well, have you seen it?”
“Well, once, by accident. I walked in on him when he’d just had a shower.”

“And?”
“And what?”
“What’s it like?” But Tasha cuts in.
“It’s pretty big.”
Three shocked faces stare at her. “What? We sometimes sleep in his bed, and it’s pretty hard not to notice something that big jabbing you in the thigh.”
“But... he’s your brother!”
“Actually....” And she comes clean, telling the story of how our families came together. She puts a sad spin on it, and the girls are crying softly by the end. Christine is the first to speak.
“So, he’s not your brother, and your parents don’t mind you sleeping in the same bed?”
“No, they’re pretty cool about it. We’re not related but we grew up together, so we see each other as brother and sister anyway.”
The conversation continues over various subjects. It’s odd spying on 4 topless chicks talking bollocks and doing each other’s hair. Tasha keeps glancing over to the camera and smiling. Eventually truth or dare is suggested, so potential for sauciness increases, but it starts soft. Talking about boys, again, and how far they’ve gone. Christine hasn’t seen one, but Sarah’s held one. Physical dares start. The highlights being Tasha and Amanda kissing and getting carried away, plus Christine running into my room fully naked (I saw her coming so turned off the TV), babbling something incoherent and dashing out again. Not long after this they finally put their night dresses on and turn out the light. Luckily the camera has night vision, but it seems the girls are actually turning in, so I go back downstairs, turn everything off and go to bed myself.

About 2am, I hear footsteps. I’m not normally a light sleeper, but having 4 girls in the house has probably heightened my senses. I hear my door open, but as the sneaking person hasn’t come straight to the bed, I can only guess it’s one of our guests. They’re very quiet, so it’s a little shock when I feel the side of my duvet lift and a hand sneaking its way towards me. It’s a very gentle touch as fingers find my dick over my boxers and a hand gives me a gentle squeeze.

“It IS big!” Oh Christ, there’s two of them. Another hand joins the first, and I feel the second take over from the first. Naturally nature takes over, and I let them experience a full erection. Room enough for two hands. Eventually I shift in my bed, they remove their hands quickly, and they quietly leave the room.

Sunday 17/3/13

I'm the first up, thankfully no power cuts in the night, and the girls come down not long after. I give Sarah and Christine a cheery 'good morning', but they don't seem to be able to make eye contact with me, for some reason. They have breakfast, a phone call is made and their chariot arrives to take them away, hugs and cheeks pecked, and they're off. The remaining girls immediately dash around the house closing all the curtains and blinds, then strip down to their knickers. "What are you doing?"

"We wanted to do this yesterday, but those two showed up so we couldn't."
"That's ok, I got an eyeful last night on my TV. Very clever."
I assume Tasha's told Amanda as she's not shocked. Oddly enough, the girls just seem to be enjoying the liberty that comes with strolling around topless, and they simply get on with their homework, which is frankly bizarre. Once they're done (doesn't take long) Amanda comes over and joins me on the sofa. She sits on my lap facing me, grabs my hands and places them on her boobs. We just sit there, her hands moving mine.
"Do you think they're too big?" I move my hands and stare at the large, pale nipples.
"No, well, as long as they don't start fucking up your back they're fine." I sit up and take a nipple into my mouth, sucking gently, She gives a soft moan and strokes the back of my head. Tasha comes over to join us, and latches onto the other nipple. We sit there for a while before Tasha and I sit back, face each other and kiss.

"So, what's the plan for the rest of the day? Am I taking you home?" My hands back on her breasts.
"Actually, mum's coming to pick me up in... crap!" She stares at the clock, sees the time and leaps off me. "She'll be here in 10 minutes!" So we all rush around getting her clothes together, she throws them on, then they rush upstairs to get her things and they come back down just as I hear wheels on the driveway. Tasha kisses her goodbye, out of sight as it's not the kids of kiss you want a mother to see. I say my non-verbal farewell, with associated body-part grabbing and it's just me and Tasha left in the house.

She joins her hands behind my neck, I put my hands under her bum and lift her up, supporting her weight as I take her upstairs, kissing all the way into my bedroom. Laying on my bed we look at each other, not saying a word as we carry on kissing, pausing only to remove each other's clothing. Before long we're both naked, under the covers. We indulge in a little foreplay, I go down on her, she goes down on me. I kiss her all over her body, concentrating on her nipples before moving up to her neck. I reach over for the little packet Amanda gave me last night and I show a foil wrapper to her. She smiles and nods, but takes the wrapper off me. Flipping me onto my back she opens the pack, and with a little guidance, she rolls it down the length of my dick. I've heard putting one on can be a real passion-killer, but it appears we've found a way to make the experience more erotic, apart from the smell.

I turn her onto her back and she lifts her knees. I place the tip at the entrance of her pussy and look into her eyes, which she closes as I gently enter her. She's tighter than Amanda was, so I give gentle pushes, her legs rising higher with each push until her ankles cross behind my back. Slowly but surely I enter her completely, and I lay there inside her, letting her get used to me. A kiss tells me she's ready, so we start moving together. There are no fancy positions, there are no porn noises, we're just lying there, in the missionary position, making love, and it's awesome. The condom spoils the sensation somewhat, but I feel her vagina loosening and lubricating, and before long she comes as my passion turns to slight aggression, and I thump my pelvis against hers, as she holds me closely with every thrust. I pull her up while still inside her and she sits on me, taking control and moving up and down on my dick. She parts from me slightly, and I get the wonderful sight of her tiny frame, her small breasts with her tiny nipples, her hairless mound stretched apart by my throbbing penis, and her well defined belly, her muscles actually visible as she tenses her entire body as she rides me, her face a mixture of pain and pleasure as I finally succumb, thrusting up into her and we hold each other as close as we can as she moans loudly, as do I, as we both orgasm together, a sweating, quivering mass.

Breathing heavily, we hold each other for what seems like an age, before she tells me she loves me. I tell her the same, and I really mean it this time. Our parents aren't home until tonight (unless we hear differently) and we make love twice more during the day.

So, dear reader, that was a few hours ago, and I find myself in the same position I was when I first starting telling you about my sexy little sister. I'm at the crappy PC downstairs, Tasha's on the sofa drinking tea and watching Salt (Jolie flick). We have no idea what's going to happen with us. There's no reason we can't legally get together (once she's legal, that is), but I also love Amanda. I start my new job Wednesday, and that means not so much time at home. Tasha and Amanda start university in a couple of years, and there's a chance they might meet someone else while they're there. I can't be greedy, at one point I have to let one, or both of them go, but for now we're just enjoying what we have. As long as we're careful, and discreet. I have to make sure I destroy any evidence of condom-use, as it's public knowledge my girlfriend is only 14, and they would be difficult questions to answer.

I start a new job on Wednesday, which involves travelling (Car sales rep) so opportunities for fun will be limited. Well I'm out. I think our parents are back.
Tasha's in bed, Mum and dad (and Tommy) are home. The weekend went well. for all of us

Wednesday – Friday 20-22/3/13

The first few days of work were interesting, one of the first things I had to do was drive a Q7 (Audi 4x4) to Bristol, the drive a Q5 back. Nice cars, but what I seemed like a pointless exercise was actually a test of my driving efficiency skills. Seems I passed. Next few days were spent shadowing the other sales reps and picking up pointers. It's crushingly dull, but apparently the thrill of a sale is reward enough. Hold me back.

Saturday 23/3/13

That said, standing around all day doing very little is very tiring, so I was a little surprised I completely slept through my annoying alarm, and was only awoken by the sensation of a little woman massaging my genitalia.
"Morning Sis"
"Morning bruv"
"What are you doing?" "Playing"
"I thought we were backing off?"
"Yeah, so did I. It's nearly 11 and you weren't up so I thought I'd give you an alarm call."
"That's very sweet of you." Little kiss on the forehead, she turns her face up to mine and proper kissing ensues. My hands start roaming and I find her little breast under her vest. The kissing and rubbing (from both parties) gets more intense and I shift my body down the bed slightly, my hand leaving her boob and moving down her side. I give her bum a squeeze, but as I move my hand around the front and start to slip my fingers into the waistband of her knickers, she gently grabs my wrist.
"Better not"
"Why not?" But she simply raises her eyebrows.
"Ah"
"Yeah, week off. Sorry." So I resume with the kissing and nipple play, and she with the penis-massaging (she's getting very good), and things are getting quite frenetic when the bloody phone rings downstairs.
She opens her eyes, we part lips and she sighs.
"I'd better get that."
"Mum and dad?"
"With Jacobs (mum's therapist), just for today."
So she darts out of bed, I just have time to see her pull down the back of her knickers to show me a cute little cheek before I hear her charging down the stairs.

I hear a mumbled conversation as I drag my body kicking and screaming out of bed. Sadly, something else has woken up so I'm burdened with a raging erection getting in the way as I go through my drawers to pick out some clothes. Tasha calls me from downstairs.

“It’s Amanda. She wants to know what you’re up to today.” I move to the top of the stairs, still naked, boner proud. She spots it and laughs. “...apart from that.”

“Didn’t have any plans, was going to finish some paperwork and look at some apartments, but it’s not urgent. I was going to call her anyway, why didn’t she call my phone?” Tasha talks into the phone, then looks back up at my... at me.
“Phone’s dead, forgot to charge it overnight.”
“Well, if she’s free, I can pick her up in an hour and we’ll make it up from there?” Tasha relays the message and replaces the receiver with a smile.
“She’ll be ready for you.” She starts back up the stairs towards me. “But it doesn’t take you an hour to get ready.”
“Yeah, I know.” Luckily, she gets my true intentions and removes her vest top as she climbs the stairs, grabs my dick as she passes me and pulls me back into my room, lays me on the bed and settle between my legs as she resumes stroking me, before getting up on her elbows and lowering her mouth onto my penis. Her method is much improved, and while the bobbing movement is awesome, at times she stops moving her head, and just sucks and massages the tip with her tongue, in fact it’s so effective it’s only a few minutes before I grab the sides of her head and move them with her movement, until I ejaculate with force into her mouth.
She coughs slightly, but gives a couple more sucks before swallowing noisily. Finally getting off me she sits up on her feet, little nipples proud of her boobs, and just looks at me while stroking my thighs.
“You’re getting bloody good at that.” She smiles proudly, like she’s just got praised by her music tutor.
“Thanks. I’m getting used to the taste now, it’s not bad once you get used to it.” (This from someone still at school). She shifts up and sits on my belly, so I can easily reach her tits. I massage them gently, I suppose she wants what she can get in spite of her biological unfortunateness. “So, what are you going to do with Amanda today?” I just shrug.
“No idea, are you coming too?” She puts her hands on mine.
“I would, but I’ve got a shit load of homework to do. Anyway, I’ve had you to myself all week, it’s only fair Amanda gets some quality time with you. We can all do something tomorrow.”
“Bowling?” Head-shake. “Cinema?” Nope. “Swimming?” pondering.
“Can do, but I’ve still got the dressing on my head, so I won’t be able to do much.” I tell her we’ll sort it out later, sit up and give her a hug. Kissing her chest as I stroke her back. We have another quick kiss (no tongues, I know where her mouth’s just been) and I finally get dressed before going downstairs to grab something to eat and a coffee. I actually feel like I’m saying goodbye to a wife as Tasha kisses me on the doorstep before I head out to pick up my girlfriend.
Amanda runs out to the car before I’ve even applied the handbrake. Her mum waves at me as I finally stop, I wave back. We’ve been on good terms since I helped her a couple of

weeks ago, which always helps when there's a possibility I might just be getting inappropriate with her daughter. Amanda jumps in the car and we're off.
"No Tasha?"
"No, she's got homework and reckons we need some private time."
"Oh, ok. That was sweet of her." She pulls her phone out of her pocket, obviously charged and taps the screen with such rapidity she could easily be sending a distress signal in Morse code. We sit in silence with her hand on my leg before she quickly turns to me with a shocked expression. "No wonder she wasn't bothered about coming out today, sounds like she's got her dose this morning."
"I couldn't help it, she overpowered me." She slaps my leg but smiles.
"Oh well, we'll just have to waste a lot of time so you can build up for another go." She obviously sees something in my expression and her smile falters. We had agreed to take it easy in the sexy department, purely because of the shit storm that would ensue if we were ever found out. But I can see why she would be upset if I reiterated our agreement, especially considering my sister had my cock in her mouth this morning. I reach across and stroke her leg, she's got a short denim skirt on so I move my hand up her thigh and under the hem, my little finger brushing her knickers as I look at her and smile. This cheers her up considerably.
I do intend to lay off the sexiness, but at the moment, it seems to be two against one.

Our day together was actually pretty cool, hanging around town window shopping, then back across town to have lunch in a Frankie and Benny's, which happens to be right near the cinema, so we slip in and watch Welcome to the Punch. It's a 15, but given her expansive bust size, she easily gets in.
Back seat, of course. Rear corner, plenty of shadows. There's a little fumbling fun, but the movie's pretty bloody good, so despite all normal expectations, we actually sit down and watch the movie. I have my hand in her knickers for most of it, and I put my jacket over my lap so she can have a play.

Movie over, we're considering our next move. Amanda's family has relatives over, so she isn't sleeping at ours, and there's no room for Tasha to sleep at hers. We come to the rather melancholy realisation that today has just been a pretty awesome date but without sexual consequence. I don't think having a quickie in some dark corner is appropriate for her, and I wouldn't contemplate subjecting her to it anyway. I take her home, and we sit in the car for half an hour kissing and talking. I suggest swimming tomorrow (with Tasha) and she brightens up.
"Awesome! I've got a new swimming cossie I've been dying to show off!" So we depart on a high note. I get home and our parents are back, they've had a productive day, which is made evident by mum giving me a solid hug and maintaining plenty of eye contact for the rest of the evening. I take dad to one side and ask him how it 'actually' went. He assures me that while there's no point in hoping she's completely cured, her progress since the

‘incident’ has been remarkable. I’m about to apologise again for slipping my dick in his wife (in not so many words) but he cuts me off, gives me a manly side- hug and thanks me again. I’m still not sure I deserve it, but I’ll take it anyway.

Tasha actually had quite a bit of homework, so I pop up into my room to find her on my PC, rocking 3 screens at once again. My timing must be impeccable, as she gives all the signs of having just finished as I enter.
“All done?”
“Just. How was your day?”
“Not bad, had a good time actually.” So I relate the events of the day, including the cinema antics.
“And....?”
“And nothing, sadly. We didn’t really have the opportunity to share some really private time.” She looks crestfallen. “Don’t worry, she wants to come swimming with us tomorrow. She says she’s got a new swimming costume to show off.” This cheers her up no end.
“I know! I helped her choose it. I can’t wait to see her in it. I got a new one myself, you’re going to love it!”
“How about you show it off now?” I’m surprised she actually blushes.
“No, it’ll have to wait, I want Amanda to see it too.” So it’s all set for tomorrow, she packs up her stuff, and I can see in her eyes she’s actually knackered. She pops into the bathroom to rearrange her feminine products and comes back out in a simple nightie. She comes over to give me a prolonged kiss goodnight. It’s only about 9pm so I go back downstairs for an hour or two, and check on her before retiring myself. She’s fallen asleep while reading a bloody book, so I mark the page, close the book, remove her glasses, kiss her on the forehead, and for good measure, lift her nightie and gently suck her nipples before tucking her in for the night.

Sunday 24/3/13

Our local swimming pool/sports hall had a major refit a couple of years ago, and now all the changing cubicles are all in the same area. No segregation of sexes, the centre is quite family oriented so the management decided it leant to a better environment. What it ACTUALLY led to was tonnes of soaking wet, freezing cold jail-bait walking around in skimpy bikinis within reach of hormonal teenage boys struggling to hide their boners, and middle-aged fathers doing the same.
One other thing that has happened recently due to the advent of camera phones is little peeping toms reaching under doors and over walls to take pictures of young ladies in various states of undress. To this end, there are cameras in strategic positions on the ceiling. Not looking in the cubicles but every corridor in the maze of Formica walls is covered. We arrive and head towards the changing area. The girls take a family cubicle and I get changed on my own. Stepping out the girls are standing next to each other looking incredible in their outfits. Tasha's wearing a cute as hell (but incredibly hot) pastel blue and white striped bikini, and while Amanda has chosen a monochrome one piece, it's still flattering and holds her figure very well. Both girls are getting plenty of admiring looks, and they seem to be relishing the attention. Lockers are paid for and keys strapped to ankles we dive in, Tasha taking it easy due to her cranial dressing. We're all pretty good swimmers, so we all partake in a few laps of the larger pool, before moving to the smaller, busier, but warmer family pool.

The designers crammed in as many features as possible, so there are slides, fountains, Jacuzzi's and this wave channel with little cubbies to hang out in. We all cram into one and sit on the bench, holding hands and legs. Conversation is small and pointless as we all indulge in some sub-aquatic groping. The surface of the water is always rippling so you can't see what's going on under water, which is handy as before long I have two hands on my dick, my right hand massaging Amanda's pussy and the other on Tasha's bum. Only Amanda can have public kisses but I sneak in a couple with Tasha when the coast is clear. Amanda even attempts an underwater blow job but nearly drowns after getting carried away. Not exactly the ideal circumstances for lifeguard intervention.

So fun-filled fiddling aside, we decide to get out. I take my time so the cool water can shrink my erection. I follow the girls out and lose myself staring at their cute backsides as they jiggle slightly, the girls half-jogging on the cold tiled floor. They disappear into their cubicle, exiting one at a time to take shampoo to the showers to wash out the chlorine. I haven't emptied my locker yet so I just stand under the shower for a few minutes. It's pretty warm so I just stand there, relaxing. Their cubicle door opens and Tasha exits, walking over and standing under the shower next to me.
"You've got 5 minutes" she whispers.
"Sorry?"

“Amanda’s naked, and she wants you in there with her.”
“But there are cameras everywhere.”
“They’re dummies. Our PE teacher told us. The refit cost so much the cameras were left out.” I look over at their cubicle and can just make out Amanda peering out at me. I give Tasha’s bum a pinch and walk over, pausing just outside the door to make sure I’m not noticed, then slip inside. She is, indeed, wonderfully naked, and dripping wet. Our faces meet in a frenzy of tongues, I pick her up under her arms and she wraps her limbs around me, I hold her bum and move a hand around and under, poking a finger inside her vagina, sliding sideways along her slit, concentrating on her clitoris, her breathing becomes heavier as I feel her tensing up, my penis straining against my trunks. She releases her arms and legs and gets off me, pulls my dick out of my trunks, gets on her knees and takes me in her mouth.
I rest my back against the wall, expecting her to finish me off, but she stops, gets up, turns around and kneels on the small bench. She gestures me to come up behind her and as she’s slightly raised, she’s the ideal height for her to reach through her legs, and guide me into her pussy from behind. It’s a completely different sensation, and I can feel the front of her vaginal wall stimulating the base of my cock as I pull her up and hold her as I thrust into her, the stimulation working wonders as I massage her clit and nipples, and it’s not long before we both come together, holding back our yells of ecstasy, instead making weird huffing noises through our noses.

We spend a moment standing still, before Amanda reaches into her bag and grabs a small wad of tissues. “OK, now.”
I pull out and her hand snaps into place. She gets off the bench, turns around and kisses me. Tasha must have been waiting outside as there’s a tap on the door followed by a whisper.
“Now!” I put my softening dick back in my trunks and slip out, pausing only to kiss Tasha quickly, I grab her boob and she holds my sensitive dick before I rush to my locker to retrieve my things. I guess I’m not completely relaxed as I get a few appraising looks from some aforementioned specimens of soaking wet jail-bait before diving into an empty cubicle and collapsing on the bench. Those girls really are going to be the death of me.

Not long after we’re all presentable and decent, and I guess the dummy camera thing is true as the members of staff don’t give us a second look as we hang around in the café for a good half an hour grabbing a bite to eat before heading home. Amanda comes home with us and we just chill out together until it’s hometime. Again, Tasha tags along with us and we stop off in our lay-by to say a more personal goodbye. This time it’s my turn to be lookout as Tasha and Amanda indulge in some serious heavy petting. Amanda gets the lion’s share due to the time of the month, and after some repositioning of the seats, she comes again thanks to some nifty digital manipulation from Tasha. I’ve been stroking

myself in the driver’s seat and when Amanda’s sitting up again, she leans over and finishes me off, nearly injuring herself on the steering wheel in the process.

Wasn't that much more to say. I'm working all week, so no chance of executive relief. However, it's Easter this Friday, and their school closes for two weeks, sadly, I think Amanda is going on a camping holiday with her family.

Amanda is my official girlfriend, but she's unofficially Tasha's girlfriend too. They both appreciate the female form, and they display that appreciation in a physical way.

Thursday 28/3/13

Thursday bought with it an unexpected treat. Most schools in the UK close on Friday (Good Friday) and then they're shut for two weeks for half term. Amanda and her family were going on a camping holiday for the first week, so when she turned up at the door on Thursday evening, I was expecting an emotional farewell (you know what girls can be like) but what I wasn't expecting was her family being with her. For some reason, now that Amanda and I are officially an item, my mum thought it would be a splendid idea to invite the whole family over for dinner before they left the next day.

So while Amanda hung with me and Tasha for most of the evening, her little brother was also in tow, and being in the presence of parental units had a touch of the awkwards, but they spent all night talking bollocks with mum and dad. We'd disappeared up to my room, and I threw a Disney flick on the TV while we all lounged around, fully aware that nothings happening tonight, so we talk school, holidays, the girls talk about clothes, all the while little David is transfixed at Bolt. Not my favourite film (Selling a cartoon on the voice talent shows insecurity on the part of the producers), but it keeps the squirt occupied while we three cuddle on the bed.

Eventually we hear a call from downstairs. We're expecting it's time to go so it's a surprise to see Amanda's parents still casually sitting in the front room. Her dad looks a little sheepish so her mum speaks first. As soon as she opens her mouth I know what's coming. "We've been a little silly on the wine, so your dad can't drive home. Your mum and dad have said we can sleep over before we head off tomorrow, but we need to decide who's sleeping where."

Mum and dad aren't completely shitfaced, but they're half cut at best. Dad reckons Amanda's parents can sleep in Tasha's room (cleaner, tidier, double bed), Tommy's cot can go in with our parents, and David can sleep on the sofa bed in Tommy's room. That just leaves us three. I can feel Tasha vibrating with excitement beside me, but her face hides it well.
"Well, as long as I sleep in the middle, we'll all crash in my brothers bed." This raises eight eyebrows. "Don't worry, I'll be a human bolster. And I'm a light sleeper, so I can make sure these two love-birds keep their hands to themselves." Obviously Amanda's parents aren't too sure, but surprisingly dad chips in and vouches for my integrity (for a second I fear he might blab we've all slept in the same bed at least once), plus he promises to thrash me to within an inch of my life should any hanky-panky happen.
Still indecision, but Tasha says 'one second' and hurtles upstairs. She comes crashing down a few seconds later holding a small silver gadget with a camera installed. It's the child monitor we use to keep tabs on Tommy.
"Here, we'll give you the receiver and you can check on us any time." They're still wary, but I've built up a trustworthy persona with her mum, and it's agreed. Beds are made, monitors

are set up, assurances reiterated and the boys are the first to be put to bed. An hour later the girls say goodnight, and I see them disappear up the stairs, me acting all gentlemanly and allowing them to get changed in seclusion. I stay up, talking about my new job and prospective apartments, and actually having a pretty good time.

Eventually, we all decide to turn in. I let them go up as they're in worse condition than before, and I stay down clearing away glasses and snack plates, turning off lights before coming upstairs myself. Amanda's dad is standing at the top of the stairs, with a concerned look on his face.

"My wife's told me you're a very trustworthy young man. I know we've never really met, but I wanted you to know Amanda's still our baby girl, and we don't want..." It's the drink talking, but I cut him off anyway.

"You've nothing to worry about, You have my word I have no intentions tonight apart from sleeping." He thinks for a moment, nods slowly, pats me on the shoulder and staggers off to Tasha's room. Amanda's mum comes out of the bathroom and I notice for the first time where my girlfriend gets her ample bosom from. She seems to have removed her bra and I can make out the definition of her large nipples under her t-shirt. I don't stare.

"How are the girls?"

I shrug and open my door a crack. My duvet is pulled all the way up and you can just see the tops of their heads, and the sound of deep breathing.

"Good, that means I can get a good night's sleep."

She smiles, holds my upper arm for a second than walks unsteadily to her room. You never get used to seeing your parents drunk, and it's weirder seeing parents of friends tipsy as well. For the look of the thing, I change into my PJs in the bathroom, turn off the light and enter my room. As I put my clothes in the laundry basket I notice the monitor in the corner of the room. It's a sacrifice I suppose, but as I slip quietly under the duvet I have to stifle a yell of surprise when a hand quickly and deliberately slips into my boxers and the fingers wrap around my dick.

It takes a while for my eyes to adjust, but in the dim moonlight through the curtains I can make out Tasha's eyes staring at me. She doesn't jerk me off, but instead massages and kneads the shaft, conscious that any movement or sound would be picked up by the camera sitting on my bookshelf. I lift my head slightly and can see Amanda's eyes behind her. Laying on my back I reach my arm down across the mattress and find Tasha's pussy, only to find it already occupied by Amanda's hand, two fingers inside my sister. Now I realise the heavy breathing earlier wasn't a sign of deep sleep going on. So as I'm there I concentrate on her clitoris, as her hand continues to squeeze me, all the while trying to keep as still as possible. I can feel Amanda's hand moving furiously a few centimetres from my fingers, and Tasha's orgasm comes hard, squeezing my fingers and crushing Amanda's hand with an audible 'ow' as she clamps her thighs together, her body solid as she tries to contain her convulsions, holding onto my dick for dear life.

Given the awkwardness of our situation, that appears to be it for the evening. The girls settle down into the mattress, although Tasha doesn’t let go of me, and they both say ‘I love you’, I return the sentiment, with Tasha still holding my dick as mine and Amanda’s fingers intertwine over my sister’s pussy, stroking it together until we all fall asleep.

Friday 29/3/13

Friday morning, It's a few minutes after my alarm goes off that I realise I've still got work today. Tasha's hand is still holding my dick, so I slide my flaccid member out of her grip and get out of bed. I hear movement and voices in the house so put on my bathrobe and head downstairs. The adults are all there, looking bleary-eyed and very hung over. Sheepish grins and strong coffee all round.
"Everyone sleep ok?" The men give half-hearted nods but the ladies laugh. "Well, I hope you've all learnt the error of your ways." I start making myself a tea.
"How are the girls?" This was Amanda's mum.
"They're fine, still asleep I think. I'm off to work in a minute so I left them to it."
"Were you all ok in the same bed? There was a lot of moving around after you got in."
Shit.
"Yeah, that was probably me, I fidget for ages before dropping off."
"Fair enough. We're heading off ourselves so Amanda needs to get up anyway."
I finish making my tea.
"Ok, I'll go rouse the troops before I grab a shower." I dash upstairs and Tasha just opens her eyes as I enter my room. I reach for the monitor and turn it off. Putting my cup on the bedside table I reach over and give her a good morning kiss. "Morning. Amanda needs to get up." She stretches, turns to Amanda and kisses her on the lips until she responds.
"Mmmm.. what time is it?"
"Time for you to get up, you're going soon."
"Oh bugger. Ok."
"Listen, they saw the duvet moving last night, so if they ask..." Tasha interrupts.
"...you're a terrible fidget. I know." I kiss her again, lean over and kiss Amanda, and grab my work clothes before jumping in the shower.
I had to leave before they did, so I got hugs and thanks from all parties, and Amanda's parents gave us five minutes to properly say goodbye.
"I'm going to miss you."
"It's only a week."
"I know, but still..."
"We'll phone and text all week. You just go and have a fun holiday."
"Oh, yeah, sleeping in a cold tent when I could be all snugly with you two."
"Then that'll just have to be something to look forward to when you get back." We kiss, hold each other for an eternity, then I finally depart as I'm already late.
I get to work on time (barely) and I've just sat at my desk when my phone bleeps. It's a message from Amanda. Actually, it's a picture message. Making sure no-one can see I open the file and there filling the screen is a single, large, pale nipple. I won't delete it just yet, but I'll be sure to put it in a safe place later.

It’s Good Friday, so I’m actually only here for a few hours, but before I check off my manager comes over and asks me if I have any plans this Saturday. I don’t work weekends (yet) and if I get called in the hourly rate sky-rockets. As I’m girlfriend-less for a week (not counting Tasha), actually don’t have anything on. I’m curious why he’s asking, but he just asks me to make sure my phone is on.
Naturally, my fertile mind is going into overdrive about why he wants me to be available at short notice (good AND bad reasons), and I hardly notice where I’m going as I drive home on autopilot. I’m home for half an hour before Tasha sidles up to me.
“What’s up?”
“Dunno, my boss asked me to be available this weekend, but he didn’t say why.”
“Well, that’s good, isn’t it?” I just shrug, I really don’t know and it rankles my paranoia until early evening when my boss calls me.
“A customer needs their car delivered this weekend, but Geoff (the guy who normally does the delivery driving) is off. It’s getting dropped off at the dealership tomorrow morning, and it has to be in Birmingham by the afternoon.” (This is normal practice for certain customers, apparently. ‘shopping around’ doesn’t come close.)
“Birmingham? I think can take it, but how do I get back?”
“The registration documents have a courier pack. You’ll have a fuel card and a pair of train tickets to make your way back, they’re valid for a week from issue in case anything goes tits up. Are you up for it?”
“Yeah, I think so. You said there’s a pair of train tickets?”
“Yes, why?”
“Just wondered if you had anything against me taking someone with me.”
“It would be my sister, and she’s cleaner than me.”
“Fair enough, grab an extra seat cover and floor sheet before you go, and make sure it’s spotless before it’s delivered.” So assurances and promises made, I suppose it would be prudent to as Tasha if she fancies being stuck in a car for 4-5 hours with me. Turns out she’s quite eager, but I make sure she knows it’s not a jolly, the car isn’t a toy, and no feet on the dashboard. It’s not until later that night I realise I don’t actually know what car it is.
We tell mum & dad what we’re up to, and as Tasha’s already finished two weeks’ worth of homework, there’s no real reason for her to hang around the house. She pre-packs a small bag just in case, I throw a few things together and we turn in for the night in separate beds. Sometimes it’s nice to be able to stretch out once in a bloody while.

Saturday 30/3/13

We're at the dealership before the car's arrived, so I'm showing Tasha my wonderfully exciting desk when a car transporter pulls up outside. A few cars are rolled off the back and my boss comes over with the courier package and key fob.
"Be careful, don't race it, and any damage comes out of your wages. Considering what the car is, you'd probably be working for free for a decade to pay off a cracked windscreen."
I open the package and shit a fucking brick. The car I'm delivering is a V12 R8, full package, including carbon fibre panels. If I'd known it was this I wouldn't have said yes.
The seats are already both covered, so we get in, Tasha's grinning like a Cheshire cat but I'm terrified. I have driven one before, but not one with 5 miles on the clock. I punch the Birmingham address into the satnav and push the button bringing the engine to life. Sounds like an angry lion, so I feather the accelerator and pull very gingerly out of the forecourt.
It's a little embarrassing to be driving a car like this so slowly, but golden rule of new cars is nothing above 50MPH for the first 50 miles, but with an engine this tight, it's 70 miles. This will put us somewhere on the M25 so I use the couple of miles of urban driving the get used to the controls and switches. We're not allowed to piss about with the engine settings, so it's basic all the way. I think Tasha senses my unease so she leaves me alone to drive the thing until we hit the motorway and I bring it up to 50.

An hour or so later and we pass the magic 70 miles, so I open it up a little more, and before long I tap the cruise control and let the car take us to our destination.
Sadly, Motorways the first weekend before the Easter break are hideous bitch goddesses and it's not long before we're stationary. Tasha passes the time by flashing me her braless tits and on more than one occasion I pop my dick out of my trousers so she can hold it (at her request). The seats in a R8 are set quite low so no-one can see what we're up to.

A few hours later and we're completely stationary on the M6. We're close to our destination, but as I get out of the car I can see the motorway snaking for miles ahead of us, completely rammed with unmoving cars. I call my boss.
"We've stopped."
"How close are you?"
"If it was clear, according to the sat nav we're half an hour away, but I can't see any movement for at least 5 miles ahead."
There's silence on the phone but I can hear keys on a keyboard being tapped. I guess he's checking traffic websites.
"Oh crap, that looks bad. Ok, I'll call the customer and let them know what's happening. Stand by the phone."
He hangs up and we wait. I put a hand on Tasha's leg and she returns the gesture, just listening to the radio for another 5 minutes when the phone rings.

“Ok, good news and bad. Good news is the customer understands the situation, bad news is now he can’t take ownership of the car until tomorrow morning.” That’s helpful.
“Oh, right. So, what do we do with the car?” I don’t fancy turning around and coming back.
There’s silence again and the sound of a pen tapping on his desk.
“Are you ok to check into a hotel for the night? Get all the receipts and bring them back and we’ll sort out any expenses. Make sure the car park’s secure, and you’ll have to get the car washed tomorrow before delivery.” Don’t suppose I have much choice.
“Okay, we’ll get something sorted. Any problems I’ll let you know.”
He hangs up and I swear loudly, making Tasha jump. “What’s wrong?”
So I tell her the problem, but as soon as I mention checking into a hotel the big grin is back.
“A hotel? You and me? Alone??” There’s a twinkle in her eye I’ve seen before. I suddenly see the bright side to this bastard of a situation.
“Yes, but we’ve got to find a hotel first, I have no idea where to start looking, I’ve never been to Birmingham before.” Tasha starts tapping her phone, holding it up to her ear.
“Hi dad it’s me. No, we’re ok, but we can’t deliver the car tonight. Traffic. Really bad. Listen, how well do you know Birmingham? That’s what I thought. Yeah, a hotel, one that’s secure for the car.” She turns to me. “What car is it?”
“Audi R8, bloody expensive.” She turns back to the phone.
“You get that? Ok. Oh, right. Oh thanks dad!” and she hangs up, taps the sat nav screen, and scrolls through a list of hotels that comes up. Finally she finds what she’s looking for and hits ‘go’.
“Head for that one. Dad’s company uses it all the time so they get special rates. He’s ringing ahead to book our ‘twin’ room.” She says ‘twin’ with a certain level of disdain, but all things considered, he’d probably feel the same as me about it, that siblings sleeping in a double bed isn’t socially the norm. Before long Tasha’s phone bleeps, it’s a text from dad telling us the room’s booked with the reservation number. I call my boss back and tell him what’s happening, he’s grateful dad’s managed to get them special rates and asks for his number so he can thank him personally.
Not long after, the traffic starts to slowly move, and our turn-off isn’t that far ahead. Within 10 minutes we’re pulling into the hotel car park, which has a gated entry system, filling me with confidence. We park the car within sight of a car park light and camera mast, and head into reception. It’s a little bit swanky, and I’m grateful I didn’t go for the jeans and polo shirt look. The young woman behind the desk smiles as we approach. I give her our names and reservation number.
“Oh yes, your father called a while ago to book, but I’m afraid there’s a problem with the room. Your father booked a twin, but having checked the room it’s in a bit of a state, so all we have left are doubles.” Tasha turns on an Oscar-winning performance.
“Oh, great! That means I have to share with ‘you’?” Bratty down to a tee.

“Don’t worry, we’ll top and tail or something, I don’t want to be near you when you start snoring either.” She digs me in the ribs and folds her arms, adopting huffy expression. I collect our key card and we head off. The second we’re out of sight of the receptionist she latches onto my arm.
“You were in serious danger of over-acting there.”
“I know, but I didn’t want to make it too obvious.”
“I haven’t got anything, you know. Didn’t know we’d be shacking up in a hotel tonight.” But she holds me closer and smiles knowingly.
“Don’t worry about that, I’ve got it all sorted.”
I’m not sure what she means but we reach the room and go inside. Her youth starts to show as she dashes around the room, checking out all the complimentary stuff that comes with the price. The bath/shower is quite spacious, there’s a well-stocked but fucking expensive mini-bar, and a safe, which I promptly put the car key fob and my wallet in. As I stand up and turn around, Tasha’s laying on the bed.
“Holy crap this is comfy.” And she pats the bed beside her, I oblige, lying by her side and going in for a long and deep kiss, accompanied by lots of over-the-clothes groping.
“So what’s the plan for tonight then? After dinner of course, I’m starving!”
“Well, after dinner, I was thinking of fucking your brains out.”
“I told you, I haven’t got anything.” But she smiles.
“I’m on the pill.”
“What? Since when?”
“Since last week. I told mum I had really bad cramps during my last period. Simple really, I just asked Amanda what hers felt like and the doctor prescribed some for me straight away. Apparently it’s common for someone my size.”
“But you’re not actually having cramps?”
She laughs. “Sometimes, it’s a girl thing, consider yourself lucky you don’t have this shit to put up with every month.” But I scoff at this remark.
“Bollocks, us poor blokes have to put up with your ‘bad hair days’!”
She laughs and pushes me off the bed.
The special rate doesn’t include dinner and looking at the hotel menu it’s a bit nouvelle cuisine and bloody expensive, so we decide to eat at a franchise restaurant a few hundred yards away. No-one knows us here so we walk around holding hands until we’re back at the hotel, my trousers already straining at the thought of the impending evening. I check the car’s still in one piece, and notice a security guy doing the rounds. Tasha grabs the key card and rushes off to the room while I go to the bar and grab a few bottles of beer for the night. Tasha lets me in, I notice her hair’s wet and she’s only wearing a towel.
“Get your kit off, it’s bath-time.” I look in and the bath is full of hot foamy water. She takes off the towel, showing me her incredible figure before lowering herself back into the water. The bath is huge, and bowl-like, I de-kit and get in, remembering too late she likes her bath water almost scalding, and it’s a while before I’m completely in, taking extra time to allow my nuts to get used to the temperature. Eventually, we’re top and tail in the bath, hips

touching, holding hands under the water. The rampant shagging seems to be on hiatus as we simply soak and relax in the bath, letting the stress of sitting in traffic for hours ease out of us.

Before long a hand closes around my soft dick, so I reach over and my middle fingertip follows her inner thighs until I find her slit, and we lay there, gazing into each others eyes and gently playing with each other. The water's so relaxing that despite her digital manipulation, I only get semi-erect, but Tasha doesn't seem to mind.
"Are we getting out?" I venture.
"In a minute, I'm enjoying this."
"Thought you were going to ravage me."
"Good things come to those who wait."
It's actually another 15 minutes of hot-water top-ups before we finally get out of the bath. Our fingers have pruned up, so I take great delight in rubbing her nipples when I'm supposed to be drying her off. She smacks my arse and tells me to get on the bed. I grudgingly oblige and she adopts the same position she did last time, between my thighs, arms on my legs, and without pausing for breath, takes my dick into her mouth. It might be the freedom that comes with not being in the family home, but she seems much more energetic and vigorous than before.
"Spin around." I tell her. She stops and looks at me with a puzzled expression, my solid erection still in her mouth. Through a series of hand gestures, she gets my intention, and she rotates on my penile axis until her pussy is just above my face, her lips having never left my member. I put my hand on her lower back and push her down onto my mouth, her labia already glistening and quivering as my tongue enters her folds and I run the tip up and down her slit, pausing to suck on her little bud, making her pause and squeeze the base of my cock. My fingers are roaming and before long, and without realising it, my fingertip is rubbing her little pink anus. I just rub around the top before applying a little pressure, but without pushing enough to actually enter. My eyes are closed as I suck on her mound, and I'm not fully aware of what my finger is doing when she stops sucking.
"That feels really weird."
"Oh, sorry." I move my hand away.
"I didn't say stop!" and she resumes the rhythmic sucking, my finger rubbing her hole again, but this time with purpose. I dip a fingertip into her pussy for moisture and push against the sphincter until it gives, letting me in with a little jump from Tasha. I work her pussy some more with my mouth and push harder, slowly but surely entering her rectum, Tasha moving her hips to allow me to enter her more easily. I'm finally in up to the knuckle, and I move my finger in small movements, aware of how tight and warm it is in there. She starts to breathe deeper, and I can feel her pussy vibrating as an orgasm looms, but she stops, sits up, holds my hand as she slowly guides my finger out of her bum, then turns around again.

Not saying a word, she straddles me, holding my dick just at her entrance, looks into my eyes and lowers herself onto me. I've only had sex with Tasha using a condom, and while I've gone bareback with Amanda a couple of times, it hasn't been like this. Sex with Amanda is more 'fucking' than 'making love', something I intend to make up to her as soon as I get the chance, but the sensation of my little sister's vagina enveloping my penis is incredible. She's tighter than my girlfriend, and I'm aware of every fold and ripple in her pussy as it passes over the head of my dick, the pressure getting harder and more intense as she finally comes to rest on my pelvis.
We match rhythm as she bounces up and down on me, bringing her feet up and lifting herself nearly off my entire length, before coming back down again. The orgasm that threatened to arrive before now rears its head again as she loses all sense of rhythm and collapses on me in a quivering heap. I let her come down a little before moving my hips up and fucking her as she lays on me. She makes appreciative noises until my pace quickens and my balls explode inside her.

I wake up what seems like ages later. Tasha's fallen asleep too and we're both in the same position, and although I'm soft, my penis is still snugly held in place by her almost virginal pussy. The sensation of warmth wakes up the little guy and I feel the blood leaving my head as I quickly re-solidify inside her. Obviously Tasha feels this as her head snaps up and looks at me with a shocked expression.
"Oh my god! That felt incredible!" She starts moving her hips up and down my shaft, but it's my turn. I hold her in an arm as I lift her off the bed, turn her over and lay her down under me. We haven't cleaned up since last time so my previous deposit acts as a lubricant, and I use my full length to pound her loosening pussy, she gasps with every thrust as I get near to her uterus, and we come together, my lips over hers as I can tell she's going to get noisy.
I fall off her and lay with my arm across her chest.
"I think we should shower before bed."
"Yeah, but one at a time, I can't handle much more of this tonight." So after cleaning up, I finally drink the beer I got earlier (Tasha had one too), I manage to get the hotel's Wi-Fi on my phone and manage to get onto 4chan, so spend a while on /b/, before we fall asleep watching some pay movie on the TV.

Sunday 31/3/13

I have a habit of waking up an hour before any alarm that's been set, so I'm not surprised to wake up suddenly at 7am, on my side with Tasha cradled in front of me. Morning glory is in full effect, and the tip of my penis is pushing against her anus again. I give a few experimental pushes, but don't want to wake her. Too late.
"What are you doing?"
"Nothing, just... stretching."
"Well, if you must stretch, do it 'very' slowly." I'm dumbfounded, but take her advice. Reaching down her pussy is moist again, so I use that lubrication and dip my finger inside her rectum. I shift position so I'm aiming better and push gently against her. I think nothing's happening until something gives, and her sphincter opens, allowing me in. With gentle, rhythmic pushes I inch a little further in with each thrust, I don't aim for balls deep, as I can hear her giving little winces, and I don't want to hurt her while she's obviously sacrificing something for me. I reach down between her legs and find her clitoris, massaging it gently as I continue to fuck her anally, as considerately as possible, the pressure on my dick is immense, and the pulsating that comes with her slow orgasm tips me over the edge and I deposit my paltry load inside her. I wait until I'm soft again and pull out very softly, there's no lubrication so her anal walls grip my penis as I extract, finally coming out completely I hold her close, whispering into her ear.
"Thank you."
"You're welcome. I have to say, that's not my favourite method."
"Might be like blow jobs, you just have to get used to it." She turns her head to face me, it's not an overtly friendly expression.
"Yes, next time I'll shove something up your arse, then when it hurts I'll remind you of that!" We laugh, she says 'ow' and we settle back down for what sleep we can get before the alarm actually goes off.

We get up, shower separately, get breakfast, check out and take the (perfectly intact) car to a hand wash station before finally taking it to its final destination. I hand over the key fob, get signatures and handshakes, make phone calls, and Tasha and I walk hand in hand to the train station (Tasha walking a little funny, but it wears off).
We got up in good time, so we get to London about midday. The train tickets are open, so I ask Tasha if she fancies doing the touristy thing for a few hours. We take the tube to Green park by the Ritz hotel, walk over through Canada gate and have some pictures in front of Buckingham Palace. We walk down the mall and hang in Trafalgar square for a bit, before walking over to Leicester Square and grabbing a Subway for lunch. I would suggest going up regent Street but knowing what Tasha's like for shopping, I fail to mention it, in any case, it's Easter Sunday and most large-floored shops have to be closed for the day.

We saunter over to Charing Cross and finally board the train for home. All in all it’s been a fun weekend, and not just because of all the sex. Drove a high-performance sports car, had a nice quiet day walking round London with someone I love, and spent Saturday night/ Sunday morning with my penis inside three different orifices of my cute little sister.

Monday 1/3/13

This morning I was hoping for a nice quiet Monday lay-in. It's Easter Monday so we get a day off, and after the stress of the weekend I was hoping for at least a couple of hours lying in bed doing nothing. Well, I got the lying in bed bit.
I woke up about 9.30am to the sound of the front door closing. Tasha and I slept in our own beds last night so after the door closed, I was straining my ears to try to pick up any sound. Couldn't hear a thing, so I assumed everyone had left for some reason. I know Mum & Dad were talking about going to this horse-racing thing a few miles away, but I wasn't sure if Tasha was going too. They've probably left a note so I just lay there getting comfy, closing my eyes and trying to drift off again.

I'm aware of the sound of movement outside my bedroom door, but no-one enters.
"Hello?" Still nothing. I sit up in bed and the door opens. Tasha's standing there, completely naked with her PJs by her feet.
"They've gone to the races, we're all alone!" Her sing song voice and broad smile tells me I'm not getting much more sleep this morning. She walks to the side of the bed, I raise an arm and cup one of her bum cheeks in my hand, gazing over her awesome body again.
"Please be gentle!"
She just smiles and whips back my duvet. I slept in my PJs last night but it's rather evident that we're not the only ones awake. "No fucking chance!"
She whips off my shorts and I take off my shirt. Leaning on the bed she lifts a leg over me and lays on my chest, just like Saturday, the top of my dick rests against her pussy and we kiss, nothing too probing as I haven't brushed my teeth yet.
"I thought you'd want a break after the weekend."
She trails her fingers over my hairline. I trace my fingertips gently up her spine.
"Well, my arsehole does, that's for sure!" I get the hint.
"Okay, I was only trying new things."
"Yes, but I'm still only 14, so I shouldn't be doing that stuff anyway." She resumes kissing me, and I can feel myself solidifying, pushing against her slit. She's obviously not in the mood for foreplay, as she reaches around behind her, pushes my penis up and slides herself onto me, taking me slowly, a little at a time until she starts moving her body up and down my chest, sliding along my full length, stretching her neck to maintain lip contact as we continue kissing.
And my bloody phone starts ringing. I have to put it on charge every bloody night so it's beside the bed. Tasha stops moving, reaches over and grabs it.
"It's Amanda." She hits 'answer', hands me the phone and starts to move slowly again
"Hi!"
"Hey sexy! Missing me?" Tasha starts kissing my neck.
"Oh, yeah, loads. So is Tasha."
"How is she?"

“You can ask her, she’s here.” So I hand the phone back over, and Tasha keeps sliding up and down my pole as she talks. “Hi sweetie. Yeah, we’re ok. Actually, right now, he’s inside me.” Big grin. “When you get back ask me to tell you about this weekend.” She hands the phone back, and Amanda’s dropped to a whisper.
“You’re fucking? Now?”
“She started it.”
“What happened this weekend?”
Concentrating on the conversation is tricky as Tasha sits up and starts riding me hard. As no-one else is in the house she starts getting vocal. “Oh Jesus! Put it on speaker phone.” So I tap the little microphone symbol and rest the phone on the pillow beside me, Tasha and I start aggressively fucking, getting very noisy and we can hear Amanda’s breathing getting heavier on the phone, we guess she’s fapping to the sound of us fucking and it just makes us hornier. Tasha starts yelling and bouncing on me with such force I start to feel the twinge approaching, Amanda starts getting vocal as well and thanks to the wonders of modern communicative technology, we all nearly come together, Amanda just after.
“You guys have all the fun.” She sounds out of breath.
“We’re all yours when you get back.” She tells us she only called to see how we were and to get a little soppy, so we have a three-way conversation as Tasha lays on me as we come down. I hold her close, pick her up and turn over, laying her on the bed. She doesn’t leak as much as Amanda after sex, but I dash to the bathroom to get her some tissues anyway, I don’t fancy sleeping in a wet spot tonight. Amanda says bye and Tasha and I share a shower to clean up, taking care to be gentle with each others nether regions, we DID get a tad aggressive, after all.

That was pretty much it really. The rest of today was spent having cuddles on the sofa watching movies. At around 3pm an ad hoc tickling match ensued, which somehow resulted in me ripping off her trousers and going down on her again, which she reversed deftly, and gave me a very gentle blow job, which she timed expertly as not long after I came (what there was of it), our parents returned after their day out, and we only just managed to clear up the strewn pillows and clothing before they entered the house. It's a tense situation when your sister's only just swallowed a load before your mother walks in!

Tuesday 2/4/13

Tuesday morning was the epitome of the phrase ‘hit the ground running.’ The second I’d sat at my desk at work the phone rang. It was the agent calling about an apartment I was interested in, not far from my workplace. Best time to view would be at lunchtime, so an appointment is made. I check it’s fine with my boss to pop out for an hour around midday, and not only is he fine with that, but he gives me an envelope with a large amount of cash inside.
“Tip from a very grateful new car recipient. Sterling work this weekend, he asked me to give you this.” There’s a couple of hundred pounds in here, but I decide to count it later.
The apartment is awesome. Town centre, almost penthouse (not that there’s such a thing in the UK) and well within my price range. The bathroom and kitchen are fine, but the lounge and two bedrooms are in need of a makeover. I sign the paperwork, shake hands, (building rules established) and arrangements are made to get the keys to me on Friday.
I feel cheeky for asking so soon after starting a new job, but it appears my boss is already in my debt, so gives me a paid 4-day weekend to get the flat sorted. I text Tasha and Amanda to let them know, but call dad, who promises to pay the deposit for me (early birthday present, plus it puts space between me and mum).

Wednesday & Thursday 3-4/4/13

Incredibly dull, but several phone calls made to get as much ready for the flat so I can move is as soon as possible. Power’s fine, Internet/phone should be set up, I just need furniture. Luckily Tasha has a plan. Friday morning, go to Ikea (near lakeside, the setting for the changing room adventure), buy what I need. The money I was given added up to £500. Dad gave me a bit more to help out, but I promise to return what I don’t use. He tells me if I do he’ll kick me out anyway. His sense of humour’s improved greatly lately.
Tasha also suggests bringing Sarah along, (lactose intolerant with freckles) she’s hoping to take up interior design when she gets into college, which is handy, because I know fuck all about any of that stuff, so it’s arranged. First thing, I get my keys, we pick up a hire van, collect Freckles, drive to Ikea, spend crap loads. Avoid changing rooms, come home and unload. Sounds like a plan.

Friday 5/4/13

The plan doesn't start smoothly. The keys aren't delivered until 9am, so we don't get the van until half past, and it's not the van we wanted. On the plus side, it's a Luton with a tail-lift, and they don't charge us any more for the larger capacity. Sarah is on time, and we load into the 3 seats and set off. In my car it would take an hour, but the van's a little sluggish and the radio's rubbish, so the journey takes an hour and a half and the conversation wanes after a while.
Finally, we come up to the large and garish blue & yellow building. I park at the rear of the car park as it's always too busy, plus I can move it down to the loading bay later.
The trick with Ikea is to never take the short-cuts, that way insanity lies, so we traipse around the winding walkway, until we get to the made-up room sets. There's a couple of nice black and white settings I like, and Sarah takes over, going back and forth between the two picking out things that would complement each other. She writes out names and warehouse locations on her pad, then it's off to 'accessories'. All in all we're there for 3 hours, so decide to grab lunch before actually hitting the checkouts, and avoiding the meatballs. While we're sitting at the table, I notice Sarah keeps looking at me, then Tasha, then back at me. Tasha notices it too.
"What?"
"What's going on between you two?"
"What do you mean?" She takes a sip from the straw in her coke.
"Well, I know you two are ex brother-and-sister, but you two are something else."
"As in...?"
"Well, for the first thing, you guys were holding hands for over half an hour. Siblings don't tend to do that, no matter how close they are." Shit, I hadn't noticed, and by the look on Tasha's face, neither had she.
"We've just got a lot closer lately. A lot's happened in the last few weeks. Started with me nearly dying, then finding out we're not actually related, and our mother's... unwell. We've just spent a lot of time comforting each other." Raised eyebrows from our interrogator.
"Oh, not like that you perv! We just like each other's company a lot, like you said, brothers and sisters aren't normally this close, but we're not related anyway, so if anything, we're closer." She thinks about this for a while.
"Thought it might be something like that. And Amanda doesn't mind?"
"Nope, She cares for Tasha as much as I do. Probably something to do with nearly killing her with a hockey stick and getting all protective." There must be something in our tone as she drops the inquisition.
"Fair enough, I was just curious." But there's something in her expression I'm not completely comfortable with. I need to assert myself here.
"Actually, I was curious about you and Christine."
"How do you mean?"

“On the night you all slept over, I just wondered which one of you two grabbed hold of my dick first.”
Tasha spits out her drink, and Sarah goes scarlet red and drops to a whisper. “Oh my god! You were awake?”
“Yes, that kind of thing tends to wake a man up.”
Tasha is goggle-eyed. “When was this?”
“Christine dared me. We couldn’t help it. Especially after you told us how big it was.” I’m grinning like a smug bastard, and Tasha’s initial surprise wanes into humour.
“And was it everything you thought it would be?” I didn’t think it was possible for someone to get any redder, but she managed.
“Yes. It was... impressive. Sorry.”
I can’t keep it up and burst into laughter, hopefully that’s the end of the probing questions, so we finish lunch talking about everything except holding hands and holding penises, and venture down to the warehouse to start purchasing the larger stuff.
A lot of heavy lifting and a much lighter wallet later, all my purchases are in the van, and we head off. Sadly, we pick the wrong time to leave as the traffic over the QE bridge is static. Sarah’s sitting by the passenger door and Tasha’s in the middle, asleep.
“Holy crap! That was quick!”
“She does that sometimes since the accident. We were concerned but as long as she’s breathing she’s ok.” Silence. “Sorry if I embarrassed you back there.”
I’m concentrating on the stationary traffic ahead but I can see her shake her head.
“No, I’m sorry, I was getting rude, asking about you and her. Your private life is none of my business, I was just being nosy.”
“Like when you snuck into my room?”
“It wasn’t my fault, honestly. Christine dared me to, and it was late, so we figured you’d be asleep anyway...”
“I’m just glad I didn’t disappoint!”
She laughs. “I’d never touched one before, I just wanted to know what it was like.”
“I thought you said you had.”
“How did you know I’d said that?” Oh crap, I’ll wager Tasha hasn’t told them about the secret monitor. Better not mention I’ve seen her topless either.
“Amanda filled me in the day after. You girls do like to gossip.”
“Well, yeah, I kinda lied about that. But anyway, it was dark, so we didn’t actually see it.” I look at her, and there’s a look in her eyes. It’s subtle, but the way she left the last sentence hanging was a little obvious.
“Probably for the best, they do say if virginal maidens catch sight of male members before wedlock it sends them mad.” She snorts.
“That’s utter bollocks! Who said that?”
“I did, just then.” She sounds disappointed I didn’t take the hint, but I’ve already got two teenagers lusting after my trousers. Adding the possibility of a third is too much to handle. Which is a shame, as now I’ve spent more time with her, she’s incredibly attractive, and

those freckles just add to it. “By the way, what was all that with Christine at the sleepover?”
“What do you mean?”
“I mean the bit where she ran into my room, fully naked, babbling something weird then ran out again.”
“Oh, it was truth or dare. She had to strip and run into your room and say something like ‘look at my jubblies.’ It was quite lame really. She’s still embarrassed about it.”
“Don’t know why, she’s got a good figure.”
“Yes, but she’s 14, and it was truth or dare, so we wasn’t keen.”
“So that’s why she wouldn’t look me in the eye the next morning?”
“No, that was probably because she held onto your penis later that night.”
“So did you, and you seem ok.” I can feel her going red without looking. The traffic starts moving, and the noise made when I pay the toll at the bottom of the slope brings Tasha back to us, and we chat about bugger all for the hour or so it takes to drive home. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Sarah throwing glances at me, but I only return the look once or twice. I don’t want her to get the impression I’m interested, because I’m not. No sir-ree bob.

It’s late when we get back, But we’ve got time to pop into B&Q (Home Depot) to pick up a particular shade of red paint, brushes, sheets, overalls, and various other items that signify a busy weekend ahead.
We drop Sarah off at her home, with the promise she’ll drop by the flat over the weekend to advise on the look of the place. She cheek-kisses Tasha, then comes around to my open window, dives in and gives me a cheeky kiss before rushing indoors.
“That was unexpected.”
“Well, I can’t help it, I’m a chick magnet. It’s a curse!”
“Oh shut up. Don’t tell Amanda. She’s ok sharing you with me, but Sarah? Probably not so much.”
“Don’t worry, I felt the same. Two girls jumping up and down on my dick is enough for one man.”
“You’re young, you can take it!” We decide to take the van home, and unload it at the flat in the morning. We grab some dinner and Tasha goes to take a shower. I fill the parents in on what I bought for the apartment, and dad offers to help me unload the van in the morning, before he and mum disappear for the day.
I go upstairs and Tasha’s already in my bed, fast asleep. I grab a quick shower, then crawl in behind her. She’s wearing a nightie with no knickers, so snuggle up behind her and park my dick between her legs against her pussy. She shifts slightly, but she’s dead to the world, so there’s nothing to do except sleep.

Saturday 6/4/13

True to his word, dad follows us to the flat, taking mum & Tommy along so they can have a nose. Tommy has a wonderful time haring around the empty flat before getting on a box to gaze out of the window (nearly top floor so there's a hell of a view). Mum's bought a few things to fill out my bare food stocks, and they also give me a kettle & Coffee pod machine, with only the slightest hint a round of teas would be lovely. Tasha gets a text from Sarah telling us she'll be around in a couple of hours, so Dad and I unload the van putting appropriate boxes in the relevant rooms. Then they have to be off, leaving me and Tasha in the flat.

Not unexpectedly, the second the door closes she jumps up at me, I catch her and we kiss, her back against the wall and her hands stroking my hair. The she stops.
"Wait a minute..." she gets off me, then goes back to the window where Tommy was looking from, there aren't any buildings nearby at our height so you have to get closer to the window before you can see another soul. Tasha spots our parents leaving and starts waving, but at the same time, she undoes the button on her jeans, and pulls them down, along with her knickers, revealing her bare bum and pussy to me.
"Best make it quick, we've got work to do!"
I'm instantly solid, so release the Kraken as I get closer, and wasting no time I insert myself inside her, slowly entering her willing vagina until I'm also in a position where I can lean over and wave at our parents as they drive away from the front of the building. It's technically a bloody risky thing to do, especially as Tasha hasn't got a poker face when it comes to sex, and I can just make out her pained expression in the reflection of the window as I start fucking her tight little hole.

Remembering the same position I did with Amanda in the swimming pool changing cubicle, I put an arm on her chest and pull her up, as the same time moving further back into the room, being so close to the window was making me nervous, so I fuck-walk her to a small box by a wall (she's nearly a foot shorter than me so the manoeuvre caused a fair amount of bending) and continue to thrust up inside her, kissing the back of her neck and massaging her tits over her T-shirt and flimsy bra.

We start to get close at the same time, the new position is working wonders for her as I rub against the front wall of her canal, and she closes her mouth to stop her yelling as she comes. I'm still a little way off, but as I get close, she hears my breathing quicken, gets off me, spins me around up against the wall and drops to her knees, taking me back into her mouth, pumping my shaft furiously and sucking my bell-end for all she's worth, before my hips slacken and I ejaculate, Tasha swallowing every spurt as it comes. I stand there, my knees barely able to take my weight as she kneels in front of me, holding my dick in place with her tongue, giving gentle sucks every now and again to make sure she gets every last drop.

At last she release me, stands up and pulls up her trousers, does herself up then sorts me out, gently placing my dick back in my boxers before doing up my Zip.
“Don’t want you ruining the carpet on your first day. Don’t suppose you bought any mouthwash?” I shake my head. “This wasn’t on my list of things to do today.”
“Oh well, you were on mine!” She kisses me on the cheek, then goes to the toilet to clean up a little.

When we visited B&Q yesterday, I got a 5-pack of CSI style coveralls, disposable all-in-one full body suits just like the SOCOs use. Some bright spark figured out decorators may find them handy to protect their clothes. Tasha exits the bathroom and I hand her one. A gleam appears in her eye and she dashes off to the toilet again. Weird. Still her reason is obvious when she returns a few minutes later, I can see she’s completely naked under it, and I can see her bare minimalistic cleavage disappearing behind the white cloth as she fastens the zip.
“No point risking it!”
“Yeah, but surely that’s overkill?”
“Are you actually complaining?”
I shake my head and crack on with the front room. However, we’ve barely got all the floor sheeting down when the intercom buzzes. Tasha answers it and opens the door downstairs.
“Who is it?”
“You’ll see.”
A minute or two later, there’s a tap on the door to the flat. I open the door and Amanda’s standing there with her mother. My girlfriend throws herself at me and gives me a bear hug, followed by a respectful-parents-present kiss, then gives Tasha a hug.
“Sorry, she insisted we came here first, we haven’t even been home yet!”
“That’s ok, did you want a cup of tea?”
“No, I’d better not, Husband and child awaits, but we could always pop over later?”
“Sure. Amanda, are you staying or coming back?” But her latching onto my arm is obvious enough. “Well, if it’s ok with your mum, but we’ve only just started decorating.”
She nods silently, her mum kisses her goodbye and the front door closes. I start heading back to the front room when there’s a small thud behind me. Amanda and Tasha are kissing with as much vigour as I was with my sister earlier, hands in each other’s hair, I never knew they missed each other that much. While it’s a wonderful sight, I leave them to it and put the kettle on anyway.
“Oh Christ! Oh Jesus! OH FUCK!!”
Wondering what the hell is going on, I go back out to the hallway. They’re still in the same place just behind the door, but Tasha’s nearly naked, her overalls are down by her feet and Amanda’s crouched down, her face buried deeply in Tasha’s pussy, and I can see her jaw moving as she works my sister’s genitals furiously. Tasha’s hands are on the sides of her friend’s head, and her face is that mixture of pain and pleasure again, eyes half closed,

she looks like she's been taken unawares but is helpless to do anything about it. I see her body convulsing as she has a massive orgasm, and Amanda slows, but doesn't stop, making Tasha come again, and again. Eventually, she breaks away, kisses Tasha's mound, then stands up, kissing her on the lips again. My sister looks exhausted, leaning against the wall, her arms limp by her side. Amanda bends down, picks up the overalls laying around Tasha's ankles and puts them back on her, kissing her forehead as she does up the zip.
"You have no idea how much I've missed that!"
I cough subtly. "And what about me?"
She comes over and kisses me, I can taste Tasha on her.
"By the taste of her, I think you need some recharging before I jump on you."
"Taste?" She kisses me again.
"I can taste your dick in her pussy and your come in her mouth. I thought you were supposed to be decorating?"
"We were, but we keep getting distracted."
Then Tasha talks for the first time in a while. "Can I get some help? I don't think my knees are working properly."

Funnily enough, we do actually get down to some decorating, and Amanda uses the same clothes preservation technique as Tasha, but after a while she puts her bra back on, as the inside of the overalls start rubbing against her nipples (Jogger's nipple, look it up). Not long after, Sarah arrives, hugs all round, dons some overalls (over clothes) and the interior design starts in earnest, Sarah using the kitchen tops as a work station. The walls are finished, but obviously we can't put any furniture up until the paint fully dries. Amanda, being the strongest helps me shift around some of the larger boxes so I can at least put up the bed, a couple of wardrobes and the twin beds in the spare room (for the look of the thing, they push together easily enough.) Timing is perfect as the mattresses for the beds arrive just as we finish. And it's all I can do to stop myself throwing Amanda on the new bed and christening it straight away. I don't think Sarah would understand how advanced our relationship is, but I reckon she's got a shrewd idea anyway, best not to raise her suspicions any further.
We've made incredible progress today, having helpers helps, and it's not until we're sitting down for a break that Sarah notices what the girls are actually wearing.
"You didn't have to take all your clothes off, you know"
"True, but it's very liberating, you can be nude without being naked." Tasha pulls down the zip to her bellybutton, and flashes her tits, I pretend to be embarrassed. "You should give it a try." She blushes scarlet again, but gets off the floor and disappears into the bathroom, returning a few minutes later. What the girls didn't tell her was that if you're clean shaven, it's fine, but Sarah isn't and when she returns, her dark nipples and pubic hair are very obvious. I notice it, but don't say anything, and the girls probably don't care anyway. Sarah glances at me and goes a delicate shade of pink.

“Better?”
“Yes, you’re right, this is very freeing.” And she jiggles her shoulders, making her boobs move under the material. The conversation carries on as normal, and I find myself in the company of 3 teenage girls, all technically naked except for some very flimsy white material which doesn’t really hide anything. Normally, I’d be feeling awkward about the whole thing, but I’m getting so used to girls from their school acting this way it doesn’t phase me at all. That said, I do keep catching myself staring at her dark patches, and Amanda keeps nudging me back to reality.
We’ve done pretty much all we can do for today, so Sarah re-clothes, and it’s hugs all round before she leaves (she doesn’t live that far away) so it’s just me and the girls. Amanda goes into my room, closes the curtains, takes off her overalls and bra, then lays on the bed. I follow her in, but Tasha stays outside, closing the door behind me. Hopefully I’m recharged enough, so I slip into the bed beside her and hold her.
“Missed you.”
“As much as you missed Tasha?”
“She was closest at the time.”
We make love. It’s awesome. Before now we’d just fucked, but this was slower, gentler, more loving and considerate. Tasha comes back in after a respectable time with two cups of tea and sits on the bed as we hold each other.

“Feel better for that?” Amanda nods. “Good, because your mother’s coming back soon and I don’t think you should be naked with a pussy full of spunk when she arrives.” Amanda does her best not to spray her tea across my new duvet as I burst out laughing. Tasha hands her some tissue and we take the hint, getting respectable in good time before Amanda’s mum reappears, husband and child in tow. Tours are given, tea is drunk, and Amanda gives us a sad farewell. Phone calls are made and Tasha decides to sleep here tonight, Pizza is ordered, beers are purchased and DVDs are watched. It’s mutually but quietly agreed that there’s been far too much sex already today, so we finally retire at a respectable 2am, having had a few beers, but I still manage to go down on her for a relaxing 10 minutes of licking and sucking before finally falling asleep in each other’s arms.

Sunday 7/4/13

It takes a while before I remember where the hell I am, but having Tasha in my arms, and as it happens, holding onto my penis while she sleeps, makes the place feel like home. We wake up slowly, and have a gentle morning screw. I'll be glad to have a week at work so my balls can recover, they feel like raisins after the workout they've had this weekend. I still have the van for today so we take it to my parents' house, grab breakfast and sorely needed toiletries, and load up the rest of my stuff, including my PC setup. Tasha's annoyed she'll only have the crappy home PC to do her homework with, but she's always welcome over at mine anyway.

Back at the flat we get the rest of the stuff in, and as the paint's dry, I can finally put the front room furniture together, Amanda turns up, the sofa gets delivered at 2, and I'm nearly set. My internet got turned on on Saturday, but I didn't have the PC. I had a steady stream of visitors all day, including Sarah and Christine, who'd just returned from holiday. Christine seemed to feel left out as Sarah was more at ease around me than before, but Amanda's sixth sense kicked in and she helped her feel more involved. I manage to get a moment with her myself in the kitchen.
"If it helps, all three girls were naked yesterday."
"Really?"
"Well, technically. We all had overalls on, but that was it."
"I miss all the fun"
"Don't worry about it, I've already seen you naked."
"What? When? Oh, the other week. Sorry, they dared me."
"Don't apologise, there are worse things to run into your room at night. Plus you were in and out so quick I hardly saw anything anyway." She pauses, takes a breath and mumbles something, blushing wildly.
"Sorry?"
"I said 'I can show you again if you like'." It's just above a whisper. Awkward.
"Look, Christine..."
"Sorry, I shouldn't have said that..." and with that, she rushes from the kitchen, passing Tasha as she comes in. "Everything ok?" I give a shrug.
"Don't know, I think she might be crushing on me."
"What makes you think that?"
"I just told her I didn't actually see anything when she ran naked into my room the other night, and I think she just offered to give me a private viewing."
"Really? But Christine's really shy. I'd never have thought she'd do something like that. She must have it bad."
"What can I say? Chick magnet." She bats my arm and leaves me to my thoughts.
I've no idea what actually goes on at their school, but being single-sex they obviously don't get much contact with boys, so spending this much time in the company of ANY man (not

just me) is obviously causing some kind of watershed. I just wish that happened at my school when I was their age.
I go back into the front room and all four girls are there, seemingly deep in conversation. Tasha spots me and stands up. “We’ve come to the conclusion that there’s a lot of pent-up sexual tension bouncing around the room, and if we’re all going to be regular house guests, it needs to be nipped in the bud.”
I’m just standing there dumbfounded.
“Sexual tension? Really?”
“Oh please, we’re from an all girl’s school, so it must be fairly obvious what’s going on. So I’ve proposed we close all the curtains and get naked. Nothing sexual, just nudity, just to break the ice.” Amanda looks a little miffed, and the other two are crimson red. I beckon Amanda over, she joins me in the corner of the room.
“Are you ok with this?” She gives a half-hearted nod.
“I suppose so, if it stops those two batting their eyelids at you, all the better.” I wasn’t aware of any batting, but I give her a hug, which she returns forcefully. She goes to close the curtains and the other three girls stand up.
No-one is forthcoming, so I start to disrobe. It’s not a sexual thing (so I’m told) so it’s less than a minute before I’m just in my boxers. All four are staring straight at my package, Amanda and Tasha are smiling, but the other two just look fascinated, so I grab the waistband and whip my boxers down, shifting my feet to get them fully off, then stand up. Given the situation, I’m not erect, but I’m nearly halfway. My sister and girlfriend have the expression they’re seeing an old friend, but Sarah & Christine give little gasps. It’s slightly above average, but I guess it’s pretty much the first one they’ve actually seen for real, and they don’t stop staring.
“Well? Your turn. I don’t want to be the only naked person here.”
Amanda & Tasha start to remove their clothing with comfort, with the other two being more hesitant. Eventually all four are down to bras and knickers. My two whip theirs off with abandon, their nakedness activating my erectile tissue. Slowly but surely Sarah & Christine simultaneously remove their bras, and their breasts are very similar. More than a handful, with dark, puffy nipples. They’re still reluctant to remove their knickers, but Amanda gives them a 321 countdown and they’re off. Neither girl shaves, but they’re very tidy. Obviously Sarah bleaches her head hair, as she’s very dark naturally. Christine is fairer, and there’s a little strip above her visible slit, she’s half-covering herself as she’s obviously still body conscious. The whole sight is incredible, and I have to control myself before I start knocking stuff over.
“Right, now we’re all naked, I believe there’s still work to do.” It’s more bizarre than yesterday, as the girls go about menial tasks while fully naked. Amanda helps me put up a few bookcases, but I’m very conscious that her tits will get in the way, and I’m also conscious that our guests are still snatching glances at my dick. Amanda spots it too.

“I know how to handle this. Guys, come here a second.” Sarah and Christine walk over. Amanda grabs Christine’s hand and moves it towards my cock. She resists slightly, but then relents and gently holds onto me. Her skin is very soft and slow movements make me gain rigidity. Sarah’s hand is placed next to her friends’ and Amanda guides each of my hands onto their breasts. Naturally, nature takes over and the girls start massaging my now solid shaft. I look over and see Tasha on the other side of the room. Obviously she can’t join in, as we’re supposed to be step-siblings, but she has her hand between her legs as she starts frigging herself. It’s an awkward position, but my hands find a bum cheek of each girl and I start stroking them. The girls are fixated on my dick as it enlarges in their hands, and I turn to Amanda and whisper in her ear.
“How far are we taking this?” She kisses me.
“As far as you want to.”
“You don’t mind?”
“I told you weeks ago, it’s no-commitment flirty sex stuff. Just enjoy it.” She goes around the back of the girls and whispers simultaneously in their ears. They both get onto their knees while still playing with my dick. Tasha is beckoned over and she and Amanda kneel behind their friends, and reach around to hold a boob and place a hand on pussies. The increase in breathing tells me there’s a lot of mutual masturbation going on as the girls seem to have reached behind them to share the pussy-play. It’s too much for me and I start to come, taking my dick from their hands and taking aim, shooting thick wads over their faces, some even bridging the gap and landing on Amanda’s tits.

My come is everywhere, dripping off their faces onto their chests, and the girls slowly begin to get each other off. Amanda leans forward and gives me a gentle suck, then urges Sarah to do the same. She’s very reluctant and only gives me a fleeting touch on her lips. Christine is the surprise, as she takes me into her mouth quite a way, and gives a very satisfying suck, making me regain a little solidity. However she obviously isn’t keen on the taste as she rushes off to the bathroom and I can hear her spitting into the sink. Sarah is guided into the bathroom as well, taking care not to drip onto the carpets. A shower is run and turns are taken in cleaning off. Naked hugs follow, with Christine giving my dick another stroke.
“Thank you.”
“You’re welcome. Now remember, this was just ‘a thing’, I’m with Amanda.”
She smiles and nods. “I know, and I respect that. We both do. Just remember, if it all goes tits up, I’m waiting.”
“You’re not going to start stalking me are you?”
She laughs. “You’re cute, but not that cute.” She lets go, to be replaced by Sarah, her pubic hair tickling my flaccid dick. Same conversation. It’s just me and my girls left in the bathroom, and Tasha pulls my face down to hers and kisses me hard.
“I hated being left out of that, I’ll make it up to you later.” She bends down, takes me into her mouth and gives me a quick but energetic suck, then dashes out of the room. Amanda

locks the door behind her and resumes where Tasha left off. Slowly I get erect again, but it's still a little sore after coming so soon earlier. Amanda must realise this as she's incredibly gentle, before turning around and putting her hands on the sink, bending over and offering herself to me. She's incredibly wet, so penetration is mercifully easy, and it's only a couple of minutes before I come inside her, getting her off digitally in the process.

We finally leave the bathroom to raised eyebrows, the other girls are still naked, but we all decide the moment's passed, so clothes are located, separated and replaced. Amanda's experiment seems to have worked as the tension that was there before has completely vanished, and the atmosphere in the flat is a hundred times better than before. We talk genially about what's happened, hows and whys, but it's well established that it'll probably be the only time I'm intimate with Sarah & Christine, and while we don't say anything out loud, sex with either of them is completely off the table.

Not long after it's time to say goodbye to the guests, hugs and kisses, and promises of discretion are made (from all sides). Not long after Amanda's mum returns for a cuppa and a chin-wag, and my girlfriend leaves with a teary hug. Then it's just me and Tasha again.
"Did that actually happen today?"
"Oh yes."
"Did this get worse or better?"
"It's about the same. I trust those two, but it goes all ways. I doubt they'll say anything, but it'll be two against two if they do. But don't worry about it."
"What if they want to do anything else with me?"
"I don't think they do. Nothing personal, I just think they wanted the experience. But I'll keep an eye on Christine, she really likes you."
"Yeah, I got that impression." She must still see the trepidation in my face as she comes over and sits beside me, hugging my waist.
"I told you, don't worry about it. Amanda and I were thinking of pimping you out anyway."
I really hope she's joking. Tasha went home at 7 (after another awesome gentle session under the bedsheets). I put my system back together and hooked up the internet, so I've been browsing and typing since, in-between flirty phone calls from Tasha and Amanda, and a couple of friendly texts from the other two. I'll be glad to get back to work, I don't think my testicles can take any more this weekend.

Monday 8/4/13

Monday morning I found myself at a loose end. I had been given a 4-day weekend to move in, but that's all done and dusted. Also, for god only knows what reason, I woke up at 8am and couldn't get back to sleep. There was bit of junk mail on the mat, one of which was for a Gym, which is literally 200 yards from my front door, I grab breakfast and a coffee, power up the PC and look at the Gym's website. It's a bare-bones affair, minimal staff, and once you're a member you're given an access code for the door. (Apparently they're 24 hours, with only CCTV to watch over you as you have a fatal heart attack, I make a note never to go there at 3am). I sign up, pay the first month and text Amanda.
'Morning beautiful. Up to anything?'
'Aren't you at work?'
'Back tomorrow.'
'Oh cool, I'll come over'
'I've just joined a gym, was going to pop there for a couple of hours.'
'The one near you?'
'Yep'
'I'm a member. I'll meet you there. Xxx'
I text Tasha, but she's coming into town with Freckles and Christine, With the promise of popping by the flat later.

So I grab a shower, get some workout gear together and head out. I'm not kidding when I say it's close. Out the door, turn right, up the hill for 200 yards and bingo. I printed off the access code and step into the air-lock like door, which rotates, and I look for a member of staff. He shows me a locker, asks me a few questions about my physical health, and I'm given free reign of the place. It's fairly sterile, more equipment than floor space, so I find a treadmill looking at the door and start a slow jog.

Ten minutes later Amanda steps into the airlock. I have to stop running as she looks incredible. I mean, I've seen her naked, which is fantastic enough, but she's wearing tight black lycra, with pink detailing, showing a little cleavage and her toned midriff. Her hair's up in a ponytail which she doesn't wear that often. She smiles at me (heart a'fluttering) says hello to the guy I spoke to earlier, puts her stuff in her locker and comes over.
"Hey sexy, nice shorts!"
"You don't look so bad yourself sweet cheeks. Nice lycra."
She gives me a twirl, but lays off the over-seduction. It's apparent she's been a here a few times and the staff must know her age, so abstinence is the watchword. She gets on the treadmill next to mine and before long we're jogging instep with each other. We have a little race as we slowly up the speed, but it's been a while since I did anything like this so I soon relent and resume at a normal pace.
"Getting old?"

“Knickers. I thought I’d give you a break, those tits could do you a mischief if you shake them around too much.”
She laughs. “No chance, I’ve got a cast-iron bra on.” Sure enough, she looks more neatly packed up top. “Mind you, I think they’ve grown again, I’m busting out of those bras Tasha got for me already.”
“You’ll have to show me later.”
“Naturally.” We continue to work out together, there’s only a few people in, so we have the run of the place. I lift a few weights with Amanda spotting, then we swap, my groin dangerously close to her head. She nearly drops the bar when she’s not concentrating and we decide that’ll do. They don’t have any showers but she planned ahead and brought a change of clothes, presumably to change into them at the flat.

We get our stuff and head out, walking the short distance to the flat hand-in-hand.
The door’s hardly closed before we’re all over each other, again, but it’s not long before we realise we both stink, which is an effective passion killer. She grabs her bag and darts into the bathroom, but doesn’t close the door. I follow her in and watch her undress. The shower’s not really big enough for two, so I go to the kitchen to fix a drink when there’s a knock at the door, which is odd as visitors normally have to buzz through the intercom. I pull the bathroom door closed and open the door. There are two police officers standing there.

You know those situations where a million possible reasons for an event run through your mind in a fraction of a second? Yeah, I just had that. One of them asks if I’m me.
“Yes? Is anything wrong?”
“Can we step inside?”
“Actually, not yet. What’s wrong?”
“Actually, we want to talk with your sister and girlfriend, if we can. We were told by your parents they might be here. Some thing’s come to light at their school we need to discuss. It’s not really something we’d like to discuss in a hallway.” I let them in and usher them into the front room. I stand outside the bathroom door and make my voice loud and clear.
“Amanda, some policemen are here. Something about your school?” There’s the sound of panicky movements, then a small voice.
“I’ll be right out.” I grab my phone from my bag and sure enough there’s a few missed calls from mum. I hit recall and tell her what’s happening, then call Tasha. She tells me she’s not far, and sure enough all three turn up, with terrified looks on their faces, especially since the last time they were all here they were all naked performing sexual acts on each other, and me. I introduce them to the officers, Amanda exits the bathroom fully clothed with her shirt buttoned all the way up to her neck, and everyone’s seated. Names and contact details are taken, and phone calls to Sarah & Christine’s parents are made, and I’m the nominated responsible adult. No-one’s in any trouble, and the fact 4 girls from the same school are in the same place, it saves a lot of legwork for the officers. Coffees are offered,

diet cokes for the girls and the officers start explaining why they're there.
It would seem that the school's caretaker has been spying on the girls in the shower after PE lessons. UK schools are closed for Easter, this is the second week, and it's a time when a lot of schools get some work done. One of these jobs was the shower block being re-tiled in a few areas, and the ventilation system cleaned.
In the first week, the caretaker slipped off a stepladder and broke his ankle, and the headmaster took over his duties. Meanwhile, the caretaker (from home) called the firm due to clean the ventilation to cancel. Unfortunately, they called the school to confirm, and the Head overruled him. This fired off some warning signs, which were confirmed when one of the vent covers was removed to find a tiny camera secured to one of the side walls.
"As far as we can tell, it's been cannibalised from a wireless baby monitor, powered from the fan system. Whenever the fans were turned on, so was the camera." This is sounding familiar.
"And he had the receiver hooked to a TV somewhere?" They nod. "I had the same setup at home to check on my baby brother."
"We checked his office, which is only separated by a few walls from the block, and it was set up there. Obviously he didn't intend to break his leg, so called the company to cancel."
Sarah and Christine are holding each other's hands, visibly upset. But Tasha and Amanda look genuinely horrified. Give their new closeness, I'll wager they may have snatched a few moments together when they though no-one was looking. I ask the question they can't ask.
"Was he recording anything?"
"No, as far as we can tell, he just watched, but as the block was used every day, he didn't need to."
Sarah rushes to the bathroom where we can hear retching. Tasha goes after her, but I can see she's relieved, as is Amanda, who comes down to sit by Christine. Sarah returns, led by my sister.
"So what did you want to ask us? Has he been arrested?"
"Yes, for various things, but what we want to know is, did he ever make any physical advances towards any of you?" Four shaking heads. "What we mean is, did he ever make any excuse to place you in a private setting with him?" Again, all negative. Christine speaks up.
"We all thought he was a little creepy, but he was pretty quiet, He kept his distance, really."
That's when it hits me, he's the guy who accompanied Amanda to the hospital when Tasha had her accident. I ask her directly if he acted strange in any way when he drive her to the hospital. She shakes her head.
"No, he never said a word, kept his hands on the wheel. In fact, I tried to speak to him but he never spoke." The officers look at each other and sigh.
"Well, it's not definite, but it looks like he just liked to watch. We've interviewed a few girls from your school over the last few days and they're all backing up what you say." They stand up to leave, they thank the girls for their time, apologise if they've upset them, and I see them to the door.

“So what’s likely to happen to him, eventually?”
“Realistically, he’s already fired. The girls at that school start at age 11, but he didn’t record anything so child pornography’s not on the cards. More than likely he’ll have to sign the sex offender’s register and he’ll never work with children again.” We shake hands and they leave. Tasha meets me in the hallway and embraces me tightly.
“Always knew he was fucking weird.”
“So are you, he was only doing what you did during the sleepover.” She gives a gentle chuckle.
“Yeah, but I wasn’t the one who set up the camera in the showers.”
“You guys ok?”
“I think Amanda is, don’t know about the other two.” So we go back into the front room and Amanda seems to have got them smiling. Drinks are replenished, and the girls call their parents to tell them what’s transpired. I’m put on the phone to confirm I was in the room when the kids were questioned, and I promise to provide a taxi service when they want to go home. They had intended to mooch around town all day, but the police visit has knocked the wind out of their so they ask if they can hang around the flat, again.
“Well, ok. On one condition. Try to keep your clothes on?” This gets a laugh, and they settle down wherever they can, Sarah choosing a DVD (Notting Hill again) and they seem to be set. I finally grab my shower, and amazingly, I’m not disturbed by a mystery guest. For the hell of it, I walk out of the bathroom with no shirt on, and since the workout, I’m slightly more toned than before (it didn’t last) and get a few desired wolf-whistles as I pass the front room door walking to the kitchen. Tasha comes out to join me, but she’s not smiling.
“I think we need to stop.”
“How do you mean?”
“When those policemen showed up at your door, what was the very first thing that entered your head. Be honest.” I think about it. I know what she’s talking about. It wasn’t me thinking something had happened to my parents, or to Tasha.
“I thought they’d found about us. All of us.”
She nods. “I would have too. It’s just too risky. Now you’ve got your own place, having streams of girls coming in and out is going to get noticed. It’s probably only a matter of time.” I know exactly what she means, and damn her, I could never fault her logic. Amanda comes in and sees the look on our faces. She and Tasha have gained a very close understanding of each others emotions, and she sighs.
“Too close?” We both nod. She comes over and we hug.
“I’m still your girlfriend though, right?”
“Christ, yes, I’m not letting you go that easily. We just have to wait 2 years.”
“Fuck that, I’m 16 in 15 months. Then we can do whatever we fucking want!”
So that’s it, dear reader. I’m finally ending it. The visit today put the fear of Christ in me, and given the new situation, we just can’t risk it. What’s done is done, and by the lord Harry, do we not regret it, nor will we ever. Tasha is still having sleepovers, but we’ve

resolved to keep our hands to ourselves. Amanda can come over whenever she wants, but again, decorum is the key.

Goodbye, farewell, thanks you so much for reading & Tasha sends naked hugs.

**That is where the story ended, or so we thought. Two months later, The story continues.*

Despite the sobering events of the end of April, the girls still invariably popped by. Mainly my unofficial squeezes, Tasha & Amanda, but sometimes Sarah (Freckles) and Christine would be in tow.
Naturally, I didn't want this to be a regular thing, four 14 year old girls coming by the flat of a single 18 year old tenant would invariably raise eyebrows with the neighbours, but due to a few random conversations with other tenants and the landlord, the technically accurate notion was put forward that Tasha was indeed my sister, and the 3 other girls merely her friends, who liked to frequent my establishment as it gave them momentary freedom from the pressures of home and academic life. It also helped I knew a couple of the other residents from school days, and the girls would always help some of my older neighbours in with their shopping. It wasn't long before the girls were regarded as a bunch of nice, friendly and helpful kids who were only too happy to help out.

Naturally, once behind the comfort of my front door, and once sure we wouldn't be disturbed, the apartment quickly became an ad-hoc naturist site.
After the 'tension-breaking' episode instigated by Amanda during the flat's decoration, Freckles & Chris think nothing of whipping off their tops and walking around in just their knickers. It took some getting used to but bizarrely enough, they say it helps them concentrate when they're doing their homework. They always have their discarded clothing nearby just in case we have unexpected visitors, but luckily we haven't had any 'oops Vicar' farcical running around the flat and hiding in wardrobe-type situations – yet.

Ordinarily, and if I didn't have the start of the year I'd had, 8 breasts of varying sizes moving with gay abandon around the flat would seem awkward, but as they're attached to girls of exceptional intelligence with finely-tuned moral compasses it's amazing how quickly you get used to it. I've been told I'm under no obligation to participate in the festivities, but I'll normally take my shirt off just to fit in. I actually have a reason to do this this week as I've had a rather large piece of artwork tattooed to my upper arm and the exposure aids the healing. Amanda loves it and is fascinated, and the other girls were ok once it stopped bleeding.

So that's the situation up to date. The girls are still frequenting the flat, I'm still gainfully employed at the Audi dealership, but I haven't been asked to drive £100k super-cars to Birmingham since that first time. Mum's completely fine, with no relapses or episodes since that one time...

Saturday 8/6/2013

As for events, there's one to speak of. Last weekend I'd just got back from a bout of Window Shopping up town (which actually ended up with me buying Bioshock Infinite and some extra DDR3 ram sticks) when I get a phone call from Freckles.
She'd been up town herself (ships in the night, it's a big town) but she'd forgotten her keys. Having called her parents, they were actually broken down by the side of the road some 30 miles away, and they wouldn't be recovered for at least 2 hours by the RAC. She's been up town with Christine and they'd gone their separate ways before she realised her predicament. Of course I told her to come over and I'd drop her off once her parents were home (I've spoken to them a couple of times. Very modern types) so a few minutes later she turns up, and as she's on her own her demeanour is completely different. I've had time on my own with her before, and she's as smart and confident as Amanda, but as she's completely on her own with me, a shyness kicks in. It's quite sweet actually, but I tell her to make herself at home and she plonks herself on the sofa and throws on a DVD.

Offers of refreshments are made and administered, and I sit down beside her watching Hitchhiker's and scoffing down sandwiches. I do notice that she's remaining fully clothed, something that stands out as normally she's the first to whip off her top when all the girls are here. I don't mention it, but she obviously senses something.
"It would have felt awkward on my own, like I was trying to seduce you or something."
I stifle a chuckle as it's so damn cute. Mind you, I've always been nuts about her freckles and her eyes are incredible, and before I know what I'm doing, my arm's resting on the back of the sofa and I'm absent-mindedly playing with the hair on the edge of her fringe. She blushes and I catch myself.
"Ah, sorry. Force of habit"
She tucks the errant strands of hair behind an ear and we carry on watching the bit where Trillians' just about to be fed to the Ravenous Bug-Blattered beast of Traag when she blurts out. "If you weren't with Amanda, would you fancy me?"
I've been here before, it's shaky ground, loaded questions and the possibility of a Fatal-Attraction-type bunny boiler as the outcome if I get it wrong. I decide to be painfully blunt, and completely honest.
"I am with Amanda, yes, but I DO fancy you anyway. Have done for ages, actually." The look of shock on her face is classic, but it quickly disappears behind a huge grin.
"Really?"
"Well, yeah, you're very attractive. You're smart, very sexy and I love the freckles"
This causes her to go beetroot red. "My freckles? I hate them." She averts her gaze but I move her face back to mine.
"They're gorgeous. And you've got incredible eyes too. A man could lose himself in them. You'll make someone very happ..." I can't finish my platitude as she's planted her lips on mine and her tongue forces its way into my mouth.

I should protest. I'm with Amanda, and Tasha (kinda) and I love them both, but this little bundle of sexual energy is pressing all the right buttons and I unconsciously reciprocate her advances, probing her mouth with my own tongue, and I fall back on the sofa, Sarah on top of me as we continue to kiss. My hand travels down her back and I find her backside, her cheeks about the same size as Tasha's, and I reach under her skirt to find she seems to be wearing a thong, so I get a large handful of naked flesh, which I knead, my fingertips edging close to her pussy. It's now I realise what the fuck I'm doing and back off. "Stop!"
"What? Why?"
I move to get up and she slowly gets off me, a look of disappointment tinged with sadness on her face.
"I'm sorry Sarah, I shouldn't have done that."
"I did it"
"I know, and I shouldn't have let you. I'm with Amanda and T... and as much as the beast inside me wants to do everything you want me to... I can't go behind my girlfriend's back, I'm sorry."
She gets off the sofa and quickly strips naked, surprisingly quickly as it happens, as she wasn't actually wearing a thong, or a bra for that matter. She stands before me, and it's all I can do to not throw her back on the sofa and fuck her silly right there and then.
"How about now?" I look her up and down, her incredible figure, her pert breasts with the dark and slightly shiny nipples, her now trimmed pubic thatch still exposing her obviously moist lips. I could have, really I could. But...
"No, I'm sorry." I stand up "You're incredible, Sarah, and you will make someone a wonderful girlfriend, but I'm with Amanda, and I love her."
She looks up at me and the hint of sadness evaporates into a huge grin. She throws her arms around me and hugs me with surprising force for someone her size.
Natch, I'm a touch perplexed, but she picks up her handbag and takes out her phone, taps the screen, waits a few moments, says 'all good' and hands me the phone. Looking at the screen I see Amanda's name. Even more perplexed I hold it to my ear as Sarah starts putting her clothes back on.
"Hi?"
"I love you"
"Er... I love you too. What's going on?"
"I'm so sorry, but I had to know."
"Know what?"
Since the police incident none of us have had sex. At least not penetrative sex with Amanda or Tasha. We might have slipped and had the odd bout of mutual masturbation on the odd occasion, but overall we've done quite well. Tasha's fine but as Amanda's slightly older it would seem her sense of commitment is a touch stronger. Our relationship could easily be described as 'bonkers', as anyone who's kept up with the updates will know. Since we backed off on the shagging other facets of being together have come to the fore.

As it turns out Amanda and I are very well suited, a little more than me and my sister, but that's probably the whole brother/sister mechanic that every set of siblings have. However, outside the flat, Amanda and I are BF & GF and it's stuck, but as mentioned before, I invariably have 2-4 nearly naked nubile nymphets wandering around my domicile nearly every weekend, some staying the night, so naturally, Amanda felt threatened. I bloody would too.
So, as you've no doubt guessed, she asked Sarah to participate in this little charade to gauge my levels of fidelity. It seems I passed.
"It was a test?"
"An experiment."
"And if I'd failed?"
"Then we would have had to have a conversation'."
"No, I mean if I'd... gone too far with Sarah. If I'd taken her past where she wanted to go with this."
"Oh, don't worry, she wants you just as much as I do. I'm sure she'd have been more than the method actor for the part."
"Yeah, I got that feeling. So what now?"
"I'm coming over. Tell Sarah 'copperplate'"
"What?" She hangs up.
I think I know what the hell's just happened, and if I was in any other relationship, I'd be pissed. But I get it. I toss Sarah's phone back on the sofa. She's long departed to the bathroom so I walk to the kitchen to get myself a cup of something strong. She joins me shortly.
"Copperplate?"
"Really?"
"What's copperplate?"
"It means if we want to, we can."
"Can what?" But I get it from her coy expression.
"Amanda said that if I did this, and if you wanted to, we could... have a little mess around."
"As in... you want to.."
"No, I don't, because that would be a step too far." She steps towards me and puts her arms around my waist, her piercing eyes looking up at me. "I just want you to make me come."
There's a moment of silence as I take this in. I knew Amanda was open minded because of our history, but I wasn't expecting this much. I know I shouldn't, but the beast takes over and I figure, what the hell.
"Did you have anything in mind?" She drops her gaze and I can feel the heat emanating from her face as she blushes crimson. I can guess what she wants but she can't bring herself to ask. I lift her face to mine and we kiss. It's more natural than before, as I reckon she was going more for forced passion than real lust. This time it's more gentle and pretty sensual. I tug at the hem of her thin sweater and she breaks the contact as I lift it over hear

head, tossing it aside as I kiss her again, my hands moving to her incredibly soft breasts, her erect nipples evident on the palms of my hands as I rub my hands over them, her breath quickening against my lips. She tucks her hands under my t-shirt and strokes my back, moving her hands up to my chest. I get the hint and remove my shirt, she pushes me back and I fall back onto the sofa and she straddles my lap. I know she's not wearing knickers but her skirt hides anything interesting and she leans down to kiss me again. She really is a good kisser and if I wasn't erect already, I certainly was now, to the point it's pressing painfully against my jeans.

I reach down and undo my button and zip, releasing the pressure as I pull my cock out of my boxers. Sarah breaks away and looks down at it. I know she doesn't want to fuck, and it tells on her face.

"It's ok, I just needed to give it some air" She relaxes slightly and resumes kissing. My hand finds her buttock again, and as we kiss my fingertips definitely reach her pussy, and I start stroking her slit, dipping into her entrance and rubbing her tiny clitoris as I move my fingers, her kissing getting heavier and her breathing more intense.

I gain a moment of lucidity and manage to calm us both down. I manage to remove my jeans and she her skirt, so we're both naked on the sofa, her fine pubic hair tickling the base of my shaft as she comes in for another kiss, this seems to be her thing as she seems to really enjoy exploring my mouth with her small tongue.

Both my hands clamp onto her buttocks and I pick her up and spin around so she's laying on the sofa cushions. I break from her lips and gently kiss her neck, moving down to her nipples, sucking on one, then the other. I have to control myself as Sarah makes these tiny squeaks every now and again and I'll be honest, it's a bit of a passion killer and it's all I can do to stop myself laughing. However, once I move further down her abdomen, her sounds become much more adult and visceral, and as I pass her navel and make contact with her genitals she's quietly grunting every time my tongue flicks her clit, her hands gripping the side of my head, her fingers in my hair as I bury my mouth into her pubis, the air escaping noisily from my nose as I work her pussy with considerable, but apparently welcome force. All this while I'm painfully erect, but I've had to let that take care of itself as my hands are busy working Sarah's thighs.

I can feel Sarah building to something as her animalistic grunts get heavier, and her juices start to really flow. I start to concentrate purely on her little clitoris when her hands leave my head, she pushes me forward as I sit up and over onto my back on the carpet behind me, she moves with me off the sofa and onto the floor and before I can get my bearings, she's kissing me again and there's the unmistakable sensation of moist warmth enveloping my painfully erect penis. It was my understanding that Sarah was a virgin, and everything I know about her and have heard from my little harem is that she's untouched, but something Neanderthal and instinctive must have kicked in as she pounds my abdomen, her tight but yielding vagina sliding up and down my cock as she places her hands on my chest, her face a torture of emotions as the new sensation takes over her body, and it's not long before her movements cease, and her body convulses gently with an intense orgasm.

As incredible as this was, the realist in me takes over. I withdraw gently, but holding her close all the while. I wait for her breathing to subside. I didn't come myself, but I know withdrawal is the worst kind of contraception, but I feel that's the least of her concerns.
I can feel her breathing heavily into my neck, and it's a while before she raises her head to look at me.
"Sorry"
"For what?"
"Lying to you earlier. About not wanting to fuck you."
"Yeah, I got that." She must see the look on my face.
"I'm on the pill. Don't worry." I try not to make it obvious, but I breathe a massive sigh of relief.
"So, do you feel better now?"
"Immensely. But don't tell Amanda."
Now I feel racked with guilt – to a certain extent."I won't, but you'd be amazed what she's ok with."
We lie there, her on top of me, sharing each other's warmth as Mr Happy downstairs starts to relax. Sarah's head suddenly snaps up.
"Did you come?"
"No, but don't worry, as long as you're happy." She smiles and gives me a peck.
"Not yet I'm not." She sits up and moves slightly forward, massaging my dick with her slit until I'm erect again, holding me against her clit as she pushes her pelvis back and forth. Eventually she shifts her hips and I'm back inside her, bouncing on my hips as I thrust upwards. Obviously the numbness of passion has subsided and it's not as comfortable as before, so I gesture her to get off and lay back on the sofa. I sit on her pelvis (gently, all those workouts has made me a little stockier) and start rubbing myself as she pinches her nipples. It doesn't take long before I'm nearly there, and Sarah moves beneath me, leans upon an elbow and opens her mouth at the end of my cock. It's more than enough and almost immediately I start to shoot my come into her mouth, missing a couple of times but she doesn't seem to mind.
Finally we both subside. The last strands of my come have fallen onto her breasts, and it's obvious she hasn't swallowed. I get off her and she makes her way to the bathroom and I hear the sound of her quietly spitting my come into the toilet. I pick up our clothes and follow her in there.
We get cleaned up and dressed (She actually had a bra and knickers in her handbag) and it's when we're halfway through a relaxing cup of tea when the door buzzer goes. Amanda comes up and Sarah opens the door to the flat. She takes one look at us and asks;
"You fucked anyway, didn't you?"
If I didn't know her so well I'd be worried, but there's a glint in her eye I'm very used to.
"Define 'fucked'"
"Did you come inside her?"
"No" She shrugs her shoulders.

“Oh, ok. Is the kettle boiled?”
Sarah was shitting bricks through this little exchange, but once she realised Amanda wasn’t in a keel-hauling mood, she relaxed considerably and the rest of the day passed quite uneventfully. Technically, because we didn’t do the nasty before Amanda knew about it, it wasn’t cheating. Go figure.
Tasha turned up not long after but no sign of Christine all weekend. Obviously Tasha had to be told, but I could easily sit back and play the innocent as the tale of subterfuge and deception unfolded. The part about Freckles’ parents breaking down was true, and it was few hours before we got the call to say they were home. As promised, I dropped her off and got a (Girlfriend/Sister approved) goodbye kiss, and that just left me and my two having a (parent approved) sleepover that night, with both girls wanting to know exactly what happened. We all shared the same bed that night, which is now a rare treat, but Amanda obviously wanted me to know she was still my number one girl with a gentle but awesome blow job as an alarm call in the morning.

Truth be told, Tasha is backing off slightly now. We still have the odd fun fumble every now and again, but she’s spotted how close Amanda and I are getting. Plus it’s exams soon, so academics must take priority, and this is a girl who nearly bled to death due to homework. I saw Sarah again yesterday (in company) and apart from a brief knowing smile, everything seems back to normal.

Got a bit worrisome this week. Even though Amanda gave Sarah and I permission to have a nasty, it seems she might not have been as ok with it as she tried to make us believe. I got a couple of texts during the week from Sarah telling me that Amanda was being a tad standoffish with her at school. They were never as close as Amanda and Tasha, but on a few occasions Sarah got the impression Amanda was deliberately avoiding her. I told her I’d talk to Amanda this weekend about it.

Saturday 21/6/2013

After the episode last weekend, Sarah seems to have accepted it as a one-off, which is fine with me. I like her company (especially with those god-damned freckles) but my life's complicated enough. I picked Amanda up from her house Saturday morning, and to say the drive back to my place was awkward was an understatement. Lots of window stares and a distinct non-committal to any attempts at conversation. We'd agreed to hit the gym together for a couple of hours, so she quickly got changed in the spare bedroom (another bad sign, normally she has no qualms about stripping off in front of me) and we headed out in silence to the gym.

We started out on adjacent treadmills, but she swiftly moved onto something else a few minutes in, and we barely spent more than a few minutes at a time in the same area, and after half an hour she finally pipes up and tells me she's had enough.
"Enough of what?" I ask, fearing the worst.
"Working out. My mind's not in it. Let's go back to yours." So we quietly get our stuff and start the short walk back to mine. I decide to get it over with.
"It's Sarah, isn't it?"
"Don't you mean 'Freckles'?"
Ah. "Is that what this is about? You did say we could have..."
"No, it's not that... Well, sort of." She stopped walking and looked straight at me. "I've been horny as fuck for the last month after we stopped having sex and you go and shag Sarah at the drop of a hat!"
"You did say we could..."
"I didn't bloody mean it!" This must be a girl logic thing. "I asked her to try to seduce you because I thought you were going off me." I take a physical step back and look her up and down. She's wearing the tight black spandex outfit with the pink lining, huge boobs restrained under the pneumatic sports bra, with a couple of inches of midriff showing her pierced bellybutton.
"Are you nuts? How the hell could I ever go off you? If it makes you feel any better, I've wanted to fuck your brains out every day you come over."
"So why don't you?"
"Because of our arrangement. After what happened with your old caretaker. Plus the news has been a bit relevant lately." There's been a lots of news lately about a teacher who pissed off to France with a 15-year old pupil. They'd been having sex for a few months and he recently got sent to jail for five and a half years.
"That's different, it's nothing like you and me. That was an abuse of trust thing, plus she sounds like a complete slapper anyway!" She sounds like she's half a second away from begging me for sex.

“Come on, I’ll pop the kettle on and we’ll talk about it.” I take her hand and we slowly walk back to the flat. I open the door and let her in, I wait until she drops her bag when I grab her by the waist and spin her around, planting my lips on hers and grabbing her curvy backside as my tongue enters her shocked mouth. The surprise subsides and she softens slightly, her arms folding around my neck. I start to move my hands all around her body, stroking her thighs, waist, before moving round the front to caress her breasts. They feel rock solid as they’re pressed against her chest by her bra, so she breaks contact and whips them off. I quickly re-establish tactile contact, dipping my head to take her nipples into my mouth. She gives a little moan as she runs her fingers through my hair.

I swiftly drop to my knees, hook my fingers into her waistband and tug her knickers and spandex leggings down to her ankles, coming face to face with her pussy. I barely have time to register she’s got a small growth of pubic hair (at last!) before I move my head forward and start sucking on her swollen clit. Her body convulses as she manages to extricate one of her ankles from her leggings and she lifts a leg over my shoulder, giving me easier access to her. Her fingers are gripping the side of my head to the point of almost being painful, which oddly enough is also the sensation in my pants, with my rock solid erection in danger of ripping the seams on my shorts. I start moving up her body, kissing her bare skin as I slide my boxers down, finally reaching her lips as I grab a buttock in each hand, lift her up and penetrate her semi-roughly as we start to kiss again.
We start to fuck standing up, her legs wrapped around my back, her arms over my shoulders again as she helps me to support her weight as I thrust into her, banging her backside against the wall.

I’m acutely aware that the noises we’re making might not be easily explained to the neighbours, so I start to move into the spare room where she got changed earlier. The curtains are still closed so it’s a better bet than my room. I move to lay her on her back but she whispers;
“Turn around”. I do so, and I lay on the bed, bringing her down on top of me. She untangles her legs from under me and starts sliding up and down the full length of my cock. I enjoy the incredible sight of her toned body on top of me. We’ve shared a bed several times since the abstinence started, but it’s generally been quite civilised, with nighties and dimmed lights being the order of the day. She notices me staring at her pubic region, which now sports a little growth of hair.
“It started growing a few weeks ago” she pants as she continues to bounce up and down on me. “About bloody time.” Her hands start gripping my chest as her breath quickens, and I pump her harder as I can feel myself getting close. We both start to get slightly animalistic as we bring each other closer and she starts to come just before me, her vaginal contraction breaking the camel’s back as I ejaculate inside her shaking body, holding each other as close as possible as we breathe hot air against each other’s necks.

We barely have time to come down when my door intercom buzzes. I roll her off me and, careful of any spillages, reach around the door frame to answer the intercom phone.
“Hello?”
“It’s Tasha. Isn’t your bloody phone switched on?”
“Ah, no, sorry.”
“Well? Let me in then?”
“Is it just you?”
“Yes, why?” but I push the button to open the door, slightly open the front door to my flat and go back into the spare room to lie with Amanda, who drapes an arm over my chest and reaches forward to kiss me.
“That was awesome. Thank you.”
“You’re welcome.”
“Better than Sarah?” She has a cheeky look in her face I haven’t seen in a while.
“Well... almost. I’ll have to have a couple more goes to refresh my memory!” She slaps my chest as we hear the front door open. “We’re in here!” I call out. The front door closes and the bedroom door opens, the first thing Tasha sees is our naked bodies intertwined. We’ve position ourselves so it’s not too gratuitous, but the look on her face is priceless.
“Oh, for fuck’s sake, I thought you’d given up on that.” I try to affect a shrug, tricky when you’re lying on a comfy bed with 140lbs of sweaty woman on top of you.
“She overpowered me” Tasha sighs and shakes her head.
“I’ll put the kettle on. Don’t get up.” And she flounces off to the kitchen. It’s a few minutes before we do eventually drag ourselves out of bed. Amanda grabs her gym bag and jumps into the shower. I grab my robe from my room and meet Tasha in the kitchen. She gives me a look of disapproval.
“What about all that stuff we discussed? It’s too dangerous.”
“I know, but everything in moderation.”
“Moderation? Sarah last week and Amanda today? How is that moderation?” I walk over and give her a hug from behind, my hands moving up to her chest. Happily, she doesn’t protest as I cup her bra-clad breasts. The material isn’t that thick and I can feel her nipples harden under the fabric.
“Once a week IS moderation, plus it’s behind closed door, not in a lakeside changing room!” She giggles as I lean down to kiss her neck. My dick starts to harden again and she obviously can feel it pressing against her bum.
“Don’t put that thing near me. At least not until you’ve washed it!” She turns her head to kiss me and I go to join Amanda in the shower. We spend longer than normal to get clean as all the kissing and stroking of body parts takes up a lot of time. We should have hiatuses more often as it feels like we’re just starting out in our relationship again. Her pussy also feels different now there’s ‘hair down there’. 10 minutes later we finally get out of the shower and dry each other off, Amanda taking a little too long drying my penis off and it’s hard again in seconds. She looks down at it, smiles, and drops to her knees, just as I did earlier, and takes me into her mouth for a few minutes. She realises it’s not been

long since I last came, so she's very gentle, stroking my balls with a free hand and bringing me again to a climax. She waits until I finish, sucks the last remnants out of me, swallows and stands up again. Kisses me on the cheek, takes a hearty swig of mouthwash and we finally get dressed and leave he bathroom, finally joining a very bored looking Tasha in the lounge. "Oh, Finally! Your tea's probably cold by now." Amanda picks up our cups.
"Yeah, sorry. I'll go make another couple." She walks into the kitchen and Tasha gives me one of her looks. "What about everything we discussed?"
"Yeah, I know, but... I couldn't say no. She seemed a little upset after last weekend"
"When you did Sarah?" I'm not surprised she knows.
"Well, of course. Anyway, we've both been as horny as hell and it popped."
"Popped?!"
"Popped, in the hallway after the gym. Up against the wall."
She smiles. "Oh yes, I know what that's like. Look, just be careful, you know what happened to that teacher bloke."
"Yeah, we talked about that too." Seems it's been a topic of much discussion at their school. "Don't worry, we're not getting on a ferry to France any time soon." She takes a sip of her lukewarm tea and flicks on the TV.
"You don't mind, do you?"
"Mind what?"
"That Amanda and I are...
"Oh, not really. But I won't lie I've wanted to jump in the sack with you a few times, but Amanda and me normally... satisfy ourselves whenever the urge arises..."
My interest picks up, as does something else. "Satisfy... as in..."
The glint in her eye is unmistakable. "Oh yes, we both wanted you, we couldn't have you, so we normally just get each other off. Did you notice she's started growing..."
"Yes, I did, but don't change the subject. How often do you guys..."
"Pretty much every weekend, biology permitting. We wait until you're asleep normally. It wouldn't be fair to expose you to that much sexiness when you couldn't do anything about it."
"Do anything about what?" Amanda comes back into the room with two steaming cups.
"I was just enlightening my dear brother about our stress relieving activities."
"Oh, yeah. Well, the odd blow job and cunnilingus sessions were tiding us over, but sometimes you just need to have someone who really knows how your body works to give you a good seeing to."
"Hey! I know how your bodies work. I thought I did very well, actually."
"Oh, you're good, don't worry, but sometimes the feminine touch is needed."
"I wouldn't mind watching that some day."
"Well, I'm sleeping over tonight..." News to me.
"You are?"
"I am now, yes."

Naturally, I'm half pitching a tent for the rest of the day in anticipation, but the girls decide to go into town, I hang along for the hell of it (nothing else planned) and we spend a few hours enjoying each other's company, grabbing sneaky strokes and gropes when we're able. It really is like we're just starting out again, and it's pretty awesome. There's an awkward moment when we bump into their Headmaster just as my hand clamps on Amanda's bum, but I'm sure I managed to style it out.

It's the summer Solstice, so it's the longest day of the year, which means it isn't dark until very late. I've got a small balcony so we spend an hour out there having a couple of beers (cokes for the ladies) and I serve up some home made pasta. We spend a couple of hours talking bollocks and watching the world go by before moving back indoors and closing all the curtains. The girls insist on watching the final of The Voice (UK version) and then a movie is chosen from my vast collection. Notting Hill again. Yippee.
Nature calls and I excuse myself to pop to the toilet. I come back out and the living room is deserted, although the movie is still playing. I shut it off and head to the spare room, no sight of them in there so walking into my room I'm met with the sight of Tasha and Amanda kissing passionately on my bed, fumbling at each other's clothing as they try to undress each other. Amanda opens an eye and holds up a hand to stop me as I approach them. She points at the chair in the corner of the room and I can tell by the look on her face I'm to be a spectator for this one.
I make myself comfy and watch the girls work on each other. It's not long before they're both down to their knickers, kissing and stroking each other, taking turns to be on top, kissing and sucking each others bodies, concentrating mainly on the nipples, before Tasha finally moves down on Amanda's prone body. She doesn't remove her knickers, but pulls the gusset aside and forces her tongue between the folds of Amanda's pussy. My girlfriend arches her back with pleasure and grips the duvet either side of her. My eyes fix on Tasha's little bum sticking up in the air. She's still wearing knickers too, but I can see them getting visibly wetter the more she works. I can't stand it for much longer so I start stripping off while still sitting in the chair, finally letting the raging beast out of its cage and I start stroking myself. Amanda looks over at me and smiles. I've never seen her more content, but she raises a hand, points at Tasha's wiggling backside and beckons me over. I don't need asking twice so get on the bed behind Tasha, grab her knickers and pull them down. If I wasn't erect before, I am now, as the sight of my sister's glistening pussy is the stuff of legends. I'm tempted to just fuck here there and then, but I lean down and start working her pussy with the same vigour as she's doing to Amanda. In this position the clit is under her vagina, so I lick the entire length of her vulva, her body twitching whenever I hit a sensitive area. Her little pink butt hole is right at the tip of my nose, and while I'm tempted, I decide to give that a miss for now. Finally I move up, position myself at the entrance of her pussy, and with a reassuring nod from Amanda, push myself inside. I hear Tasha gasp, and Amanda pulls her up to kiss her, vaginal juices and all. My thrusts move their bodies

against each other, and while I'm fucking Tasha, I can sense the feeling of their bodies rubbing is doing things for Amanda too.

I haven't fucked my sister is a while, and her pussy is tighter than I remember, it's still familiarly warm and welcoming. I'm a long way off, but Tasha comes violently, her body collapsing against my girlfriend. I pull out and sit back. I look down and notice somehow Amanda's removed her knickers, so lifting up both girls, I position myself at Amanda's vagina and push myself inside. She also gasps, and wraps both arms around the dormant Tasha. I'm in heaven as I drop my gaze and watch myself entering and exiting Amanda, with Tasha's little nether regions bouncing against my abdomen. My thrusts get more powerful as I prepare to come for the third time, when Amanda whispers to me.
"Don't come inside." I withdraw and start stroking myself as Amanda moves a hand and starts frigging herself, I think Tasha's passed out as she gives no response when I start fingering her little butt hole, I can't hold back any more and I spurt all over my sisters pussy, Amanda starts breathing shallow as it drips from my sister onto her labia and I nearly come again as she starts working my juice into herself, finally calming down as she eventually climaxes, a look of immense pleasure on her face.

Tasha comes round not long after.

"Did we finish?" Amanda kisses her forehead.
"Oh yes."
"All sins forgiven?" I venture.
"Oh fuck, yes!" I roll off them both, Tasha falls between us and we all fall asleep, naked and sweaty, in each other's arms again. It's a few hours later when I wake up and remember to turn the light off.

Fuck the bedsheets, I'll wash them tomorrow.

Sunday 22/6/2013

We start stirring this morning about 9am. After the unbridled passion of last night the reality kicks in and the first sound I hear is;
“Ew. It’s everywhere!” This was Tasha, who hasn’t moved at all in the night, and is now attached, front and back, to Amanda and I with the dried-up remnants of my emanations. We manage to peel ourselves apart and Tasha leaves for the shower.

“Totally worth the wait” says Amanda, looking at me, her hair a mess against the pillow. I shuffle over, very conscious of the mess on the sheets beneath us. We haven’t brushed yet but that doesn’t stop us sharing a passionate morning kiss, with groping hands thrown in. I find her slit, she finds my cock and in 30 seconds I’m back on top of her, just her and me this time, and the sex is all the better for it just being the two of us. It’s too early to be brutal, so I rhythmically move my body back and forth, letting the momentum of our bodies massage my penis and her clit as we gently kiss continuously. We must have been doing it a while as we’re conscious of the bathroom door opening and Tasha coming back in. She doesn’t say anything, only ‘tuts’, and gets back into bed beside us under the covers, watching us as we make love. She moves her face towards ours and we have a very awkward 3-way kiss until I back off and let them swap saliva for a while. By the sounds coming from Tasha, she’s working her pussy again, and that does it for me. I have the gentlest, yet most awesome orgasm ever, and Amanda joins me, evident by her fingernails digging into my back and the sound of her breathing as she kisses Tasha beside us. I give it a few minutes and begin to lift myself off the bed, but Amanda clamps me back down, my flaccid dick still inside her.
“Not yet.” Tasha gives me a kiss, kisses Amanda again and gets out of bed, gets dressed and starts pottering around in the kitchen, probably getting breakfast together. Against all odds, I feel myself getting hard again. God only knows what my testicles are going through as nature takes over and I start thrusting again. She kisses me again, her hands on my buttocks as she pulls me into her. It’s probably because this is the 5th time in 24 hours, but I hardly last any time at all, and I come pretty weakly. Amanda doesn’t seem to mind, and it’s with a massive sense of relief that she actually allows me to extract my poor, overworked dick out of her. I have a little difficulty walking out to the bathroom, and I hear a little snicker come from the bed as she obviously finds my pained walking style humorous.

Tasha has indeed prepared a fruit salad breakfast for us, and we sit in silence, passing odd smiles at each other. Before long the girls have to go (Amanda’s mum is coming to collect them), so we have long hugs and deep kisses. Amanda tells me she’s away next weekend, so it’ll just be me and my sister. Alone, all weekend.

Ooh, déjà vu.

Wednesday 26/06/13

A few bonkers things happened this week. The first being Nadal, Federer, Sharapova, Tsonga et al all getting knocked out in the first round. Never saw that coming.

The second happened Wednesday. Since moving out, I'm ashamed to say I've hardly been back to my parents' house. I've called them regularly, so we've kept in touch, and we Skype a lot, it's just physically going over there has kinda fallen by the wayside, so I thought I'd pop over during my lunch break to catch up in person, with mum and Tommy at least.
I still have a key so I let myself in and called out.
"Mum!" There was a sudden clatter from the kitchen.
"Anon? Oh crap... um... err.... Hold on!" I get close to the door but don't enter.
"Is everything ok?"
"Er.. yeah. Oh Shit! Um... don't come in, I'm just... crap!" Given my mum's history, I'm a little concerned (but not much, she hasn't had any incidents in over a month) but it's when I hear a plate smashing I enter the kitchen anyway. The first thing I notice is all the blinds and curtains are closed, and the lights are on, the next thing is my mother, standing topless by the cooker, with Tommy squealing with delight from his high-chair at the table, throwing pasta shapes everywhere.

"Oh... bugger... sorry!" I avert my eyes as she clamps a dishcloth to her boobs, blushing scarlet. "I heard the plate smash and thought you might be..." I look back at her, she has a look of amused disapproval on her face, and drops her hands. "Having an episode? Don't worry honey, I'm 95% cured, apparently. Oh, stop blushing, you've seen them before!" Don't remind me.
"Yeah, I know, but that wasn't a pleasant experience for me, remember?" I can't help but look. The last time I saw her breasts was a couple of months ago when my mum had a form of psychotic break and tried to rape me. I still have the scar inside my mouth. Old news, and everything's better. The first thing I notice is they look much more pert than I remember. In fact her whole figure looks trimmer. Her hair in a side ponytail falling over her chest adds considerably to the illusion of new-found youthfulness. She's wearing a pair of loose jogging sweatpants, so all prim and proper downstairs, with just the hint of pink knicker elastic showing above the waistband.
"Have you been working out?" She smiles, probably chuffed that I noticed, and actually gives a tiny giggle.
"Yep! Since I have all this free time now the therapy's finished, I joined that gym you go to. Think I'm going quite well." Despite myself, I give her the once over, before remembering I'm looking at the newly-nubile frame of my step-mum and snap out of it.
"Why are you topless anyway? It's little dangerous in the kitchen, you might burn your... you might get burnt." She blushes again, demonstrating once again that naked people

blush all over, and slowly turns around. She has a large tattoo, still shiny and new on her shoulder blade stretching to the back of her arm. It's a very tasteful row of flowers. Having recently been inked myself, I appreciate the artistry, even though it's weird seeing it on your mum.
"Wow! When did you get that done? Does dad know?" She turns around and continues tending to the pans she was using earlier. I crouch down to pick up the broken pieces of crockery.
"Of course your father knows! I had to twist his arm a bit, but since my mind has got a lot clearer these past few weeks, I've stopped thinking about how I should be acting and figured out a couple of things I wanted to do for myself. Had it done on Monday. I tried wearing really light clothes but it was rubbing too much."

I collect all the pieces and stand up, coming perilously close to mum's bare breasts as I rise. I notice a newly pierced belly button and two pink dots either side of her nipples, remembering they're pierced. She notices I notice.
"Felt like a bit of a change, those steel things were getting annoying so I got some nylons ones. Much more discreet." Her tone of voice is very casual for the situation, so I'm not as worried as I was last time.

This really isn't the woman who made my life a misery anymore, but I have to remind myself, this is Tasha's mother, my father's wife, and even though my bastard of a penis is thinking of other possibilities, I resolve to just enjoy mum's new sense of vitality (as well as the not completely unpleasant view). The next half an hour passes bizarrely with me sitting at the breakfast bar, with my topless step-mum, comparing tattoos, drinking tea and rubbing E45 cream into each other.

"What are you doing in the evening? You can't be walking around the house topless, surely?"
She merely sips her tea, looking sheepish. I laugh at the internal vision of Dad & Tasha trying not to stare as mum potters about the house.
"What does Tasha think?"
"Oh, she was shocked and mortified at first, but she came around."
"So you haven't left the house since Monday?"
"No, but it's only for a couple more days, until it heals."
Her ink's made up of very fine lines, so it should indeed only be about three days.

We go through to the front room, I'm carrying Tommy who's showing me the most fantastic thing in the world – his toy car – and gibbering in toddler-ese about how wonderful it is. We talk for a while longer, but eventually I blurt out;
"Sorry, mum, but don't you have a bikini top you can put on? I know you're all liberated now but this is very awkward." She tuts.

“Prude!” and she jogs upstairs. I quickly try to wrestle my erection into submission while she’s gone. Jesus Christ she’s attractive now. Eventually she returns with a black stringy number over her head, but it’s not done up, so it’s falling limply between her breasts.
“I can’t do the back up or it’ll rub.” Suddenly I’m reminded of two girls in a changing room, trying on several different outfits, and I get an idea. I stand up and beckon her over, twirling my finger to get her to turn around, which she does. I tell her to put the top on properly, and I grab the long piece of string at each side, pull them down and cross them over. Then I pass them around the front. I try to tie a bow around the knot at the front of her sweatpants but I can’t see what I’m doing so I look over her shoulder to finish the job.

Quite by accident, I’ve ended up giving my mum a rather tender little hug, and it’s now I notice she’s gone awfully quiet with her eyes closed. Looking down again I also see her nipples are very erect. She puts her hands on mine and I’m suddenly aware of how soft her skin is and how fast I’m gaining rigidity downstairs. I don’t really want a repeat of the penis-parking incident that started the last drama. I back my pelvis away but keep my hands where they are.
“Mum?”
She tilts her head and rests it against mine. “Mm?”
“Mum!” I put on a slightly stern voice, it seems to work and she snaps out of it.
“Mm? Oh, sorry, I was miles away.” She looks at the job I’ve done, the straps are missing her tattoo completely. “Oh, that’ll work. Thank you. I won’t be able to go shopping though, but it’ll do for around the house. Who taught you that anyway?”
“I’ve had a lot of girls around lately.”
“Oh yes, I’ve heard. Proper harem around at yours, I hear. Just keep your hands to yourself though!” She gives me a rather knowing wink and picks up our cups and takes them through to the kitchen.

Technically, I should leave, but I can’t seem to make myself. Plus, now she’s covered, the awkwardness should subside. It’s a while before I realise she’s not back from the kitchen, so making sure Tommy’s happy playing with his toys I venture out to find her. As I get to the kitchen she’s just putting the phone down, sees me approaching and smiles broadly.
“Everything ok?”
“It would seem so.” She gestures to the phone. “That was Dr Jacobs, I just told her what happened, and apparently I passed with flying colours! Seems she knew you was coming over...”
I let the last statement pass me by. “Passed?” She walks over and puts her hands around my waist, I return the compliment, avoiding the tattoo.
“A few months ago, all this nudity and physical contact with you would have sent me over the edge. When you tied my bikini I wasn’t even thinking about you in that way.”
“Really?” Can’t help but feel a little disappointed. “What were you thinking about?”
“Dinner.”

“So you were toying with my affections this whole time?” I feign heartbreak and she gives a quiet laugh.
“Yes love, I got a tattoo and walk around the house starkers, just on the off chance you’ll pop by so I can see if you still make me horny.”
“And I don’t?” She shrugs.
“You’re a good looking guy, but I prefer the older gentleman, like your dad.”
“Well, good. So are you completely cured?”
“No, but as near as. Which is good, as the little chap down there was becoming quite the distraction.”
I adopt an affronted expression. “Little?”
She blushes and looks straight at me. Her new look is such a difference than before, she and her daughter could almost pass for sisters. I have a last crafty notion and lean down to give her a kiss, which she returns, and there’s a moment where we maintain contact for longer than we probably should. We hold each other closer as the kiss continues, and instinct takes over as our lips part slightly and the kiss deepens, with the faintest sensation of tongue contact, my hands instinctively moving down her back and coming to a rest at the top of her buttocks. We break away, look at each other and smile. She looks down at her breasts, and the nipples are erect again, as am I, obviously pressing against her abdomen.
“Still in control?” I ask, tentatively. I’m taking a huge risk, I know, this could all go very tits up. She shrugs.
“I think so. Try me again.” So I go in again. It’s easy for me this time as I’m confident she’s just playing along, rather than going doolally. Also, she’s sexy as hell, which helps.

Our lips meet again and this time the tongue contact is definite, I grip her bum cheeks in both hands and squeeze gently. She returns the favour and we continue for a little longer before breaking away again. I look into her eyes, they look normal, not as wide and crazed as a couple of months ago.
“Anything?” She stares back, straight into my eyes, and emphatically declares “I do not want to have sex with you. Yes. I don’t. Not at all.”
Again, disappointment, as I’ve got a raging boner in my trousers, but it’s for the greater good. “Good, because that would be all kinds of weird.”
She takes a deep breath and lets it out loudly. “What made you do that?”

“Jacobs called me yesterday. I’m afraid I was doing the setting up. (Author’s note: sorry guys) She was so confident you’d pass this that she asked me to come over. She said you’d likely be in a state of undress, but she never mentioned the tattoo.” Mum turns and pops the kettle on, just as Tommy comes running in making vroom-vroom noises.
“She’s worth every penny, that woman. Mind you, you were pretty good. Are YOU ok?”

“Once captain happy settles down, I’ll be fine.” She laughs.
“Good method acting, by the way.”

“Thanks, I have a lot of experience. You were pretty good yourself.” She turns to me with a puzzled look on her face, I gesture to her breasts, and the permanently erect nipples.
“Oh, those. Well, you’re a good kisser, and kissings my thing. Your dad does this thing where he...”
“STOP!” I raise my hands theatrically. “Don’t want to know. By the way, are we telling dad about this?” She hands me another cup of tea and rests her bum against the counter.
“I probably will, otherwise it might feel like sneaking around behind his back. I might miss out the bum grab though.” “Yeah, sorry. Method acting kicking in again. Oh shit!.. sorry. What’s the time?” I look at the clock above the microwave, I’ve been here for 45 minutes.
“Bugger, I’d better go, I’m late back for work.”
I set my cup on the side, come in for a goodbye peck on the cheek, but she moves her head for yet another proper kiss, this time accompanied with a hand making contact with my softening cock. She gives a couple of rubs and breaks away. “Just wanted one final check.”
“And?”
“And you’ll be late for work, my lad.”
I barely made it back in time, my mind all over the place as I drove back to work.

I should explain, I’ve used a little artistic license up at the start there purely for dramatic effect, but the events unfolded pretty much as I’ve written them, the only difference being I never knew she’d be completely topless, and that I was supposed to be overly-flirtatious with her, plenty of physical contact, all the things that used to set her off, to try to see if she’d willingly jump my bones again. Happily, everything turned out exactly as Jacobs predicted, apart from the part where I was honestly one nano-second from ripping off her sweatpants and screwing my stepmother on the kitchen table.

I received a phone call halfway through the afternoon from Jacobs, so see how it went from my point of view. “Good, it was good. She seemed to get through it ok.”
“And how are you? Be honest now.”
“Understanding Oedipus.” A laugh on the other end of the phone.

“That’s understandable, your stepmother and you are very compatible people, there’s going to be an attraction anyway, it’s just up to you to remember what you are to each other. I’m very proud of you.” She hangs up and I get on with my day, spending the rest of the afternoon trying to stay at my desk, as every five minutes I see my stepmother’s incredible body in my mind’s eye and the bastard in my trousers reminds me what a wonderful lunch break he had.

Thursday 27/06/13

Thursday had all the hallmarks of being a thoroughly dull day, until I get a text from Amanda halfway through the morning, checking what my e-mail address was.
‘I thought you had it’
‘I do, at home’
‘You’re not at home?’
‘Nope’
‘Not at school?’
‘Nope, got a long weekend pass.’
‘Where are you then?’
‘Worthy Farm’
It takes me a full 30 seconds.

‘YOU’RE AT GLASTO?????’
‘Yep. Here with mum in a tent. Birthday surprise.’
Instead of texting back I step outside and call her.
“I was going to give you a birthday surprise, on your birthday!”
“I thought you would, but mum sprung this on me last minute. You’ll have to save it for me.”
“You understand I’m jealous on a level only comprehensible by the gods themselves?”
“If I knew I would have tried to let you come with us, but mum only got two tickets.” I try to think of a reason I should have taken her instead of her mum, but they all come out sounding incredibly selfish.
“Well, ok, you guys have a nice time, take lots of pics and tell me all about it when you get back.”
“That’s why I wanted your email address, I’ve got a few I want to send you anyway.” I spell it out for her, it’s quite complicated.
“Didn’t your dad want to go?” Amanda scoffs down the line
“No chance. Dad’s a bit stuffy for this kind of thing. He’d hate it. Too many hippy types.”
“And you’re fitting right in, I take it?”
“Wait until you see the pictures. I’d better go, mum says we can hang out in Shangri-la for a few hours if we get a shift on. There’s a couple of indie bands playing some acoustic sets before it all kicks off tomorrow. I’ll send you more pics and call you later, k?”
“Ok. Have fun.”
“Will do. Love you.”
“Love you back.” I tap the screen of my smartphone and get back to work. A few minutes later my phone bleeps. One e-mail, 5 pictures. I’m on the company Wi-Fi so I download them. The first couple are typical Glasto fare; muddy fields, sodden camp-site, saggy tent. The fourth picture is a bit sunnier, and Amanda and her mum are in a crowd of people obviously enjoying the atmosphere.

I've never been, but I've heard it's an incredibly liberating experience, even if Michael & Emily are selling out somewhat lately (personal opinion). I open the last pic and I'm glad I'm not drinking anything. There's a row of about 10 people of both sexes, in the blazing sunshine, yelling something at the top of their lungs, all bare-chested and obviously having the time of their life, and there in the middle, as semi-naked as the rest of them, but standing out somewhat, is Amanda and her mum.
I don't care who I have to kill, I'm defo going next year.
I send Amanda a text; 'Thanks for the pictures. I can see you take after your mum a lot!'
'It's all in the genes. Talk later! Xxx.'

We spoke on the phone later, I also spoke to her mum, who seemed slightly embarrassed I'd seen her, and her daughter topless, but I told her not to worry, that's what Glasto's about. She told me she'd been a regular before she had kids, so reliving her youth had brought her rebellious side to the surface. I asked if anyone minded Amanda popping hers out, what with her just turning 15, but apparently it's the done thing in certain areas of the site. She passed me back to Amanda, and we spoke sweet nothings to each other before she told me she's turning in early. The days tend to be long there, for some reason.

Friday 28/06/13

Friday, again, was dull, until mid afternoon, when mum called and asked if I could pick up Tasha after work, as she and dad were off to the weekend retreat again.
“Everything ok?” I asked, remembering the bizarre events of Wednesday.
“Oh, yes, better than ever, thanks to your subterfuge. It’s a debrief weekend, so it’ll be mainly dull discussions about feelings.”
“Well, ok. Is Tasha staying at mine again then?”
“Yes please, we’ll be back Sunday, hopefully.”

So I finish work and go to pick up Tasha. I pull into the driveway and everyone’s standing by the front door. I see Mum & Dad give Tasha a hug, scoop up Tommy and head to their car. I get a cheery wave and they’re off before I stop moving. Tasha’s still in her school uniform for some reason, and as I approach her I can’t quite gauge the look on her face. She doesn’t look thrilled to see me. I’m reminded of when we went up to Birmingham and she put on the bratty kid sister act to deflect suspicion when we were ‘forced’ to share a double bed. I approach gingerly.
“Everything ok?” She squints at me. She stops short of pouting and folding her arms, but I can tell it’s on her mind. “I’m not sure. Did you want me to invite anyone else over this weekend so you can snog them as well?”
“I take it mum’s told you what happened on Wednesday?”
“Told? She wouldn’t shut up about it. Really proud of how she really didn’t want to fuck you even though you had your tongue down her throat and your hands in her knickers.”
“I didn’t have my hands in her knickers. I just grabbed her backside over her sweatpants. It was Jacobs’ idea, she was sure mum was completely cured but we needed to check. I didn’t enjoy it.” Now she does fold her arms.
“That’s not what mum said. She said you got very excited.”
“Well, if it helps, I was thinking of you the whole time. It’s not difficult, you know. You two could pass for sisters these days.”
“Tell me about it. She keeps borrowing my clothes. Her tits are bigger than mine and she’s stretched all my t-shirts!”
I try not to laugh, but Tasha cracks a cheeky smile and it sets me off. “You winding me up?” Now she really grins.
“Of course, moron! Come in, I need to get my bag. She opens the door and runs upstairs. I check the letter rack and there’s a few letters for me. Mainly junk mail from lazy companies who can’t be arsed to find out my new address. I hear Tasha clumping around upstairs, and she seems to be taking her time.
“You coming?”
“Just a second!” I expected her to have got changed, but she appears at the top of the stairs still in her uniform, carrying a rather full-looking sports bag. She reaches the bottom and hands it to me. It’s indescribably heavy.

“What the hell’s in here? You’re only staying the weekend.”
“I’m female, you know what we’re like.” Sadly, I do indeed. She resets the alarms and locks the front door behind her.

The drive to mine is full of girl-important gossip, but I manage to render her speechless when I hand her my phone and tell her to look at Amanda’s pictures.
“OH MY GOD! I can’t believe she’s done that! And her mum too! I’d be so embarrassed!”
“Well, mum’s been topless all week, so she tells me.”
“Yeah, but that was indoors. That’s different.”
“Glastonbury’s different. I’ll have to take you one year. We can all go nekkid.”
“Yeah, right.”
“Fine, if I can get tickets, we’re going next year.”
“IF you get tickets.”
“I’ll do my best to try. But I’ll be fucked if I’m staying in a tent, I’ll get a camper van.”
“That’s not exactly getting into the Glasto spirit, now, is it?”
“Neither is having fucking Jay-Z or Beyonce headlining, now, is it?”
“Good point.” She’s still looking at the pictures on my phone. “I’m so fucking jealous.” “Join the club. She sent me a few more pics last night, but they’re on my PC.”
“More tits?”
“Oh yes.”

We get back to my place not long after and Tasha immediately turns my PC on (without asking) and opens up the e-mail. She spends a good 5 minutes flicking through the shots Amanda sent me, they’re mainly shots of the festival, some blurry shots of some indie band or another, but the last few are of Amanda, in the tent, by herself, and they’re for more private viewing.

“I’m missing her already.” Tasha tells me and whips out her phone. It’s obvious after a while she’s talking to Amanda and the conversation seems to get a little saucy. I’m only half-listening as I’m fixing dinner, and after a while Tasha enters the kitchen and gives me a hug from behind.
“Amanda OK?”
“Oh yes, she sends her love.”
“I know, it’s in my in-box. How’s the nudist colony?”
“Oh, apparently her mum’s decided to spend the rest of the weekend fully clothed.”
“Shame.” She breaks the hug slightly.
“I beg your pardon?”
“I’m male, I appreciate the female form, and those two have nice form.” She reinstates the hug. “True. You’re just getting smothered in tits lately, aren’t you?”
“Yeah, I suppose so. It’s torture, really.”
“Yeah, I’ll bet.”

We have dinner and move through to the front room. “Are you going to get changed?” “Nope, not until later. I didn’t bring many clothes.” “What? What’s in that bloody bag? It weighed a ton.”

“Girl stuff. Besides, there’s a reason I haven’t taken it off yet.”
“Do tell.”
“Well, while mum was telling us in detail about your attempts to not-really get into her knickers, the subject of conversation turned to you, and how... conflicted you might be. Mum looking so young, especially now she’s working out, it might have affected you a bit more than you realise.” Oh yay, I’m a test subject.
“How do you mean?”
“I mean, the line between mum and me might have got blurred.” I think about it and can’t help but agree.
“Yeah... and?”
She gets off the sofa and straddles my lap, putting her hands on my shoulders.
“And... I told them I’d help you get over it this weekend.”
“And how are you intending to do that?” She leans closer.
“By having deep, meaningful discussions about your feelings...” and she kisses me, leading with her tongue. I relent for a while, but the full school uniform is a little off-putting.
“Do you have to...”
“Yes” and she comes in again, pushing me back against the back of the sofa, she leans in again for another kiss, and I start to get into it, even though I know I really shouldn’t. My hands reach around her back and I untuck her blouse from her skirt, running my hands up her back as the kiss gets deeper. I can only assume the conversation with Amanda may have led to this, but I’m not too concerned, all I’m aware of is her smell, her taste and the feel of her skin under her shirt. My hands reach her bra and I clumsily fumble for the catch to undo the strap, but I can’t feel one.
She breaks the kiss and giggles. She moves her body down my legs and dives straight for my belt, undoing the button on my trousers, pulling down the elastic of my pants and grabbing a hold of my rapidly-hardening cock.

“God, I’ve missed this.” she manages before virtually throwing it into her mouth. Perhaps it’s the time passed since she last sucked my dick, but I swear she almost swallows it. I know for definite she’s taken more into her mouth than before, and she sucks at it aggressively, pumping the shaft she can’t fit into her mouth. I guess she has missed it, and up until now, I hadn’t realised how much I missed her mouth on my cock too.

Eventually she brings herself back up to straddling my lap, and even though she’s still in full uniform, it appears she’s surreptitiously removed her knickers, and I breathe in hard as her moist pussy swallows my dick easily. I can’t actually see any penetration as her skirt is completely covering my lap. I move to lift the hem up to get a look but she slaps my hand.

“Not... until... I... Say.” she says in-between humps. Her blouse is still tucked in at the front and I start to pull it out of the waistband of her skirt but she moves my hands and places them on her hips. Seems she’s in control.

She starts to undo her tie, and lets it hang around her collar. Slowly she undoes the buttons on her blouse, until she pulls the sides apart and I finally see why I couldn’t undo her bra. It’s a sports bra that fastens at the front, which she summarily undoes, exposing her still pert breasts to me. I am permitted to touch them, and I rub her nipples as she jumps up and down on me. I start to thrust upwards as I can feel the anxiety build in my balls, but she stops moving and puts her hands on my chest, closing her eyes.
“Not yet.”
She sits still on me, my dick twitching deep inside her and she controls her breathing. I find myself joining in as the sheer warmth and pressure is bringing me close anyway. She starts moving again, not up and down, but small gyrations of her pelvis. I don’t know where she learned it, and I don’t care. She finally starts to properly disrobe, shrugging her blazer and shirt off her shoulders until she’s only wearing her skirt and knee-high socks. The skirt is removed in short order and I finally see her fully naked. I’m surprised to see she’s stopped shaving, and there’s a decent little patch down there (Think Emma Watson on her 18th Birthday for general appearance). I fucked her from behind last week so I never actually saw it.

The full nudity and the beads of sweat on her body are more than enough for me and before long I feel my balls tighten as her pussy squeezes my dick as we come together, her weight falling onto me as I feel my come dribbling out of her.
She lifts her head off my chest, turns her face to mine and we share a hot, sweaty and above all, knackered kiss. I give a few pathetic humps which gives her false hope for another go, but finally slump into the sofa. She sits up, and grabs my hands, placing them on her tits.
“So, how are we feeling?” she asks, breathlessly.
“Tired.”
“Less conflicted?”
“Possibly. Ask me later.”

Actually, as I sit there with my kid sister in my arms, my softening dick still deep inside her throbbing vagina, come glooping around my testicles, and the vision of my step-mom’s incredible body flashing through my mind’s eye, I’m finding it hard to figure out what I’m supposed to be so conflicted about.

Of course, we slept (as in SLEPT) in the same bed that night, starting off in each other’s naked arms, but it was a pretty muggy night, so we ended up a few feet from each other, but still woke up holding hands (aaah...). Tasha was up quite early, faffing around in the flat while I just lay there, finally opening my eyes when she came back into the room wearing

only a tight t-shirt and a smile, bearing breakfast in bed. My eyes immediately dart to her new growth.
“I couldn’t be arsed any-more, if you don’t shave regularly it’s itchy as hell.” I’m not complaining, and display my appreciation by folding back the duvet cover to show my interest. “And you can put that away, I’m going into town to meet up with Christine & Sarah for a few hours.”
“Oh yes? And am I invited?”.

She lays the tray down on her side of the bed and starts getting dressed, giving me a nice view of her little bum as she jiggles into her knickers. She removes her t-shirt only to pop a bra on and the t-shirt is swiftly replaced.
“You can come if you want, but you’ll be firmly in the friend-zone. This is purely a chick’s day out.”
“Fine, I’ll just stay here and wank myself off to downloaded porn.” She pulls on some stockings followed by some high Daisy Dukes. I don’t remember her having that particular wardrobe before.
“Suit yourself, but save some for me tonight. I have every intention of shagging you unconscious later.” She picks up a smaller bag and hoists it over her shoulder, picking up the small set of keys to the flat I gave her, and leans onto the bed to give me a kiss. My hand goes immediately to her boob and I give a gentle squeeze. “Promises, promises.”
As she leaves I wonder to myself why I ever gave up our sleepover shenanigans. Apart from the obvious legal side, as long as we’re behind my door, who’s going to know?

I drag myself out of bed, eventually and flick on the Tennis. Failing to see anything of interest I pop my PC on and load up the Glastonbury footage from last night. Amanda told me she was near the front of the Pyramid Stage for the Monkeys set and I’m sure I can make her and her mum out once or twice, but the video’s not exactly HD, so I can’t be sure.
A couple of hours pass. It’s wonderfully sunny, so I fully open the patio doors to the balcony and let a breeze blow through the flat.

My phone bleeps and there’s a text from Tasha.
‘Guess What?’
‘The girls want to come over’
‘Please’
‘Ok, but tell them to keep their hands to themselves’
‘I promise nothing’
Of course, I get a little excited, especially as the last time Freckles was in the flat I was coming in her mouth. I haven’t seen Christine in a few weeks, and the flirty looks she always gives me are always a treat. I’ve been told she’s always crushed on me, and although I’ve never admitted it out loud, I really would, if only my testicles could take the stress of 4 vaginas in 2 weeks.

Half an hour later they turn up. Tasha lets herself in, loaded down with bags, and flashes me a smile and blows a kiss. Freckles is next and grins broadly, I go in for a cheek kiss but she turns her head and I get a proper kiss instead, which she holds for a few seconds. Christine is last and I lean past her to shut the door as her hands are full, she doesn't move into the flat but rather stands there as the door closes.
"Hi"
"Hi Christine, you ok?" She nods quietly and looks down the hall. The other two have moved into the front room, she looks back at me and there's the merest hint of an intention in her eyes, her head twitches forward but she holds herself back. I guess what she's after, so just so she doesn't feel left out, I lean down and give her a soft kiss, just between friends. This seems to do the trick as she merrily skips down the hall to join her friends.

I walk past the front room on my way to the kitchen and see Tasha's closed the curtains and is already in a state of undress, as is Sarah.
"Careful, ladies, the patio doors' open so the curtains might blow open." This is followed by the sound of the patio doors closing. Fair enough. I fix a tray of cold drinks and bring them through. Tasha & Sarah are in new bikinis, but Christine has only managed to get her bottoms on, and is standing there topless. She moves to cover her breasts instinctively, pauses, then just carries on putting the top on like I'm not there.

"Bikini fashion show?" Tasha pops her underwear into one of the now empty shopping bags. I honestly can't see my furniture for feminine clothing any-more.
"Nope. Your balcony is half the reason we came over."
"Really? Why?"
"It's south-facing."
She finally reaches into the larger bag she brought and brings out some large, fluffy towels. Whipping back the curtain to the balcony they all move outside and spread the towels out on the thin wooden deck that covers the concrete base. It's long enough to accommodate two girls at full length, so the floor is now a tangle of skin and skimpy outfits as they arrange themselves to get full exposure. "Pop some music on, there's a dear." Patronising little minx.

I would join them, but they've honestly taken up the full floor, so I take a seat just inside in the shade and enjoy the view. "Are you honestly going to just sit there perving over us or are you going to make yourself useful?" Tasha awkwardly reaches into the bag above her head and pulls out a bottle of SPF 30. She tosses it to me. "Me first."
I squeeze a large dollop onto her naked belly, it must be colder than she thought as she gasps.
"You git! You did that on purpose!"
"Of course, your majesty." I start rubbing the cream in, I may have overdone it, so scoop some up and pop it onto her legs, it dribbles down her thighs and I get a random flashback. I guess she does too, as she whispers 'perv' at me. I continue rubbing the cream into her

skin, concentrating on her midriff and boobs, moving my fingers under the cups and making sure she's well protected. She doesn't protest. Moving down to her legs I apply a little more and work the full length, she parts her legs slightly and I 'accidentally' brush against her pussy as I get higher. Again, no noises of complaint.
"Do you want me to do your back?"
"Not yet, I'll let you know."

I waggle the bottle at Sarah, who smiles and nods. I give her the same coverage, but I'm not as gropey or suggestive. There's a few moments where I make contact with her boobs, I apologise but she just grabs my hand and puts it back.

Jolly good, so again I pop under the edge of the fabric, not quite to nipple depth, then move to the legs. As I get near her bikini briefs there's a moment of hesitation before she parts her legs, wider than Tasha did, and I move my cream-covered fingers up.
Her briefs are basically black high-hip Lycra knickers, and it shows the contours of her mound quite well, I can even make out her little slit, which of course, makes the stirrings deepen. I slide my hand down her inner thigh, to the point my fingertips make contact with her bum cheek. I chance my arm and run a delicate finger along her visible slit, she gives a little shudder, and we share a knowing smile.

Christine's turn, and I can tell she may have been waiting for this. She has a look of nervous excitement in her eyes.
"You ready?" She bites her lip and nods. Her bikini is a very stringy affair, so I start at her shoulders, move across to her chest, then down between her breasts. I don't ask if it's ok, as I'm looking at her face and she's looking right back at mine. I'm sure if she was uncomfortable with what I was doing she'd let me know. I make contact with her boobs and slips my fingertips under the edge, but I don't linger. It's not long before I'm at her legs, working the cream in. I get higher up but I'm not sure how far to go, even as she moves her knees tentatively apart. I don't go as far as I did with the other two, purely because I haven't been 'as far' with Christine anyway. I stop short of her pussy, which again is visible under the material, but I notice whenever my hand moves up, she twitches her body down. Her breath is a little quicker than before and he hips are moving slightly in time with my hand. I get the hint and move higher still, giving the fabric the slightest touch with the side of my finger, which seems to send a shock through her, she gives me a look of the deepest longing, so I make my contact more obvious, running that finger along the elastic edge of the crotch between her legs.

The other girls are sunbathing happily, so I hook a finger under the elastic and start stroking her pussy in earnest. Her hand grabs the wrist I'm using to support my weight and she arches her back slightly, obviously enjoying the motion, aided by the sun-cream still on my fingers. She reaches down with her other hand and pulls the bikini briefs aside, just as Tasha did to Amanda's knickers in bed last week, showing me her hair-covered and

swollen pussy lips, I dip my fingers inside and quickly find her clit, rubbing it gently. I lean down, pull a bra cup aside and gently start sucking on a nipple, this seems to do the trick as Christine's lags clamp together, and her body shakes as she comes in a violent but silent orgasm. I move up her body to give her a kiss, but Tasha's voice breaks the silence; "If you two have finished fucking or whatever down there, you can do my back now."

As the bottom of the balcony isn't visible from the road, all three girls ended up sunbathing topless anyway, with Tasha going the full hog and untying the bows on the bikini briefs and pushing the front down between her legs, laying there completely naked in the blazing sun. I do indeed re-apply sunscreen on all three, this time starting with Christine, but she's happy for me to just do what I please, so there's a little more pussy play, but I do what I'm there to do and move on. Same with Sarah, who seems to be half asleep anyway.

Tasha's next, so I start on her legs, and get them done. I don't fancy getting cream on my shorts, so take off my shirt and strip to my boxers, my erection straining the fabric as I straddle her legs, and start working the cream into her buttocks. Appreciative noises issue forth as I separate her cheeks with my thumbs, giving me a sneaky glimpse of her little pink arsehole. I give it a few cheeky prods and to my surprise, she raises her bum towards me. I press a thumb against the sphincter and push gently, it's still covered in cream so it slips in easily, and I'm quickly up to the knuckle. I don't do anything with it, but hold it inside her anus as I use the other hand to give her a cream-aided back massage. Our activities are shielded from view by my form so I start to move my thumb slightly, her head is sideways so I can see her eyes are open, and she's smiling. I can't take the pressure any more and whip out my cock, the end beading with pre-cum, shining in the sunshine. Removing my thumb slowly, I replace it with the end of my dick. I don't attempt penetration, but give her anus a few friendly prods with the end, my penis held in place with her cheeks. Leaning forward I continue the back massage, and as I raise my hips to reach the top of her shoulders, the angle of my dick shifts and the end pops inside her. Making her eyes widen as she breathes in sharply.

"Sorry!" I whisper. She closes her eyes and lays very still. Eventually she whispers back. "Ow. No." so I slowly retract out of her rectum. "That's fine" she whispers and I use the pressure of her clenched cheeks to get me off, my come splashing up her back and down her pussy. Looking behind, the other two seem none the wiser so I grab some tissue and clean my sister up. She brought baby wipes so I make sure there's nothing left, re-apply sun cream, give her a tender kiss and leave them to their sunbathing.

Half an hour later I'm playing with my phone in the kitchen when Christine walks in, holding her bikini top to her chest, as she approaches she exposes herself and tucks the top into her briefs.
"Can I get another drink? It's too hot out there now." I grab a diet coke and toss it to her, her boobs jiggling as she catches it. She opens it and takes a sip, staring at me the whole

time. “Thanks for earlier. I needed that.”
“Glad I could help.” She sets the coke down and comes in for a topless hug. She’s greasy and warm. “You know that’s pretty much all I can give you, yes?” She has her head on my chest and I can feel her nodding.
“I know. It’s just you’ve had Sarah and I just wanted a little taste. Plus I haven’t forgotten what you said last time.” We hold each other for a little while longer. “I just feel like I’m the only virgin here.”
“How do you know Tasha’s not a virgin?”
“Oh please. We all know she’s not your sister, plus I was listening earlier. Never knew she was a bum girl.” I laugh.
“She’s not, it was an accident.” She lifts her head and there’s an imploring look in her eyes.
“Can I ask you for one more thing, and It’ll be the last, I promise.”
“What?”
“Can you put it in me?”

My poor, poor testicles are on the verge of going on strike. I’m about to speak when she stops me, “I don’t want sex, not full sex. I just want to know what it’s like to have one inside me. All I have is my fingers and a hairbrush, but I don’t think it’s the same.” She’s such a cute kid, and those puppy-dog eyes are adorable.
“Ok, but just once, and no real sex, ok?” She nods sweetly. I quickly check the other two girls are still on the balcony, they are, so I kneel down and swiftly pull her briefs off her.
She gasps. “Here?”
I lift her up as I stand upright, popping her bum on the counter. From experience I know it’s the ideal height, so I get my nearly erect dick out and position it against her. Look into her eyes, wait for the nod and kiss her as I slowly enter her tight hole.

And tight it is. She’s a proper virgin, so it’s a while before I’m fully in, her knees lift and her ankles cross behind my back as she holds my shoulders tightly. I stand there, stock still as she adjusts. She finally raises her head and smiles at me. “Thank you.” I slowly start to withdraw and she looks down as I exit her, promise fulfilled, but before I’m fully out she stops me. “Wait. I just want to feel it a little longer.” So I push back slightly, for fear of falling out and she catches her breath as I give a few gentle thrusts. Finally she nods, and I extract myself fully, good job too, as she was so tight I was a nanosecond away from leaving a hefty deposit. I bend down and pick up her knickers, putting them over her ankles and she slips fully into them as she slides her bum off the counter-top. Another hug, another kiss and she picks up her can of coke as she goes back outside.

A couple of hours later and it’s time to go for our guests. Christine’s older brother pulls up outside and beeps his horn. Hugs all round, but prolonged kisses for lucky me, which raises Tasha’s eyebrows to such a degree they’re in danger of leaving her face.
“Aren’t you the ladies’ man?” I merely shrug and walk through to the front room.

“Some of us face got it, some haven’t. It’s a curse.” We spend the rest of the afternoon watching live feeds from Glasto, we catch sight of Amanda and her mum a few times and before long we’ve had dinner and are relaxing on the sofa. Tasha laying lazily beside me with a leg and an arm draped over me.

“Sorry about the bum thing earlier.” She laughs
“Just took me by surprise, that’s all. Actually I...” the phone rings, and Tasha gets up to answer it, by her position (one finger in her ear and a raised voice) I’m guessing it’s Amanda, they chat for a while, then she passes the phone to me, before disappearing out of the room.
“Having fun? Happy Birthday, by the way”
“Thank you. It’s incredible here, there’s so much to do, you need a month at least.”
“I’ve told Tasha we’re going next year, so we can make a proper weekend of it.”
“You’re on! I’d better go, the Stones are coming on soon and mum will kill me if we miss it. Love you”
“Love you t..” but the line goes dead. Sounds like a blast over there. I replace the phone and realise Tasha’s not in the room still. Not in the kitchen or my bedroom either. The spare room door is closed so I knock.
“Everything ok?”
“Yes. Get into bed and I’ll be in in a minute.” Sounds promising.

I do as I’m told. She didn’t say strip off so I just lay on the bed in my (clean) boxers, fiddling with my phone. There’s a tap at the door and she comes in, fully naked. There’s also the faint smell of something very sweet in the air. She looks nervous.
“You ok?” She just nods and walks slowly towards me, gets on the bed and whips off my shorts. She doesn’t say a word and settles between my legs and starts to suck me. It’s awesome, and gentle, but she’s being unnaturally quiet and reserved. I get completely solid so she stops sucking me and sits up.

“Close your eyes” I do so, for good measure I grab a spare pillow and place it over my head. I can feel her shifting her weight on the bed, then the feeling of her feet either side of my hips.
Pressure on the end of my dick. More pressure than I’m used to, which finally relents with the return of that sweet smell. The pressure envelops my length, slowly but surely, until I feel her bum come to rest on my thighs. When she talks again, she sounds out of breath.
“Ok, you can look now.” As I suspected, I am inserted fully, balls deep, inside her anus, her vagina slightly open and fully visible to me. She doesn’t say a word as she leans back and starts to slide up and down. Beside me on the bed is a yellow bottle of lubricant, and a largish dildo, which I guess she had inside her as she came in. Picking up the bottle I take a quick look. Pina Colada flavoured. That explains the smell.

“I wanted to make it easier” she pants as she quickens her pace, lifting a hand to play with her clit and insert a finger inside herself. The pressure and friction is incredible and the sight of her rectum gripping the sides of my cock, coupled with the frenetic pace at which she’s frigging her clit means it’s only a few more moments before I start to feel my balls twitch. When she picks up the dildo and starts trying to fuck her pussy with it I nearly pass out. She can’t get it in as my dick’s taking up all the space down there, so she uses it to massage her clitoris until she shakes with a violent orgasm, her vaginal contractions transferring to her anus, and she massages my cock until it erupts inside her, and she falls back onto my legs, my dick clamped firmly inside her bum.

I get limp quickly, probably from the pressure, and I pick up the dropped dildo beside us and prod the end against her inviting pussy. It slips in easily and I feel it sliding against my dick on the other side of that small wall of skin that separates her two channels.
“Oh, stop, I’ll fucking die!” she pants, so I pull myself out of her, her rectum closing quickly, holding my come inside, but I leave the dildo in her pussy for the moment, getting up and moving down the bed so I can kiss her softly. She looks completely fucked, in every sense of the word. I extract the dildo, pick her up and move her into the proper position for sleep, lay her down and cover her over. Taking a look at myself my dick is red raw from the pressure, but Jesus Christ was it worth it. She’s asleep in no time, but it’s still early evening, so I slip out of the room and have a few beers, watching the Stones footage on BBC2 before finally turning in myself.

Sunday 30/6/13

The next morning I have to stifle a laugh as Tasha walks into the kitchen (I got up before her this morning). Amanda laughed at my pained walking style last week, now it's my turn.
"Oh shut up. Your fault!"
"How is it my fault? I never told you to do that. Where'd you get the dildo from anyway?"
"It was one of mums, I borrowed it, which means you have to get me home so I can replace it before she gets back."
"Oh great, so the dildo up your bum last night has been up mum's... whatever?"
"Possibly. How's that emotional conflict coming on?"
"Through the fucking roof now." (actually, quite the contrary, the thought actually gets me a little aroused, but I'd best keep that particular thing to myself.)
Her bum settles down, and I do indeed drop her off before mum and dad get back. The weekend went well, with mum now officially discharged from Jacobs' care, although mum tells me I might be getting a phone call from her at some stage.
Can't possibly think what we'd talk about

Tuesday 2/7/2013

As mum threatened/promised/implied, Dr Jacobs did indeed call on Tuesday. I wasn't completely sure what the conversation was going to be about, as I'd been informed mum wasn't under her care any more. In any case, the awesome weekend I'd just had has mentally glossed over any emotional turmoil I might have experienced by snogging my step mum. Jacobs must have been told when I take my lunch break as she called me the second I got into my car. "Tell me truthfully. How did you feel after spending the afternoon in her company?"
"Happy."
"Why?"
"Because mum was happy. It was odd, I'll grant you, but the last couple of months haven't exactly been dull."
"Very true. Now, tell me honestly. Are you sexually attracted to your mother?"
"No."
"Are you sure?"
"Yes."
"How can you be so sure?"
"Because my mother's been dead for 12 years." That shut her up.
"I'm sorry, I should have worded that better. Let me start again. Are you sexually attracted to your step..."

“Yes.”
“Thank you for that. Think about this question carefully. Do you have any intention to act on that attraction yourself?” I do indeed think about it.
“No.”
“Ok, now, would you act on that attraction if your stepmother came onto you?”
“Isn’t that the same question?”
“Not really. It’s the difference between who plays the part of the antagonist.”
“If she came onto me... I’d try to get out of the situation, like before.”
“But you didn’t last week.”
“Because you told me to stay with it.”
“Did you enjoy the experience?”
“A part of me did, naturally, but I was always thinking of why I was there.”
“And why were you there?”
“To help mum find out if she was cured or not.”
“Very good.”
It’s like being back at school again. “I should let you know, this will probably happen again. She knows she’s better, but she wants to make sure, so she’s testing herself, and you’re the only person she has to help her do that.”
Great. Guinea pig again.
“So she’s going to come onto me again? How far do I go this time?”
“I wouldn’t call it ‘coming on’ to you, just excessive flirting. She’s going to want to get you sexually excited, into a state of sexual arousal, and then see if she can resist you.”
“And if she can’t?”
“She will, she already has. That said, she’ll probably try to raise the stakes next time, so you’d better be prepared.”
“Hang on, how do you know I’m up to this?”
“Well, from what I’ve been told, you’re more than holding your own in the seduction stakes. How many girlfriends do you have?”
“I only have one. I just mainly seem to have friends, who are girls.”
“Who share your bed.”
“For sleep, yes.” There’s a colossal pause. I get the feeling I’m talking to someone who’s heard this all before.
“Okay. Just so we’re clear. There’s a chance, this isn’t definite, but there’s a chance she’ll pick an opportunity at some point in the future where she’ll put herself in a situation with you where the natural course of events would lead to consensual sex.”
God, so clinical.
“The points to remember are; she has to lead. You have to go along but never be the dominant one. If at any point it looks like she’s gone too far and she’s going to want full sex, it’s up to you to try to talk her down. You’ve done if before, so I have confidence you’ll manage it again.”
“I wish I did”

“You’ll be fine. I’d stake my reputation on it.”
“No offence, but that doesn’t fill me with confidence.” Silence.
“Okay then, how about this? I’m so sure your mother will come out of this cleanly I’ll give you five thousand pounds if she doesn’t.”
“Christ, really?”
“Absolutely. Just remember, she’s your stepmother, but she’s also your brother & sister’s natural mother, as well as your father’s wife.”
“Yes, I know, that’s what I told myself last week.”
“See? You’ll be fine. I’m off the clock on this one, and if you have any more questions, you have my number.
She rings off and I realise my lunch break has evaporated. I pop around the corner for a lunch of champions from a McDonald’s drive-thru then go back to work.

Friday 5/7/2013

As is usual, if this conversation wasn't prevalent to the rest of the week, I wouldn't have bothered telling you about it, so aside from mum calling me at home and at work a few times to see what I was doing this weekend (anything except going around hers or staying at home, it seemed), the rest of the week passed swiftly. My boss even let me go home early on Friday because I seemed distracted (can't think why).

One emotion was forefront in my mind Friday night – loneliness. All my girls were all off doing other things, so I had the flat all to myself (I received some apologetic texts and trouser-warming pics so it wasn't a complete loss). I don't really have a social life, but I popped into town for a couple of hours to try some local pubs. Turned out to be an ok night, it was quite warm so alfresco drinking was the vogue for the evening, and I bumped into some old schoolmates and had a good old catch up. Grabbed a few beers from the local mini-market and dossed on the sofa watching blu-rays until I dragged my arse to bed.

Saturday 6/7/2013

Haven't had a hangover in months, but the social drinking last night and the few beers at home meant I'd actually had more than I thought, and now I was paying the price. After some breakfast and several coffees, I grabbed my gym stuff and headed down the road. I'd only been there 5 minutes and was on a stairmaster when I felt a hand on my backside. Guessing it was Amanda, and without turning round, I said "I missed you last night" but it wasn't Amanda who answered.
"You could have come over for a few hours..." said mum. "We're not that far away, you know."
Ah, bugger. Immediately a thousand scenarios rocketed through my brain, but all ended up with the same conclusion. This was going to be a test day, and there's not a lot I could do to get out of it without either upsetting mum or giving the game away. A part of me got a tad excited (Not THAT part, ya pervs), so I carried on wailing on my thighs and waited for mum to inevitably get on the machine beside me. But she didn't. She walked over, beamed at me (looking VERY attractive in her grey Lycra outfit and tied-back hair) and got on the treadmill directly in front of me. The first thing I noticed was the tattoo poking out from the straps of her bra top, the second was her backside as she started to jog. There was a mirror directly in front of us both on the wall so she saw me looking, generating another grin.
"You here on your own?" I called over.
"Your dad dropped me and the girls off earlier. They've gone into town for a few things."

I can't stand looking directly at her bum, so I get off my machine, and so's not to make it obvious, get on the machine next to her. We jog in silence for a bit, before making small talk about work. Suddenly, one of the trainers comes over and tells us there's a spin class in 5 minutes, and we're welcome to join.
"Want to?"
"It might get rid of this hangover."
"On the razz last night?"
"Bumped into a few old friends from school and got chatting."
"Oh good. It'll do you good to stop spending so much time around girls. Might turn you funny." She suggests with a smile. I take a look at her figure.
"No chance."

We do indeed do the spin class, and may I ask, who the fuck thought that was a good thing to invent? Jesus titty-fucking Christ I nearly died. My thighs were on fire, but mum was in her element.
"That'll do for me, I think. Any more and my knees won't work until Wednesday." We walk over to the lockers and mum grabs a towel out of her bag and starts mopping up the sweat, taking time on her chest.

"Oh bugger! They don't have any showers here, do they?" Yeah, like you didn't know...
"No, we usually just go straight home and use mine." Her eyebrows raise suggestively. I give an over-the-top sigh. "Ok, you can use mine. You'll be ok, there's a lock on the door." She gives a betraying scoff, but covers it up, throwing her bag over her shoulder as we head out. It's only a few hundred yards to my house, but it feels like a mile.

I let us in and I remind her where everything is. I ask if she wants to take the shower first but her phone rings in her bag. She shakes her head and gestures for me to go first as she walks through to the kitchen.
I know exactly what's going to happen, so I 'forget' to lock the door, get naked and turn on the shower, closing the cubicle. What surprises me is how much time passes before I hear the bathroom door opening, a bag being deposited on the floor, and then a moments silence before the cubicle door opens. I'm expecting this so I silently move to one side as she gets in with me, I close the door as she puts her shower gel and shampoo on the little shelf under the shower control panel.

There's room for two (handy, given the size of my girlfriend's breasts) so we quietly wash ourselves, only sporadically making eye contact and smiling at each other. I catch her looking at me, my chest and penis, and I can't help but return the looks. Her firm breasts with pierced nipples, erect as usual. She stands up after washing her legs and I spy her pubic thatch downstairs, and Mr Happy starts to wake up. It was a foregone conclusion, so I just let it happen, but control it enough so It's not an obstacle as we continue our little innocent charade.

“Can you do my back?” She offers me a light sponge with some shower gel on. “Mind the tattoo please.” Smiling, she turns around, showing me her bare bum, peachy and glistening in the shower stream, and I get a little more turned on. As requested, I clean her back, taking extra care over her newly-healed tattoo. I ditch the sponge and use my hands to give her a neck massage, it’s breaking Jacobs’ rules slightly, but fuck it. I’ve been told I give good neck rub, so she doesn’t protest, rolling her head as I work my thumbs into her shoulder muscles and making all the right noises.
“Pass me the shampoo.” I lift my hands off her shoulders, and pass her the bottle, forgetting myself and giving her shoulder a little peck as I do. She squirts a blob onto her hand and starts working it into her hair as I grab my shower gel and start seeing to myself, finally.

She turns around with her eyes closed and I’m reminded of that moment in the shower with Tasha all those months ago, when she accidentally-on-purpose spun on the spot so my hands ended up on her boobs. No chance of that happening here, but the memory gets me a little more excited, and it raises enough so that it’s really quite close to her. She moves slightly so her head’s under the stream to wash out the shampoo. Finally she opens her eyes and looks directly at me. She moves forward and my semi-erect dick makes contact with her belly. She doesn’t react to the pressure as she comes closer, pushing it down and without a word, grabs my wrists and places them around her back, then she raises her arms and wraps them around my neck and comes in for a kiss.

I let her lead, it’s soft and tender, and I find myself wondering if the long period of nothing was her mustering up the courage to make a move. Jacobs is confident she’s truly getting over me, and I’d have to agree. Last week she was a lot more forward. This time she’s really had to steel herself to start the seduction, and the kiss is a big clue. There’s no force, or aggression, it’s just an (admittedly nice) kiss. But it’s not a test, so I part my lips slightly and move to her top lip, then the bottom, and she reciprocates. My hands move down and find her bum and I stroke the cheeks gently. My dick automatically gets stiffer, and I can feel her pubic hair pressing against the top of it, the motion of our bodies makes her slit rub slightly along the length, but I can feel a little more deliberate movement come in, and she bears down to grind on me.

Then she stops. She doesn’t back off suddenly, her hands raised in horror. She just stops moving her hips and breaks the kiss. Her expression is hard to read, it’s like she’s analysing herself. Finally she exhales deeply, whispers ‘ok’ to herself and unwraps her arms from my neck, stroking them down my chest as she backs away slightly. Because she’s slightly shorter, she still slides herself along me as she backs away, and I know she feels it as her breath falters as she moves. She seems to have reached a sort of milestone, as she returns to just simple washing. Normally I’d have long finished by now, but I have a feeling I can’t abandon her until she’s done what she’s here to do.

The next session starts almost immediately as she grabs my shower gel, squirts some into her hand and starts rubbing it into my chest. She takes her time but slowly she moves her hands down my body, until turning her hands awkwardly and placing them on the front of my upper thighs, close to, but not touching it. Looking up again I smile at her, silently giving her permission as she brings her hands together, gently wrapping her fingers around my length. She doesn't move them for a moment, just holds it, giving gentle squeezes until I'm fully, and painfully erect. The shower gel still on her hands acts as a lubricant and she slowly slides one of her hands up and down, the other cradling my balls as she stares at it, throbbing in-between her fingers.

I fear the worst as she gets onto her knees, but again, she just slowly moves her hands, staring at it, her face (and closed mouth) directly in the line of fire. Then, as if another moment has passed, she stands up again, letting me go, and moves slightly to one side so I don't prove too much of an obstacle. This is absolute torture as I'm half a heartbeat away from coming, but the practised heavy breathing brings me down. I really can't take much more of this. I'm actually becoming afraid I might not be able to control myself if she carries on. A distant memory surfaces of how I can really help mum test herself, I just need to find the ideal moment.

I'm still solid, and it doesn't help my stoicism when she turns her back to me and bends over. I get a good view of her little brown-eye, and her split labia below. As she washes her legs her bum wobbles back towards me, and in the position I'm in, all it would take would be a momentary lack of attention and I'd be inside her, and she knows this, as I can see her looking back as she's bent double. Fair enough, I position it so it's in a direct line and as she 'accidentally' moves back she comes into contact with the end on my shaft.

There's the slightest amount of penetration, not quite to the end of my helmet, but enough so I can feel the welcoming warmth. Again, she doesn't react, but bounces again a couple of times, reaching the same depth as before. On the third bounce she stops with me just inside her entrance. The heat radiating into me from her pussy is too much, and I can feel the twinge in the tip as I know I'm about to come, whether or not she felt anything, I don't know, but she stands up straight, not saying a word and continues to lather herself with her back to me.

I don't know how long this is going to go on for, but my water bill is going to be fucking huge. I take the initiative and move forward, parking myself firmly between her cheeks and wrapping my arms around her waist. I look over her shoulder and take her shower gel, but instead of squeezing some on my hand, I pour a little over her tits. Dropping the bottle I take her breasts firmly in each hand and squeeze gently, flicking my fingertips over her erect nipples as I move down her body, working the gel into her belly with both hands. I don't go for the nipples again, but I do move my hands up so my fingers come into contact with the underside of her boobs.

She leans back into me, creating more pressure on my dick, and places her hands on mine, guiding them over her smooth and soapy body. Her left hand moves mine back onto her right breast, and concentrates on the nipple. Her right hand moves down, but it's slow, hesitant, and glancing left I see her eyes are open. She's enjoying the contact, I can tell by her breathing, but she's wary of how far this might go. My fingers find her pubic hair and continue down, until the tip of my middle finger find the indentation that marks the top of her slit and her hand stops moving. My left hand still gently massages her nipple, pinching and tweaking the stud through the teat. I feel her take a deep breath and her hand starts slowly moving mine again, further into the channel, the skin becoming smoother and more supple. I feel her clit hood slide to the left as I get closer to her bud, and I know if I make contact it might be the bridge too far Jacobs spoke of. I move my head down and whisper a single word into her ear.
The effect is slow, but both her hands freeze. I stand as still as she does and wait for something to happen. Firstly, she exhales loudly, her whole body relaxing, to such a degree it makes me wonder how tense she was during the test. Then she grips my hands and moves them. My right hand to just below her bellybutton, my left to the base of her ribs and we hold each other for a while, the water being the only sound. I'm very conscious that I'm still pressing against her bum, but we both know that's just nature.

It's another full minute before she shifts her weight and gets off me, my dick springing up as her buttocks finally release the downward pressure. She turns to face me and the body language is a stark contrast. She subconsciously moves to cover herself with her arms, then realises it's a futile gesture, considering what we've been doing for the last 15 minutes. I put my hands on her shoulders.
"You ok?" She nods silently. I may be mistaken, but I think she's blushing, and she looks like she's on the verge of tears. "Come on, you wanted to know, didn't you?" She gives a small laugh.
"Jacobs?"
"She may have called me."
"And you still did this, knowing what happened before?" I pull her into a hug, mindful of the obstruction downstairs. She holds on to me for dear life.
"She was very confident you were fine."
"How confident?" I decide not to mention the cash incentive.
"She said something about staking her reputation on it." She stands away from me and looks down at her handiwork.
"I'm sorry I put you through this. It must have been h... difficult." She says without looking up.
"It was easy, really. Well, some parts easier than others." I lean over and turn the water off, so we're standing there, facing each other dripping water and she's honestly never looked more beautiful. She's still looking down and obviously notices it's not going anywhere. I open the shower cubicle and we both step out into the relatively cool air of the bathroom.

We make good use of the extra room and put some space between us as we dry off, I catch her still stealing glances at me, so decide to take a more direct and confrontational approach.
“Everything ok?” She looks away and smiles.
“Nothing it’s just... it doesn’t seem to be going down.” I look down and it is indeed still standing firmly to attention.
“Um, yeah. Well, it’s just been subjected to fifteen minutes of excruciating torture without release, so it’s probably just frustrated.” She blushes as she slips her feet into her tiny black knickers and pulls them up her slender legs, jiggling her hips (and her boobs) as she pulls them up over her bum. “And doing stuff like that isn’t helping!” She laughs and jiggles her boobs again.
“Actually, it’s flattering I can still have that effect on young men!”
“You’re not that old, and you’ve got the figure of a teenager.” Another blush and her chest goes blotchy. She pulls on some jeans and she starts digging in her bag for her bra, she comes over, just breasts and denim, my new ‘thang’.
“This is going to sound dodgy, but can you do my bra up? I can’t reach behind myself properly because of this tattoo. Normally your dad or Tasha does it for me.” She turns round and slips her hands through the straps. It’s a nice black thing with flowers on the cups, and vaguely familiar. I do the honours and she turns around.
“Oh bloody hell! Is that thing still up?” I’ve pulled my boxers on but I may as well have erected a marquee for all the package retention it’s doing.
“Yeah, sorry. You were more effective than I thought.” It’s true, the fucker isn’t budging at all. “I don’t mean to be puerile, but I may have to deal with this once you leave the room.” But a wry smile appears on her face.
“One more test.”
“What? I thought you were over this.”
“I am, I think I am. I’m pretty sure I am, but one more test will make sure, plus it’ll help you get that thing down.” I’m not sure what her actual intention is, but she leans against the sink and stares at me. “In your own time.”
My turn to be embarrassed, but every little helps. I take off my boxers and stare at her, blue jeans, black bra and a very sexy body helping the cause. I start stroking myself, standing in the middle of the room, feeling a little foolish. I think she spots I’m feeling a little awkward so she moves off the sink, gestures me over to take her place and goes to lean against the opposite wall. I get comfy and start to masturbate again. She spots me staring at her tits so brings her hands through the straps and pushes her bra down to her waist. She doesn’t do anything, but she doesn’t have to, her nipples are erect again, hopefully from the slightly chilly room and she simply stares at my dick as I start to work the shaft. After a while it’s obvious nothings happening.
“Stage fright?”
“Must be. I have to do something, I can’t go out like this!” She laughs and approaches me, turns me towards the open shower cubicle and puts her hands around me from behind.

Her breasts pressing against my back.
“Now, I’m not going to watch, so this isn’t anything sexual, ok? Agreed?” I nod, and she puts her hands back on me. One holding the shaft and the other massaging my testicles. Her hands are very soft after all that shower gel and she wastes no time in starting to rub me. I can feel her face sideways against my back so I know she’s not looking, but the feel of her hard nipples against my skin is an incredible turn-on, plus she instinctively does this thing with her fingers where she rubs the whole shaft but then rolls her fingertips over the very end before coming back down again.
“Tell me when, ok?” I just nod emphatically and reach behind me. The only thing I can grab is the side of her midriff, but it’s human and warm and soft and I starting coming quite strongly, arcing impressively and splashing against the back wall of the shower. I forget to tell her so I get some on her hands as she slides her hand up again, but she doesn’t say anything, instead using it to help finish me off. My body sags as the last dregs leave the end of my dick and she gives me a last few strokes before letting go. I hear the taps in the sink getting turned on as she washes my spunk off her hands. She dries herself off and continues getting dressed as if what’s just happened is completely normal.
“Has that helped?” I turn around and I’m already limp. She smiles and nods as she pulls a loose t-shirt over her head. “Ok, get dressed, I’ll pop the kettle on.” She picks up her bag and leaves the bathroom, leaving me naked and exhausted, wondering if I’m ever going to be able to look dad in the eye again.

I finally join mum in the front room, fully clothed with her damp hair down, sipping a tea and watching the tennis. I sit on the sofa beside her and we share a weak smile. It’s the Women’s Final so it must be past midday. I grab my tea and speak first.
“So, have the events of today cleared things up for you? Have you proven to yourself that you are a changed woman?” She mutes the TV but still stares at the screen.
“Pretty much. I’m so sorry about everything. I should have asked instead of just jumping on you like that.”
“But would it have been as effective? If you’d known I was ‘playing along’ would it have satisfied your curiosity?” She shifts on the sofa and leans on my chest, it’s nice.
“Probably not. I’m glad you were up to the task. Pardon the pun.”
“Well, some of us have got it...”
“Yes, so I hear...” She gets off me and sits up. She picks up the remote and turns off the TV, turning to me with a slightly serious look on her face. “There actually was a real reason for ambushing you today. The other thing just... happened. But anyway. You and Amanda are sleeping together, yes?”
The question comes from nowhere and I’m speechless. I hesitate to answer so she continues.
“I’m going to tell you two things about me, and then I want you to answer my questions truthfully, ok?” I nod weakly. “Firstly, I’m not a hypocrite. I’m not from the ‘do as I say not do as I do’ crowd. Secondly, I started having sex when I was 13.” Again, I’m speechless.

“And it wasn’t casual sex either, it was a relationship that lasted 4 years. So now, knowing those two things, are you and Amanda having sex?”
“Yes.”
“And Tasha?”
“We... It just...”
“Yes or no.”
“Yes.” I’m about to add ‘sorry’ when she interrupts.
“And the other two?”
“That’s more complicated.”
“How?”
“I’ve got to fourth base, but haven’t completed a home run.” A look of bemusement sweeps across her face. I guess she’s not seen as many teen-centric American movies as I have. So I explain, leaving out the finer details, of how I’ve penetrated Sarah & Christine, but haven’t ‘finished the job’.
“Right. So how long has thing been going on?”
“About 6 months.” She looks a little cross. “It just happened, it all did. One thing always led to another and we tend to end up in bed. If it helps, I never start anything. It was always my rule.” She picks up her tea again.
“Like I said, I’m not a hypocrite, so I’m not going to go off on one at you lot, but I don’t need to tell you the shit you’ll be in if anyone finds out.”
“Tell me about it. I’m up to my elbows in jail-bait!” She cracks a smile.
“Just... not in my house. And for fuck’s sake don’t get arrested.” She flicks the TV back on.
“What happened to your boyfriend, the one you was seeing when you were 13?”
“He got me pregnant and fucked off.”
“Tasha’s father?” She nods, and looks upset. “Some other time?” She nods again.
“Just try to restrain yourself. Not many 19-year olds have 4 girls on the go.”
Eh? “19? I’m 18. I’m not 19 until.....” She stares at me and laughs out loud.
“You’ve forgotten?” I pick my phone up off the table. Yep, July 6th, my fucking birthday!
“Oh shit! I did forget! In my defence, it’s been a fucked up week!” She laughs again, and it’s a good sound. Checking the phone more closely I see I’ve got a few texts from some friends, including the old schoolmates I saw last night.
“Oh, that’s a classic! Wait till I tell your father!” Her phone rings in her bag and she gets it out to check the screen. “Speaking of which, you’d better take me home. I’ve been abandoned, it would seem. Also, you’re not spending your birthday on your own like a Billy-no-mates.” I didn’t have anything planned, so I grab a few things and make my way up the hallway where mum’s waiting. She drops her bag and hugs me tightly, then reaches up and kisses me on the cheek, and we don’t say another word as we head down to my car.

We discuss matters on the way to my parents’ house. The events in my apartments, our feelings about the same, plus a whole new set of rules about appropriate behaviour with my girls, in public and in private. Mum turns out the be quite a fountain of advice, having

been in Tasha's situation herself. She going to confront her about it later, and nothing I say will stop her doing so. I agree it's probably for the best, get it all out in the open, but mum tells me she's got something to deal with as soon as we get to hers.

We pull up and there's quite a few cars in the driveway. I give mum a suspicious look but her face is a statue. Entering the house it's completely devoid of life.
"No-one else here?"
"It's sunny, they might be out the back. So I dutifully proceed through the kitchen and out the French windows.

"SURPRISE!!!" as my eyes adjust to the sun, I make out several people springing up from behind tables and chairs that have been set up outside. Aunts and uncles, a couple of old friends from past jobs, Amanda's parents, a few people I'm not sure I recognise but my four girls are standing together, looking amazing in pretty summer dresses and radiant smiles. I look directly at Amanda, who I haven't seen in over a week and she's more beautiful than ever. Tanned from her weekend at Glasto, a single plaited braid in her hair and several wristbands still on her arm. She walks over and gives me a strong but very discreet hug (given the company) whispering how much she missed me. I give her a reserved kiss and I hold her hand as I walk around saying hello to the assembled masses. The few people I didn't recognise were Christine & Sarah's respective parents, who were supposed to just be dropping their daughters off but decided to stick around for a free drink or two.

I look around and Mum is standing to one side with Tasha, whose head is bowed deeply, giving me one or two looks that are hard to read. Mum isn't being harsh with her, but I'm guessing I know what the conversation is about. Eventually they hug, before separating and going back to their friends. Mum whispers something in dad's ear and she disappears indoors, him following very swiftly after. I don't want to think what they're up to, so we walk over to Tasha.
"Everything ok?" She nods and sniffs, it looks like she's been crying, or on the verge of crying anyway. "What's up?" But she shakes her head, brightens up and forces a smile.
"I'll tell you later. It's nothing horrible, really. Anyway, it's your birthday party, fun time!"
There's a nice buffet laid out on tables in front of the pool, several bottles of wine and a few crates of beer in a cooler. I load up a plate, grab a beer and take a seat by a table. I'm suddenly surrounded by well-wishers all handing me cards and small gifts. I turn to Tasha, who's sat opposite me.
"You planned all this, I take it?"
"Partly, Mum helped, and Sarah did the decorating." I'm reminded that Sarah wants to do interior design after her education's over. I notice the subtle touches around the patio. Folded cloths on the edge of the tables, balloons and ribbons tied to the top of the gazebos and along the door frames. It's very well done, and she blushes when I thank her for her work.

A while passes, and my parents re-emerge from wherever. They've both completely changed their clothes. Tasha notices it too and stifles a giggle. Mum's taken a cue from the girls and is wearing a nice party frock and has her hair up, looking every inch the parent, not the mature teenager look she's been sporting lately. Dad's gone for the basic open shirt and Chino's combo. Tommy's running around being the centre of attention after stuffing his face with chocolate and sugar.

An hour or so later, the other girls' parents leave (they're staying here), and a couple of distant relatives come over to say goodbye (long drive ahead). So it's just us young'uns and mine and Amanda's parents left. This suits us fine as we all get on pretty well. Suddenly the doorbell rings, and awkwardness rears its head as my boss follows my dad back out onto the patio with a bottle of wine in hand. I abandon my gaggle of girls and walk over, hand outstretched. There's a sudden squeal from behind us and Christine barrels past me, thumping into my boss and giving him a massive bear hug. My father and I look on in amused bemusement, until Christine squeaks something like 'Uncle Mike' while her head is buried in her arms around his neck. Naturally, he's embarrassed, but it's more than softened the mood. Explanations of connections are offered, along with many 'it's a small world'- type comments.

He stays for one drink, but he's also got an ulterior motive for popping by, as mum did earlier at mine. During mine and Tasha's trip to Birmingham, dad's contacts helped out my boss immensely as he managed to get us a hotel at very short notice. Unbeknownst to me, they'd since struck up a healthy business relationship and aside from power lunches and golfing days, dad was in the market for a few company cars, which my Boss just happened to have driven here in, just on the off chance my Dad might fancy a test drive. As it happens, dad hasn't had that much to drink, and once he's made sure his absence won't be rude, he agrees to taking the shiny car for a spin. I'm invited, but I think that would be rude (plus I'm enjoying Amanda's company and playing footsie with Tasha under the table). Amanda's dad is asked if he wants to go with, he looks nervous and slightly out of place, but his wife assures him he's ok to go. He starts out, but stops and walks straight towards me.
"Can I have a word?" I nod and put down my beer. We start to walk around the pool. He starts talking nervously. It seems to be his natural state of being.
"Do you remember what we talked about a few months ago, when we stayed here that night?"
"Yes, I think so. You told me Amanda was still your 'baby girl'."
He laughs, it's higher-pitched than I would have guessed. He looks over at her, as do I. Tall, elegant, beautiful. If there's a word to describe her, 'baby' isn't it.
"I've acquired the impression lately that my little girl just isn't so little any more. I don't mean physically, more about her maturity. It's hard to see them grow up so quick." He got like this the last time he'd had a few, but I let him continue. "She talks about you all the

time. She paints you in a very positive light, you know. But you seem to be quite the ladies' man over there. I just want to be sure she's not going to be hurt." He's rambling slightly, but I get the gist.
"Last time we spoke, I told you you have nothing to worry about from me. Nothings changed."
"I'm not a naive man. I know this isn't the decade I grew up in and kids these days grow up quicker, and I know forbidding her from doing something is just a recipe for disaster, but just, please. Treat her with the respect she deserves." I step back and extend a hand. He takes it and we shake. I'm not entirely sure what we've agreed on but he accepts it anyway, then leaves with the others for their spin in the countryside.

It takes a while before I realise I'm now in the company of 5 females I've had sexual encounters with, and one woman I've seen topless. Yay me. I rejoin the girls as Sarah puts a CD in the stereo on a small table by the food and she and Christine start dancing. I walk over to the two mothers as I haven't really spoken to them since I arrived. Mum gives me a warm smile, as if this morning never happened. I turn to Amanda's mum.
"How was Glastonbury?" She, too, is still sporting the many wristbands she acquired over the weekend. "Oh, it was amazing. There's just so much to do and see there, and it's so liberating!"
"I know, Amanda showed me the pictures." She takes a second, then gasps and covers her mouth with her hands and turns a deep shade of pink.
"Oh no! She didn't show you, did she? Oh my god! It was a spur of the moment thing, we just got caught up in the atmosphere. I didn't spend all weekend like that, I assure you."
"Don't worry about it, I plan to go next year, if we can.." I feel a hand on my back as all four girls pass behind me as disappear into the house. Mum is curious as to what we're talking about, so I show her the pictures that I forgot to delete from my phone. She nods approvingly. "Looks very liberating indeed!" We chat for a little while until I hear the girl re-emerging from the house at speed. Giggling as usual, they run past us, all having changed into bikinis and swimwear, and dump their towels on nearby chairs as they jump into the pool, screaming and splashing. Tommy runs up to the edge of the pool jumping up and down at the poolside, unsure whether or not to jump in as well. Mum gets up and rushes over to him to pick him up, kicking as screaming as he's dragged away from the edge. She tries to explain he's not wearing his swim pants, but naturally, he doesn't care. She wrestles his clothes off him and lets him have a naked paddle in the shallow end. Of course, the coolness of the water isn't to his liking so he immediately wants to get out again. "Little bugger. You ok while I go and sort him out?"
"Of course." Tasha shouts from the deep end.
"Oi! You coming in or what?"
"I'd love to, but I don't have any trunks."

“Yes you do.” says mum as she walks into the kitchen with Tommy & Amanda’s mum. “I brought some of your stuff over, just in case. It’s in your old room.” So I pass them as I rush upstairs and into the place I called home.

Mum has indeed brought some trunks and a few change of clothes. That explains why she took so long before getting into the shower this morning, she was rifling through my clothes drawers. Luckily I don’t have anything incriminating in the flat. If I’d known that earlier I would have changed out of my shlompy clothes for the party. I also notice the camp beds are setup. Looks like I may be staying the night. Good, because I fancy getting drunk later.

Anyway, I get changed into a pair of swim-shorts, grab a towel from the airing cupboard and head back outside. As I step into the sun I get a few wolf-whistles from the girls before I drop my towel on the grass and dive in. I’m a pretty good swimmer, and I can see pretty well underwater, so I swim quickly towards them with my hands forward. I can see four bums attempting to get away but being impeded by the water. I grab whatever cheek I can reach and hear the muffled squeals from the grabees as I go from one to another. Finally I reach the unmistakable figure of Amanda’s midriff and instead of grabbing cheek, I hold her hips and break the surface of the water, planting a very wet kiss on her before she breaks away to wipe the excess water from her face.
“Ew! Thanks a bunch!” but she comes back quickly, all arms and legs as she wraps every limb around me, using the water for buoyancy, and we share a tender moment, which is swiftly ruined by my lovely sister and her friends as they start splashing us.
“Pack that in, you two. It’s party game time.” offers Tasha. Amanda breaks the hug but spins on the spot and backs into me so I can hug her from behind.
“What party game?” She beckons Amanda over and the four girls move to the other end of the pool for a quick discussion. It’s only five feet down at the deep and so it’s possible for me to stand of the bottom, but I put my arms on the side and let myself float. I see Sarah get out and go over to the buffet table, wearing that sporty bikini she sunbathed in at my place last weekend. She picks up a clean cloth napkin and gets back in.

Tasha takes it off her and swims over, her diminutive size means she has to tread water, I grab her sides and she sits on my lap underwater, she’s so light I support her weight easily.

“Here, put this on.” She folds up the napkin and puts it over my eyes as a blindfold. “We’re going to play ‘guess who’.”
“Any rules?” being mostly submerged and half-blind is very disconcerting, so I put my feet on the bottom of the pool to steady myself.
“Yep. We’ve numbered ourselves one to four. You have to guess who is who, but don’t say who you think is who until I ask, ok?”
“I think I get it. But what’s going to....?” I can’t finish as I’m suddenly kissed by someone. It’s immediately tongues from the word go. I try to move my hands but they’re slapped away. The kiss is broken and another set of lips takes their place. This time it’s softer, and

more hesitant. The third confident, but gentle, and the last is Amanda, I just know.
“Ok, I guess...” But Tasha’s voice stops me.
“Wait, you have to answer after the second round.” This time my hands are grabbed and placed on the unmistakable form of a bikini-clad breast. It’s medium-sized and soft. The second is virtually the same. Third boob is tiny and very familiar, but the fourth is large, and I crack a smile because of the obviousness of who it is. I bring my other hand up for a double- grope and I hear a giggle.
“Ok, guess.”
“Third was Tasha, last was Amanda. I can’t tell the difference between the first two, sorry.” Much whispering.
“Ok, number one is on your left, number two on your right. Raise both hands please.” Very authoritative. I raise my hands to boob height and a bared breast is placed in each. I give each a gentle squeeze, slightly pinching each nipple simultaneously. They may as well be twins.
“I don’t know, they’re identical.” The girl on my left grabs my hand, pushes it under the water and into her bikini bottoms, pushing my fingers under her crotch until I feel two slightly swollen, hair-covered pussy lips.
“Christine is number one, Sarah number two.” There’s a squeal and a few claps as I remove my hands and take off the blindfold. Sarah & Christine are still by me, Sarah smiling but Christine blushing. I get a group hug from them both and they move away.
“So, what do I win?” Tasha floats towards me and sits on my lap again, her arms on my shoulders as I hold her waist, Amanda stays beside me, listening.
“Us three have been talking a lot lately, about our weird setup. We’ve decided to give you the one thing you haven’t got, but probably the one thing you really need. It’s a joint birthday present, for the both of you. Sorry it’s late.”
“What is it?”
“Monogamy.”

It takes a while before we get what she’s told us. She gives a weak and slightly sad smile to Amanda. I’m confused as hell, and by the look of Amanda, so is she.
“We realised trying to handle four girls might be a bit of a stretch for you.” No arguments there “So we decided to give you up. It’s not fair making you spread yourself so thin, plus you’re completely bonkers for Amanda here, so it seemed the most sensible thing to do.” Amanda comes in closer to us and hugs us both under the water. “Anyway, we’re all still kids, we shouldn’t be doing this stuff as much as we are.”

“You haven’t been a kid since you were 12!” She smiles but carries on.
“It’ll be better this way. Safer, less stressful. The game was a last flirt.”
“If you’re sure?”
“Those two took some convincing, especially Christine, but we’re all agreed.” She turns to Amanda. “He’s all yours.” She gives me a peck and swims over to the other two. For the

first time in ages, I notice the scar on the back of her head from the hockey stick. It's weird how that accident was the thing that brought me and Amanda closer together in the first place. She moves around to float in front of me.
"Sure you can handle only one girl at a time?"
I shrug. "It'll be a challenge, but I'll manage." And she kisses me.

Mum & Amanda's mother come back out with Tommy in his swim pants and he hurtles towards Tasha, jumping off the edge straight at her. She catches him but they still cause a massive splash, it breaks the tension and we all start passing the wriggling monster between us, my little brother suddenly the centre of attention, just the way he likes it.
"Your father called, apparently the men have decided to have a round of golf, but they'll be picking up a takeaway on the way home. Any preference?" We decide on an Indian, and orders are taken. Sarah's not sure so I assure her Tikka Massala's the way to go for a newbie.

We decide that we've had enough pool-time for one day, so we drag ourselves out, dry ourselves off (me trying desperately not to notice the effect the cool air is having on their wet skin, especially around the nipple areas.)
We move upstairs to shower and change (separately) and it's not long before the men return (without my boss) with the food. Amanda's dad has cheered up considerably, having apparently found his hidden talent at the golf course, knocking in a 12 over par on his first ever round, impressing dad so much he's offered to sponsor his membership for a year. He even acknowledges me cheerfully as he helps bring the food in. Tables are cleared and re-laid and we have a nice alfresco meal outside as the mood becomes much more relaxed.

After dinner Amanda's mum and dad have to go, they thank us for a nice party, wish me a happy birthday, her dad reminds me to look after his daughter, but it's more a friendly statement now, than a direct order. I challenge Sarah to a few frames of snooker, which we call a draw after some very dodgy interference from a grumpy toddler, and somehow, Amanda and I end up in the hammock at the back of the garden, firmly wrapped up in each other's arms, her shoulder tucked into my armpit and her head on my chest, before falling asleep due to the heavy meal and waking up a short time later to find some kind soul has put a beach blanket over us. Everyone else is still sitting around the table, gossiping away, and Amanda seems to have awoken, and is taking advantage of the blanket cover by unzipping my trousers and giving my member a very gentle massage.
"So this is all mine now?"
"It would seem so."
"Well, I plan to make as much good use of it as possible." She tilts her head up and we kiss again. there's something different in how she kisses me now, probably because she knows she doesn't have to compete any more. I'm not complaining, the softness of her lips and the feel of her hand on me is something I'm going to want to repeat as often as possible. Just then, I feel the twinge.

“You’d better stop, I don’t want to ruin your nice dress.” But she doesn’t, instead quickening her pace and ducking her head under the blanket. She doesn’t engulf me completely, just puts her lips over the end to catch my come as it spurts into her mouth, with me trying desperately not to make any noise within earshot of my parents. She gives me a few sucks to clear my tubes and resurfaces. Just in time too, as mum comes over bearing drinks. I hear Amanda swallow noisily and try not to laugh.
“Come on you two, grab these and get your bums in gear. It’s getting chilly so we’re going inside.”
It’s not long after we all decide to retire. As it happens, Tasha’s got my old bed, which is bloody huge, so she’s sharing with Sarah & Christine. It appears that conversations have been had and Amanda and I have been allocated my old room, on the comfy camp bed. It adds a sense of acceptance and maturity to our relationship, so suddenly we don’t feel at all sneaky or embarrassed about bidding everyone goodnight and closing the door behind us as we get into bed.
“This is weird”
“Very.”

We lay there, just holding each other. There’s nothing stopping us ripping each other’s nightclothes off and banging like rabbits, but we can’t bring ourselves to start. Eventually we drop off, until we’re awoken at about 1am by a squeal from outside, followed by a deep laugh. The lights have been turned on outside so Amanda gets up and goes over to the window to peek through the curtains. She takes a look and puts a hand over her mouth as she at first gasps, then laughs. “What is it?”
“It’s your parents!”
“What are they doing?”
“Skinny-dipping!” I get up and peek out, sure enough, there are my embarrassing mum and dad, starkers in the pool, acting like teenagers. I take a look at mum, who’s never looked happier as she throws herself at dad, before ducking down and getting back into bed. But Amanda keeps watching.
“Ah, that’s sweet, really. I hope we’re like that when we’re that age.”
“You think we’ll still be together then?” She comes away from the window and gets back in beside me.
“Bloody hope so. It was hard enough getting you all to myself, I’m not letting go that easily.”
And we fall asleep in each other’s arms again, trying desperately not to think about what the parental units are getting up to outside. Note to self: make sure the pool’s thoroughly cleaned before going for another swim.

Sunday 7/7/2013

This morning came too quickly, the other girls have to go quite early, so hugs and kisses are dealt out. I get all my clothes together and ask Tasha if she wants to come over to mine. She declines, claiming she's got a mountain of homework to do.
"Since when have you left homework until the Sunday?"
"I had a party to organise, remember?" But she and Amanda share a look, and I get it. I say bye to dad, but as I give Tasha a squeezy hug, she whispers in my ear;
"At least you got to fuck me in the arse." I nearly choke as she laughs loudly and runs back into the house. I start walking towards my car but Mum calls me back as Amanda gets into the passenger seat.
"Tasha tells me your situation has changed since yesterday."
"Yeah, it seems I'm a one-woman-man now. Makes a change." She's got Tommy on her hip and she bounces him as she talks.
"I'm glad, no-one needs that pressure, especially at your ages. But I mean what I said, be careful. And thank you for yesterday. It really helped." I can't help myself.
"We know, we heard you at one in the morning." She looks shocked, a mirror of Amanda's mum yesterday. "Oh, I'm sorry, did we wake you up?"
"Not really. Amanda got all soppy about it actually."
"Amanda? Soppy?" I smile and kiss her cheek.
"I know. Brave new world." I get in the car and drive home.

That was this morning. Amanda's been here all day and despite what you might assume, we haven't spent all day in bed. In fact I've been typing like a dervish and we spent a good few hours watching the Murray vs Djokovic Wimbledon final, which brought forth the following wager;.
"I reckon Djokovic, easy." – Amanda
"I don't think so, Murray's played himself out of his socks this year." – Me
"Yeah, but he can't keep up with the big hitters."
"Did you not watch his semi-final on Friday? He came back from a set down against someone with 140 mph serves. He's a better player."
"Ok, how about a bet."
"Go on then."
"If Murray loses.... You have to fuck me for an hour."
"O.... k. and if he wins?"
"I fuck you for two."
I have never watched a tennis match so intently before this day. Two hours with Amanda on top. Cheers Andy.

The End.
Probably, possibly, hopefully.

So, here we go again. I know I've signed off before, but this time I think I really mean it, for a few reasons. Firstly, Amanda's proof-read this before posting, and I've had to edit out three parts that pretty much revealed our location to within 5 miles, and I used Tasha's real name more than once. I think I got too comfy writing these updates, and I know if I carry on that I may make an error that gives the whole game away. I know I have my fans, and I'm grateful for them, but you just know there's someone out there that will dox us to high heaven just for the lulz.

But mainly, I'm signing off because it's not really wincest any more. Mum's fine and my sister's made herself off-limits. Plus this is a new thing I've got with Amanda, and I don't really want to turn what could be the best thing that's ever happened to me into something sordid. I know that's what it was before, but this feels different.
So again, thank you for your support, your interest and your kind words. Actually, another reason to sign off is I'll actually have time to write that book, instead of spending 5 solid hours typing and trying to think of seven different words for penis, so I don't repeat myself too often.

I shall return, but in smaller portions.

I did say I would update if something noteworthy happened. Well, here we go.

I suppose I should fill you in on what's happened since the last time I updated, which feels like a decade ago. The big news is that mum's pregnant again. The way she told me was a bit shitty though.

She turned up at mine out of the blue and as soon as I opened the door I knew something was up. She had a look of deep concern on her face and she wasn't making eye contact. If you know her history, you know that's not a good sign. I invited her in without a word spoken either way and as I followed her to the front room, a million different scenarios rattled through my brain, each ending with the same thought: do I still have Dr Jacobs' number in my phone?

I asked her if she wanted a drink, she just shook her head and gestured for me to sit beside her. Finally she looked up at me. "I'm pregnant." Her face is impassive, like she's breaking news of a death in the family.
Of course, my mind goes into overdrive. I never actually came inside her that time, we just put the end in. I've heard of teenagers falling pregnant from the merest hint of precum, but it all seems very unlikely. She jerked me off after her 'experiment' was over, but there's no way.... Then she bursts out laughing, rolling back on the sofa as she holds her sides. "You should see your face! Of course it's not yours, stupid, that was months ago!" I breathe a huge sigh of relief, but I'm humorously pissed off, so I give her a dig in the ribs, which leads to an impromptu wrestling/tickling match, which ends quickly. I get up to make a coffee and she's still laughing. As I'm getting the cups out she comes into the kitchen and hugs me from behind.
"Sorry, I couldn't resist." I'm conscious of the maternal nature of the hug, but I'm also aware of her breasts pushing against my back. I shake it off quickly, It's just a cuddle from my mother.
"Yes, very funny, smart-arse. I was shitting myself!"
"It's your own fault. You've got a guilty conscience from spreading your seed so much."
"Ew, mum! Anyway, I'm not spreading it any more. I'm just... Look, can we change the subject? It feels weird talking about my love life with you."
"Well, I was part of that love life for a while." I hand her her cappuccino as I turn around, breaking the hug.
"That was different, that was therapy which, I hope, has worked."
"More than you know. Your father and I have been..." I hold up a hand to stop her finishing that particular sentence, but she continues anyway, "...rekindling what was missing. To such an extent I know find myself with a bun in the oven."
"Sorry, I never said congratulations."
She beams that smile. "Thank you. Never thought I'd have 4 kids. Well, 3 and you."

“Don’t I count?” She looks at me, then pointedly down at my crotch, then back up again. I get the hint.
“Fair enough.” We finish the afternoon talking bollocks. Tasha’s new boyfriend (who our parents approve of) and my relationship with Amanda, which is still going very strong. Mum’s glad to hear Sarah & Christine are behaving themselves and sticking to Tasha’s birthday present.

Amanda stays over most weekends. It’s an unspoken agreement with her parents that it’s ok, as long as we don’t get up to anything, or at least nothing they end up hearing about. For our part, we’re not rampant bunnies anymore, we still make love nearly every night we’re together, but we’re past the fucking on the kitchen table stage (of the front room table, or up against the walls. On a bed is much more comfortable, and it means you can just go straight to sleep afterwards). That’s us up to date. Everything is going swimmingly. Well, it was, until Friday.

25/10/13

I'd booked a day off as I needed to stay in to wait for a delivery. Luckily it turned up quite early (7.1 surround system, the old one died), so I was watching Avatar (so sue me) to test out the new set-up when my door buzzer sounded. Pausing the film (just getting to the climactic drop-ship battle) I went to the intercom.
"Hello?"
"It's me" I can't place the voice, but it's familiar. Can't be Amanda or Tasha as they both have keys. I open the door anyway and wait for whoever to come up. There's a gentle tap on the door, and as I open it, I'm met with the sight of Christine standing there. I'm about to say hello when she looks at me and bursts into tears.
"I've done something really stupid!" I can't leave her in the corridor sobbing, so I bring her into the hallway. As I close the door behind her I pace a hand on her shoulder to guide her into the front room and she winces loudly.
"Sorry, I..." But she starts crying again, so I beckon her forward and she walks slowly to the front room. She takes her handbag off her shoulder and places it by the TV stand then turns to face me.
"I've been so stupid. I don't know why I did it." Still not a clue.
"Did what?" A thousand thoughts again, but she slowly takes off her blouse, I'm not sure what she's up to but once it's clear she's not here to seduce me again, I ignore the fleeting thought that her bra-clad breasts have grown since the last time I saw them, and the reason she's here becomes very apparent when she turns around. There's a wad of kitchen towel folded up on her left shoulder, held in place with tape and her bra strap. There's a few blood spots and I know exactly what she's done. "Oh, Christine. Jesus Christ..." Her shoulders shudder as she starts to cry again, but there's a wail in there as well. I turn her around and bring her into a hug, her arms don't move but she buries her face into my chest and we stand there for a few minutes, just waiting for her to calm down. Eventually we break apart and she puts her blouse back on, but doesn't fasten the buttons. I get her to sit down and go to the kitchen to get her a drink. Pushing the door to I pick up the house phone and call the most discreet person I know.
"Hi Sweetie, to what do I owe the pleasure?"
"Hi Mum. Christine's here." There's a sudden silence, and there's a frostiness to her voice when she speaks again.
"Isn't she supposed to be at school?"
"I suppose so, but... look, can you come over?"
"Everything ok?"
"I'm fine, but she's done something stupid, and I don't know how to help her."
"She's not..?"
"No! No, nothing like that. It's best If you come over."
"Ok, give me 20." She hangs up and I take Christine's diet coke through. She's sitting on the sofa staring at the TV without seeing.

“Hey.” She snaps out of it and takes the can I’m offering her. She opens it, takes a sip and continues staring at nothing. Eventually I break the silence. “Why?”
She might start crying again, but she just sniffs.
“I don’t know. I just passed the shop and went in. There wasn’t anyone else in there. He didn’t even ask to see my ID.”
“But why? Really? You’re 15!” A tear rolls down her cheek and her eyes water.
“I’ve wanted one since I saw your mums. It’s where we got our bellybuttons pierced so it wasn’t like I hadn’t been there before.”
“But a tattoo? Didn’t the pain put you off?” To my surprise, she just shrugs.
“Didn’t actually hurt that much. No, really. It stung a bit at the start but after that it was... It was quite nice actually.” If there’s one word to describe getting a tattoo done, ‘nice’ isn’t it.

We sit in silence for a while. I shut off the TV, I don’t think watching 9-foot smurfs getting it on would be appropriate right now. Plus I don’t want to get screen burn.
“D’you want to see it?” I’m in two minds if I want to. I’m scared that it’ll either be a horrible mess and she’s scarred for life, or it’s actually not bad and I’ll have to tell her I like it, validating her stupid actions. Whatever.
“Go on then.” She shrugs the blouse off her shoulder and pulls the bra strap down. I’m mildly distracted by her slender shoulder, but only for a moment. I’m about to raise my hand to take the wad of kitchen towel off when the door buzzer sounds again. We both jump a metre off the sofa and Christine snatches her blouse back up to cover herself.
“Wait here.” I get to the intercom and it’s mum. I buzz her up and it’s a few minutes before the lift door opens and Tommy comes charging out, jumping up at me as he gets close enough. Mum follows as I snatch Tommy up and swing him onto a hip. She gives me a look as she walks past.
“Everyone decent, I hope.” I’m a little shocked, but I suppose it’s the maternal side kicking in. I let Tommy down and he runs after mum. I join them and it’s monumentally awkward as she stares down at Christine, who’s turned scarlet with embarrassment.
“Well? What’s the emergency?” Without a word, Christine stands up and repeats her motions from earlier. Mum understands instantly and her shoulders droop slightly. It’s a mixture of irritation and relief. “Oh you daft thing. What did you go and do that for?”
Her attitude changes instantly (helped by the fact I’m not being led astray) and she sits down with Christine. I retreat to the kitchen again (I’m good at being a genial host) and the girls are workings things out when I come back in. Mum gets Christine to turn and we finally get to see the tattoo. It’s a nice little piece. Nothing too obnoxious or showy. Flowers and arty lines.
“Well, it’s not horrific, but there’s still a few problems to sort out. Give me a minute, will you?” She grabs her phone out of her bag and moves into the kitchen as I put a movie on for Tommy, who’s in danger of smudging something expensive. I sit down by Christine as Megamind starts up.
“Your mum’s pretty cool.”

“Yeah, she’s not bad.”
“I thought she’d freak out.”
“Nah, she was quite the rebel as a teenager, so she tells me. I thought she was the best bet.” She grabs my hand. It’s very warm.
“Thanks for this. I didn’t know where to go after I realised what a fucking idiot I’d been.”
“You’re lucky I was in. How did you know I was here?” A shrug.
“I didn’t. This was the only place I thought of to come to.” Flattering, really.
“What would you have done if I wasn’t in?” She just shrugs again and mumbles ‘don’t know’. Mum comes in again.
“Right, I have a friend coming over, she’s in town so she won’t be long. She wants a look to see if she can do anything about your problem.”
“How?”
“You’ll see.” It is indeed only a few minutes before I buzz the mystery person up, and I actually gasp when I open the door and the only word that enters my mind is ‘snu-snu’. A woman, taller than me, faded dyed-green hair, piercings in both cheeks, her septum, and in the front of her neck. Which is covered in tattoos. She’s wearing at least 3 layers on top but obviously forgot the bra as despite the coverings, her massive nipples are clearly visible, protruding from her ample bosom like two mini-erections. Get past that, and she’s actually stunningly attractive. When she speaks, her voice is disarmingly gentle and feminine.
“Is Cathy here?”
“Cathy?”
“Yeah, Cathy, I’m Becky, she asked me to come to see someone’s fuckup.” A nano-second later I realise she’s obviously the one mum called. I’ve never heard her referred to as Cathy before so it threw me slightly. I invite her in and follow her down the hallway. She actually has to duck under the doorframe. Looking at her wardrobe I’d class her as ‘Bohemian’. Lime and purple vests and shirts, and a long flowing skirt that looks to be in tatters, but I reckon it’s supposed to be that way. Even though she’s incredibly tall (close to 7 foot, I’d say) she’s in perfect proportion.
The first thing she asks is where she got the tattoo done, how old she is, and how much she paid. Then she pulls out her phone and once whoever she calls picks up, she unleashes a torrent of abuse I would never have expected from such a delicate looking flower.
“What the fuck were you thinking? She’s only 15. Are you joking? She looks fucking 12! No, this is the last time you money-grabbing cunt. You’ve fucking ruined her life, dipshit. You’re going to give all her money bac... I don’t give a fuck! A blind quadriplegic could have done a better job of that piece of crap! “ She stops and turns to Christine, who looks mortified. She shakes her head and mouths ‘not really’ at her. “I mean it Clive, one more and I’ll have your fucking licence, I mean it. Drop the money off at mine in the next five minutes or I’m getting the police involved. Right. Don’t forget it. Oh, tell your wife 8 o’clock, ok?” She jabs the screen of her phone and sits down beside Christine, who’s as white as a

sheet. Tommy has abandoned the movie is and staring at Becky in awe of this Amazonian with the rich and varied vocabulary and Mum's pissing herself laughing in the corner.
"Sorry about that sweetie, but that prick's done this once too often. Now, let's have a proper look at this mess."
"Mess?"
"Forget it." She pulls down Christine's bra strap again and it shows more of her breast than before. She doesn't seem to mind and I try not to notice.
"Truthfully? It's not bad. Not too tacky, but he charged you way too much. But don't worry about that." She pulls a wad of £20s out of her pocket and gives Christine 3 of them.
"Free tattoo, not a total loss. It does need a little tidying, but I'm assuming you're not going to show it off any time soon?" A fervent shake of the head. Becky stands up. "Right, you made a stupid decision, and now you have to live with it. Tell your parents as soon as possible, because the longer you hide it, the harder it gets. I assume you're still at school? Right, that might be a bigger problem than your parents, but again, get it out in the open as soon as you can. It'll feel better, trust me." She turns to mum. "Thanks for the call. How's my artwork doing?" Mum whips off her t-shirt (sports bra) and spins around. "Rather proud of that one. Having any more?" She shakes her head and replaces the shirt.
"If I do, it'll have to be after the baby." There's a little squeal from the behemoth in my front room and hugs ensue. She apologises for the language in front of Tommy, informs me she approves of my home entertainment system, and swiftly leaves. Mum comes down to take the space Becky just left on the sofa.
"Were you supposed to be at school today?"
"It was a half day for me. I was just going to mooch around town until it was hometime and catch the bus. But mum and dad aren't home until later." I pipe up for the first time in what seems like ages.
"I can take you home later. Give you some moral support when you talk to your parents." This brings a smile from her but a frown from mum. I know what she's thinking, but she doesn't say anything, except to say she should be going as well. Tommy winges a bit as he's got back into his movie, but I eject the disc and give it to him. This seems to do the trick. I walk her to the front door and after a peck on the cheek goodbye, she gives me another stern look that says a thousand cautionary words. Closing the door, I realise it's just going to be me and a much calmer Christine in the apartment for the next few hours. The same girl who's had an apparent crush on me for the best part of 6 months. She's been in the flat since the birthday promise, but always with company. I'll just have to play it by ear. I text Tasha and Amanda to give them the merest details of what's happening. I don't give them specifics (just in case the texts are intercepted) and I'm not expecting a reply back straight away, but Amanda comes back pretty quickly. 'Ok, look after her. Love you xx'. I'll try.
"Do you want anything to eat?"
"Um... yes please."
"What do you fancy?"

“What have you got?”
“Single-occupancy menu only, I’m afraid.” There’s a pause and she comes out to join me. I back away and she stands in front of me to look in the cupboard. As she reaches up to grab something her blouse stretches and the material presses against the fresh tattoo, blood seeping through the cloth.
“Careful! You’ve got blood on your shirt now!” She looks over her shoulder.
“Oh Shit! This is new!” Without a thought, she takes the shirt off completely, so she’s just there in her small black bra and jeans. She goes over to the sink and runs the bloodstain under the tap. Since we took the towel off the tattoo, it’s started weeping. I still have some melanin and micropore left over from my tattoo, so I open the medicine cabinet and get what I need while she fusses over her blouse.
“Hold still” she jumps as she hadn’t realised I was right behind her. I wipe the blood off with some wipes and set about cutting a melanin sheet to size. I can’t help but notice how quiet she’s gone. “You ok?” She nods her head with her back to me, and stands stock still as I attach the pad over the tattoo with the medical tape. I get a whiff of her perfume, mixed with the scent of whatever shampoo she uses. It’s very nice and I find myself getting closer to her as I affix more tape.
“I miss it.”
“Sorry?”
“I miss it. All the flirty stuff we used to do. I miss you.” She turns round and I snatch a glimpse of her slightly larger breasts under the flimsy bra fabric. Her nipples making an obvious impression on the cloth. I avert my eyes quickly and make eye contact, but a small smile tells me she saw me looking. I don’t think she’s wearing contacts but her eyes seem deeper and more piercing than before. They really are quite captivating.
“How can you miss me? You come here quite a lot.”
“I know, but it’s not like before. Before your birthday.”
“I thought you’d all agreed you’d... “
“Yeah, we did. And we meant it, but... I still miss the fun. Like out on the balcony that day.”
“Well, there’s no argument from me, that was a pretty good day.”
Plus you seemed happy to... help me later.” I think I blush at this point, as she giggles for no reason.
“Yes, that was also very memorable, but we’ve moved on since then.” She drops her gaze. I just hope she doesn’t notice I’ve started pitching a tent at the memory of when I put my dick inside her, for ‘the experience’. “Look, let’s put that blouse in the machine and get it washed. I’ll lend you a t-shirt.” She nods without looking up and passes me the damp shirt. I toss it in the machine and put it on a fast wash, then walk through to my bedroom and find a suitable item for her to wear. I’m reminded of a similar experience at my parents’ house when I had to do the same for Amanda.
This is when I realise my shirt is still damp from her crying so much earlier, and as I take it off, I turn and Christine’s standing in the doorway, leaning against the frame. She’s taken the bra strap off her shoulder again, and the front of the cup is folded down slightly,

showing the remnants of a bikini tan line, down to a few centimetres above her nipple. It's the first time I've properly looked at her semi-clothed in a few months and she's changed a lot. Aside from the obvious, it looks like she's lost the rest of her puppy fat, and her stomach looks well toned, set off with a dangly bar through her navel.
"Any particular colour? It's mainly bloke shades, I'm afraid." Again, a shrug, so I hand her a simple grey shirt. She takes it but doesn't put it on straight away, just stands there holding it. The silence is a bit awkward so I decide to break the ice slightly. "Can I ask you a personal question?" There's a hint of a blush but it comes with a smile.
"Ok?"
"Have.. 'they' got bigger?" This brings a massive grin.
"Yes! I've gone up a size. You're the first person to notice!"
"Well, how many people do you walk around in front of in just your bra?"
"No-one really. I used to do it a lot here... but no."
"Not even your mum?"
"Well, yeah, I mean of course, but mum's don't really count. I just mean anyone else." I realise I'm staring at her tits, and standing a little closer that I probably should, but it seems to be cheering her up. "I've lost a bit of weight, as well".
I get the feeling she might be fishing for compliments, which I'm only too happy to give.
"I noticed that too, looking very slender." She's positively glowing now, and comes in for another hug. Still awkward, but I return the compliment, very aware of how warm she is against my skin, and how erect her nipples are against my stomach. She holds on for a little longer that can qualify as a 'quick hug' so I make a small movement and she breaks contact, still with her arms around me as she looks up. Not a word is said, but I can see her eyes scanning my face, darting from eye to eye, then to my lips. She pushes her face up, and against my better judgement, I come down to meet her, making contact with the gentlest of kisses. I meant it to be just a peck, but we hold against each other, the pressure on each other's lips increasing slightly as our heads move simultaneously and our mouths open. There's a flicker of a tongue before she stops and breaks away, a look of horror on her face.
"Oh my God! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to..." She backs away and walks to the front room, still holding the shirt I gave her. I give myself a few minutes to compose myself and wonder what the fuck I just did, a protest in full swing in my trousers, straining to be heard. I grab a shirt for myself and walk through to the front room. She's holding her handbag and looks like she wants to leave, but she's still in her bra and not moving.
"Hey, you don't have to go. You still haven't had anything to eat yet." She looks mortified.
"I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have kissed you. You're just with Amanda now, I shouldn't have.."
But I step forward and give her another hug.
"Don't worry, for what it's worth, I think that was mostly my fault. I didn't stop either." She gives a small smile and I get her to follow me into the kitchen to we can finally get some bloody food.

I end up making omelettes, for some reason. We're also still both shirtless as we work away with the ingredients. It's a happier environment now, and I keep catching glances at her tits, as with the new size, comes increased gravity, and they swing and jiggle as she moves.
"32D" she volunteers. "A small D as I'm too big for C-cups"
"I was just surprised, they seem to have exploded!" She laughs.
"Well, they were growing while we were still semi naked around here, but you saw them every weekend so you probably didn't notice."
"True." It's the same with Tommy, as I don't see him as much as I used to, every time I do see him now he seems to have grown an extra 6 inches each time. She's standing to my right as she shops some onions, the motion making the cup of her bra droop even further, until I can just make out the top of her areola. I think about mentioning it, but I'm enjoying this too much. I think I hadn't realised I probably missed this as much as she did. At last all the ingredients are ready so she scoops some up and tosses them into the hot frying pan, the sudden jerking of her arms making the material give up finally and the tiny point of her dark nipple comes into view. I give a little cough.
"What?" I gesture with my eyes. She looks down, gives a little gasp, and moves to cover herself but stops.
"So? You've seen them before!"
"Yeah, but not the updated version!" With that she reaches between the cups and unfastens it, before spreading her hands wide, giving me a good view of her unbridled chest. I comically sigh, put my spatula down on the worktop and turn to her face on, staring directly at her tits. They really are quite special, similar to Amanda's when we first started, but with much smaller and darker nipples. I continue to stare for longer than I should, and Christine starts giggling, the movements making them jiggle again. The frying pan starts sizzling so I break eye-tit contact and attend to it, She does her bra back up and hands me the cup of beaten eggs, the moment over. We sit on the breakfast bar eating in silence, but casting flirty glances as we do. I have a shrewd idea of what she's thinking about, but my mind is all over the place.
Since the monogamy started on my birthday, I've loved every second of it. Amanda and I are pretty much made for each other, but there's a part of me that does actually miss what we used to do. It was stupid, reckless and bloody dangerous, but it was something I looked forward to, having 4 incredibly sexy girls walking around with barely a stitch on. It wasn't a sex thing but by fuck, did I get as horny as hell when they were here. I'd be a liar if I said I didn't, and while I was only actually having sex with Tasha and Amanda, the tryst I had with Freckles and helping out the little thing in front of me were probably the highlights of the last 8 months. Forbidden fruit and all that. Don't get me wrong, I fully intend to stay with Amanda for as long as possible. I just have to survive the rest of today.
We finish our snack and I take the plates over to the sink, running the taps to fill up the bowl. I hear her coming up behind me and I'm not surprised when she puts her hands around my waist.

“Thank you for today.”
“You’re welcome. You’re just lucky I was home.”
“I know.” I feel her face against my back and hear her sigh. I dump the plates and cutlery in the draining rack and dry my hands. I turn around but she doesn’t let go, just releases her arms enough to let me turn, then fastens them tightly around me, her head on my chest. I hold her again, but I’m sensing there’s a slight mood change.
“I’m scared.” And I can feel it too. I stroke her back to comfort her and she holds me tighter.
“Will you come with me, later, when I tell my parents?”
“Of course. How do you think they’ll react?” She’s silent for a while, not releasing her grip.
“Dunno. They’ll go mental, probably.” I can tell she’s overthinking it as she lapses into silence again.
“Hey, let’s watch a movie or something.” I look up at the clock, it’s at least another 2 hours until the school day finishes, and no idea how much longer until her parents get home.
“Take our minds off it.” She breaks her grip and nods. She looks up at me and comes back up for another kiss, but this time it is just a peck. She looks like she wants to ask me something.
“What is it?” She takes a deep breath.
“Can I take my clothes off?”
“Pardon?”
“I know we stopped doing it, but I always felt more relaxed when we used to do it here. It might help.” I’m really not sure about this, but there’s a pleading in her eyes, and she’s going to have a rough time later.
“Well, ok. It’s not that warm in here.” She just smiles
“It’s fine, honestly.” I walk to the front room and close the curtains, they’re fairly thin so there’s still a lot of light in the room. I turn to see her entering the room and she’s already removed her bra, her enlarged breasts swaying as she walks. I walk closer and take a good look as she starts unbuttoning her jeans. Her nipples are darker then I remember, but seem smaller in relation to her new cup size. She looks at me and smiles as she pulls her trousers down and steps out of them. She’s wearing pink lacy knickers and her pubic hair is visible through the material. She’s fair-haired, but there’s still enough to catch the eye. More than I remember the last time I saw her naked, when I penetrated her in the kitchen at her request. She stands still for a while, and it’s a second or two before I remember we’re supposed to be watching a movie. I drag my eyes away from her fantastic figure and walk over to the bookcase where I house my collection.
I’m one of those people who, no matter the wide and varied selection available, will stand in front of all the cases in front of me and not be able to decide on what to watch, for 20 minutes at a time, sometimes. I must be taking my time again as Christine comes to stand beside me, looking along the shelves. She stands just ahead of me and my eyes are again drawn to her breasts. She can’t see me looking in this position so I just look, and I find myself imagining what they’d feel like, in my hand, or more specifically, in my mouth. My eyes wander up her arm and to her bandaged shoulder.

“It’s bleeding again. Stay there.” I retreat to the kitchen to get some more materials and return to see her in the same position, but this time I get a good view of her backside. The knickers are actually a wide-topped thong, and her pert cheeks are bare, facing me. I begin to regret wearing restrictive jeans myself as the little guy starts waking up in earnest and it starts to get a little uncomfortable. I position myself just behind and start taking off the dirty covering.
“Is it ok?”
“Yeah, don’t worry. Tattoos bleed. I was ten times worse than this.”
“Yeah, but yours is bigger.” I open an alcohol as start to clean it up, she winces as it stings.
“Sorry. Well, the guy who did mine said I was a particularly bad bleeder. He nearly stopped halfway through.”
“Why?”
“He said there’s only so much they’re allowed to do if the customer’s a bleeder.” All the while I’m talking, I’m looking down at her backside. Even her bum looks sexier than before. It’s a short while before she speaks, I realise I’ve been so engrossed in her arse I’ve lost my train of thought.
“Why?”
“Sorry?”
“Why is there only so much they can do?” I snap out of it, finally.
“Oh, right. Yeah, if they carry on and the customer loses too much blood, it increases risk of infection, plus the customer might pass out from blood loss.” I put the new pad on her shoulder and secure it. “There you go.” I absent-mindedly lean forward and give the top of her shoulder a little kiss. I really shouldn’t be doing all these little things but for some reason, I’m feeling very close, and very protective of this semi-naked teenager in my care, who just happens to be a hundred times sexier than the last time I saw her.
“What’s Oblivion?”
“Tom cruise flick. It’s not bad. He’s a bit generic but it’s a decent movie, wanna watch it?” She turns and nods. I’m a bit closer than I thought and as she turns her nipples make contact and brush across my chest, making her breathe in sharply and grab my arm.
“Oops! Sorry!”
“No, it’s... it’s ok.” But she doesn’t seem to be. Her breathing gets deeper and as she looks up at me, there’s a look in her eyes I’ve seen before, when she asked me to do her ‘a favour’. She moves her hand down my arm, and grabs my wrist, then takes the movie case out of my other hand and tosses it onto the sofa, before grabbing my other wrist. She moves my hands up and places them on her breasts.
“Christine...” But she shushes me. She places her hands over mine and starts to move them gently. I guess she’s never had someone else touch them in this way, at least not lately. She removes her hands and I’m surprised to find I don’t stop fondling her breasts, her erect nipples very evident on the palms of my hands. They’re not quite as soft as I remember, but still supple. She places her hands on my waist and leans forward and starts kissing my chest. I should protest but again I get the scent of her perfume and I’m

suddenly very comfortable with this happening. I move my hands off her breasts (rubbing the nipples as I move) and slide them down her back towards her rear end. She looks up and we kiss, starting the same as before, but making tongue contact much sooner. My hands find her buttocks and I give them a gentle squeeze, I hear her catch her breath when I do. Her arms wrap around my neck and our kissing becomes less gentle. Not too hard, but there's more passion there. I'm conscious of my neck starting to ache so I move my hands to below her cheeks and lift her up, supporting her weight as she wraps her legs around me. She stops kissing me and looks directly into my eyes.
"We shouldn't be doing this."
"I know"
"Why are we doing this?"
"I don't know." She comes forward again and the kissing resumes. She's inexperienced, and it tells, but her clumsy tongue action settles down, and it becomes a more fluid movement. Less prodding, more stroking. My hands are under her backside and I can feel the warmth emanating from her genitalia, making me wonder how long she's been building up to this. Suddenly she moves her legs and gets off me. She drops to her knees and fumbles with my belt, she struggles to unfasten the buckle and the moment is in danger of evaporating. I'm in half a mind to stop her, but the other half claims seniority, and overrules the foolish half. Opening my belt her hands come back up, unbuttons my jeans, undoes my zip and pulls down the front of my trousers and boxers. My dick springs up, a few centimetres from her face, she looks it at for half a second, and her mouth closes over it in an instant.

When we were decorating the flat, Amanda instigated a moment where all four girls were naked, and Christine and Sarah wanked me off. It was an ice-breaker moment, but Christine surprised us all then, when she suddenly took me into her mouth (after I'd come). What was most surprising was how much she took. But now, she seems to have taken even more. She sucks and pumps vigorously, I don't know where she's been practicing, but it feels incredible, almost as good as Amanda....
I'm suddenly racked with guilt. Amanda's text earlier read 'Look After Her'. I doubt if she meant in this particular way, and I feel compelled to stop this girl sucking my penis, but I can't bring myself to do it. Her technique is amazing and it's not long before I feel the twinge that normally signifies we're going to need some tissues soon. She stops. Takes it out of her mouth and stands up. The expression on her face is one of self-pride, she looks incredibly happy with herself. And with good reason. "How was that?"
I'm almost out of breath. "That was amazing. Where'd you learn that?"
She smiles and shrugs. "Internet. And practicing on hairbrush handles."
I laugh and lean down to kiss her, but she shies away.
"You sure?" I know why she's trepidatious, but I'm used to it by now. I kiss her again and yes, I can taste myself on her, but as long as I haven't come, I don't mind. As we kiss she starts to move in a weird way, and it's evident she's taking off her knickers without breaking

the kiss, finally she stands up straight and puts her arms around my waist, my dick pressed down between us, and the obvious sensation of hair against helmet. She breaks away, and I'm shocked to see a slightly sad look on her face.
"I know you and Amanda are a permanent thing now, but I was hoping you might bend the rules, just this once?"
I was up until then, she's brought me back to reality, out of the hormone-fuelled haze I was just enjoying. "You want to have sex, despite what you said last time?"
She nods shyly. "I really enjoyed it when you put it in me last time. I've been trying to think of an excuse to ask you this for ages."
"That's not why you got the tattoo, is it?" She shakes her head.
"No, what I said was true, and I hate myself for it. I've been trying to get you alone for months to ask you. I didn't actually come here for this, but just I figured, why not?" We smile at each other. She really is very pretty, and I can't believe I never saw how much sexier she was becoming all the times she came over. Enough talk. We kiss again, and I lift her back up so she can wrap her legs around me and her arms around my neck. My dick is in the prime position, and I can feel the tickle of the hair around her vagina as it brushes against the tip of my dick. There's a niggling thought at the back of my mind about the shitstorm I'm creating for myself, but I'm not exactly thinking with my big brain right now. I grab her legs and lift her slightly, I find the moist, inviting entrance and place it over the tip of my cock. Our kissing continues as I gently, gently slide myself into her.
She's as tight as I remember, but she's so turned on and wet it isn't a problem, and I penetrate her slowly, but easily and comfortably. I only get so far before I seem to have entered as far as I can. Her breathing becomes more intense as I lift her up and down slowly, sliding along my length. She makes appreciative noises and quiet moans as we gently make love standing up. I realise I'm not going to be able to hold this position for long, so I move over to the sofa and lay her on it, still inside her. Her pussy is so incredibly tight I'm amazed I haven't come already, each thrust massages my dick and the noises she's making are getting me very close, but every time I think I'm going to come, it subsides and I start thrusting again, her feet against my backside, pushing me in rhythm. She reaches up and stokes my chest, pushing her breasts together. Remembering my thoughts earlier, I lean down and take a tiny nipple into my mouth, flicking the tiny nib with my tongue, Christine moans loudly and it's then that I feel the twinge again. An animalistic urge takes over and I straighten up, thrusting powerfully into her, I fear I might hurt her, but it appears not, as she fixes me with a blazing stare, as visceral as my own sudden impulses, and we start fucking each other in earnest. She grits her teeth and moves her pelvis against mine with every movement, it becomes quite frenzied as I pick her up off the sofa and move to a bare wall, her legs wrapping around me again and she kisses me angrily as I pump into her, making grunting noises as she grabs my hair and claws at my shoulders. We're going at it so violently we actually knock something off a shelf somewhere, but I'm too far gone to care. I can feel the base of my dick rubbing against her clit so I'm in as far as I can possibly go, her head is arched back and I can only see the

whites of her eyes as finally, she starts to come, her tight pussy grabbing and squeezing my dick, which seems to swell to twice its normal size as my balls contract, and I slam her pelvis against the wall as I explode inside her, thrusting with each ejaculation, my body moving on its own as I seem to lose control of myself, still pumping into her even though I know there's nothing left. Christine's head lolls to one side, and I fear she might have passed out, but it snaps back up and she looks at me through bleary eyes. She doesn't seem completely lucid, but then, neither am I, so I spin on the spot as my legs finally give out as we collapse to the floor, my back against the wall, a sweaty, heavily-breathing tangle of assorted limbs.

We sit there for a few minutes, exhausted, Christine straddling my lap with my member still inside her, leaning against my body, not seeming the have the energy to move. There doesn't seem to be anything else to do so I wrap my arms around her back and hold her as she regains her composure. Finally, she speaks without moving.
"Is it always like that?"
"Is what? Like what?"
"Sex?" I forgot she was a virgin. Especially after that performance. I chuckle at the question.
"Actually no. That was... that was something special. Truth be told." She gains some energy and hoists her body into an upright position, using my chest as a pushing board. She sits straight, but she doesn't seem to be completely steady yet. "How do you mean?"
"I mean, that was amazing. For a first time, that was one for the history books." She adopts a huge and slightly goofy grin. We link fingers and move our hands around for no reason.
"I'm a good fuck then?" It sounds weird coming from her.
"Yes, yes indeed, you are absolutely 'a good fuck'." She moves her legs to a more comfortable position, but I'm amazed at how tight she still is, even after coming so hard. I did start to soften, but her movement is agitating the little fella. I also realise there's no spillage. I'm sure I just dumped a beer-can full near her cervix and there's not a trace of it anywhere.
Cervix. Reproduction. Shit.
"Um... Chris?" she seems to be in a happy little world of her own.
"Yeah?"
"Are you... on the pill?"
The smile fades slightly. "No."
I feel a touch of panic rising, coupled with a touch of nausea. But then I look at her face. She's still holding my hands, and something about her expression, and the fact she hasn't moved a muscle both relaxes and unnerves me slightly. She opens and closes her mouth a few times, like she wants to tell me something but can't muster up the courage. Finally she takes a deep breath (Inflating her breasts, but this isn't the time) and speaks.
"I can't have a baby."
I feel like I've been punched in the stomach. She detaches her fingers from mine, then

places my hands on her tight belly below her navel.
“I’m not wired right, or something.” She places her hands on mine, avoiding eye contact. It sounds like it’s something she’s stopped being sad about. “My mum got worried about a year ago because I hadn’t started my periods. The doctors did a few tests and I had loads of exams. I can’t get pregnant. Not naturally anyway, something about the eggs. It’s all boringly biological” I move my hands to her hips. Hers stay where they are.
“Chris...” She shakes her head, still looking down at her hands, her hair waving as she moves. I don’t think she’s crying, but I’d understand if she did.
“Don’t worry about it, we were sad for a while. My parents and me, but apparently I’m a prime candidate for IVF, plus there’s always adoption, so it’s not a total loss.” She brightens up again, and even cracks a smile. “But my weird biology means I can do this awesome party trick. Wanna see?” I’m disarmed by this sudden change in emotion, but I nod anyway. She moves a hand down to her crotch, and I can feel her fingers working at something, she places a hand on my chest and looks in my eyes.
“Ready?”
“Sure.” I feel the slightest movement and suddenly her already tight vagina clamps like a vice around my dick. I shout ‘Oh Fuck!’ and she convulses wildly, before collapsing forward on me again.
“What the hell was that??” She’s out of breath but giggles anyway.
“One-touch orgasm. Watch.” She flicks her fingers again, the same vice grip and she shudders dramatically against me. She speaks again and she’s still out of breath. “Helps me sleep at night if I can’t get off.”
“How did you find out you could do that?” He pussy releases me slightly, and I can feel extra warmth and lubrication down there. I just hope it’s not my last deposit finally making an appearance. Again, she hoists herself into an upright position. “Practice. Lonely nights. Horny teen stuff. My record is 24 in a minute.”
“24 orgasms? In a minute? Is that healthy?” She laughs, it’s a good sound.
“Probably not. Gave me a migraine and a nosebleed. Haven’t done it that often since.”
“I’d like to come to the party where you show that particular trick off.” She slaps my chest.
“Figure of speech, smart-arse.”
We sit there for a few minutes more, just looking at each other.
“So... should we... get up, or something?” But I can see her scheming.
“We-ll. We agreed on only the one shag, right?”
“I believe that was the agreement, yes.”
“But you’re still inside me.”
“Yes, that would seem to be the case.”
“So technically, we haven’t stopped having the first fuck yet.” I put my hands on her tits again.
“That’s some pretty convenient logic.”
“But I think it’s a valid point.” Her hands join mine again, and she starts moving her pelvis.
“Well, ok, but not so neanderthalistic this time, please?”

“Don’t worry, I don’t think I could do that again anyway” So we screw, my dick not having left her body for the best part of half an hour. I sit up slightly to bring my face in line with her breasts, and I get a fantastic close up of her nipples again. Her gyrations get faster, but not as frenzied as before, and I take a nipple into my mouth, gently sucking and licking the teat. Again I feel her tense up and we hold each other as close as we can as we climax simultaneously. Much more intense for me this time, and it seems the same for her.
We hold each other for a few more minutes, before coming to the conclusion we can’t drag it out and longer and she reluctantly starts to slide off me. I’m glad she’s still wet as the release of pressure is mildly painful. I’m expecting a drip or something to fall on my groin, but her pussy must close up as there’s not a trace. I am alarmed, however, by the sight of streaks of blood on my shaft.
“Um.. Christine?” I gesture down, she gasps.
“Is that from you?” I shake my head. She clasps a hand to her crotch and darts off to the bathroom. I get up, collect all her things and follow her, gently knocking on the door. A mumble lets me know it’s safe to enter. She’s sitting on the toilet clutching a wad of blood-stained tissues and looks visibly upset. I surreptitiously get some tissue for myself and wipe my dick off and put it away. Kneeling down beside her I put a hand on her leg.
“I thought... It was just a little tear. We must have been rougher than I thought. I guess I’m definitely not Virgo Intacta anymore!” There’s a smile, but it’s forced. “I just thought...”
“You’d come on?” She nods and sniffs. I get up slightly and put my arms around her. She starts crying, hard. All the fun of our day so far evaporating as she sobs against my chest again. I should have guessed her infertility was a bigger deal to her than she was letting on. I would say something about being able to have as much sex as she wants, but that’s a male perspective. She calms down, and I run a shower for her, telling her not to get the tattoo wet, and assuring her I’m right outside if she needs me.
Walking into the front room it looks like a bomb’s gone off. Pillows everywhere, a picture frame fell off the shelf earlier and for some reason, there’s blood all over the wall. It looks like a paint test treatment, and I realise where it’s come from.
I knock on the bathroom door, but hearing no response I go in anyway.
“Chris?” She shrieks from the shower stall.
“Oh Shit! You scared the crap out of me! What’s up?”
“Shut the shower off, I need to check your shoulder.” She does so and opens the door, beautifully naked, water plastering her hair to her shoulders, her eyes still red from the tears and I’m suddenly reminded of how young-looking and vulnerable I always perceived her to be, before today at least. She turns and the pad on her shoulder is completely soaked with blood.
“Ah crap.”
“What is it?”
“We must have bashed it while we were... going at it. It’s soaked, wait there.” I peel the pad off and it’s a bloody mess. I just hope we haven’t irritated it or damaged the ink lines. I rush to the kitchen and get my last pad. When I return she’s out of the shower and drying

herself off. I reapply the fresh pad and leave her to get dressed, spending a few minutes wiping the blood off the wall. If anyone else walked in now they'd wonder what the hell we'd been up to. When she comes out she's in just her knickers and the t-shirt I lent her earlier.

"I hope Amanda doesn't mind, but I've borrowed one of her feminine products. Just in case." I guess it's to stop any blood ruining her underwear. Tea is offered, and the Tom Cruise movie is finally put on. We get comfy on the sofa and she turns to me.

"I'm really sorry if I've fucked things up with you and Amanda. I just couldn't help myself."

"Don't worry about it. For what it's worth, it was totally worth it." This raises a smile and she snuggles into me. Before long I realise she's nodded off, so I pause the movie and extricate myself, lay her down, get a blanket from the spare room and lay it over her. I remember her blouse is in the washing machine, hopefully dry by now so I get it out and drape it over a hanger to air. Looking at the clock there's at least another hour before we can do anything about getting Christine home so I sit back down at the other end of the sofa and flick the movie back on.

A little while in and I look down and notice her backside is poking out from under the blanket. I move to cover it over but I get a flashback of the first day Amanda came to my mothers, the day Tasha went into hospital after the accident. The effect is slightly ruined by the hint of a sanitary towel, but I'm suddenly consumed with guilt, and Becky's words from earlier ring in my ears. "Tell them as soon as possible. The longer you hide it, the harder it gets." I grab my phone and open a text message to my girlfriend. It's 10 minutes before I figure out what to write.

"I'm sorry. I've done something you're going to hate me for. Christine's fine, it wasn't her fault." It's another 5 minutes before I muster up the courage to actually send it, jabbing the screen and falling back on the sofa, my hands covering my face.

I get a text back almost straight away, which surprises me as I was sure she'd still be in lessons. I exhale loudly as I read;

"Not completely unexpected. Honestly can't turn my back on you for 2 seconds, can I? We'll speak about it later x". It seems Amanda knows me better than I know myself. I relax considerably, but while I settle down with another cup of tea and my hand on Christine's sleeping form, I can't help but think there's still some midden to hit the windmill later.

Christine wakes up later and I suggest we get properly dressed and venture outside. We can pick up the girls from school before taking her home. She doesn't seem keen on either, but she gets her clothes on anyway, and we set off out.

When the girls appear outside the school gates Christine visibly shrinks at the sight of Amanda. She starts fidgeting as they get closer but I put a reassuring hand on her knee and it seems to calm her down. Tasha gets in behind me and Amanda behind Chris. There's a tension in the car that you would need a blowtorch to cut through. Christine is staring stock forward and I can only guess that Tasha's been filled in. I turn to face them and their expressions are granite. Amanda taps Christine on the shoulder and she jumps a foot in the air.

“Let’s see it then.”
“What?”
“The tat. Tasha’s mum texted her earlier and told us about it, you silly cow. Come on.” With a massive feeling of relief, and not a little awkwardness, she manages to reveal enough skin that the girls can get a look. They seem to approve. Chris does her blouse back up, and while she doesn’t turn around, she directs her question to Amanda.
“Do you hate me?”
“For what?”
“Because we..”
“No. I can’t really. I’ve been shagging someone behind his back for months anyway.” Christine gasps, and the arse falls out of my world. I turn to face her, and there’s a playful smile on her face. It’s not vindictive or bitchy, and I wonder if she was just joking, but then I look at Tasha, and she’s shrinking into her seat lower than Christine did, turning bright red and trying to hide behind her schoolbag. I look back at Amanda, who actually mouths ‘sorry’ at me, and I turn around in my seat with a huge grin on my face. I start the car and we set off to Christine’s house.
On the way, Amanda’s been whispering into Chris’ ear, and she’s positively cheerful up until we turn into her road. The inevitable is impending, and she has to tell her parents what she’s done. I’m just feeling how long a day it’s been, and it gets a bit longer as I pull up behind a car that’s staggeringly familiar. That’s when I remember who Christine’s uncle is.

I get out, so does Amanda. I hear a brief exchange of words and Christine follows, with Tasha staying in the car. My girlfriend takes Christine’s hand and they slowly walk towards her front door. It opens as they approach and it’s awkwardness abounds as my boss exits, acknowledges the girls walking towards the house and spots me by my car. He gets closer as the front door closes. Now or never.

“Hello, what are you doing here?”
“Just dropping your niece off. She’s had a bit of an incident.” The look of concern is evident.
“Is she ok?”
“That remains to be seen. It’s not really my place to say, but...” So I fill him in on what she’s done, and why she ended up at mine. He seems mildly concerned, but mainly amused.
“Well, I think we should be hearing a response right about now.” He leans on the car beside me and we wait.
There is the sound of raised and angry voices coming from the house. I make to walk towards it, but my boss holds me back. “Don’t worry, her dad’s a shouter, but not a hitter. Always has been.” The voices subside and it’s deathly quiet. Eventually the door opens again and Amanda walks out, her face unreadable.
“Well, they’re not happy, obviously, but they’re hugging. Our work here seems to be done.”

“Fair enough.” My boss makes his excuses and leaves, leaving just us. We get back in the car and stare at the house. We can see Christine and her parents moving around in the kitchen, it seems they’re preparing dinner and apart from the odd animated movement from her father, it seems to be going ok.
“What was it like?” This was Tasha to Amanda.
“Scary. He started throwing names around and I thought he was going to break something, but he calmed down quickly enough. Ended up thanking her for not hiding it from them.”
I make a mental note to thank Becky next time I see her.
“Of course, then next thing is the school.”
“Oh shit. I hadn’t thought of that.”
“What’s the schools policy on tattoos?” The girls look at each other and their expressions tell me everything.
“At least it’s half-term, that’ll give it time to heal properly before we go back. Might make any decision easier to make.”
I start the car, but a light to my left tells me the front door to the house has opened, and Chris’ dad is walking towards the car. I shut it off and get out.
“My daughter tells us you’ve been looking after her today.”
“Um, yes, with advice from a couple of people.” He raises an inquisitive eyebrow so I fill him in. “My mother for maternal support and a reputable tattooist for damage control.” He nods sagely.
“Well, thank you. For helping her. And thanks for bringing her home.” He turns to leave.
“Are you going to be ok in there?”
He turns back and sighs deeply. “I suppose. Bloody stupid thing to do, but it’s done. We just have to deal with the school next week.”
“Isn’t it half term?”
“Damn, you’re right. We’ll have to wait even longer to find out if she’ll be expelled.”
“If it helps, I have an in with the headmaster. I could have a chat with him for you.” He considers this for a moment.
“No, but thank you, it’ll be more official coming from us.” With that, he turns back to the house, and is nearly back to the door when Christine comes out and jogs over to me, throwing her arms around me and whispering ‘Thank you’ before rushing back in again.
“One day. You have one bloody day off work and all hell breaks loose.” I start the car again and drive out of the road. The girls take turns to admonish me for my transgressions
“It’s not my fault, this stuff just happens to me.”
“Yeah, I bet you were fighting her off with a shitty stick!”
“Well, what about you two? We’re supposed to be all monogamous and yet you two are still going at it! How long has this been going on for?” Amanda speaks, but it’s a quiet voice.
“Never really stopped.” I shake my head and concentrate on driving. I should be pissed off, but I’m not really, I can’t after today, but all the times I had the company of the girls in the flat, the flirty thoughts that crossed my mind that I didn’t act on because I was supposed to

be saving myself for Amanda do get me a little narked, and I act annoyed for the rest of the trip. “Where am I taking you anyway? Mine or mums?”
“We have to go to mums, we’ve got that party to go to later.” I’d forgotten they were going to this birthday thing at Pizza Hut later. I’m not that fussed as it’s all girls, and that’s enough to drive any sane bloke mad. Eventually I pull into mum’s drive and we all pile out. Mum meets us at the door and asks after Christine, I tell her about what happened at her parents, and that her dad was grateful we all looked after her. There’s a hint that she hopes I behaved myself, but I bat the question away like it’s irrelevant, but she undoubtedly guesses and rolls her eyes anyway. I stay for a cup of tea and start to leave. A peck off Tasha and Amanda joins me at the front door.
“Are you mad at me?” I pretend to think about it.
“I can’t be. Not now. But it would have been nice to know. At least you weren’t...”
“What? Shagging another guy? You’ve just fucked another girl!”
“At least it was someone you know.”
She laughs gently. “We’ll talk tomorrow, and you can put that thing to its proper use as well.” She comes in close and we kiss. After the shenanigans of today it’s wonderfully familiar, and less violent. I turn to leave but she asks;
“What was she like?” There’s a genuine curiosity in her eyes.
“Honestly? She’s an animal.”
Her eyes go as wide as saucers. “Really? Christine?”
“Yep, I was lucky to get out of there alive.”
“OUR Christine. Sweet, shy, virginal, quiet Christine?”
“I know, shocked the hell out of me too.”
“I suppose I’ve got something to catch up to then.”
“Fuck no. Too much of that will break me, honestly.” I go back for another kiss, then walk to the car, stopping off at the supermarket for a few beers on the way home, wondering exactly how much more Amanda would have let me get away with. I had the feeling Christine could have gone all day, and she probably would, given half the chance, but I decide to not knowingly try to get with her again, at least not until after she’s got past this little self-inflicted drama. I go back to an empty flat, put on a movie, down a few beers, pre-type some of this up and play Kerbal for a few hours to pass the time. (Ask me about my SSTO)

26/10/13

Thank the maker for Skype. After their party last night, Tasha and Amanda called me up to say goodnight, and I was treated to an impromptu webcam show. I would have relieved myself, but the combination of brewer's droop and the fact that Christine's actions had actually bruised my penis, meant I couldn't have, even if I wanted to.
Waking up several hours later, I put Avatar back in the machine to watch that final battle again with my new system when my phone rings. I don't recognise the number but I answer anyway.
"Hi" It's Christine.
"Hey, how was it at home?"
"Scary. I'm grounded indefinitely. Dad's still pissed but mum's a bit better now. She's been helping me with the tattoo, rubbing in some cream and replacing the pad."
"Wow. Really?"
"Yeah, they realised it has to heal first, so they're just hoping it isn't going to scar. We did knock it yesterday."
"Your fault."
"Probably." Then there was silence.
"How is it... downstairs?"
"Sore. It stopped bleeding but I think we were a bit rough with each other."
"A bit rough? You've bruised it!!" There's a snort and laughter down the phone.
"Really? Oh, sorry. I'll have to kiss it better next time I see y..." Awkward silence. "Sorry. Forgot."
"Well, maybe, we'll see. You'll have to ask Amanda first."
"... everything ok with you two?"
"Think so, she's over later and we're going for lunch to talk."
"If I've fucked it up for you, I'm sorry."
"No, I think we're fine. And you're still welcome over here any time. Once you get parole."
"Ok. I'd better go. I'll see you soon."
"Ok, bye." There's a pause, then "...I love you." Click.
Ah, shit.

I'm hoping she meant it in a friendly way, but thinking back, she's been crushing on me for months, and yesterday we fucked so hard we injured each other. At least she's got the length of her grounding to sort her head out. She's a smart girl, and the amount of regret she displayed tells me that, hopefully, she might have got the crushing out of her system. Wishful thinking. Maybe.

I have a quick shower and head out to meet up with Amanda in town. She's sitting in a Cafe Nero with Tasha. I get myself a cappuccino and sit down opposite them.
"Didn't know you were coming."

“I’m not, I’m meeting up with Seb in about 10 minutes.” I try not to laugh and she kicks me under the table. “Stop it! You know I hate it when you do that!”
“I know, I’m sorry. But seriously, who calls their kid ‘Sebastian’ these days?” Amanda turns her face away, she feels the same as me but Tasha’s getting annoyed.
“I happen to like it, it suits him. Anyway, I thought you approved?”
“I do, he’s a nice bloke, really. You just have to get past that name. You can just imagine his mother calling after him in a supermarket. ‘Sebastian! Sebastian!’ Amanda snorts a laugh and Tasha stands up in a huff. “Well, If you two are going to be superficial about it, I’ll be off.” She lifts her handbag onto her shoulder and leans down to whisper in my ear. “I might even let him fuck my arse later.” and she strops out of the coffee shop. Amanda and I look at each other and we both start laughing properly, drawing disapproving looks from the assembled clientele. The laughter soon stops when we both realise we’re supposed to be talking shop. She reaches across the table and I gladly take her hand in mine. I start the ball rolling.
“I’m sorry. She came over and was in such a state I spent a lot of time comforting her and things... happened.” She shakes her head.
“It’s ok, I suppose. I didn’t expect you to be able to hold off forever. I was crap at monogamy, I think I lasted a week before me and Tasha were ripping each other’s clothes off.”
“Wish you’d told me.”
“I wanted to, but Tasha was the one who was feeling guiltier. It was her birthday present to you and she broke it more or less straight away.” We sit in silence for a while.
“Anyway, tell me everything about yesterday. I had a feeling she’d be a wild one, they normally are.” So I fill her in with all the sordid details, including the little party trick.
“One touch orgasm? Is that even possible?”
“Well, she said it was because she wasn’t...”
“Wasn’t what?”
“I’m not sure I should say, it’s a bit personal, for her.” Amanda looks confused, and a little hurt that I won’t tell her, so I lean in close and drop my voice.
“After we’d finished, the first time, I realised I hadn’t asked her if she was on the pill. That’s when she told me... she can’t have kids.” Her response was surprisingly dramatic, gasping and putting her hands over her mouth. I fill her in on the finer points, but I stop when I see she’s getting upset. “She said she a good candidate for IVF when she’s old enough though. I don’t know the specifics, you’d have to ask her.”
“I wish she’d told us though.”
“I’m not sure it’s something she’d want to tell everyone. She only told me because she was sitting on my lap just after we’d finished. Well, inbetween shags.”
“Inbetween? I thought you only did it once.”
“Well, according to Christine’s logic, because I hadn’t pulled out, it was still the same session.”
“That’s convenient.”

“That’s what I said.”
We finish our coffees and head out. It’s only window shopping today, but the weather’s a bit crap, so we decide to go back to mine. It’s not really her thing, but I wanted to show off the new sound setup anyway.
I open the front door and let her in, we take off our coats and shoes and I’m just walking past the bedroom door when I feel her grab my shirt from behind and push me into the room and onto the bed.
“Time to get my man back.” And she starts stripping off. She doesn’t rush and the sight of her disrobing starts to make me hard, and it’s when she releases her breasts from her white bra that the pressure really builds, it’s also at this point I feel a shooting pain up the side of my penis and I shout out in agony.
“Ow! Oh Fuck!” The seductive look vanishes from her face and she helps me as I frantically try to remove my jeans. As soon as they’re off the pressure and pain subsides and I breath an audible sigh of relief.
“What was that about?” I half-laugh, but it hurts too much.
“I think Chris broke me.” She grabs my boxers and gently stretches the elastic, pulling them down to release me. I’m fully erect, but Amanda swears as she sees the massive bruise running up and down the right side of my shaft.
“How the hell did she do this?”
“I don’t know. The sex was great, but she was incredibly tight the whole time, even after she’d come a couple of times. I expected it to loosen up a bit. She even bled afterwards.”
“You made her bleed? Were you fucking or beating the crap out of each other?”
“Both, I think. She said she wasn’t Virgo Intacta anymore, so I think it was what’s left of her hymen going.”
“Ew.”
“Yeah, but that doesn’t explain why she stayed so tight for the whole thing.” Amanda sits up beside me in just her knickers, leaning on one arm, as her free hand very gently strokes my penis. It’s actually quite soothing.
“Sounds like a form of Vaginismus.”
“Bless you.”
“No, it’s something some girls have. It’s supposed to be psychological. Makes the vagina close up as a defence against something. We’ve all looked into it at school. Given what you told me, it’s probably linked to her biology.”
“But we were going at it hammer and tongs. There’s bloodstains on the wall for god’s sake!”
“Perhaps you should have been more gentle, like you are with me.”
“It wasn’t my fault, she took the lead!” She gives a gentle laugh and stares at my broken extension.
“You do that a lot, don’t you?”
“Of course, means anything that happens isn’t technically my fault.”
“How very logical.” And she leans down, taking me into her mouth, and proceeds to give

me the softest blowjob I've ever experienced. I reach over and cup her breast as she gently sucks me. The warmth and pressure stings a little, but it's totally worth it. Her pace picks up, as does her breathing, and her free hand starts caressing the base of the shaft. I guess she's trying to avoid the bruise but she must have forgotten to tell her mouth, as she sucks a little too hard, and a pain shoots back up the side again. I must physically wince as she stops abruptly and takes it out.
"Sorry! I was trying to be soft!"
"No, it's ok, that was awesome, but I think it needs a rest." She looks bitterly disappointed.
"Sorry, but the side hurts too much." She smiles and puts her head back down, and takes just the top back into her mouth. She gently sucks and caresses it with her tongue, and the other hand strokes my balls. It does the trick and I come with some force, and a little discomfort, into her mouth. She swallows with It's still in there, then gives a couple of sucks to get the dregs, then sits up.
"Better?"
"Much, thanks." She bends my dick slightly and winces.
"That actually looks quite bad. I think it needs a rest."
"What about tonight?"
"I meant a proper rest. A week at least."
"A week?"
"Unless you want it to be properly damaged. Besides, I'm due on soon, so you wouldn't be getting any anyway."
"Well, fine, but stop being so sexy, it hurts!" She laughs, gets off the bed and pulls off her knickers. After a bit of shuffling we end up under the covers, naked, holding each other in a close hug.
"I wanted to show you my new sound setup."
"Don't care right now." She mumbles into my chest, I give her a quick play downstairs, bringing her to a gentle orgasm, and the next thing we know, it's four hours later, having fallen asleep in each other's arms.
Saturday night was mostly uneventful, with Amanda being Florence Nightingale. Tasha showed up for a sleepover, but given my infirm state, it was all very much monogamy again, for this weekend at least. Plus she was still a bit pissed at me for ripping on her boyfriend's name. We all sleep in the same bed for the first time in forever and the closeness, and the weight on the bed feels so familiar and comfortable, I fall asleep straight away, only to be half-awoken by the sounds of the girls doing things to each other in the middle of the night. I'm too tired and broken to react. I'll have to make it up to the both of them when I'm fixed.

27/10/13

This morning I woke to find the girls wrapped around each other, snoring their heads off, all legs and backsides. I soak in the sight, remembering I haven't seen Tasha naked in any way in months. She looks pretty much the same. She was always trim and slender anyway, I try to look at her pussy like a desperate teenager, but her leg's covering it. I get out of bed and go to the bathroom, to give my poor little guy a proper inspection. It's fucking purple, and sore to the touch. I get the feeling this week's going to be a bit shallow in the bedroom. The girls eventually get out of bed, but don't bother putting their shorts back on, so they join me in the kitchen all bleary eyed, wearing their nightshirts but nothing else. I notice they're still au naturele downstairs, so it's lucky I hadn't opened the curtains yet. Very, as I'm still naked myself. Tasha spots this and smiles, then notices the bruise and swears.
"Holy shit that looks bad."
"It feels bad."
"Do you think you should get it looked at?"
"How? How would I explain it without saying it was sex-related? Everyone would think I was sleeping with Amanda."
"But you are."
"You know what I mean."
"It'll be fine. It's only a bruise, you just need to leave it to heal." Amanda brings over two bowls of cereal and sits down on the stool beside mine.
"You'll have to think nothing but pure thoughts from now on."
"Yes, and you two showing yourselves off to me is really going to help, isn't it?"
They finish their breakfast and Amanda goes to the bathroom for a shower, showing me her pert backside before leaving me with my sister.
"Sorry about yesterday. Didn't mean to annoy you." She tips her tea and doesn't look up.
"Mm-hmm."
"How are you getting on anyway?"
"Why do you want to know?"
"Just making sure you're happy."
"Yes, I am, thank you. And no, we haven't."
"Haven't what?"
"You know exactly what I mean. He's actually younger than me by a few months and he's as much into his schoolwork as I am. Sex is the last thing on his mind."
I feel relieved, but wasn't aware it was something that was bugging me.
"You haven't done anything?"
"We may have had the odd kiss and fumble, but it's all very innocent. Don't worry, we haven't shared any bodily fluids, apart from saliva."
"And you're ok with that? Just holding hands and soppy looks?" She slaps my hand.
"Of course. You seem to forget I went straight from virginal teenager to 'doesn't mind anal

once in a while'. I'm making up for lost time. It's nice, it's calm. It's what I need, plus I get to be affectionate to someone in public without anyone screaming 'Incest'".
"No-one ever did that with us."
"Because we never gave them the chance. Everything we did, even the times we were just being affectionate, we had to do behind closed doors. I can do that stuff with Seb."
"And if you wanted to do anything else?"
"Easy, I just fuck your girlfriend!" I slap her bum from the side and she jumps up. She looks like she wants to admonish me, but she softens straight away and comes closer. I part my legs as she steps between them, taking care not to touch it as it droops over my balls. I put my hands on her sides under her shirt and she puts her arms on my shoulders. Without asking, she comes in for a kiss. There's a bit of tongue and I want to get into it, but a little message downstairs makes me stop.
"I miss it."
I nod. "Christine said the same thing."
"Yeah, but then she had some."
"And look where it got me." We both look down at the broken thing down there. She looks back up and gives me a gentle kiss. "We'll talk about it next week." She backs off, smiles and removes her PJ shirt. I take a second looking over her awesome naked body, from her pubic thatch to her small tits. I'm just about to start pitching a possibly painful tent when I look a little closer at her breasts. The sight of a small golden bar protruding through her left nipple shocks me into flaccidsville. Looking at her face, she gives me the most knowing and sexy look I've ever seen from her, and the last I see is her bum disappearing past the door frame as she goes to join Amanda in the shower.
I'm just left wondering exactly what else I've missed out on since my birthday.

Can't wait to run into Freckles again.

LATE ADDITION: despite her obvious privilege restrictions, Chris managed to call me this afternoon. Her parents managed to contact her headmaster and she's not expelled, but she's in an incredible amount of shit for a month. No extra-curricular activities and she's off a school trip to London the first week after they get back. She's not that bothered about that as it was only a trip to the Tate modern and she was there a few weeks ago anyway.

Word is apparently spreading like wildfire and she's fast becoming something of a living legend. I just hope she can cope with the fame. I didn't tell her that she damaged me, she seemed to be on cloud 9 when we spoke, and I didn't want to ruin it.

Ok, a quick recap. Last week was all about shy Christine, who showed up at mine sporting a regretful tattoo, and the day was spent in damage control, with my mum and the Amazonian Becky helping us out. One thing led to another and Christine and i ended up having some pretty good, but ultimately damaging sex. I also found out some pretty sad news about her biology, but it has a hint of a silver lining. So, to continue …

28/10/13

You know that feeling you get when you wake up in the morning after a pretty good night's sleep, then as you gain lucidity, you remember something that had been bugging you the previous day, forgotten during the blissful oblivion of slumber? Yeah, I had that. The first thing I remember was Christine, and the day we had, coupled with the conflicting emotions that came with it. Melancholy doesn't even come close to describing it. Great sex, but tinged with sadness, but also a humbling pride that she trusted me enough she could tell me something that most teenagers would want to keep secret.
Of course, this memory brought another to the surface, but aided by the physical stab in the dick that accompanied even the most gentle of movements. It's not that warm at the moment, but I still slept half-naked, lest an errant nocturnal eroticism inflate something and painfully wake me from my slumber.
It doesn't look as bad as it did, I suppose, and once I got the circulation going, the pain started to subside. I had contemplated ringing in sick, but given that the cause of my ailment was my boss's niece's constrictive vagina, and given that he knew she was with me all day Friday, I didn't want to chance any awkward questions.

Still, as I slowly got ready for work, I couldn't help but think there was something I'd forgotten. I certainly hadn't forgotten the horrendous storm that hit us last night. Looking out of the window, it didn't look too bad, just a few extra autumnal leaves on the roads, but flicking on the news, a few people were killed by falling trees and some 14 year old died after swimming in the sea in this fucking weather. Darwin at work. I power up my PC to check the ongoing forecast and travel news when everything does dark and quiet. Power cut. I hate that, it makes you feel you've touched something you shouldn't. The power came back on a few seconds later, and the PC started to power up again, only for the power to go a second time. I didn't fancy risking my hard drive so I flicked the PSU off at the switch and left it. Checking my mobile phone, there was no signal, and looking outside, all the streetlights were off, bringing me to the conclusion this might be it for the next few hours.

Sod it, I think. Might as well head out to work. As I walk out to my car, I realise that in the list of people I hope are going to be OK during this, for some reason, Christine has jumped to the top of the list. Driving to work I tell myself it's a paternal concern. Probably. Kid's had a hard time. Being grounded at half term must suck.

Half term. The girls off school for a week. Dirty thoughts aside, a tiny little alarm bell went off again, trying to get me to remember something I'd obviously forgotten, but all I could think of was Chris' face when she told me she couldn't have kids.

I get to work a good half hour before the dealership opens, and I've still got no signal on my phone. For some reason the only game I have on it is Tapped Out, but that needs a network signal, so I sit in my car staring at nothing. My boss rolls up ten minutes later.
"You're early"
"Power cut, no point staying at home"
"Same here, no TV and everyone else is asleep."
It's another ten minutes before the place is properly open, and teas and coffees are made and distributed. I even get the mechanics' mugs ready. Surefire way to score brownie points to be cashed in at a later date. "You ok?" This was my boss.
"Yeah."
"You've got a face like death. Plus you're walking like you've been kicked in the nuts."
"Oh, yeah." Think fast think fast think fast..."Went cycling over the weekend and I think I need a wider seat. Like sitting on a razor blade."
"And the face like a smacked arse?"
"Your niece, actually." This raises an eyebrow.
"Oh yes?"
"Yeah, just something she said the other day. Plus it must be hard, grounded during half term. Must suck."
"Well, self-inflicted. Her dad was bending my ear about it Saturday night. 'The recklessness of youth, was never like that in my day...' all that.. All bollocks of course, he was twice as bad. Never got a tattoo though. That was a shock."
"You're telling me. Mine hurt like a bastard, but she said she never felt a thing." He takes a sip of his coffee and nods.
"She gets that from her mum, I think. Genetics. So what did my niece tell you that's deflated your normally chipper demeanour?"
"Um... it's a bit awkward, actually. I'm surprised she told me at all. She was feeling apprehensive about telling her parents about the tattoo, and she told me... she..."
"That she can't have kids?" I nod. "Wow, she must really like you. Well, don't dwell on it too much, she's a teenager so she's probably looking at it from a miserable angle, but her mother was exactly the same."
"Really?"
"Yep, Christine was a test-tube baby. But don't tell her I told you that, she'll kill me. But it sounds like she trusts you enough she'll end up telling you eventually anyway." At this point the other salesmen walk in and the one-to-one ends by silent agreement. I'm feeling a bit more hopeful for Christine's prospects, and I resolve to send her a text as soon as I get a signal. It's unlikely she'll receive is soon as I think her communication privileges are revoked for the time being.

An hour later my phone still isn't working, so I resort to the tech support standby, turn the bloody thing off and on again. Lo and behold, 5 bars and 6 texts. Fucking technology. 5 texts are just Facebook updates, but the last is from Amanda;
'Passport?'
FUCK.

That's what I was supposed to have remembered. I'm only at work for a day then we're off to France, our lot with Amanda, plus some other relatives going to Disneyland. I mentioned it in conversation that I just wanted to take my girlfriend, but before long everyone was coming along. I haven't even packed. Cue me gingerly walking towards the boss's office and awkwardly coughing as I approach the doorway.
"You want to go home early?"
"I'm sorry, after the weekend it completely flew my mind I'm off for the rest of the week. We're going away and I haven't even packed yet."
"Yeah, ok, but can you hold on until lunch?" I thank him and get back to my desk and call Amanda.
"You're bloody hopeless, you are."
"I know, in my defence, I had a lot on my mind this weekend."
"Well, you'll be happy to know I found your passport. Exactly how old were you in this photo?"
"About 13. I was a late bloomer."
"You were an ugly sod. Just be grateful I didn't know you then, wouldn't have touched you with a barge pole."
"Thanks a bunch, I suppose you were princess material from the womb."
"You'd better believe it. So what's happening now?"
"Boss is letting me go early so I can pack."
"I've already done that." My voice drops to a whisper.
"Maybe I'll come home early anyway." There's a surprisingly girly giggle on the other end of the phone.
"Ok, I'll be gentle."
"You'd bloody better." She hangs up and I get back to work. Remembering to send a text to Chris the next time I'm free, which unfortunately happens to just before lunch.
'Just checking you're ok. Not sure if you'll get this when I send it. Going on holiday tomorrow but thought I'd see how you were doing.' There's no response within 10 minutes so I pocket my phone, bid everyone adieu and set off home. I'm halfway home when the phone rings. It's Chris.
"Hi, it's me."
"Hi, gimme a sec to pull over." Which I do. "How are you?"
"Honestly? Sore. I think we were bit rough with each other the other day."
"Yeah, same here. No parents?"
"No, they've gone out, but given me a massive list of things to do, so it's not like I'm

twiddling my thumbs."
"How are they with the tattoo?"
"Dad hates it, but he's calmed down. Mum was really upset, but now I think she sort of likes it. We have to see the headmaster Monday morning to 'discuss things'. I think I'm dreading that more than I did my parents."
"At least you're not expelled. I've met your headmaster, seems like a nice bloke."
"Yeah, he's very 'modern', but he's also very proud of the school, so a pupil with a shoulder tattoo might tar that image somewhat."
"Can't you cover it over?"
"Yeah, but not forever. I feel even more stupid now."
"Don't worry about it too much. I'm sure you'll be fine. Look, I have to go, we're on holiday tomorrow." Perhaps I shouldn't have said that. The next time she speaks it's a very different voice.
"Oh... ok. Well, have a nice time. Maybe we can meet up when you get back."
"You're always welcome over mine, you know that."
"Yeah, I know. I'd better go, I've got a list of chores as long as my arm."
"Ok Chris, I'll see you soon, ok?"
"Ok, bye."
She sounded a little more cheerful, but I can't tell if she was just putting it on for my sake. It's a few minutes before I remember I'm supposed to be going home, and I get there a few minutes later. Amanda calls from the kitchen, and I'm pleasantly surprised to notice most of the curtains and blinds are drawn and yes, Amanda's making a cup of tea in just her blue cotton knickers. "Hard day at work, honey?"
She adopts a theatrical pose and offers me a cup, but I take it from her, set it down, and go in for a rather passionate and moist kiss. It's going swimmingly until nature takes over and I get a reminder of my injured state. I back off slightly and she apologises. "Forgot, sorry."
"It's not as bad, but it doesn't help when the sexiest woman on the planet is throwing herself at me."
"No chance of a quickie then?"
"I would love to, believe me, but I'm still mending."
She gives me a sulky pout, but it's mildly whimsical, and I'm relieved she doesn't rush to get dressed, even though the prospect of nookie is off the table.
She tells me she's already packed my stuff, which makes me a little wary, and when she pops to the loo, I quickly rifle through my suitcase to check what she's chosen for me to wear. She knows I'm a T-shirt person, but she's thrown in a few smart polo and regular shirts as well. I suppose I'd better try to make an effort at some point, so I zip up the suitcase and rejoin her in the front room, all tits and legs and warm skin to snuggle against.

29/10/13

We wake stupidly early as our Eurostar is at stupid o'clock (half seven ish) but there's lots to do before we set off. We stuff breakfast down our throats, and jump in the shower together and I'm pleasantly surprised I appear to have healed considerably in the night, as is Amanda, who gladly helped me with the first non-painful erection I've had an several days, first digitally, and then comfortably against the shower wall..
We drag our arses out of the shower and finally get our shit together before heading out. Returning 5 minutes later because we forgot my passport anyway. The plan is to meet up at mums, then bundle into several taxis to take us to the international station. We pull into the driveway and there are a few cars I don't recognise there, walking into the house it sounds like a house party is in full swing, with several conversations going on at once. Walking into the kitchen there's Mum, dad, Tasha, an aunt and uncle I haven't seen in ages (on mum's side) and my cousin Emily, who is chattering animatedly with Tasha, sitting on barstools on the other side of the breakfast bar. I bring Amanda over to the grown-ups and introductions are made, then start to walk towards Tasha. Emily spots me and it's then I realise she wasn't sitting down.

The last time I saw her she must have been 7 or 8. Sweet little kid into Barbies and anything pink. That must have been 5 years ago and puberty must have hit her like a freight train. She beams at me and walks around the counter, I barely get a chance to look at her before she's rushing towards me for a hug, thudding into me heavily for someone as willowy as she is.
"Hello cuz!"
"Hello you. What happened?"
A look of concern. "What do you mean?"
"I mean have you been sleeping in a growbag? The last time I saw you were up to my knees!"
"I was never that short. And you're one to talk, chubby."
"I was never chubby. I just hadn't grown into my skin yet." She breaks the hug and I give her the once over. I wished I hadn't. Long black hair in a pony tail all the way down to her bum, with a tight white t-shirt that displays a hint of a pink patterned bra underneath. I try not to stare, and just bring her in for another hug before she goes off to join her parents. She's wearing short shorts and black tights, her body slightly out of proportion with a thin neck, shoulders square with her waist, but rounding out with her admittedly shapely backside.
"Not again." Tasha looks at me, with an amused expression.
"What?" I join her and she starts getting me a coffee, while Amanda seems to be getting on famously with my aunt and uncle. She's good at that.
"You and Emily, a new female in the mix and you can't take your eyes off her!"
"Oh, piss off. I just haven't seen her in years. She's changed a lot!"

“You’re telling me. I would have killed for a body like that at her age.”
“How old is she now?”
“She’s 13 tomorrow.”
“She’s TWELVE?” I give her a second look. I don’t think that bra’s heavily padded, and the design on the cups appears to be pink hearts. The darker tops of her tights is just visible under the hem of her shorts. ”Fucking hell I feel old.”
“Dirty old man, you mean.”
I jab her in the ribs. “Pack it in you. She’s too young to even turn my head.”
“Oh, really? She’s 13 tomorrow, and how old were you and I when we started fucking?”
I’m glad she’s whispering. “Yeah, I know, but that was different. You weren’t far off 15 when YOU came onto ME, remember?”
“Yes, and I remember you beating me off with such gusto.”
“I wasn’t the one doing the beating.... Hi mum!”
Mum’s looking a little flustered, having to act the host while being so close to departure time. “Hello you. You all ready to go? The logistics are getting complicated and I don’t really want to rush. Best we leave asap.” We agree and I drain my coffee. We bundle outside in the miserable weather and line up the suitcases waiting for the taxis. Emily’s mum chides her for not wrapping up warmer, and it’s obvious she’s feeling the cold as the lack of padding on that bra is now obvious. Begrudgingly, she dons a padded coat, and looks as me with a disappointed expression. I’m really beginning to hope the outfit wasn’t for my benefit, so I grasp Amanda’s hand and hold on for dear life. She picks up on it immediately.
“What’s wrong?”
“Never leave me out of your sight on this holiday.”
“Why?” I simply gesture towards Emily, who is now snugly wrapped in her coat, as she locks her eyes on me with a smile that I could only describe as an immature attempt at ‘sultry’. Amanda returns the firm grip and holds my arm. “Don’t worry, you’ll be lucky to get out of the hotel room.”
“Did your dad say anything before you left yesterday?” I’m very aware that despite her dad warming to me considerably over the last few months, he’s still very protective towards her, as if she’s growing up against his better judgement. She gives a small laugh.
“Yeah, he said, and I quote; ‘I know they have different laws in France, but you don’t actually have to take them literally.’” I shrug and shake my head, but clarification isn’t forthcoming. “I’ll tell you when we’re there.”

The taxis arrive, it’s a hell of a palaver getting the suitcases loaded, mainly because we’re 80% female and you know how they like to pack. I saw Spaceballs the other day and the image of an oversized hair-dryer comes to mind. By some miracle we get packed, set off and arrive at the International station within the hour. We’re unloaded and checked in not long after, but there’s a slight delay until the train arrives, so we’re mooching around the departure lounge until we get the call. Tasha’s with mum and dad, fussing over Tommy, My

aunt and Uncle are in the Duty Free stocking up on booze and cigarettes, and Emily seems to be hanging around like a bad smell, waiting for an opportunity to get close. But Amanda's good to her word, holding me close and making it abundantly clear I'm her man, and getting some really shitty looks in return. Until...
"Bad news."
"What?"
"I need a piss."
"Need me to hold your hand?"
"Might turn a few heads if you come in with me. Just pretend you need one too."
Thinking about it, I think I might anyway, so I pop into the gents. I drag my heels in there, but when I eventually come out, there's no sight of Amanda. Or Emily, actually, until I start walking towards my parents and she appears from nowhere.
"Hi!"
"Um... Hi?" She's bouncing on her heels and beaming wildly. Batting her eyelids and holding her arms behind her back, maybe it's a natural position, maybe she's doing it to make her boobs look bigger.
"You been to Disney before?"
"Er, yeah, about 5 years ago, I think. Before that other park was finished."
"Cool, did you want to show me around? It's my first time." Oh jesus titty-fucking Christ.
"Um... we'll see, I had originally planned it to be just me and... Amanda!"
Mercifully, my girlfriend reappears, and without a word, but with another snotty look, Emily sulks off in a huff.
"Ooh, she's got it bad!"
I pull her into a hug. "As soon as we're in the hotel, I'm fucking you silly."
"Not fair, that was MY plan!" We move in for a snog, but the announcement over the tannoy tells us our train is ready to board. So we all get our crap together and make our way towards the pedestrian overpass that leads to the platform.
Finally on the train, The adults sit together around a table, with us on the other side of the walkway.. Tommy won't leave Tasha alone so they sit opposite us. This actually leaves Emily sitting on her own near an old couple who under normal circumstances would be described as friendly, but Emily's on the cusp of teenagehood, so is rebuffing any kind gestures they make. The girls spot this and feel sorry for her. The following conversation is started by Tasha, and held in sotto voce;
"Invite her to sit with us"
"No, she's got designs on me."
"Like that's ever been a problem before."
"Yeah, but Emily's only 12, it's different, seriously. The last time I saw her she came up to my navel and Was. A. Child."
"She ain't no more."
"I am aware of this. Fine, let her sit with us, just don't be surprised if shit gets awkward." So Tommy sits up on Tasha's lap (where he seems to be more than content) and Emily

happily sits opposite me, her feet finding mine under the table, no matter where I bloody put them. Tasha takes point and indulges her in more conversation, they seem to get on quite well, so it gives me a bit of a break.

The announcement comes over the train tannoy that we'll soon be entering the tunnel near Folkestone. The girls get giddy and Tommy shouts out 'Fishies!". Methinks he's going to be sorely disappointed. I glance over at Emily and she looks very ill at ease. Scared, even. "Em, you ok?" She nods, but I'm not buying it. There's a swelling in our ears as the pressure builds and there's a sudden 'whomph' as we hurtle into the tunnel at nearly 200mph. She jumps and looks like she's about to cry, rushing over to her mother and throwing her arms around her. It's a little unsettling, and she looks mortified with embarrassment as she starts to calm down, her 'adult' veneer lying in tatters. We beckon her over and it's a more comfortable environment, now she's not trying to be something she isn't, yet.
The train doesn't go straight into the park on a weekday, so we have to change at Charles De Gaulle, so more hanging around for an hour. Our ears are still blocked from the pressure of coming out of the tunnel, so onlookers are treated to the sight of 8 foreigners all holding their noses and puffing out their cheeks in an attempt to regain our hearing. It works, eventually. Tommy is still upset he didn't get to see any sharks outside the train windows, and Emily is keeping her distance. Still giving furtive glances, but acting more her age.
An hour-ish later, we finally get to the park. We spot Space Mountain before the iconic castle, and the excitement level palpably rises, even from the grown-ups. A short bus ride from the station to the Hotel Cheyenne, and thankfully, the queue to check-in is mercifully short. The last time I came here it was a good hour and a half to get to the desk, but we're up and checked in within 10 minutes. Hopefully the park itself will be as quiet.

Arrangements are as follows: Amanda and I in our room. Mum, Dad, Tasha and Tommy in another. With the other three in their own room. The fact Amanda and I are sharing raises an eyebrow from Mum's sister, but a swift explanation is offered, and seemingly accepted. Then we're off on the short walk to the decorated hotel block we've been assigned. As we walk along the dusty road, along the western-style facades and verandas, I can actually hear Amanda squealing quietly beside me, and I won't lie, it's making me horny as hell. I didn't let on to Amanda earlier, but I know exactly what her dad was talking about when he gave his sage advice. 15 is legal in France.

As there was the space available, we've been given 3 rooms beside each other. We get the room in the middle, parents to the right, relatives to the left. I guess we'll just have to keep the noise down. I slide the keycard into the slot, and the door is barely closed before Amanda's on me, kissing me semi-violently and scrabbling at the button on my jeans, pushing me backwards until we find the bed. There's a part of me that says we should check out the room first, but the penis tells it to shut the fuck up. I notice the curtains are

open but we're on the top floor, which is handy, because she rips off her t-shirt and I realise at some point she removed her bra. I struggle to sit up with her straddling me and get myself topless too, throwing my garments aside and getting some awesome warm skin-on-skin contact, squishing her boobs against my chest and the passionate kissing resumes again. She gets off me and undoes my trousers, pulling out my dick, then strips naked, climbing back on and getting into position, positioning me with her hand before lowering herself onto me. She then does that goofy grin again.
"Guess what?" She's bouncing on me, looking the happiest I've ever seen her, and I think I know why. "What?"
"We don't have to hide it here?"
"I know?"
"You Know?"
"Of course. I'm not a complete ignoramus, you know."
She slaps my chest. "Git, that was going to be my big surprise."
"I'm not complaining." So we start really getting into it, and I flip her over and start really pounding her, when there's sudden knock at the door. Looks of abject horror are exchanged, and I pull out quickly. She darts into the bathroom, grabbing clothes as she goes and I pop the big guy back in the cage, do up the zip and throw my t-shirt back on. Making sure Amanda is behind lock and key, I open the door.
There's no-one there, the corridor outside is deserted. Bastards. Closing the door I'm just about to tell Amanda it was someone fucking around when I hear the knock again, but it's not coming from the door to the room. I realise we should have checked out the room beforehand as it's now I spot the adjoining door, halfway along the side wall near the TV. The door is knocked again, and I struggle to remember who's in that room, but it's not until I open the door that it clicks. Yep, there's Emily wearing the smarmiest grin ever seen on a pre-teen outside of a Mara thread. And oh look, it seems Amanda's not the only one to have secretly removed her bra. A swift glance reveals two pubescent bulges where her nipples would be. For the sake of reference, I'd say she was the same size as Tasha was when I started this; a large A-cup, but her thin frame makes them look disturbingly larger, and I'm pretty sure she's very well aware of this. I see her parents in the room beyond, who acknowledge me. It's actually comforting as I know she won't try anything with her parents around.
"We've got a door!"
"Um, yes, it would appear we have."
"Might come in handy."
"For what?" She shrugs.
"I dunno, emergencies?"
"Yeah, I suppose..." An awkward silence ensues. "Well, we're still getting unpacked..."
"Doesn't look like you'd started yet..."
"No, we were just looking through all the gumph. Still, better go..." She's still smiling as I close the door, wondering if I should get a hammer and some nails...

I knock gently on the bathroom door and Amanda emerges, fully clothed with a frustrated expression. “Later?”
“Of course.” So we reluctantly start getting unpacked, and it’s fortuitous we paused in our shenanigans as we’re interrupted again my our parents and Tasha, who are just checking we’re settled in ok. Each room in this themed area has a double bed and a bunk bed along the wall, and as soon as Tasha spots this, it takes a minimal amount of pleading before it’s agreed that Tasha’s in with us too. Suits me fine, and our parents’ too. It’s only about midday, so we arrange to get lunch in the restaurant near the reception, then it’s into the park for as long as possible. Might as well get your money’s worth.
We agree to meet up in the restaurant and they leave. We’re finally left alone and we wait until we hear the footsteps dissipate before getting naked again by silent consent and christen both the bed, and our first complete legal copulation. Somehow it feels nicer, safer, and without the shadow of repercussion hanging over our heads.
The only downside being, of course, we’re in France.
There’s nothing more tedious than listening how much of an awesome time someone else had in a place when you weren’t there, but rest assured, we had an awesome first day, and we all acted like big kids, my parents especially, and I’ve already got 3 spins on Space Mountain under my belt, even though the music they play on the ride is shit compared to what they used to have a few years ago.
Twilight beckons, and we start to head towards the hotel, as Tommy’s sparko on dad’s shoulder, and Emily’s dead on her feet, but she’s trying to hide it. Unconvincingly, I might add. Tasha sidles up to me as we pass through the exit gates.
“Christened the room?”
“Might have.”
“Got any left?”
“Might have.”
She smiles, taps my backside, then speeds up to walk alongside mum and dad.
Most of us head to the bar for a nightcap (coke for the girls), but we don’t hang around as it’s been a long first day. The girls set off just before the rest of us, so I get back to the room 5 minutes after them, and as I guessed, Tasha isn’t actually sleeping in the bunk bed. She’s in bed with Amanda and they’re under the covers, giggling.
I close the door as quietly as possible, grab the edge of the covers and pull them off the bed. Both girls are still fully clothed, and burst out laughing when they see my disappointed expression.
“Give us a chance, ya perv, it’s been a long day!” They clamber off the mattress and take turns in the bathroom getting ready for bed. I’m beginning to think I might get a night off until Tasha comes up to me and plants a kiss on me.
“What about ‘Sebastian’?” She squints as the inflection, but rallies quickly.
“Oh, he’s good for hugs and companionship, but he’s saving himself for marriage.”
“Really? And what about you?”
“Oh, I’m long past saving, as well you know.”

“Not my fault, remember.” She gives me another kiss and walks back into the bathroom as I stand in the doorway, watching them get undressed. It’s still been a while since I’ve seen Tasha properly naked (apart from the 30 seconds the other day) and apart from the new decoration, she looks pretty much the same.
“When did you get that done then?” She looks at me quizzically, then down at her nipple.
“Oh, that. A few weeks ago. Just felt like it. I take it out when I’m at school, in case I have PE. It avoids any awkward questions in the showers.”
“Who did it?”
“Same guy that did Christine’s tattoo. Turns out he’s really crap at checking IDs. Don’t you like it?”
“I dunno yet.”
Amanda stands up from brushing her teeth. “Wur, I ‘uv it.” I think I got what she meant.
“Bet you do.” She spits out the toothpaste and gargles some water.
“Of course, she loves it when you bite the sides and pull.” Tasha goes scarlet red and slaps Amanda on the boob. I make a mental note to take as much advantage of this little nugget of information as possible. They finally leave the bathroom and get back into bed. By the time I’m all freshened up, they’re in the middle of what looks like a tender session. Tasha on her back, Amanda lying beside her, and performing the aforementioned tugging, before moving up and kissing my sister softly, their tongues darting in and out of each other’s mouths. Stupidly, I elected to wear boxers, because now I have to telegraph my intentions by talking them off before sliding in beside Tasha.

She breaks from Amanda and locks lips with me, my free hand stroking her trim little frame, concentrating on her swollen slit and the new addition in her nipple, giving the suggestion a try and discovering it works a treat. Suddenly she motions to get up, so I move to the side as she clambers around me to get on top. She must have been more excited than I thought as I’m inside her before I can blink. Amanda comes in for a kiss as Tasha starts bouncing on my pelvis. My fingers find her tits and I pinch and squeeze her nipples.
“You have no idea how much I’ve wanted to do this again.” She manages between thrusts. Amanda moves down and starts kissing my neck and chest. It’s not something I’m used to, but it all adds. Then she hoists herself up and straddles my face. Seems rude not to oblige and I’m quickly sucking on her clit and licking the entrance to her vagina like my life depended on it. By the sounds of it, the girls are enjoying each other’s company up there, and I feel Tasha start to convulse slightly as she comes, her moans muffled, presumably, by Amanda’s mouth. The squeezing from her orgasm brings me close, and as I make an audible sound of pleasure, my sister gets off my dick and it’s suddenly enveloped again by the unmistakable feeling of her mouth. She pumps the base of the shaft with her hand as she hungrily licks and sucks me, as if she hasn’t eaten in a week. I feel the tip of my cock hit the back of her mouth, and I fear she might gag, but against all expectations, she takes me in further, her larynx bending and squeezing my length. It’s too much to take as I

realise I can feel the tip of her nose in my pubic hair. She's deepthroating me. My balls contract with her help and I'm glad I'm in so deep, as the force with which I come inside her would easily have caused her to choke.
She keeps me inside her throat for as long as she can stand, then pulls off quickly, gasping for air and coughing, some of my come spilling from her mouth as she rolls over on the bed, sounding completely exhausted. Amanda gets off my face and collapses on my other side.
"Jesus Christ Tasha, how the hell did you manage to do that?"
She raises a finger as she catches her breath, and manages to roll onto her front.
"Practice, and lots of puking."
"Don't get your ideas up. I never managed to do it." Says Amanda from somewhere near my feet. She's face-down the wrong way on the bed, so I reach over and grab a bum cheek, sliding my hand inbetween them and gently fingering her soaking wet pussy. She doesn't object, just squirms and moans pleasantly. Tasha crawls up the bed until her face is level with mine. She gives me a quick peck, and looks into my eyes with a satisfied expression.
"You're full of surprises. Anal AND Deepthroat. If the academics don't work out, you could always go for porn."
"Nah, too much self-respect." Her eyes close, and she's asleep in a second. I pat Amanda's bum and she reluctantly moves back up the bed, flumping down and comatose, so it's up to me to grab the covers before falling asleep myself.
The girls are up obscenely early, and are virtually dressed before I even open my eyes. It would appear everyone wants to get as much time in the park as possible. Nothing of note happens today, at least not in the Park. Someone decides it would be a good idea to go on this guided trip of Paris. It's fairly interesting, and Paris is pretty awesome at night, as long as you stay in the touristy areas. (Same as any city). The trip is almost ruined, however, when we take a stroll down the Moulin Rouge. We're walking along the pavement, trying not to notice the laminated porn photographs that adorn the doorways of the strip clubs. One of the managers steps out of his doorway and grabs Amanda by the arm. She yells out in alarm and I'm beside her in a second. I grab the guy's arm and throw it off her. "What are you doing?"
He's not French, I'd say Greek or Turkish.
"I want her in my club. Dance on table. Get money."
"She's only 15!" At this point, Dad and my uncle come up beside us. The manager looks Amanda up and down, then shrugs. "Don't care, pretty girl, gets lots of money." I take a step forward, but then he clicks a finger and four of his cronies step out of the doorway.
"We have girl, you pick her up in morning." At this point Tasha walks up, looks at the manager, smiles at him, then screams at the top of her lungs, constantly, for at least 15 seconds at a time.
Then Amanda joins in, and so does Emily, who is incredibly high-pitched, and extremely loud.

Luckily, a police car pulls up at the side of the road and a couple of gendarmes step out. Dad's fluent so he goes up to them and gives our side of the story. Then they approach the manager and it's obvious it's not the first time he's tried this, but it doesn't actually look like he's going to be punished. That is, until her sees all three girls have taken out their phones and are recording the whole conversation.

"You! Arret! Stop!" One of the policemen approaches Emily, who cowers away, but she's very defiant.

"Too late, it's already on Youtube." It seems the word Youtube is universal. "He just tried to kidnap my friend. She's only 15. Are there any laws against Child Sex Slavery in France?" There seems to be a small conflict going on, but he finally waves us on our way, which we do, but still listening as the manager admonishing the copper for letting his new prize get away. (Dad translating as we go). Amanda draws Emily into a massive hug, and they're pretty inseparable for the rest of the evening, until we thankfully get back on the bus and head back to the park.

Back in the hotel room after dinner, it transpires Amanda was more shaken up than she let on at the time, and while she doesn't cry, she's on the edge of shocking, so we all get into bed, in our PJs, with Amanda in the middle and we fall asleep in each other's comforting arms.

31/10/13.

Halloween, so of course, Disney goes all out with the over-commercialised and mass-produced Halloween fare. There's a couple of themed shows, and the park is a little more crowded than it has been. The queues are longer, so it takes some of the fun out of it. We have lunch at Casey's corner, when Tommy finds how much fun can be had by squirting the bottle of mustard all over my neck and shirt. The guys at the restaurant are amazing by trying to help, but I decide to go back to my room to change, and grab a bath, as the spices in the mustard are doing something nasty to my skin.
A short hop, skip and a bus ride later, and I'm soaking in a hot steaming bath with a flannel over my eyes (no shower). Given the hectic nature of where we are, it's probably the most relaxed I've felt since we got here. I'm on my own, but I'm sure I can hear a door open nearby, but I suppose it must just be another hotel room down the corridor.
I'm not psychic, but I feel the presence of someone in the room with me, but as I snatch the flannel off my eyes, there's no-one there. Feeling slightly un-nerved, I decide I'm clean enough, so I get out. Quickly drying off and treating myself to a swift shave. Walking into the bedroom area, I swear loudly when I spot Emily sitting on the bed in just her knickers. I'm still naked, so grab my trousers off the edge of the bed to cover myself, but by the look on her face, the damage is done.
"Fuck! What are you doing here?" She gathered all the pillows and is leaning against them, up against the headboard.
"I came back as well, told mum and dad I'd forgotten something."
"But how did you get in here?"
She gives a crafty grin, and looks very pleased with herself.
"I blocked the catch on the door when you opened it that time. It's been unlocked ever since." Oh shit. I can't help but look at her, she does have an amazing figure, but the underdeveloped nature of her nipples puts me off slightly. Very pale areolas, with a touch of bruising, no actual nipple itself to speak of. She spots me looking and her smile grows even wider. I sit down on the bed beside her.
"What do you want Emily?"
"Take a guess." I just shake my head. "I saw you fucking Amanda that night. I wanted some myself." I'm mildly shocked by the swearing, and I dread the answer to my next question.
"Did you see anything else?"
"No, just you guys holding each other last night." Phew. "That was nice. Is Amanda ok now?"
"Yes, but... this isn't right. You shouldn't be here, not like this."
"Don't you think I'm sexy?" She puffs out her chest, it makes little difference. I go for honesty.
"No. I don't find you sexy. You have a sexy body, yes." this brings a smile, "but Em, the last time I saw you, you were 8. A child. You still are, really. Your underwear has Moshi Monsters on it!" This may have been the wrong thing to say. She shifts her bum up and

whips off her knickers, but brings her legs down together. She has a small growth of dark pubic hair at the top of her legs. I can't help but look.
"Children don't have pubes!"
"True, but that's not the point. You're only just 13."
"Amanda's 15, and you're ok with fucking her!" Swearing sounds odd coming from her.
"That's different, and as it happens, 15 is legal in France. 13 isn't. "I tear my eyes away from her visible slit. "Emily, I don't want to have sex with you."
She frowns again, brings her knees up and lets her legs fall apart, spreading her pussy slightly. Between her legs, she's still completely bald.
"How about now?" She put her fingers either side of her vulva and pulls the lips apart, rubbing herself as she breathes deeply. "No, I don't." She stops moving her hands and looks as though she's about to burst into tears.
"But why?"
"Because when you did that just now, I could see your hymen's still virtually intact." She snaps her legs together and goes bright pink. I can see she's embarrassed, so I pass her my t-shirt and she clasps it to her chest. She avoids eye contact, but I address her directly;
"Emily, I'm going to tell you something now, but you're not to tell a soul. I'm not a tattle-tale, but I think it's fair to say I have something I could tell your parents. Agreed?"
She nods reluctantly, still avoiding eye-contact. "Since the start of the year, I've taken the virginity of 4 girls, some of whom I'm still sleeping with. Having sex is great, but it's not something you can just jump into."
"Four?! Anyone I know? Apart from Amanda?"
"I'm not saying, but let me ask you this; are you on the pill?"
"No."
"Have you got any condoms?"
"No."
"Have you started having periods?"
Again, a deep blush covers every visible centimetre of skin. "Yes."
"Do you want to get pregnant while you're 13?" She just shakes her head. Her eyes start watering again.
"Look, you ARE very attractive, and you've got an incredible body, but you're not ready. Not even if you think you are. That's what being a teenager's all about. Especially a female teenager, they mature sexually quicker than guys."
This makes her brighten up considerably.
"Really?"
"Yep, first thing I remembered from sex education. Now look, let's get sensible, get our stuff together, and get back into the park. I need to do Space Mountain a few more times." She manages a smiles and awkwardly reaches across for her clothes, which she hid beside the bed. She pops on her bra as I get up, forgetting I'm naked.
"Can I see it?"

“What?”
“Your... penis. Can I see it?”
“Wow, déjà vu.”
“How do you mean?”
“Never mind.” I turn to face her. It’s thankfully soft, and normally I’d feel awkward, but it’s not like it’s the first time I’ve done this. She scoots along the bed until she’s about two feet from me and just stares. She seems to find it genuinely fascinating and spends quite a while turning her head to look at it from different angles.
“They’re pretty weird, when you see them up close.”
“Never seen one before?”
She shakes her head. “In pictures, but never in person. I AM only 13, as you kept reminding me.” She moves a little closer and I can feel her warm breath on it, and of course, against my control, it twitches, making her jump. She has her bra on but she has enough to jiggle, and I can feel things happening. This is exactly what I didn’t want to happen, so I start to step backwards, but her hands come up and she holds my dick by the sides. Not gripping it, just holding her hands either side, curling her fingers around the shaft. She moves her head slightly, and for a horrible second, I fear she’s going to put it in her mouth, but thankfully, she takes a deep breath and lets go. Staring it with new eyes as it stands to attention, pointing directly at her face. If it was anyone else, I’d grab it myself and dump a load on her, but it’s my 13 year old cousin, so if anything, it starts losing rigidity fairly quickly.
“Thank you. That was... interesting.” We compose ourselves, get our clothes on and head out again, actually a little closer for the experience, and I don’t mind holding her hand as we make our way back into the park.

Amanda is the first to spot us, and while she looks concerned that we’re still holding hands, I manage to convey to her through the medium of unspoken facial expressions that everything’s good, and that I didn’t destroy another hymen in the Happiest Place on EarthTM. She gets me alone later, and I tell her everything.
“Wow, and she looks so sweet and innocent!”
“You think so?”
“No, she looks like a horny teenager. Well done for holding back.”
“It wasn’t tricky. I still see her as that 8 year old, in some ways.”
“You let 8 year olds look at your cock?” I smack her backside.
“Not until they grow tits and need to trim their bikini line.”
“She’s got pubes already? Fucking hell, I really was a late starter.”
“Yeah, but you certainly made up for lost time.”
She drops her voice. “You’d better fucking believe it.”
Later, there’s a Halloween-themed fireworks display, which is pretty awesome, and the night-time carnival was very entertaining. Back for dinner, then back to bed. Amanda’s turn to take the lead, while Tasha just lays beside us, watching and masturbating. It’s

enough for all of us. As Amanda rolls off me, I see the adjoining door at the foot of the bed, and notice it's slightly ajar, with an eye peeking through the gap. I can tell it's Emily, and I look straight at her, wondering what she made of what she'd just seen, as she closes the door with a reassuring click.

It's not until the morning that the crashing realisation that Emily might have seen Tasha frigging beside us hits me, and I hope she doesn't mention it. When we all meet up for the last full day in the park, she just smiles and hugs my arm again. Gives Amanda a hug (still best buds since Paris) but pauses to give Tasha an appraising look, before another hug is deployed. Methinks I may have got away with another one.
At some stage in the afternoon, mum announces she's not feeling great, and would we mind looking after Tommy while she goes back for a lie down. The girls take turns being the better big sister, and Tommy's loving all the attention. After an hour dad gives me the keycard to his room, and asks me to check on her. He's had a few beers and mum's not his biggest fan when he's tipsy.
Their room is right next to ours, but as I open the door, I see the layout is slightly different, in that you can't see the bed from the doorway.
"Mum?" No answer. I venture further into the room and have to stop myself when I see some bare legs on the bed. There's the slight hint of tinny music coming from somewhere, so against my better judgement (again) I lean in and Mum is laying on the bed, naked, wearing inner-ear headphones, listening and singing along to something poppy, while masturbating furiously, her fingers working feverishly between her thighs. I'm momentarily transfixed, partly because I've just walked in on my stepmum getting herself off, but also because she looks in even better shape than the last time I saw her naked. For anyone else, that might sound like a weird statement, but you know me. There's also the tiniest hint of a baby bump between her arms as she works.

It seems she's ok, and the headache might have just been a ruse for her to have some alone time, which I suppose she hasn't had any of lately. Happy she's actually fine, I turn to leave,.
"Pete? That's you, isn't it?" I sigh heavily, walk back into the room and lean against the wall. She doesn't cover herself, and her hands stay where they were.
"Yeah, it's me." She doesn't seem embarrassed, but given our relationship, she wouldn't be. "Don't tell your dad, please. I just..."
"You don't get any time to yourself?" She nods and smiles, but there's a hint of sadness. I can't stop my eyes wandering over her body, and she does look incredible. Hard to believe this was Dolores Umbridge about 10 months ago. I move and sit down beside her naked form. "Everything ok?"
"Yeah, really it is. I just... it's probably just the associated hormones. "I put a hand on her small bump and she automatically puts a hand on top of mine. I don't mention I can feel moistness on her fingers.

“Everyone ok out there?”
“Yeah, dad’s had a few, and wanted me to check on how you were doing.” There’s a flash of disapproval in her eyes, but it soon fades.
“Can’t blame him. Can’t remember the last time he let his hair down like this. How are you getting on with Emily?” Wasn’t expecting that.
“Fine, why?”
“I’m not blind, that’s some crush she’s got. Be careful with her.”
“Don’t worry, we’ve had... words.” We sit there for a few moments, my hand still on her belly. She pats my hand.
“Well, you’d better get back out there. Plus, you have to admit, this is a little weird.”
“If you’re sure?”
“Yeah. I’m good. I’ll be back out there in an hour. Going to have a nice soaky bath.”
“Ok, try not to wear yourself out!” She slaps my arm and I lean in for a kiss. Maybe it’s because of our relationship, but we both automatically go for a softer, slightly open-mouthed kiss that lasts a few seconds. No tongues, but as we part, we both realise it was a close and mutual possibility. Another tiny peck and I leave her to herself, closing the door behind me and thinking how fucked up that would have seemed to anyone else.
That night, we take a break from sex, and I pop online for the first time using Disney wi-fi and check a few sites, including /b/, which for some reason, isn’t blocked. (Hi if you were there).

02/11/03

We leave the next day, after checking out first thing and having a few last hours in the park. We get home about 8pm GMT and I’ve been typing feverishly ever since. Emily found me on Facebook and we’ve had some frank and honest conversations about what happened. I get the impression she got through something, and she comes across as being a little more mature about things. She tells me she’s going to wait. Be the first girl in my life that does.

What I don’t tell her is that given different circumstances, I would have totally wrecked that hymen.

04/11/13

After the short break to Disney, it took a few days to recover. That much walking catches up on you after a while, Dad kept complaining he'd wished he'd taken a pedometer. Anyway, after I finished posting the last update, I decided to call it a night, and the next thing I know, it's 9.30 and I'm late for work. Luckily my boss isn't a bastard, plus he's still grateful I looked after his niece the other week.

Returning home about 5.15, the first thing that tells me something is amiss is the softened sound of voices coming from behind my front door, plus it's not double-locked. Entering, the first person I see is Tasha, still in her school uniform, and I can't read her expression, it's eager, but fearful. Next is Amanda, coming out of the kitchen looking livid. Upon seeing me she darts into the bedroom and closes the door.
"Amanda?" But Tasha approaches me and grabs my hand.
"You'd better come in here." She leads me into the kitchen and both Sarah and Christine are in there. Chris is fussing with something on the worktop, but Sarah takes one look at me and turns her back to me, bringing a hand up to her face. Too late, I saw it.
"What happened?" Christine appears to have emptied the medicine cabinet.
"Her so-called 'boyfriend' happened. If you could call him that." I walk over and get Sarah to show me. Her left cheekbone is red and swollen, with a small cut an inch below her eye.
"I don't know what you see in that little shit, I really don't." This is an unusually mature stance from Christine, but I guess it's because she's been doing a lot of growing up lately. Sarah looks completely crestfallen. She can be self-assured, but it seems she doesn't have a rebuttal to Chris' admonition.
"Have you put any ice on it?"
"Bag of frozen peas wrapped in a towel. Now I'm looking for something to stop it getting infected. Have you got anything in here?" I gently move Christine to one side, absent-mindedly noticing the pale image of her tattoo under her school blouse. I reach into the top shelf and pull out some arnicare and germolene.
"This one for the swelling, the other for the open wound. Don't get the arnicare into the cut." I leave Christine tending to Sarah and pull Tasha into the front room.
"What happened?"
"I don't know the full thing. They've only been seeing each other a few days. He's a complete arsehole, but he was treating her well, buying her lots of stuff. Then he started getting pushy. Kept asking her to go back to his place alone."
"How old is he?"
"Same as you. 18 or 19. We don't know why she even looked at him." I can hazard a guess, but I don't want to voice it just yet. "Anyway, he turned up at the school gates and started getting really forward with her in front of everyone. Pinching her bum, making out like they'd had sex already. Anyway, when Sarah told him to stop, he got a bit angry. Went off on one about how 'she should be grateful he'd even look at her'. She told him to fuck

off, he back-handed her across the face. Some of the older girls came to help and he ran off." I'm fucking fuming by this point, but I'm good at holding it together.
"Come on." Amanda has reappeared from the bedroom, having changed out of her uniform into what could be best describe as 'decorating clothes'.
"Where are we going?" But she just walks to the front door, and leaves the flat, leaving the door open behind her.
"Watch her." Tasha grasps my hand. "I've never seen her like this."
I rush after Amanda, finally catching up with her outside by my car.
"Amanda..."
"I just want a word with him."
"You know where he lives?" She just nods and beckons for me to open the door. Once inside, she tells me to head for a run-down estate a few miles away. Already I'm nervous. The place we're going to was built in the 60's to cope with 'London Overspill', but when the Londoners came, so did their inflated egos and senses of superiority. Stories abound of families having pitched battles in the street. The council had pumped millions lately into regenerating the area, but moving the same benefit scroungers and druggies back into the nice new flats just gave them nice, new stuff to fuck up.
The estate is circled by a ring-road, which she has me drive around a few times, seemingly without joy. Suddenly she has me turn down a street I know leads to the paltry shopping centre in the centre. I pull up and can see a group of about 10 'youths' congregating outside the chip shop. I can handle myself in a situation, but up against 10 kids up on Red Bull, I'm not so sure. I'm just about to voice my concerns when Amanda gets out of the car and purposefully strides over to them. I have no choice but to rush after her. When I get to them it seems she's found her quarry, and the rest of the lads are looking on with a mixture of amazement and bewilderment. The chap in question seems unrepentant.
"She fuckin' asked for it."
"What are you talking about? She told you to stop acting like a moron and you backhanded her across the fucking face!"
"Serves her right for showing me up."
"Showing you up? You were groping her in front of her school, in her fucking uniform you prick! Telling the school you were having sex. Are you some kind of cunt or what??"
The rest of the assembled masses seem to find this highly amusing, as the squat little runt in a tracksuit Amanda is shouting at seems to be the 'Alpha Male', and they're all expecting her to receive the same treatment Sarah did. And to my shame, I'm not entirely sure, right now, of how I'd react if something did happen. Stupidly, and without thinking things through, probably.
Amanda's going blue in the face from shouting, but the little turd is just smirking at her. I've half a mind to give him a backhand myself, when Amanda turns away from him. For half a second I think we're leaving, when there's a sudden blur of movement, followed by a sickening crack. The laughter from the lads stops abruptly as I realise with them, that one of their party is physically leaving the surface of the earth between his feet, falling in an

arc, and thudding against the concrete ground behind him. There's silence, which is immediately broken by a guttural scream, and Amanda is on him, grabbing the front of his shirt and repeatedly punching his face.
"Wanna give me a backhand, you little cunt? See how you like it, you bastard!" He's offering little defence as the blows rain down on his cheeks and nose, which are now a bloody mess. Everyone is a statue, myself included, until I regain my senses and grab her around the waist, heaving her off him. She initially resists, but once she realises it's me, she softens in my arms. I release her from my grip, and for a while, it looks like she might be going in for another session, but she just spits at him, and stomps off in the direction of the car. Everyone is still completely immobile, and there's silence, apart from the choking coming from the ground.

"You'd better put him in the recovery position or he'll choke." Nine blank expressions look up at me. I sigh and walk over, kneel down beside him and hoist his feeble frame over until he's on his side. His breathing is better, but he's got a lot of blood in his mouth, and his visible eye is closing fast. At least he's conscious. I lean down.
"Beaten half to death by a girl? That's going to be hard to live down, especially in a shithole like this. My advice to you, is let this go." He tries a cocky smirk. "Fuck off.."
"You see, the thing is, I'm 5 times stronger than her, and I'm faster, and a higher dan then her too. And you don't know me, or my 'dad', or my extended family. You don't know who we are, or what we've done. You don't know that the only reason I'm here talking to you is for the simple reason they haven't found the bodies yet. You don't know that there are 5 different vital organs I could show you before you die. Ever seen your own lung outside your body?" This garners a suitable reaction, as a puddle forms and there's an acrid smell in the air. It's all bullshit, of course, but it's the only stuff cro-magnons like this understand.
"Leave this alone. If I, or anyone I know, sees you anywhere near anyone else I know;
I
Will
Kill
You."

I straighten up, to notice there's only a couple of hangers-on left.
"I'd call him an ambulance, if you care." I turn my back and walk to the car. It's all I can do to stop running like fuck, but Amanda's looking at me, and I'm sure she'd let me know if anyone was coming up behind me. As I get in beside her, I start the car and reverse out of the spot. The prone figure on the floor is alone now, but it looks like the chip shop owner is attending to him. He doesn't look in our direction, but coming from this estate, he probably knows better than to get involved.

Driving in silence in the dark, I chance looks over to Amanda, and I can see her shaking, but every time I try to talk to her, she shakes her head, gazing out of the window. Finally she quietly asks me to pull over. As the car comes to a halt she open the door and vomits

loudly into the gutter. I hurriedly get out and run around the car, avoiding the puddle and holding her as she heaves again and again, her body shuddering as she starts to sob uncontrollably.

She calms down after a short while, and I get her out of the car and sit her down on a bench. I give her a denim jacket that's laying in the back seat. We've pulled up by a park about a mile from home. It's well-lit and peaceful.
"You want to talk about it?" She sniffs and wipes her eyes on her sleeve.
"I just kept thinking back to Paris, how that creep just thought I was a piece of meat. Coming back I thought we wouldn't see arseholes like that here." I don't think now's the time to point out her naiveté. "When I heard him talking to her like that... I wanted to kill him. Really kill him. If you hadn't stopped me..."
"You would have stopped. I know you would. You're not the killing kind."
"What's going to happen?"
"To who?"
"Me."
"Nothing, I bet. He won't tell anyone. He just got his arse kicked by a girl. He doesn't come across as the type to spread that around." She smiles and leans into me. We sit in silence for a while.
"Pete?"
"Yeah?"
"The adrenaline's wearing off."
"What do you mean?" She sits up straight, and shows me her hand. It just occurs to me that she's been concealing it since the fight, and now I notice the mess she's made of her knuckles. There's broken skin on the tips and her hand is beginning to swell up. She winces when I try to touch it and I really don't like the look of two of her fingers.
"Oh, shit. This looks broken. Quite badly."
"I think it broke on the first punch." That means she hit him about another 7 times with a broken hand. I help her up and she starts crying in pain before we get to the car. I buckle her in and take several short cuts to get to the hospital, where she's checked in pretty quickly, and is given a hefty dose of painkillers, which spaces her out so she's placed on a gurney, in case she breaks something else. I step outside of the small ward and call home. Mum picks up.
"What happened?"
"She beat the crap out of him. Seriously. It was scary." Mum makes a noise, halfway between a laugh and a gasp.
"When did you get there?"
"About an hour ago, Tasha called me."
"How's Sarah?"
"Sore, but she's ok. I'm taking her home later, I'll drop Christine off as well. How's Amanda?"

“Hepped up on goof-balls. They’ve given her co-codamol and it’s like she’s drunk.”
“I’ve had that, strong stuff.”
“We’re just waiting for her to be taken through to x-ray. I’ll call you back when I know what’s going on. Say bye to the girls for me.”

Eventually she gets her hand scanned, and she’s wheeled back through to the waiting area until someone comes out to discuss the results. She’s still giggly, but she seems to be adapting to the drugs, and now seems quite lucid.
“Can I ask you something?” She’s bleary-eyed, but trying to focus.
“Sure.”
“If you asked, would I marry you?”
“Pardon?”
She giggles. “Not now, silly, when we’re older.”
“Hang on, did you just propose?”
“Not officially. I’m just testing the waters.”
“Is it the drugs talking?”
“Probably.” Pause. “So?”
“Given the crap we’ve been through the last few months, I probably would, yes.” She gives a grin the Joker would envy, and I’m about to lean in for a kiss, when the radiologist opens the curtains, and looks shocked to see me standing there.
“It’s family only, I’m afraid.”
“He’s my fiancée.” I think he’s too tired to argue the point, so he carries on anyway. Holding up the x-ray to the light, he tells us she’s broken the proximal phalanges in her middle and ring fingers, and fractured a metacarpal. The fingers could have just been splinted and immobilized if they had been simple breaks, but because of the metacarpal, and the apparent movement of the bones in her fingers after they were broken (probably from the repeated punching) means her whole hand and wrist will have to be put in a cast for at least 6 weeks. And there’s a possibility she’ll need physio after that.
“So how did you do this? It looks like you punched a wall.” I’m racking my brain to come up with an excuse, but Amanda gets in before me.
“I was showing off. I joined a boxing club and was mucking about after school. It wasn’t a wall, it was an oak tree. Cut up my knuckles something rotten.”
“Must have been a hell of a punch. The bruising is quite substantial, and those bones will have to be re-set. You’re in for a painful few weeks, young lady.”
“That’s ok, just give me loads of drugs.”
“Pain is good, tells you when some thing’s wrong. That’s why we try not to give out the powerful painkillers too much, it dulls the pain and hides what’s wrong.”
“How philosophical.” He gives a smile and tells us someone will be along shortly to put a cast on her. She grabs my hand with her good one.
“That’s school work up shit creek then.”
“Nah, I’m ambidextrous. Won’t be a problem.” She’s relaxing against her pillows and I can

see she's close to nodding off.
"I'll just pop out to let mum know what's happening. You be ok without me for a few minutes?"
"I'll live." I walk out of the treatment area and continue into the waiting room and outside. It's raining so I duck into a corner and call mum's house. There's no answer. Not from her mobile either. I call my house on a long shot and Tasha answers.
"Thought you'd be home by now."
"We did go home, but we're back. Mum'll explain when you get here. How's Amanda?" I detail the injuries.
"Holy shit! She went mental?"
"You're telling me. She's calmed down now, but that might be all the drugs."
"Any idea why she flipped like that?"
"Moulin Rouge." There's silence for at least ten seconds. "Tasha?"
"She never said. I thought it might have shaken her up more than she was letting on, but it's hard to tell with her, she's so bloody stubborn."
"Tell me something I don't know."
"Me and mum are sleeping here tonight."
"What? Why?"
"Told you, mum will explain when you come home. Don't panic, it's all very boring."
"Well, ok, there's sheets and stuf..."
"Yeah, I know. Give my love to Amanda, see you later." I tap the screen to hang up and walk back into the waiting room.

There's a very familiar tracksuit-wearing young man standing at the check-in desk, holding a blood-soaked towel to his face. He looks straight at me, but there doesn't seem to be any recognition. The receptionist tries to get his attention.
"Young man?"
"What?"
"What's the nature of the injury?" He removes the towel from his face, the receptionist winces, and so do I. His face looks like a butcher's slab.
"Take a fucking guess."
"I meant, how did you sustain the injuries, and please don't swear, this is a public place."
"Fell off a moped."
"Why weren't you wearing a crash helmet?"
"S'on private land, weren't I?" It seems he is indeed to much of a bullshitter to admit a girl did this to him, so I leave him to it and rejoin Amanda, who is now getting a rather fetching pink cast put on her arm.

It's a few more hours before she's allowed home. Mum's been keeping Amanda's parents updated, and they're expecting her home at whatever time, so it's nearly 10pm before I knock on their door, supporting Amanda with my other arm. I can see figure rushing to the

door, and as soon as it's open, Amanda rushes into her mother's arms, blurting out ashamed apologies and starting to cry. Her dad beckons me inside and I'm offered tea, which I accept. Questions are asked, and Amanda gives silent consent for the truth to be told.
"You did WHAT?! How big was this other person?" I answer as Amanda looks too dejected to respond.
"He was about the same height, but in her defence, if he wasn't a misogynistic little gobshite, she probably wouldn't have hit him. Pardon my French."
"Didn't you try to stop her?"
"I did, but she was on him before I could react. In all seriousness, I think she should take up a martial art. It was amazing, even though it was scary as hell." We sit in silence for a while before her dad breaks it.
"How's Sarah?"
"She's ok. She was looked at pretty quickly, so there's no lasting damage. Apart from a probable new distrust in boys from council estates."
"Probably a good thing. Well, thank you, again, for looking after our daughter." I get the hint, give Amanda a peck on the forehead and a promise to call, and her dad sees me to the front door.
"You certainly seem to be the go-to man lately."
"Tell me about it. I should have chosen a more relaxing holiday than Disneyland!" I step outside the door, but stop.
"Amanda asked me to marry her earlier." To my surprise, this doesn't get the expected response.
"Wondered when she would. She's crazy about you."
"I didn't know if it was the painkillers talking."
"Strong painkillers?" I nod. "Thing about those things, they tend to loosen the tongue sometimes. And for what it's worth, she could have made a much worse choice." He extends a hand, I shake it, and leave for home.

As I get near my front door, for the second time today, I can hear chattering behind it, along with the familiar stomping of small feet. Upon entering, all the lights are on, as is the TV, and Tommy is running in and out of every room in his PJs. I walk into the front room and mum and Tasha are sitting on the sofa watching TV.
"Explain." Mum gets up and beckons me into the kitchen.
"There's a burst pipe at home. Your dad's in Scotland on business for a few days and we can't get anyone out for a day or two."
"Oh crap! You should have called!"
"You were busy. Anyway, I'm not completely useless, I managed to shut the water off and cleared up most of the mess, but there's no heating, so we thought we'd come here and stay with you for a little while. Hope that's ok?" She gives me a childish smile.

“How could I possibly refuse?”
“Thought so. Tommy’s travel cot is in with us in the spare room, so we won’t get in your way. I got Chinese, you still like Chow Mein, right?” As it happens, I do. I pop it in the microwave for a minute (incredibly unhealthy, but whatever) and join them both in the front room. Tasha beams as I sit down beside her, and we fill each other in on our versions of events.

Sarah’s dad flipped his lid upon seeing her face, and was about to set out to find the guy himself, until he was told what Amanda had done. Apparently the swelling had been curtailed, as had a lot of the bruising, but Sarah reckons she can cover most of it with make-up. It seems the headmaster is going to have a lot to deal with first thing. He must hate me by now. Eventually Tommy is sent protesting to his cot, and after much catching up, it’s time for our bedtime, with my body finally telling me exactly how long a day I’ve had, so I crawl into my pit in my on pyjamas, with the sounds of the females chattering in the next rooms acting as a soporific, and I doze off quickly.

I’m not entirely sure how much time passes, but I’m aware of a pressure on the bed in front of me. It’s pitch black, so I can’t make out who it is, but as they settle down, their bum spooning into my lap, I feel a hand grabbing my wrist, and my arm is brought up and around their body, and clamped into a hug.
“Who..?”
“Shhhh...”
No idea, but the company is welcome, and regardless of who it is, I snuggle down with them, acutely aware that whoever it is I’m holding, is doing things to downstairs by their very presence. Somehow, I manage to control any urges, and things calm down again. Not long after, I hear my door open again, and someone trying to walk quietly around my bed, before getting in behind me, and adopting pretty much the same position, their hand on my chest. I’m not concerned with who’s in front or behind, I just know how comforting the sensation is.

At some stage in the night, I’m aware of a wandering hand, heading south. I’m still 90% asleep, so I’m not sure if it’s from the front or behind, but I can’t find the energy to care as the hand slips into the waistband of my shorts, crawls further south and finally finds its goal. I feel small fingers wrapping around my semi-erect shaft and holding it softly for a few moments. Slowly sliding up and down until stopping abruptly when I start to harden, and finally I’m left alone to get some sleep.

05/11/13

The next morning, I awake in an empty bed. It's 7am, half an hour before I normally get up, but I get out of bed anyway and trudge through to the kitchen. Mum and Tasha are standing side by side, and again, I'm reminded of how similar they are. Nearly identical short/vest combos, and their hair up in a pony tail. It's only mum's tattoo that is the give-away.
"Morning."
"Morning you." Tasha turns to me, looks down and gasps. Too late to do anything, mum turns too.
"Morning glory too, I see."
"Oh bloody hell, mum!" I strain to push the little bugger down, but to no avail, so I move to the toilet. The first piss of the day is normally enough to slay that particular dragon. I wash my hands and come back out.
"Is that going to happen every night?"
Mum plays the innocent. "Don't know what you mean."
"I meant musical beds at god-knows-what time in the morning."
"It's cold in that spare room."
"No it isn't"
"Are you honestly complaining? You never got annoyed at sharing when you lived at mums" Tasha shrewdly skirting a full confession, even though mum knows what we got up to in her house. More or less. The girls get changed, and they leave to take Tasha to school. I get a kiss from both of them, and a lick from Tommy. Finally having the place to myself for a brief few moments before heading out myself. Wondering on the way to work exactly who's hand it was that found its way to my dick last night, and realising, with a twinge of guilt, that I would be happy with either suspect.

It's been months since mum was given the all clear by Jacobs, and especially since she found out about the pregnancy, I've had hardly any direct contact with her, apart from the odd flying visit or phone call. I'm contemplating giving Jacobs a call on my own behalf, as I can't deny any longer the fact I find my step mum incredibly sexy, now that she's not obsessed any more. Beforehand, the time we spent in situations of heightened sexual tension was, for my part, purely clinical. But since then, and not helped by the little masturbation intervention at Disney last week, I've found my thoughts inadvertently drifting towards her, before I regretfully pull myself together. Doing it to help her was one thing, but going behind my own father's back is a whole different kettle of fish altogether.

In any case, Jacobs is bloody expensive, so I self-prescribe a fuckton of cold showers and as much time doing nice, healthy pastimes like Kerbal as possible. I can spend hours getting nowhere on that thing.

I get a few texts during the day. Christine tells me she misses me, Tasha teases me about sharing the bed with mum, I retort ‘so did you, you lez’. Sarah got ticked off for wearing too much make-up, until the situation was explained, in an embarrassing 3-way conversation with her, the headmaster and Amanda, who is currently enjoying hero status, stealing Christine’s crown somewhat. (Not that Christine minds, she’s getting bored showing it off now.)

At some point, Tasha tells me she’s going to sleep over at Amanda’s, as she wants to help her get used to being temporarily disabled, plus she also wants to show her appreciation for acting so valiantly yesterday. I demand pictures, but they won’t be forthcoming.

It’s not until the afternoon that I realise it’s just going to be me and mum at mine all evening. Luckily I don’t have to spend all evening making idle chat with her as she’s actually at the house supervising the repair work. She doesn’t get back to mine until about 8, when I get a phone call asking for help as Tommy’s fallen asleep in the car and she can’t carry that much dead weight for too long.

Tommy is put in his cot and I volunteer to make dinner. Chicken Curry and rice, fairly simple, but mum offers to help anyway. My kitchen isn’t that huge, so we’re bumping into each other a lot, and finally the inevitable happens, and I spill curry sauces down her shirt. She hurriedly whips it off to run it under the tap, seemingly forgotten she isn’t wearing a bra.....

No, I’m sorry, that’s complete bullshit. The cooking went without a hitch and there wasn’t any farcical spillages leading to accidental nudity. I just couldn’t resist. Sorry again, but bear with me.

Dinner finished and dishwasher loaded, I grab a beer out of the fridge and offer mum one, we sit together on the sofa and I throw on a mutually acceptable movie. Oddly enough, it’s Oblivion, the movie Christine and I nearly watched the other week before she damaged me. The beer goes down quickly, and before we know it, we’re on our third each. Mum’s not a heavy drinker, so she asks for a soft drink when I go up for my fourth and last. The movie’s coming to the finale and she pulls off her socks, brings her feet up under her bum and leans against me. I can’t get the inside arm comfortable so I put it around her shoulder as she rests her head on my chest. It’s comfy, and I’m sure she doesn’t have any other intentions, otherwise she would have done something before now. It’s just – nice.

Finally the movie ends, and she decides to go to bed. I take the empty bottles through to the kitchen and enter the bathroom just as she’s exiting. She bids me goodnight and leans up for a kiss, which I return. Soft and gentle, like on the bed last week. We hold each other for a moment, neither of us seemingly wanting to break contact, until she drops down again and smiles as she walks towards the spare room.

I'm a few minutes in the bathroom, so when I come out again the light in the spare room is off, I suppose she must have been tired. Entering my room I flick on the light and a figure in the bed hurriedly pulls the covers over her head to shield her eyes. "You could have warned me!"
"Mum! I thought you were going to the spare room!"

"I did, to check on Tommy." She pulls the covers back down and squints at me. "I didn't want to sleep alone again. I can hear him from here if Tommy wakes up." I turn the light off again and use the illumination from my mobile phone to see my way around. I notice the room is much tidier than normal, leading me to believe mum may have let herself in earlier and 'dusted'.
I sit on the edge of the bed, mum on her side with her back to me, and change into my own PJs. For a moment I'm naked, but I don't sense her turning to get a sneaky peek. I plug my charger into the phone and turn it over to cut out the light and finally get into bed. As soon as I lie down on my back, mum turns over and drapes an arm across my chest.

"Goodnight." She whispers
"Night mum." For some reason, she lets out a quiet giggle, and we lie there for a few minutes. Her arm getting heavier, but I'm still wide awake. I shift onto my side, facing her, and she automatically moves onto her back, but her face still towards me. As my eyes get accustomed to the darkness, I can make out her face by the light of my clock radio, ghostly and pale green. Her eyes are closed, but I'm not sure if she's asleep yet. My eyes rest on her lips, and perhaps it's because she looks so much like Tasha, I find myself leaning in for a gentle kiss, and I'm pleased to feel her lips matching my movements, gently parting, changing from top lip to bottom. There's no sudden change in speed or force, but eventually, our tongues make a slow appearance. It's not frenzied, but incredibly soft. My hands start stroking her ribs, and move down to her slightly plump belly. The fact I've got a little brother or sister in there passes me by, and my hand moves to her far hip, this is when I realise that while she's wearing her PJ top, she's not wearing anything down below. This makes me rein myself in slightly, and I hope she doesn't notice as I slow the kissing down, finishing with a couple of small pecks, before flopping my head down on the pillow beside hers.
"Mmmm.. that was nice. I can see why all the girls like you." She stretches her hands above her head. Tasha does the same when she's getting turned on.
"I've had plenty of practice."
"What brought that on anyway?"
"Dunno. Seemed like the thing to do." She gives me a kiss of her own and turns her back.
"Well, we're supposed to be getting some sleep. I'm tired." I don't believe it for a second, but I come up behind her and put my arm around her chest, the same position as last night.
"Mum?"

“Mmm?”
“Were you in front or behind last night?”
“What do you think?”
“No idea, but someone had wandering hands too...”
“Wouldn’t know anything about that. Now shush. Sleep.” The fact she didn’t deflect the blame for the grope onto Tasha is very telling, so I pull her in closer, making a point of pushing my shorts-clad erect penis against her bumcrack, which brings another girly giggle.
“Put that thing away, you’ll break it.”
“Hope not, it’s only just healed after Chr..” She spins around.
“I knew it!, You just can’t help yourself, can you?”
“It wasn’t my fault. I think. These things just happen. It’s just we got a little rough, and it appears she’s not as elastic as expected. There were bruises.” She laughs again, and re-assumes the position.
“Men and their toys!”
“Girls and their playthings, you mean!” and I reach around and cup her left breast in my hand. Her hand comes to rest on top of mine, and we settle down again in that position, her piercing evident against the palm of my hand as we finally get some sleep.

At least I think I got some sleep. I remember having an awesome dream that was half a memory of my first day with Amanda. I recall remembering being in the shower with her, my dick between her legs as she moved back and forth. Then a part of my brain says ‘hang on a minute’, and I half-wake up, numbly aware that the rubbing sensation is continuing.
As I snap myself awake, I’m gradually aware of a few other things. I’m on my side, and mum is right up against me, her hot breath on my chest and her arm around me, holding me tightly. My shorts seem to have been dragged down to my thighs and as I gain lucidity, I realise what’s going on. My dick is being held in place by mum’s legs, just as it was in the shower with Amanda, and she’s very slowly and deliberately grinding against me, breathing erratically with every movement. I’m not sure how to react, so I let her continue. I’ve adopted the habit lately of getting raging erections in my sleep (probably a by-product of my lifestyle), and Amanda’s complained on more than one occasion that it’s woken her up in the middle of the night. It seems the same thing has happened here, but mum has decided to make use of it, rather than simply move a few inches away.

I don’t want to say anything, but I should let her know I’m awake, so I slowly move a hand and place it delicately on her backside. She stops moving and looks up at me.
“Sorry, I couldn’t sleep.”
“So I see.”
“Getting myself off normally helps, but as you were here...” She comes up for another kiss, and as I return it, I find myself thrusting slowly in time with her movements. The friction

against her clitoris causes her body to almost vibrate, and her breath becomes more ragged and choppy.
“I should probably tell you, I’m feeling awfully conflicted.” She backs herself off my cock.
“You shouldn’t worry about it too much.” She puts a hand on my chest and gently pushes me onto my back. I should protest, in every way imaginable, but my mouth doesn’t appear to want to work properly. She lifts herself from her position, and locks lips again as she swings a leg over and straddles me, pushing my dick down between us, before sitting up, removing her top and resuming sliding her slit along the underside of the length, her hands on my chest. Clitoral stimulation seems to be her thing, as it sounds like she’s getting close to orgasm. I spot the tiny studs through her nipples glittering in the dim light, so I reach up and pinch them gently between my fingers, I seem to remember her mentioning she likes that.

And then I remember the circumstances in which she told me that, when she was obsessing over me, as well as splitting my lip open. I’m about to voice my sudden reservations when she leans down to kiss me again, moves her hips forward, then back, managing to lift the tip, before shifting down and deftly inserting myself inside her. Impressive.
“Mum...”

“Shhh... don’t ruin it.” She manages before sliding up and down my chest. I’ve been here before, but under different circumstances. I know I shouldn’t be enjoying this, but given the horrific amount of flirting we’ve been doing lately, I’ve got no-one to blame but myself. Also, she’s managing to do this amazing thing with her vagina, where she’s relaxed on the down stroke, but grips me on the way up. It’s like being hooked up to a sexy, warm, very kissable milking machine, but I decide to never let her know about that particular analogy.

Again, she shifts her weight down, and the clitoral stimulation continues, she smothers my chest with frantic kisses, and I can tell she’s getting close. I can’t find it in myself to stop her, and she loses all sense of rhythm as she comes peacefully, no noise apart from heavy breathing, but her body judders with gentle convulsions as she becomes a sweaty dead weight on my chest. I wait a few moments before unfolding my arms from her back, and move to help her onto her side.
“No, you have to finish as well. I won’t be able to sleep otherwise.”
“Why not?”
“Dunno, might be a guilt thing, but I won’t be able to sleep unless you’re satisfied. It’s the same with your fa...”
“Ok, ok.” The things I do for people... She rolls off me and lays on her back. I take my PJs off and sit up on my haunches near her bum, my penis pointing at her swollen and inviting lips. I’m about to do my duty when she lifts her feet and places them on my shoulders. I think for second she’s stopping me, but as I move forward, her legs relax and I realise she’s just getting into a comfortable position. I penetrate her again, and as we get into it for

a second time, she proves her flexibility, as her calves end up beside my neck, allowing me to enter her fully, and as she's more 'experienced' than my other bedfellows, I get the sensation I'm getting in deeper than I think I've been before, and I'm sure I can feel her swollen clit against my pubis as I start to thrust. She continues the internal massage, and I won't lie, I feel like I could do this for hours, but sadly, it's only a few more minutes before I feel things happening, and with her deft pressure, it builds slowly. I feel the head of my dick swelling to what feels like twice its normal size, my thrusting becomes more urgent, and the bed starts to physically move as mum starts getting more vocal. Her legs start to droop and I end up cradling her knees on the insides of my elbows as I finally succumb to nature and come hard inside her, continuing to thrust until my knees give out and I fall onto her, her arms automatically coming around me to hold me as I come down.

Minutes pass, mum doesn't let go until I move again. I manage to sit up, still inside her and look down. She's smiling sweetly in the darkness. My expression must change, as her smile falters.
"Get some sleep. We can talk in the morning." I pull out and lay down beside her on my back. She arranges the covers and replaces her arm across my chest. By the sounds of it, the session has done the trick, as her breathing becomes heavier very quickly. A thousand thoughts rattle around my head, but somehow I manage to quell them, and I fall asleep not long after.

06/11/13

My alarm goes off at the normal time, but as accursed reality returns to me, I realise the bed is empty, and I can see a light coming from the kitchen through the gap in the bedroom door. Walking through, I see mum in there, and I see she hasn't bothered to get dressed. Suddenly I don't feel so bothered about being naked myself.
"Morning." She hands me a cup of tea. Note to self: don't spill it. She leans against the counter and I'm seeing her naked standing up for the first time in a few months. Disneyland doesn't count as she was laying down, and that makes things sag. She looks incredible, even with the small bump.
"Sleep well?"
"Like a baby, thank you." We drink our tea in silence, until she starts getting breakfast together. Tommy, it would seem, is still asleep.
"Are we going to talk about it?"
"What did you want to talk about?"
"How about I fucked my mum last night and I'm feeling a bit guilty about it."
She laughs, making her bum cheeks jiggle. "You shouldn't. We both knew this would happen eventually."
"But what about dad? I just helped you cheat on him."
"Not really, for what it's worth, I was thinking about him the whole time."
"Oh, thanks a bunch!"
"You mean to tell me you weren't picturing one of your other girlfriends last night? At all?" I have a think about it.
"Not really. You're different. You feel different."
"In what way?" I don't really want to say, for fear of insulting her, but she gets it anyway.
"Oh, right. Comes from having two kids, I'm afraid."
"Hang on, what did you mean by 'not really'? How can this not be cheating?" She hands me a bowl of cornflakes. I guess a fry-up was too dangerous, given the current wardrobe.
"I wouldn't go as far as to say your father is ok with this, but he's accepted the inevitability that something like this might happen if we were apart for an extended period of time, like if he was away on a business trip."
"He knows?"
"No, but... put it this way. He's fully expecting this to happen, but he doesn't want to hear about it in any way."
"So... even if we hadn't, he's going to think we did anyway?"
"Pretty much." I take a few mouthfuls of food, but it's not going down easy.
"You okay?"
"Not really. In the cold light of day, I've just deposited a few million sperm inside you, and now they're swimming around your uterus, looking for an egg that's already in the process of creating their brother or sister. Or is it uncle? Oh fuck! I'm a redneck!" She laughs again.

“You’re over-thinking it. It was just sex. It was fantastic, I can’t deny. But you know about my condition, I needed it, and you were there. If it makes you feel any better, that was up there with one of the best fucks I’ve ever had, and I’ve had a lot.”
“High praise indeed. Who was... never mind.”
“So how was I?” She gives me that childish expression again and coyly sips her tea.
“Pretty good. Can’t believe I held off for so long, actually.”
“From what I’ve heard lately, restraint is your strong point.”
“Meaning?”
“Having young girls throw themselves at you and saying no? That must have been a shock to the system.” I guess she’s talking about Emily, but I don’t ask how she knows.
“Well, when you’ve got so much of it, it’s easier to turn it down.”
She coughs. “What bollocks!”
“Yeah, it sounded better in my head.” She puts her cup down and comes over for a hug. She’s naked and warm and wonderful and I feel something move almost immediately. She notices it too.
“Oh shit.”
“What?”
“You probably should have got dressed before you came out. Now I’m going to have to have another bloody orgasm before I can do anything.” I scan her face, she’s not joking.
“Really? It comes on that quick?” She nods, still staring at it.
“Anything like this, and I have to act on it. Most people have coffee, I have to get off. Just be thankful I’m not obsessing on you any more, or you’d have more than a split lip right now.”
“Well, do you need me to help?” This brings a smile back to her face.
“Only if you want to, but you won’t have to do much. Your dad normally... sorry.”
“Thank you. What did you want to do? Back on the bed?” But she hops up on the counter behind her and beckons me towards her. I get a flash of Christine sitting in the same position a few months ago, but at least she was wearing a bikini. I get closer and the little chap senses what’s coming.
“Ok, just take it as slowly as possible. I’ve got this down to a fine art.” She reaches down and holds it in position. It’s an incredible sensation as I slowly enter her again, just the tip to begin with, then as she requested, I move as slow as I can, millimetre by millimetre. I look at her face, which is a torture of concentration and emotion. As I get further in, her breathing quickens, and her walls start to pulse, making me harder still, and she actually makes me jump as she starts to come, her arms around my neck, and her feet clamp together behind my backside, pushing my last couple of inches inside as she holds me close, her body juddering again. A few moments later, she looks up with a bleary smile.
“Wow! That quick?”
“Yep. Saves time.”
“You know, Christine can give herself an orgasm in less than a second?”
“You probably shouldn’t have told me that, but I’ll have to ask her how.”

“She said it might be because of her ‘wiring’. But what you can do is pretty cool too.” It seems bizarre having a conversation while inside your stepmother, but that’s my life all over these days.
“Did you come too?”
“No, I pride myself that I can take longer than a few seconds!”
“Did you want to?”
“I would, but I need to get ready for work, really.” But she smiles, puts her arms around my neck again, and re-enforces her vice-like grip with her ankles.
“Don’t move, it doesn’t work if you move.”
“What doesn.... Oh Shit!”
I don’t know how she does it, but the milking massage is back again, her body is completely stationary, but her vaginal walls are going ten to the dozen, pumping my cock with amazing effectiveness, and despite the complete lack of bodily movement, I find myself coming again. Not as hard as last night, but the method of manipulation more than makes up for it. My knees start to buckle but she manages to hold me up. A few moments later and I pull out again.
“Despite everything, I really regret not doing this when you wanted me to fuck you months ago.” She slips off the sideboard, holding herself to prevent spillages.
“I know what you mean, but that probably would have done me more harm than good, back then. Still, worth the wait?” She slinks off to the bathroom to get cleaned up.
“Can’t have made my love life any more complicated than it already is.”

We get dressed, and Tommy finally wakes up. Promises of discretion are made, as this would probably be even less socially acceptable than me fucking my under-age stepsister. We leave the flat and make our way down to our waiting cars. She puts Tommy into his car seat, then turns to me.
“Are you ok?”
“I shouldn’t be, not really.”
“You’ll be fine. My advice is, try to act like this didn’t happen. Just continue as normal. Or, on the other hand, treat me as just another in your long line of conquests.”
“I don’t see you as a conquest.”
“I know, but think of me that way. It’ll help.” We share hugs and start to get into our cars. “Is this likely to happen again?”
“Not unless your dad goes on another business trip in the near future.”
“And is he?”
“Yes, in January.” She flashes a smile and starts her car.

7-8/11/13

Apart from work, I barely see a soul for the rest of the week, until I pick Amanda and Tasha up from school on Friday. The plumbing at my parents' house was fixed, and dad came home. Needless to say, they spend a few days 'catching up'. Mum calls me often to check I'm ok. As it happens, I'm not a psychological wreck. Her advice helped, I loved her as a mother, but since the other day, I'm starting to regard her more as a big sister. She certainly acts more like one these days. I discussed this with her, and she's fine with it, but not to get too carried away with that particular train of thought. She's still married to my father, and she's legally responsible for me in a crunch. We agree to meet halfway. Given what I've been doing with my baby sister lately, it makes what happened much easier to stomach, and once we came to that silent agreement, I've been sleeping a lot better.

As an addendum, when I went to pick up the girls from school, Christine and Sarah came over to say hi. Sarah's cheek is hardly noticeable now, but she's a little miffed that I've started sharing my bed freely again and not included her. I jokingly tell her I'll try to find a gap in my hectic schedule. Christine lets me know she's stopped feeling sore, not that I've asked. In a quiet conversation she tells me she had to pay a visit to her doctor, under the guise of having masturbated with a hairbrush too vigorously. She smacks me when I laugh, but it was a better excuse than the reality of the incident. Oddly enough, the doctor's advice is to use a proper sex toy, but to use it to stretch herself instead of the usual purpose. It made for an embarrassing conversation with her mother, apparently.

Before my girls appeared, the headmaster came out to see me, having spotted me from the main doors.
"I understand you were with Amanda the night of the incident on Monday."
"Yes, I was, I'm afraid."
"As it happens, I also saw the initial assault. I believe Amanda took it upon herself to track the young man down?"
"Well, she certainly took charge."
"So I hear. Officially, I should have given her detention for bringing the school into disrepute..."
"And unofficially?"
"I would have loved to have seen her give that little shit a kicking. Probably would have put the boot in myself, actually."
"It was quite spectacular, and terrifying. I never knew she had it in her."
"Quite so. The reason I came out is because I can't publicly commend Amanda for her actions, as that would come across as endorsing vigilantism. But could you tell her the faculty is unofficially proud of her, and that if she wants to put some of that aggression to good use, I do hold a Karate class here every Wednesday. I wondered if you'd put a word in, I'd love to see her there."

“Ok, I’ll ask, but only if I can come along too. Or am I too old?”
“Never too old to start.” He shakes my hand, and passes Tasha and Amanda on the way back to the building.
“What was that about?” Amanda looks concerned. I notice her cast is completely covered in love hearts and signatures. “Nothing bad, trust me. I’ll tell you later. First thing I want to do is -” Dropped voice. “fuck your brains out.” She looks momentarily shocked, but grins evilly and gets in the back of the car with Tasha.

9-10/11/13

I cannot tell a lie, the girls and I have hardly left the bedroom (apart from food and homework). Normally it’s them who make the first move, it was one of my initial rules, but that went out of the window as soon as we got home. Made a refreshing change and I think they quite liked it. I could describe the many and varied positions in which we ‘made whoopee’ (Sorry, watched mallrats recently) but honestly, it would be incredibly repetitive. Rest assured, Amanda and I won’t need to visit the gym any time soon. The girls went home about midday, and I’ve been doing bugger all all day. Apart from a fuckton of Kerbal

Okay, here we go.. 13/11/13

Under normal circumstances, this would probably be a short update, mainly because I've only got the events of one day to relate. Well, apart from 5 minutes on Wednesday when the phone rang at work.
"Hi, it's mum. Can't talk long. Two questions; Are you working Saturday?"
"No."
"Good. Do you have a suit? One that still fits you."
"I think so, yeah."
"Good, I'll call back in about ten minutes." Click.
Ten minutes later;
"Me again. You're cordially invited to a wedding, and you can bring a plus one."
"Anyone I know?"
"I'll say, you spent a week in Disneyland with them a few weeks ago."
"Emily's mum and dad? They're not married?"
"Nope. Did you notice Emily spent most of the time with us?"
"I did notice that, yes."
"Turns out he was spending a lot of time 'proposing'. They've been together years, so we've always referred to them as a married couple, we just forgot they weren't. Now they're making it official."
"Awesome. Did you want me to get them a present?"
"Well, as you asked."
It seems I'm providing the wedding car. If only I knew someone who could loan me a brand-spanking-new shiny lavish automobile at a moments' notice.
"Um... Boss?"

The reason mum sounded so flustered is that my 'aunt and uncle' have decided to get married at incredibly short notice. Weddings can take months or years to plan and organise, but these guys are wealthy, and mildly obnoxious, so they're pushing buttons and greasing wheels, and trying to do it in less than a month.

They've actually done quite well, begging, borrowing and stocking up on favours to get it sorted, the only variable they can't command is the attendees, so they've asked mum to call everyone in the family and essentially guilt them into coming. It's harking back to her days of being a bitch, but she, too, has done pretty damn well. They've even managed to blag a church wedding, even though Emily was born out of wedlock, they've promised a healthy donation to 'fix the church roof' and it seems to be all systems go.

16/11/13

9.00am
Naturally, I'm taking Amanda, and Tasha's bringing Seb, for the look of the thing. He wasn't too sure, being, quite literally, the spare cock at a wedding, but I actually gave him some moral support and convinced him to come. They make a good looking couple, despite my obvious reservations, and the fact I'm fucking his girlfriend behind his back, poor lamb.
I arrive at mum's to pick up Seb and the girls, but naturally, I arrive 3 hours too early, 2 hours after they started getting ready. I don't dare to venture upstairs, as the sounds of preparation sound truly terrifying. Dad does a good job of making Sebastian feel more at home, plus he gets the family seal of approval from Tommy, who gives him a cherished toy dinosaur to look after. There's no higher accolade, believe me.

Eventually, the girls make an appearance, and they look amazing. Each trying to compliment, yet secretly outdo the other. Flatteringly tight dresses, incredibly complicated hairstyles and enough accessories to keep Claire's in business for years. The only stand out is the cast on Amanda's arm, but they've managed to cover it with a sleeve off an old sweater or something, so the lurid pink doesn't stand out so much. Platitudes are dealt out, and Sebastian actually has tears in his eye as he stares at Tasha. I don't blame him either, I've never seen her looking so beautiful, or mature, for that matter.

We pile into our cars, with extra bags and toys to keep Tommy entertained during the boring bits, and make our way to a town on the coast about 20 minutes away. While the ceremony's at the church, the reception's at a hotel on the seafront, which is handy if anyone wants to get leathered and stay the night.
We find a car park near the church and commence the awkward 'Did anyone bring any cash for the car park?" conversations. Luckily, I had the foresight to bring some, so we lock up and head to the church.

12.00pm
While I like weddings, I always find church weddings awfully dreary affairs, sitting in a large, draughty arena, trying not to do anything scandalous like coughing, and waiting for 2 people to talk to each other for 20 minutes, sign a piece of paper, then stand in line as everyone invited takes it in turn to tell the happy couple what a wonderful service it was. But maybe that's just me being a cynical git.

As it happens, it's possible to have a nice time by spending it with people you're close to. In our pew, it was Dad, mum (Holding and entertaining Tommy), Amanda, me, Tasha and Seb. As the service commenced (after the customary swooning over the wedding dress), I did notice that Seb was taking it all rather seriously. He closed his eyes at every prayer, and sang quite loudly, and in perfect tune, to every hymn. Not quite an Alto, just a bit lower. (I was in a choir until nature decided to fuck up my voice by dropping my testicles a few

inches.) Tasha is looking at him with a mix of admiration and embarrassment, but looking around, he's getting a lot of impressed looks from the assembled masses, so we just let him carry on. At least he's enjoying himself.

At one point in the ceremony, the attending priest says something about Holy Communion. I'm not a religious type, I don't think any of us are, but I do know it's about the blood and body of Christ, or something, and somehow that translates to biscuits and wine. Handy if you're peckish. The bride and groom have theirs, and the priest invites anyone assembled to come forward and take communion if they want to. Seb nearly trips over himself in his rush to be first. I'm not entirely sure who he's trying to impress, of he's actually that devout. He takes his turn then comes back to us.

"Are you not going up?"
"Sorry, I'm not into cannibalism." He looks hurt. "I'm sorry, it's just not my thing." He nods and returns to stand by Tasha. They have a whispered conversation, but she shakes her head and he looks annoyed. I hope this isn't going to ruin the day's mood. Luckily, Amanda's expression is enough to lift my spirits, as she's smiling radiantly at the proceedings, her drug-induced proposal clearly not forgotten.
The ceremony ends, and the bride and groom wait outside the church for photos with friends and family. It's not warm, but at least it isn't raining. The pictures take about half an hour, and then it's time to set off for the hotel. It's not that far, but they still get to be driven in the fancy A8 for a few miles.

1.30pm

Finally at the hotel, there's a lot of milling around making idle chit-chat with distant relatives. I drag myself away with Amanda to the bar and get a couple of drinks. Sadly, I'm the only one old enough to imbibe alcohol, at least while the lights are still on. I pass out the drinks to my under-age companions, and Amanda takes me to one side.
"If you're drinking, how are we getting home?"
"I can have a couple, as long as I don't go silly, I'll be fine for the short drive home."
"You work in a car dealership. Is it worth the risk?"
I recognise the look in her eye. "What are you suggesting?" But she just grabs my hand and bites her lip. "Ok, but how will Tasha and Seb get home? I doubt if he's ready for that kind of escalation in their relationship just yet.
"I'll have a word with the others, see what the ultimate plan is." And she shoots off to have several conversations, while I take the opportunity to congratulate the Bride and Groom. As I shake hands and air-kiss, the violet-adorned Emily comes up for a familiar colliding hug. She was chief bridesmaid, in a flattering violet dress, her hair up in a loose bun, decorated with flowers. She looks amazingly pretty, and I make the mistake of telling her so. Given our naked Disneyland conversation, I get the impression I'm supposed to see her as more mature, but calling her 'pretty' instead of 'Beautiful' or even 'sexy' means I'm dealt another

hurt look, but I manage to recover, I think.
“Sorry, I meant to say you look amazing. I love your hair.”
“Really? That’s not a very manly thing to say.” I give an exaggerated shrug.
“I’m allowed to enjoy the finer things in life. How have you been?”
“Ok, school’s as boring as normal...” and she continues to prattle on about unimportant things and people I don’t know until Amanda returns, dragging Tasha and Seb in her wake. She and Emily hug (still friends since Paris) and Amanda fills me in. Mum can’t drink due to her condition (the harsh lesson of the beers she had at my place last week is one she won’t forget. Regrets, she’s had a few), so she’s able to drive anyone home if needs be. Dad’s booking a room, so mum will be staying as well. No-one here knows Amanda, and she can pass for at least 16, so it’s agreed we’re staying the night. That just leaves Tasha. Mum mentions their room has a sofa bed, so she can crash with them, mum also mentions she can get clean clothes from home if she’s being the taxi service for the evening. Sorted.

2.00pm

The bride and groom finally arrive, to much cheering and camera flashes. There’s a bit of organising still to do as we make our way into the reception hall. It’s a bit lavish in there, and we’re all seated on round tables in eights, with the bridal party on the top table. Our table consists mainly of us lot, and Emily, next to Tommy in a high chair, who is having much joy throwing his toys onto the floor and watching Emily retrieve them with good humour. She’s sitting directly opposite me, so while I’m subjected to googly eyes during the dinner, at least she can’t try playing footsie, her legs aren’t long enough. Amanda’s on my left, with Tasha on my other side with Seb beside her

Dinner is served. I think it was beef, but Seb whispers to Tasha that he’s a vegetarian.
“Why didn’t you mention that earlier?”
“You didn’t ask.”
She manages to attract the attention of a waiter, and they manage to get him a veggie option, god knows what it was, but he’s very grateful, even though he’s ten minutes behind the rest of us, and manages to hold up the dessert course for everyone else, so wolfs down his meal as fast as is comfortable, looking remarkable sheepish as he does. I can’t help but feel tremendously sorry for him.

The meal ends, and the customary in-joke filled speeches are made, creating waves of mirth from 75% of those assembled, and confused ‘just laugh along’ musings from everyone else.

As the important people waffle on, we manage to entertain ourselves by having sneaky gropes under the table. Amanda started it, truth be told, and her wandering hand was concealed by the long tablecloth as it found my dick beneath the thin material of my trousers. She carried on a conversation with my mother as she stroked and squeezed, so I

returned the favour and placed a hand on top of her thigh, using my fingers to drag the material of her skirt up her leg until I can feel her stocking- covered skin, then moving my hand down between her legs and up, until I feel bare skin at the top of her thigh, and the lacy material on her knickers against my finger. There's nothing too extravagant we can do in this situation, so I give her mound a few strokes, hooking a finger under the leg hem, and feeling her pubic hair as I continue to rub. Eventually she stops her movements, so I take the hint and give her a few more strokes, enjoying the increasing warmth, then extricate my hand and pull the material back down. Her hand meets mine and we hold hands under the table. Regaining my senses, I look across at Emily, and it seems she's been staring at us the whole time, and fixes her gaze on me as she sips her coke.

3.00pm

So far everything's gone without a hitch, surprising for an event of this size arranged at such short notice, but now, despite their best intentions, there is a hiatus of about 4 hours until the evening party/disco begins, so we're all to make our own entertainment in the interim. There's a touristy place down the beach a few hundred yards, so a lot of the guests, especially those with kids, set off to kill a few hours there. The photographer collars the happy couple and harangues them into posing for a few more pictures around the hotel, including a rather risky one balancing atop a line of rocks that have been put in place as a breakwater. It all looks very picturesque, until after 5 minutes, the bride shouts, with some urgency: "Can I get off these bloody rocks now? It's cold and I need the toilet."
After that, the photographer left them to have a few hours of solitude. I'm just about to buy myself another beer, when I feel another hand grab mine, and drag me from my prospective pint.
"I thought we could check into the room?" Amanda's giving me one of those cherubic-yet-completely-unconvincing looks again, and I couldn't help but notice she has her suitcase with her.
"Fine. It'll give me a chance to see what I'm paying that amount of money for." (Don't ask, at least Breakfast was thrown in) So we check in, with Amanda not getting a second glance, and make our way up to the room. It seems to be well worth the money. Spacious, and actually comprising of two rooms; the bedroom and an amazingly spacious bathroom, with a bowl- shaped bath that looks big enough for two people to get in and lay comfortably, side by side.

So we do. But not before arranging our stuff. Mum's going to pick me up some 'smart but casual' from mine as she's popping home anyway. (she didn't really bring any night-things for Tommy.)
Amanda seems to have brought an entire wardrobe in her suitcase, as well as several implements seemingly invented by the Marquis de Sade, but apparently they're hair things. As we strip off I notice that she's not wearing pull-up stockings, rather the full stockings and suspenders deal, which she takes great pleasure in removing while trying several

‘erotic’ poses. She manages about 3 before cracking up. I run the bath and we get in together. We can indeed lay side by side, so we spend a long while just laying top-and-tail, holding hands under the water. Naturally, as it’s been a long day, I doze off, to be woken by that same wandering hand, taking hold and gently squeezing. I don’t bother to open my eyes.
“Yes, can I help you?”
“No, only browsing.”
“Let me know if I can get you anything.”
“Thank you, I’m sure I can manage.” Because of the movement and warmth of the water, I’m hard in an instant, and my hands start wandering themselves, Amanda parting her legs slightly as I trace up the inside of her thigh, before coming to a halt at her slit. Despite the fact we’re submerged in the bath, I can feel the slippery moistness between her lips, and the extra warmth as I slip a finger inside her. Coming back out again and lazily playing with her clitoris.
“You know, I’ve heard that underwater sex can be dangerous?”
“Really? How?”
“You can get stuck.”
This makes her sit up slightly, my hand resting halfway down her thigh.
“What do you mean, stuck?”
“I mean, there’s the possibility of an air-lock.” She laughs
“No, really, I read it years ago. You can get some air caught in there and it causes a vacuum. People have had to go to hospital to get unglued.”
“I don’t believe you.”
“Did you really want to chance it? Today?” But she doesn’t need to say anything, as she tilts forward and crawls over me, straddling me on all fours and coming down with a gentle splash, which ruins the seduction technique as some water goes up her nose. Added to the fact the sides of the bath really are in a bowl shape, she can’t get any purchase on the sides. We give it up as a bad job and decide to christen the bed instead. Good, as I’m pretty sure getting separated from my under-age girlfriend by a paramedic with a crowbar would be the ideal story to tell our grand kids some day.

The bed is duly christened, with the heavy winter covers adding that extra sense of closeness as she resumes the position she tried in the bath, sliding up and down on me as we hardly break mouth contact, my hands massaging her huge breasts as they dangle and sway a few centimetres from my chest. We come together, as per usual, and as we roll onto our sides, the weight, and relaxing nature of the bath, sends us unexpectedly to sleep wrapped up in each other.

5.30pm

The Sounds of AC/DC’s Thunderstruck shatter the silence. My phone on the bedside table is vibrating along the surface, I grab it before it falls and try to focus on the screen.

“Yes Tasha?”
“Have you two been fucking this whole time?”
“Not all the time, no.”
“Tell Amanda it’s half five.” And she hangs up. I nudge Amanda awake.
“Mmm?”
“Tasha just called.”
“And?”
“It’s half Fiv...” she shrieks and leaps out of the bed, all bum and boobs, apparently wide awake. She rushes to the bathroom and grabs a towel, then runs back to the bedroom door and opens it. Tasha is there with her own suitcase, my clothes over her arm and her phone in her spare hand. As she enters she throws me a dirty look, probably nothing at all to do with my current nudity.
“Cheers, we’re going to be late now.”
“Late? The party doesn’t start for another 90 minutes.” As one, the girls chorus;
“WE KNOW!” and the both disappear into the bathroom and close the door...

A few minutes later I venture in there as well. Both girls are fully naked and doing drastic things to their hair, a make-up factory’s entire yearly production on the shelf around the sink. I grab a very quick shower and get the hell out of their way, lest I feel the wrath of a set of GHD hair straighteners.
Dressed, I tell the girls I’ll meet them downstairs. I think I hear a response but abandon them to their ministrations. Back in the bar a lot of the guests have come back to the hotel, so there’s much mingling and gossiping, and the noise level gradually rises until it fast approaches 7pm. We’re told to make our way back into the reception hall, where the dance floor and disco has been set up. Before the music even starts the kids are sliding across the floor on their knees. Must be a rite of passage or something. Mum got changed when she was at home, and has changed into a cute but practical LBD, which shows off her figure, and the little bump, which brings the probably desired result, which is a lot of female relatives coming up and fawning over her. Then my girls arrive.

Don’t know if you’ve seen the film ‘Enchanted’ with Amy Adams? That movie is a great example of the ugly duckling cliché flipped on its head. During the whole film, Amy is generally wearing something dazzling, but her hair is always massively coiffured, with this big, bouffant mass of curls, but in the final-ish scene, she makes an appearance wearing a simple sequinned dress with her hair perfectly straight, and she looks more attractive then, than when she was hoisting a scaffold- reinforced ball gown around.

This was pretty much what I think the girls were aiming for, and did they ever succeed. Amanda looks amazingly elegant in a dark blue figure-hugging one piece, bare-shouldered, and showing off her incredible backside. She gets a few admiring glances from some nearby men, and a few jealous glares from the ladies. Tasha is similarly dressed, but her outfit is a lighter blue, with thin shoulder straps, but her slightly inflated

chest tells me she's wearing a padded strapless. I catch sight of Sebastian, who's been kept busy by Tommy, some aunts who want to talk to him about his singing, and funnily enough, by Emily. Seems I'm not the only one she's taken a shine to, at least he's more in her age range. It's just a shame he's already taken, but it seems it hasn't stopped him trying his hand at some gentle flirting, which seems to have worked. Mind you, Emily's not exactly the best control subject. If it's under 20 and has a penis, it seems she's interested. However, as soon as he spots Tasha, he deserts his stalker and comes up to join us.
"You look amazing."
"What about me?" This confuses the hell out of him.
"Oh, sorry... Amanda. Yes, you look fabulous too." She catches my eye and mouth 'fabulous?' at me. Visions of rainbow flags and parades cross my imagination, and I think it does hers too. Then the DJ announces the first dance, as the Bride and Groom start swaying in time to the tune of Runaway by the Coors. Eventually, the assembled viewers are invited to join them. Amanda and I are reluctant, but join in, but Seb does the proper thing and actually puts out a hand and asks; "May I have this dance?"
Full of surprises, this one.

The night wears on, and once the buffet is presented and demolished, things start to slow down, and the guests start to settle in packs of like-minded conversation. Tasha has vanished somewhere, and Amanda is chatting away with the bride, the conversation apparently centering on her cast, and the associated tale. I'm wandering aimlessly soaking up the atmosphere when I'm pulled onto the dance floor.
"Hello sexy."
"Hello, mummy." This warrants a slap on the bum.
"You know I hate that."
"Sorry, couldn't resist." We start moving in time to a slow dance, our hands and arms in discreet locations, given the occasion. "Having a nice time?"
"Yes, actually. It's going okay."
"Thanks for sorting the car. Wasn't too expensive, I hope?"
"Not at all, ended up being cheaper than the room we booked here!"
"Speaking of which, could you do us a favour?"
"I think I know what's coming."
"Well, it just feels weird having Tasha in the room with us, especially now she's all grown up."
"We haven't got a spare bed in our room."
"Oh please, like that's ever been a problem before."
"Good point, Can't see it being a problem."
"Thank you. How are the girls anyway?"
"Amanda's showing off her battle scars, and Tasha seems to have disappeared with her new man."
"They seem to be getting on."

“Yeah, Not the type I thought she’d go for. Too churchy for my liking.”
“She probably wanted a break from all that testosterone she was used to. Change is as good as a rest.”
“Remember, she started that.”
“And you did such a good job of ending it!”
“I can’t help it if girls are throwing themselves at my feet.”
“It’s not your feet we’re throwing ourselves at...” Despite the music continuing, we stop dancing. It was probably a subconscious thing, but mum seems suddenly aware she’s just referred to herself as one of my girlfriends.

She has an obvious look of self-disappointed confusion, so I draw her into a hug, her head turning sideways and resting on my chest.
“Don’t worry about it. I’m just a chick magnet, it happens.” She laughs from just under my chin, and breaks the hold.
“I’d better get back to Tommy, he’s probably stuffing his face with cakes again.” She gestures for a kiss, which I return platonically, and she walks off to find the little monster, who has found a group of little girls and is being the life and soul of that particular party. Then the gap recently vacated by mum is rapidly filled by the smiling form of a widely beaming Emily.
“Hello.”
“Hi Emily. Having a nice time?” This was apparently an invitation for her to wrap her arms around my waist and move from side to side, forcing me to start dancing with her.
“Yes, thank you. A lot of people said they like my dress. Do you?”
“Er... yes, it’s very nice.” There then follows a colossal pause.
“I saw you with Amanda earlier.”
“Er, yes, I’ve been with her all day.”
“No, I mean under the table. I went to pick up a toy Tommy had dropped and saw what you were doing. Do you two ever leave each other alone?”
“Not if we can help it. Sorry you saw that, we were just messing around.”
“I’m not sorry. I just wish I had someone who would do things like that to me.” Awkward.
“Look, Emily, I told you, you’re still young, you’ve got ages to find someone who...” She comes in close.
“I saw Tasha on the bed with you and Amanda.”
“Sorry?”
“In France. You and Amanda was fucking and Tasha was on the bed with you playing with herself.” She rattles it off in one go, as if she’d wanted to get it over with.
“I know, I saw you looking.”
“But Tasha’s your sister.” Here we go.
“Not really. It’s a bit complicated, but we’re step brother and sister really. My mum isn’t really my mum.” Emily looks over to my mother, who has retrieved Tommy, and is chatting away to someone with him on her lap.

“I’d wondered about that.”
“What?”
“How she looks so young, but had a son as old as you.”
“Oi! I’m not that old!” She laughs quietly.
“Sorry, I didn’t mean it in that way. I just meant, she looks like she could be your sister herself.”
“Yeah, we’re getting that vibe lately.”
“Are you fucking Tasha as well?”
“Pardon?”
“The way she was looking at you, it just looked like she was used to it, like she’d seen it before.“ Too bloody smart, this one. “Emily...”
“I won’t tell anyone, I promise. If you...”
“If I what?” She looks around, then grabs my hands, dragging me across the floor with considerable force for someone so small, and towards a door in the wall. Checking no-one is looking, she opens the door and we disappear behind it.
The dimly-lit room appears to be where they store all the spare tables and chairs when they’re not in use. There’s several chairs stacked in 10s or 12s, and a few rectangular tables up against one wall. Emily drags me into a corner, where we’ll presumably be out of sight.
“How did you know about this?”
“Got bored before the party and started exploring. Thought we wouldn’t be disturbed.” She’s just standing in front of me, the impetus of the previous conversation lost, not knowing how to start it up again.
“Why did you bring me here, Emily?” She takes a few deep breaths.
“Will you play with me?” It’s a scarily childish statement, and she realises it immediately, blushing bright red. “Oh shit! Sorry, that’s not what I meant. I meant, will you pl... Crap! Okay, I want you, to put your fingers... down there.” It’s still an extremely awkward way of putting it.
“Emily...”
“I won’t tell anyone about what I saw if you do. I promise!”
“Are you blackmailing me?” I must have come across as stern, as she wilts suddenly, and looks a little scared. I look behind me and see a lone chair. I collapse into it. “Emily, who would you tell, really? Who would believe you? Apart from my mum, who already knows.” Her shoulders sag and tears well in her eyes. In what looks like a last attempt at seduction, she grabs the front of her strapless bridesmaid dress and pulls it down, exposing her small breasts to me, still as underdeveloped as a couple of weeks ago. Normally, It might have worked, but her sorrowful expression is kind of off-putting. I raise a hand and gesture her to sit on my lap. She reluctantly replaces her dress and slumps down, landing heavily on my legs and banging her head against my shoulder.
“But I just wanted you to give me an orgasm.”

“Emily, you can do that by yourself, you know.”
“I know! But I wanted to know what it was like when someone else did it. I know you’ve done it to Amanda and Tasha. I just wanted it as well.” I bring my arms up and hug her shoulders. We sit in silence, wondering what to do next, when the door bursts open, and we instinctively get off the chair and duck down, hiding behind the stacks, as a new couple enter the secret storeroom. It only takes a second of hushed conversation to realise who it is.
“Natasha, what are we doing in here?”
“Shhh! And don’t call me Natasha. No-one calls me that. And we’re in here because I wanted to get you alone.” She sounds a little squiffy. Someone’s been on the sneaky vodkas.
“But why?” Then there’s silence. Emily and I look at each other, and we share a smile as our curiosity gets the better of us. We try to find a handy gap in the chairs so we can see what’s going on, and sure enough, there’s Tasha, sucking face with a rather scared looking Sebastian. Not really kissing, more being kissed against his will. She eventually comes up for air.
“What was that for?”
“Because it’s what boyfriends and girlfriends do.”
“Well, yes, but aren’t we a little young still?” Tasha sounds exasperated.
“Tell me I’m too young now.” And we see her make a movement with her top. Adjusting our view, we both manage to spot that Tasha has indeed exposed herself, just as Emily had for me.
“Tasha! Do you really...?” Silence again, and we both adjust back up, to see the kissing has resumed, but there seems to be some extra movement. Emily ducks back down, then drags me back down. It looks like Tasha has grabbed his hands and placed them on her tits. He’s initially reluctant, but eventually his hands start moving on their own, and the kissing become more mutual. Naturally, I feel a pang of jealousy, but there had to come a time like this at some point. Their kissing becomes a little more animated and I find myself getting physically close to Emily as we struggle to find a spot where we can see what’s going on. I also realise this is probably the most fun I’ve had since the party started. It would appear that Tasha’s hands are fumbling with Seb’s trousers, and there’s a very audible gasp as something is apparently released from its captivity.
“Tasha... I don’t think we should.”
“Don’t worry, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”
“Well, ok. But I should warn you, I don’t have any experience.”
“Don’t worry about it.”
“You mean you DO?”
“No, but I read a lot” Emily and I have to physically cover our mouths to stops our laughter being heard. Tasha ducks out of sight and there’s another gasp. Emily gets on her knees and gives a little gasp herself. I join her and peer through the gap. Yep, Tasha has his cock in her mouth and is giving him a gentle blow job. I say gentle, because I know what her

non-gentle blow jobs look like.
For some reason, I find myself unable to look away, and watching my fuckbuddy service someone else is a little stimulating too. I look over at Emily and she's transfixed, I look down and realise her hands have brought up the front of her dress and she's playing with herself as she watches. She turns to me with a longing in her face and she whispers; "Please..."
My life seems to be full of 'I know I shouldn't' but I'm kneeling next to a masturbating 13 year old, as we watch my 15 year old step-sister suck off her 14-year old boyfriend.

Fuck it.

I get back onto the chair and beckon her back to me. She straddles one leg and we lean back, still able to see the action. Seb seems to be enjoying himself, as we can hear his breathing from here and his hands are in Tasha's hair, his hips starting to thrust in time with her movements. Emily rests her head back on my shoulder and lifts her dress again. I steel myself and reach around and find her hip, moving my hand towards her pussy, I find the small patch of new pubic hair and continue down. The hair ends, and I find a bare slit, warm and moist. Pushing down, my middle finger parts the lips and I locate her tiny clitoris easily. She breathes heavily as I start to gently stroke the hood, before tucking under the end and start to rub my fingertip over the tiny bud. I guess she wasn't expecting this as she shudders, and I have to use my other hand to stop her falling off my lap. Once she's stable I bring that hand up to her chest and hold her breast over the material of her dress. Suddenly the material is gone, Emily having pulled the front down again, and I hold onto her exposed skin, her small boob having little to no firmness to it, like a small bag of empty skin, but I stroke it anyway, being extra careful with her nipple, as I know they can be sensitive at this age. She moans in appreciation as her other hand starts to wander, until it finds me through my trousers, just as Amanda had earlier. She strokes it clumsily through the material, but that doesn't seem enough, and she scrabbles frantically for my zip. Finding it, she tears it open and reaches inside, never taking her eyes off the two on the other side of the room as they continue. She grabs my cock and pulls it out, pumping it up and down with no rhythm or coordination, and to start with it hurts, until I whisper to her to calm down, she manages a 'sorry', but it's lost as she starts to come.

I'm fearful she might start making noise, but she manages to control it, even though I'm sure it's a pretty big orgasm. Her hand releases me and joins mine as I stop moving, and she relaxes on me as we continue to watch. I'm actually bloody impressed that Seb's managed to hold out this long. I would have come by now, but it's probably because it's his first time.
Tasha probably feels this too, as she takes him out of her mouth, and pushes him back onto an erected table behind them. She gets up onto the table too, and while I'm sure she'd want to screw his brains out (I recognise her current expression) she carries on with the fellatio, Seb's outstretched hands cradling Tasha's breasts.

I glance at Emily and she's now looking down at my dick, which I now realise is back in her hand. Now she's more relaxed, her method is better, and I'm incredibly hard. I'm still 'in the moment' so I let her continue as we hear suddenly increased breathing coming from the other side of the chairs. We both watch as Seb starts to move on the table, his hips bucking as he finally comes in my sister's mouth, being as restrained as Emily in the noise department, he lays completely immobile as Tasha finishes, swallows, and starts kissing his stomach up to his chest. Finally they get themselves together.
"That was.. extraordinary!"
"Glad you liked it."
"And you've never done that before?"
"I'm a fast learner. Ask my brother."
"Your brother...?"
"School, I was always quicker than him at picking things up." No arguments there. There's relative silence as they make themselves respectable, the sound of a small kiss, and we hear the door open and close.
It's a few moments before I realise Emily's still massaging my dick. "We should stop now."
"Don't you want to finish?"
"No need, you got what you wanted."
"Yes, it was wonderful, thank you. But I feel sad you didn't finish."
"I wouldn't worry about it, I'm sure I'll be able to sort myself out later."
"Or Amanda will, you mean?"
"Yeah, Probably."
"Not before me!" and she leaps off my lap, gets down between my legs and before I can stop her or protest, she's taken me into her mouth.
She's stationary for a moment, probably shocked at the feel and taste of it, but slowly she starts to suck and move both her hands up and down my shaft.
"Emily, don't.." but she shakes her head and starts moving faster, and to my horror, it's pretty good, and I'm really enjoying it. I've been so turned on by these last ten minutes or so I'm pretty close to coming, but I don't know how she's going to react when I do.
"Emily, I'm going to come, ok?" She nods. "You ready?" Another nod, and waves of morbid guilt wash over me as I put one hand over my eyes and the other beside her head as I start to come. A small one to start, then a powerful shot which causes her to jump, but she holds fast as I continue to pump inside her.
I'm racked with shame as I finish, but as she pulls away, she seems positively cheerful, until she starts to get a taste of what she's got in her mouth. The change is almost comical as she looks around for somewhere to spit it, but there doesn't seem to be a suitable receptacle. I'm reminded of Tasha and Amanda's first swallows, as Emily fixes her gaze on me and gulps noisily. For a second I expect her to gag, or vomit, but she doesn't. In fact, she looks as surprised as I feel.

“Oh, that wasn’t actually that bad. I’ve heard it’s awful.” I put myself away and help her put her boobs back in her dress. She plucks her knickers out of her small hand bag (Hello Kitty) and she uses me for balance as she puts them back on.
“Now, do you feel better?” She beams again.
“Absolutely.”

“No more blackmail?” Her smile falters slightly.
“Sorry about that, but I was desperate.”
“Now will you stop stalking me?”
“Of course! We’re moving away soon so it’ll probably be another 8 years before you see me again!”
“Oh, really? Where?” and we continue our earnest conversation as Emily checks the coast is clear before we finally leave the storeroom. Our egress spotted only by Tasha, who gives me a look of abject horror. I simply give a small wave and blow her a kiss as I walk arm in arm with Emily over to Amanda, who gives her another hug as I offer to get a round of drinks in.

The main room is separated from the bar by a corridor that wraps around the main hall and leads to the seafront. I stand at the bar and place my order, but as I look around the small ante-room, I spot Seb sitting in the corner, looking troubled. I can probably guess why, so I tell the barman I’ll be back for the drinks and go to join Seb.
“Everything ok?” He jumps at my voice, being so wrapped up in his thoughts.
“Oh, Peter, hello. Um, yes, I’m fine. I’m feeling a little out of sorts, really. I don’t really know anyone here.”
“You’ll be alright, it seems like a friendly bunch out there. Can I get you a drink?” He asks for a mineral water. I ask for tap water, he probably won’t notice. I grab all my drinks on a tray and go back over.
“Sorry, I know you want to go back in there, but could I have a word? About your sister?” Here we go.
I set the tray on the table and sit down opposite.
“What’s up. Are you two ok?” Like I don’t know.
“Oh, yes, we’re fine, but I just wanted to ask you... this may seem a little rude, but... Has Natasha had many boyfriends?” “Not really, nothing fantastically serious, why?”
“Well, it would be ungallant of me to say, and not a little personal.”
“Don’t worry about that, Tasha tells me everything anyway.”
“She does?”
“All the time.” I can see the internal struggle going on, and I wonder exactly how much he’s going to reveal.
“Well, earlier, Natasha pulled me into a side room by the hall and we had, I hope you don’t mind me saying, an ‘intimate moment’. Ooh, he’s a keeper, this one.
“Ok. She’s quite mature for her age. What’s the problem.”

“Well, I haven’t had much experience of the fairer sex myself, so I wasn’t really expecting how... I don’t want to say ‘experienced’. It’s just that she knew EXACTLY what she was doing, like she’d done it before.” I chose that particular time to take a sip of my beer and some of it did indeed go up my nose.
“Well, you’ve nothing to worry about. I know she spends a lot of time on the internet, so she probably did a lot of research.” He looks slightly relieved, but there’s still a troubled look hanging on his face.” Look, try to look at it this way; You like Tasha?”
“Oh yes, very much.”
“And you enjoyed the ‘intimate moment’?”
“Oh yes.”
“And you wouldn’t mind having a few more moments like that?”
“Oh god, yes.”
“Then there’s no problem. My advice is, if you have any doubts about your relationship with my sister, just come out and ask her about them. You’d be amazed how forward-thinking she is.”
“I’m quite aware of that side of her personality already.”
“I don’t doubt that.” I ask if he’s any better, and he gives a slightly more chipper nod. He tells me he’ll be back in the hall shortly.

I take the tray of drinks back out and hand them out. Emily takes hers and gives me a cute smile, as I hand Amanda hers, Tasha comes up and pulls me to one side;
“Have you seen Seb?”
“Yeah, he was in the bar a minute ago. Everything ok?”
“Well, yeah, but I might have freaked him out a bit.”
“Yes, he did mention something about an ‘intimate moment’.” She blushes crimson. I pull her towards the dance floor and we start moving in time with the music.
“Oh god, did he really say that?”
“Yeah, he asked me if I knew how you’d got so good at... whatever it was you two got up to.”
“And what did you say?”
“I just said that you read a lot.” She takes a few seconds, then gasps and clasps her hands over her mouth.
“Oh my God! I KNEW you were in there! Were you watching the whole time?”
“Yes, it was a good show. That poor young man, being led astray.” She slaps my chest.
“What? I thought he was saving himself for marriage.”
“Yeah, but I can let him know what he’s missing out on if her does. Hang on, didn’t I see you come out of there with Emily? Oh God, did she see too?” My smile tells her all she needs to know. “You two weren’t? Oh Christ Pete, another one? She’s only...” “No, we didn’t, not the full thing. She just wanted to feel a little older, and I helped, if only to stop her getting on her knees and begging.”
“But she got on her knees anyway?”

“I couldn’t stop her, honestly!” She shakes her head.
“You just be bloody careful.”
“Don’t worry, it was a one-off.” I hope. She catches sight of Seb and gives me a quick peck on the cheek and rushes off in his direction. He looks a lot more relaxed, and comes back into the party with a smile on his face.

9.00pm

Looking at the clock, I realize what the time is, and the party is due to continue until midnight. I manage to sit down for a while next to mum, who holds my hand while swaying to the music as Tommy doses on her lap. She had the foresight to bring his buggy along, and it’s one that can recline, so she asks me to put him in it, as she doesn’t want to strain herself. Just as I’m making him comfortable, I hear someone shouting, loudly, in the corridor between the hall and the bar. I check mum’s ok and dart off to see what’s happening. It seems a couple of local youths have made their way into the hotel from the seafront and have decided to make a spectacle of themselves, running through the hall and trying to steal drinks off tables. The groom has confronted one of them and is shouting at him to leave, the response being a cocky stare back and a steadfast refusal to move. As I get close, Amanda joins me, as does several other guests, and we essentially gang up, pushing the groom behind us as we advance on the little shit, his expression unchanging, as he slowly backs away from us. There’s a girl with them, and Amanda takes point, walking straight up to her and saying;

“I’ve already put someone in hospital this week.” She holds up her decorated cast “Want to join him?” She gets the hint and they eventually leave, the doors are locked and the DJ is asked to play some upbeat party tunes and it’s not long before the intrusion is forgotten, and the party gets back into full swing.
A few moments later, Emily comes rushing up to me, with Seb &Tasha following in her wake.
“Oh my god! I heard you punched someone! Did you? Who was it?” Seb looks concerned, but Tasha’s looking highly amused.
“Calm down Em. No I didn’t punch anyone. That’s not to say I didn’t want to. Little bastards, it’s a bloody wedding.”
“Well, I’ve heard it can get a little rough in these parts after dark” offers Seb. “Quite the nice market seaside town, but bugger all for the teenagers to do once the shops shut. They tend to congregate on the seafront and make their own entertainment.” This brings a few amazed looks. “My uncle’s a policeman, says it’s a nightmare around here most weekends.” I make a mental note to make sure all the curtains are closed too, last thing we need a brick being sent through the windows. They looked the type.

9.30pm
We're all pretty much the only ones in our age group, so we all pick a table and make it our base for the evening (Next to mum and dad, so we're within shouting distance if needs be.) Emily is being very well behaved, considering, and she periodically grabs my hand under the table, but it's not a sex thing, more a comfort thing. She went through a pretty mature experience a while ago, and probably just wants reassurance I'm not angry with her. Or something, teenagers can be tricky to decipher. I take the time to pull out my phone and check in on /b/. I have the Rapunzel pic on my phone so start a thread with the vague promise of an update. I just hope I can type fast enough, or be not hung-over enough to be able to focus on the keyboard. Saturday night by Whigfield is played, followed swiftly by the Macarena. I know those songs were a generation ago, but somehow, the dance moves still managed to get passed down, so all the women rush onto the dance floor as soon as we hear the quacks, and don't return for at least 20 minutes. In the meantime, I've managed to convince Seb to try a Budweiser, but only on the promise I don't bully him into having more than one.

11.45pm
Finally, it begins to approach midnight, so the slows are put on. All the couples are on the dance floor. Mum & Dad, Me and Amanda, Seb & Tasha (who are getting quite giggly). Amanda's resting her head on my chest as we sway.
"Emily's all alone." I look over, she does look like a sad little wallflower. "Why don't you dance with her a while, my feet are getting tired."
"Ok, but I should warn you, she's still crushing on me."
"That's fine, as long as she keeps her hands to herself this time." She gives me a knowing smile, I suppose she and Tasha have been gossiping again, and like a tag team, Amanda sits down, and Emily rises at her signal and she half skips on her way over.
"Well? Are you going to behave this time?"
"Of course, I've decided to save myself." I look over to my sister, who is again, sucking face with Seb.
"Yeah, because that always works."
"But thank you again, for earlier."
"And thank you, that was pretty good for a first timer." She beams with smutty pride and we have a short cuddle-dance, our hands firmly above the metaphorical covers, until the DJ thanks everyone for coming, the Bride and Groom are given a send- off, and the lights come up.

Midnight

Those that are staying (Mainly us lot and a few others) congregate in the bar, and there's a tense moment when Dad is told that the bar is closed for the night. Dad's a pro at matters such as these, so after demanding to see the manager, and promises of account closures across the company, a willing member of staff is coerced into staying on for a few more

hours. We're all settling into chairs when the unmistakable flash of blue lights starts shining off the walls, and the maitre'd of our function strides into the reception area with blood covering her knees. The Bride is with us, and looks very concerned so I rush out to see what's happened.
"Hi, can I help at all?"
"No, it's ok sir, we just had a bit of trouble with some local youths. The police are here and it's getting sorted."
"Who's bleeding?" She looks down, and notices the blood for what looks like the first time.
"Oh, it was one of our waiters. He went out to have a go at the kids out there and someone pulled a knife." There's an audible gasp from behind me, and I turn to see a few other people are listening. She addresses all of us. "But he's ok, really. He's on his way to hospital now." We let her go and return to our drinks.
"Wedding to remember!" Amanda ventures. As I settle down into a chair, I see Tasha giving Seb a goodnight kiss as he leaves with mum to be taken home. As Tasha comes back to us, she looks a little down so I hold up a hand, inviting her to sit on my lap. As she does, she curls up and I wrap my arms around her, partly for comfort, but also so she doesn't fall off. I look over and see Emily is in pretty much the same position with Amanda. They seem to be having a whispered conversation, which I can get the gist of, only by Emily's rapidly changing facial expressions, but when they finish talking, they snuggle back in together. All seems well over there.

1.00am
Finally, it's time for bed. Emily was treated to a couple of Snowballs (Advocaat, lime cordial and lemonade) so she's a little squiffy herself, and needs stabilising by her father as they ascend the stairs, we all say goodnight and retreat into our rooms. The door is barely closed before Amanda turns on me.
"I can't believe you let a 13 year old suck you off!" She's trying to look angry, but I'm not convinced.
"She overpowered me!"
"How? She must be half your size."
"Never underestimate the power of feminine wiles." Tasha's face down on the bed, but chimes in; "You should have that tattooed on your forehead, you pervert."
"You can speak, molesting that poor boy in the store-room. I thought he was going to start begging for forgiveness." "Well, he was talking about god a lot. And leave my Seb alone, he's lovely."
"Yeah, he's alright actually. Good choice." Amanda's still got that supposedly-annoyed expression on her face. "Hang on, who was sucking who?" Tasha manages to roll over on the bed. And it sounds like she wishes she hadn't. "Bleugh. Sorry. Um... I sucked Seb, Emily sucked Pete. And a wonderful time was had by all."

“Oh, great, so where does that leave me?”
“We had sex this afternoon, remember, or was it that forgettable?”
“Oh, yeah. Sorry.” She seems a little tiddly herself, so walks past me and flumps onto the bed beside Tasha, both of them flashing their knickers as their outfits have ridden up. It has been a long day, and they don’t seem to be willing to move. “So, are we getting into bed or what?” As one, they raise their arms.
“Undress us.”
“Oh god, really?”
“Yes please, I’ll let you shag Tasha if you do.”
“Oh, thanks a bunch. I might not want to shag him any more. I’ve got my own boyfriend now.”
“True, but how about one final fling before you properly settle down?”
“Oh alright then. Come on bruv, get my kit off.”
“Hold on, don’t I get any say in this?”
“No!” So I start to remove their clothes. Shoes first, then I heave Tasha up and remove her top. Looks like at some point she abandoned her bra, but it was warm in the hall so I didn’t notice. She falls back on the bed, her tits wobbling as she settles. Amanda is next, but she’s wearing a dress, so I pull it up and under her bum, and as I’m here, whip her knickers off as well. I pull her up (with a little effort, she’s heavier than Tasha and is very relaxed, so she’s a dead weight). The dress is over her head and I manage to catch her before she falls, to undo her bra, then letting her lay back again.

Tasha’s skirt undoes at the back, so I have to roll her again to get to the clasp, and I remove it, and her knickers, and leave her face down, her cute little bum saying hello. They don’t seem to be too bothered to move, so I take a while getting undressed myself, and freshening up slightly. When I return, Tasha at least has moved, and is up on her elbows, kissing Amanda.

“I thought you and Seb were getting serious?” She pauses long enough to say;
“Final Fling, remember?” and resumes kissing. She’s still face down, so I walk around the bed, staring at these two naked goddesses as they start to awkwardly stroke each other’s bodies. It’s not the most practical of positions, but as I stop at Tasha’s feet, I can see it’s quite practical for me. He legs are parted slightly, and I can see her little pink slit glistening at me. I drag her legs gently apart, and get on top of her, aiming below her peachy cheeks, I rest my pelvis on her buttocks and start to slide the head along her pussy lips. I try penetration, but the angle’s wrong, until she reaches a hand under herself and I feel her fingers guiding me in. The forward angle, and her legs being so close together, makes her feel incredibly tight, and if I hadn’t come twice already today, I know I wouldn’t last long, but I take my time, sliding my full length in and out of her, and receiving wonderfully appreciative noises in return. After a few moments, she gets up, and I slide out of her. She moves up the bed, and settles on her back in the plush pillows, bringing her knees up and

apart.
“Ready for our last fuck?” I walk up the bed on my knees, get into a comfortable position on my haunches, and enter her again. There’s no rush, I’m going to enjoy this.

“You’re serious about Sebastian then?” I’m transfixed by her boobs moving as I thrust, and notice there’s no stud in her nipple. I guess she didn’t want to scare off the choirboy.
“I think so, he’s loosened up a lot lately...”
“Can’t think why.” interrupts Amanda beside us.
“Shut up you. He’s nice, I like him a lot.” It’s bizarre having this relationship conversation while I’m inside her, but that’s us all over.
“Well, good. It’s about time we sorted ourselves out. This was getting silly.”
“YOU were getting silly, fucking anything with a pulse.”
“I didn’t fuck Emily, remember, we just had an ‘intimate moment’.” Tasha laughs, sending vibrations up and down my dick, reminding me of mum’s special skills. “But you’re right. We’re getting too long in the tooth for all this, especially at our ages.” “Speak for yourself!” Amanda manages to heave herself over, and starts kissing Tasha’s breasts.
“So am I getting my birthday present back again?” Tasha manages to speak, even though it sounds like she’s getting close. “If, you, want, it...” I quicken my pace, and enjoy the look of pleasure mounting in her eyes, as she has her final orgasm by me. I’m still not quite there, so I continue to slide in and out as she shakes with ecstasy, probably helped by Amanda’s kisses. Tasha stops moving, satisfied and sleepy, so Amanda rests her head on Tasha’s belly, watching me fuck her.
“Happy birthday.” She looks up at me, then deftly catches my dick on the out stroke, plucks it from the warm confines of my sister’s vagina, and places it in her mouth, sucking and licking Tasha’s juices off the shaft, and pumping energetically until I reach the tipping point, and explode again, her tongue driving me insane as I spurt again and again into her mouth.
She swallows and puts her head back on Tasha’s belly, who appears to have fallen asleep.
“Just leave us like this, we’ll be fine for the night.” But I manage to rouse them both enough to get into bed, all wrapped up in each others arms for possibly the last time, as blissful oblivion finally catches up with us, and we’re asleep in seconds.

17/11/13

The bastard thing about staying overnight at a hotel where you've had a piss-up the night before, is that hotels have a check- out time. This hotel's was 11am, and we never set an alarm. So by the time we wake, we have less than an hour to get decent, tidy and packed, before we have to leave. This takes longer than it should, as both girls forgot to remove their make-up last night, and now it looks like they've been blasted in the face by Homer's make-up gun on the 'whore' setting.

As it happens, we weren't the only ones to get up late, as our aunt and uncle come down to reception after us, with a blearly, and possibly hung-over Emily in tow. We check out, but return to the restaurant for our paid-for breakfast. We're served by a young man with a bandage on his arm, turns out he was the 'victim' last night and it was only a superficial wound. Dad gives him £50 for his troubles (he was trying to stop the local kids from ruining the wedding).

It's time to say goodbye, so we meet up in the car park, it's hugs and tears all round, as they are indeed moving away, to Fife, of all places. Emily comes in for a hug and she holds on for dear life.
"I'll miss you."
"Hey, it'll only be another 8 years, remember?" I give her little bum a squeeze, out of sight, and I get one in return, and a little peck. Finally, they get in their car, and they're off.

It's all back to mum's to relate stories of the evening (but not all), and finally, I'm released to my own recognisance, so what do I do to fill up my spare time? Spend several hours tying this lot up.

So, another hiatus. To be expected, I suppose, but with absolutely no certainty whatsoever if I'll update again. If I do, it'll be same place, same time, but with no promises made. If I have a regret, it's that I never got to go all the way fully with Freckles. She called today, I think Amanda called her up for a chat beforehand about homework (which they'd forgotten to do), but it seems my little Sarah has her own new beau as well. Shame, but for the best.

I'll still be around, and I'll keep you posted if there are any huge developments, but this'll be it for the (long) time being. Thanks again for reading, and your kind words, from the vast majority of you at any rate.

Ok, here we go

Truth be told, since the last update, my life's been pretty mundane. Work 9-5 every week, Amanda stays over weekends, and we generally have awesome sex and hang around enjoying each other's company (she even has her own wardrobe here now). Tasha comes over often, Seb not so much. It's nothing personal, he assures me, but apparently he indulges in a lot of extra-curricular activities on weekends with friends and family.
Tasha doesn't mind too much, as she's getting balls deep, as it were, in her schoolwork, so even if they did spend every weekend together, she'd probably spend most of her time studying.
With the impending xmas season approaching, I thought they'd take time out and enjoy each other's company during the festive period, but apparently not, as his family had booked a Christmas ski-ing holiday in Meribel long before they'd got together. Tasha had hinted to him she'd love to go on a holiday like that, but soon dropped it after learning exactly how expensive it was. Plus they were booked up for the season. So Tasha was doomed to be single-ish over Christmas, but soon cheered up after Amanda promised to 'keep her company'. So anyway, yuletide shenanigans await…

25/12/13

Christmas morning, I didn't bother setting an alarm. It's my first Christmas in my own pad, and I wasn't getting up early for anyone. My mother, however, had other ideas. AC/DC came blaring from my phone on the bedside table.

"Mnyeah?"
"Hi sweetie."
"Hi mum, Merry Christmas."
"And you. Sorry to call you this early"
I look at the clock, it's 8.30am. "That's ok, I was just getting up."
"Liar. Anyway, I know you're living the life of Riley in your own place, but are you coming over here today?"
"Of course. I'm not missing out of Christmas dinner."
"Yeah… about that. There's been a few disasters here, which is why I called you so early."
"Why? What's happened?"
"You'll see when you get here. Bring some rough clothes as well. Better go, see you soon!" and she hangs up.

Begrudgingly, I drag myself out of bed as my phone rings again.
"Hi sexy."
"Hello wife-to-be!"
"Oh, pack that in, that's a long way off. Happy Christmas. I didn't expect you to be up!"

“Yeah, mum just called, I’m heading over there in a few minutes, just getting my stuff together.”
“Oh cool. Am I… seeing you today?”
“I dunno, I didn’t want to ask as I didn’t know what you guys normally got up to at Christmas.”
“Not a lot. Most of our family lives miles away, so we usually just hang around the house all day.”
“Well, ok, I’ll find a gap in my hectic schedule and come over.”
“Ok, can’t wait. Love you.”
“Love you.” Damn right I’m going over, I spent a shitload on her this Christmas and I can’t wait to see her face.

After breakfast and a few strong coffees, I head to mum and dad’s, and the first thing I notice is a bloody great Winnebago-type-deal in the driveway. No idea how long it’s been there, but it looks settled, with a power cable running from it to the back of the house where I know there’s an external outlet socket.
Any questions I had about the owner are answered when as soon as I enter the front door and announce my arrival, a small, black-haired slip of a thing comes hurtling out of the front room squealing “PetePetePetePete!” and slamming into my chest.
“Emily? What are you doing here? I thought you were in Scotland?”
She looks up at me to show a slightly made-up face.
“We were, Dad had to come back down to sort something out about the house or something. Your dad said we could park the camper in your drive and stay over Christmas. Isn’t that great?”
The look in her eyes is very obvious, as are a couple of other things pressing against my chest which seem to have grown in the interim. I don’t draw attention.
“Awesome. But best behaviour, little miss. No flirting.” Pout.
“I will if you will.” She gets on tiptoe, gives me a small and discreet peck and runs off again, wiggling her rounder backside before she disappears into the lounge. I finally put down the bag I’ve bought carrying my clean clothes and walk into the kitchen, where mum is fretting over the cooker. She sees me and any stress seems to vanish. I also notice she’s had a drastic change of hairstyle. While it used to be quite long, long enough to put up in a ponytail, she’s now got a pixie-cut. It suits her.Tasha walks out as I enter and flashes me a smile, touching my hand as she passes.
“Hi! I’m so glad you’re here!”
I walk over to mum and as she turns, her huge belly makes me stop.
“Bloody hell! That’s grown!”
“Yes, they normally do!”
“How far along now?”
“Um… 5 months. Ish.”

She comes closer I lean slightly down for a kiss. Once again, we both linger for longer than is healthy, and apply more pressure, and movement than is appropriate for son and step-mother. This seems to be the norm for us now, we don't talk about it, mainly because we enjoy it so much. As we part we realise our hands have found each other's backsides. We share a smile, and while she slides her hands off my bum, mine slide onto her bump. All the while I can't help notice how much larger her breasts have become.
"You sure there's only one in here?"
"Bloody hope so! Unless the other one's been hiding during the scans."
"So anyway, all niceties aside, what was the emergency?"
She steps aside and gestures towards the back garden. The weather has been dreadful lately, with trees and fences down all around the county, and it seems we weren't left out. One of the huge trees behind the fence Amanda and I put up earlier this year has come down, taking the fence with it and ending up with most of the branches of it beside the pool.
"Oh crap!"
"That's what your dad said. He would have sorted it but it might be a bit much for him. He's not the spring chicken he once was!"
I look down at the bump. "Yeah, looks like it. Okay, but I know I'll need help. How about Emily's dad?"
"You can ask, but he was going to help me in here. That's the other emergency, I didn't expect extra mouths to feed so I got another turkey but there's no room in the oven. If I can cook it we'll have loads to spare but I just don't have the time."
"If everything was cooked and ready, and you had more food, could you seat another 4?"
"Yeah, probably. Why?"
I duck into the hallway and call Amanda. Another 5 minutes she calls back to tell me they're on their way. I walk through to the lounge to say hello to dad, who gives me a manly hug. Nearly 11am and there's already a beer in hand. He always overdoes it at xmas. At least it's not a regular thing. Might have one myself with dinner. The men (with Emily in tow) go off in the direction of the snooker room, so I start getting ready for some aggressive tree-surgery, and I'm in the shed digging out the petrol chainsaw when there's a tap on my shoulder.
"Hello, husband-to-be!"
"Bloody hell! You got here quick!"
"Well, dad said it was this or Christmas telly."
I peer through the kitchen door and all of a sudden, mum is sitting down on a stool while Amanda's and Emily's mums and Tasha all rush around with extra grills, hotplates and vegetable steamers up on the sideboards, all gleaned from Amanda's mum's kitchen. I turn back to Amanda and she throws herself at me, tongue first. I only saw her a few days ago but she's acting like it's been forever. The force of her lunge takes me off my feet slightly and further into the shed. Her kisses become more frantic as she wraps her arms around my neck. My hands find her backside and I lift her up, letting her wrap her legs around my

hips. Now the weight's off my hands are free to explore. I didn't actually notice what she was wearing, but it seems to be a long skirted dress, which my hands are now under, discovering someone forgot their knickers this morning. I break the kiss.
"Oh yes?"
"Fuck yes."
I know it's bloody risky, but there's no time like the present. I manage to walk to the shed door and pull it to, and then realise that this position might not be the best. In any case, there's no way I can get my dick out in this position. I let her down, still kissing, and start fumbling with my belt. She takes over, undoes my belt and flies and pulls my trousers down just enough to extract my member from my boxers. She turns around and lifts up her dress, showing me her perfect backside. I'm inside her in an instant, her pussy dripping wet.
"I couldn't wait to get here."
"So I can see!"
Her hand reaches behind and holds my hip as I thrust, I try to rein it in as I'm pretty sure the shed we're in isn't best for sound reduction, but it's really not long before the animal starts to take over. I reach around and hold her breasts outside her clothes, pulling her back to me and I nuzzle her neck as the familiar twinge starts. I hurriedly put my hand on her bum cheek and reach around the front, quickly finding her red hot clitoris and start rubbing it frenetically as I finally explode in her, my thrusts losing rhythm as my knees threaten to give way. She's breathing heavily through her nose as she comes down from her own silent orgasm. We stand there in silence, her hands on my hips behind her, and my hands all over her.

Suddenly, we hear the kitchen door open. We separate quickly and make ourselves reasonably presentable, but anyone walking in would probably guess what we were up to.
"Amanda? Are you out here?" It's her mum.
"Yeah mum. Just helping Pete find… something…" Very convincing. She turns back to me.
"Merry Christmas. More later?"
"Oh yes." A quick kiss, and she leaves.

After taking a few moments to compose myself (and get my dick into a comfortable, if moist position in my undercrackers), I finally get the chainsaw out, fill up the tank and grab the safety gear (gloves, mesh mask). Just as I'm about to leave I notice a telling stain on the wooden floor. I manage to find an oily rag and cover up the evidence. I just hope she didn't leave any deposits on the kitchen floor as well.

The tree was a bastard to dismantle, and the chainsaw makes a hell of a lot of sawdust. Luckily the pool was covered for the winter, as I don't fancy picking all the errant chippings out of the filter. During a pause in the cutting, a voice behind me makes me jump.

“Anything I can do?”
Turning around, Emily’s standing there wrapped up in her coat and boots, hugging herself to stay warm, her hair whipping in the wind, which still hasn’t let up.
“Christ! You scared me!”
“Sorry. Everyone’s busy in the kitchen and snooker’s boring. Got anything I can do?”
I’m reminded of Amanda asking me the same thing the first time we got together. Wonder if Amanda told Emily about it. No point wasting an extra pair of hands. I put down the chainsaw and beckon her towards the shed. Once inside I tell her to put her hair up and get her a pair of gloves and some safety specs. She puts them on and gives me a goofy grin.
“Sexy?”
“Totally!”
“Ooh! What’s that?” She’s pointing to the alligator. It’s a smaller, safer chainsaw with a safety guard and two handles that lets you grip branches and gut them in a pincer action. Like motorised secateurs.
“That, is probably too dangerous for a thirteen year old to use. Sorry.” We go back outside and she begrudgingly starts collecting the branches as I lop them off.
“Can I do the last couple?” There’s only a few left.
“Shouldn’t really.”
“You can help me. I just to know what it feels like.”
Fair enough, I felt the same the first time I used one. We swap face protection and she moves in front of me. I wrap my arms around her from behind and show her where to hold the saw. It’s a bit heavy so I have to take the weight a little. As I start it up the sudden noise and proximity to the machine makes her jump back, and her bum comes into contact with my groin. I’m not sure if she notices, as the only throbbing machine she’s worried about is the dangerous one in her hands.
I hold the machine as she guides it, and she takes off the rest of the branches with little ceremony, but she whips off the face mask as if she’s done a full day in a logging camp. I shut the chainsaw down and we collect up the rest of the branches and stack them by the destroyed fence. The panels are normally easy to fix, but not these ones. I’ll have to get some more after Christmas as most of the places that sell them will be closed for the holidays, so we gather the remnants and put them on the pile.
“What about that?” Emily points to the trunk of the tree. “How strong are you feeling?”
“Me? I can’t lift that!”
“How do you know if you don’t try?”
Luckily, it’s just a birch tree, so while it’s long, it’s not that thick so won’t be that heavy. I pick up the top and walk towards the fence, pivoting it on the root, which is still in the ground. Emily looks suitably impressed, but that part was easy.
“That’ll do for now, or I’ll be here all day.” I get her safety gear and put it back in the shed. Turning around she looks a bit different. It might be the hair, or the sweaty face, or the natural smile, but damn if she doesn’t look prettier than she did this morning.

“Thanks for that, you were a real help.” I pull her into a brief hug, and we walk to the house with an arm around each other.

Entering the kitchen, the ladies seem to have everything under control. Mum’s looking very relaxed and gives me a smile. Amanda and Tasha are sorting out the (newly extended) dining table and the other mothers are starting to serve up. Emily’s mum takes one look at her and gasps.
“My god! What have you been up to? I think you need to freshen up, my dear, and get some glad rags on.”
“Yeah, ok mum.” She turns to my mother. “Is it ok if I borrow your shower?”
“Yes, of cour.. Oh Shi.. bugger! I’m sorry, the upstairs boiler broke yesterday. The plumber can’t come out until after xmas. Sorry.” Now Emily looks visibly upset, she’s genuinely worked her arse off out there and now she’s faced with the prospect of spending Christmas smelling like a lumberjack. Emily’s mum offers a solution.
“Emily, jus use the one in the camper van. You’re welcome to use it too, Peter, you look like you could do with one as well!”
I can feel her essentially vibrating with glee beside me, and my girls give me a resigned look from the table. Emily grabs the keys off her mother and walks to the front door.
“I’ll be there in a sec, I need to get a few things.” I walk over to Amanda, who’s setting out the cutlery.
“She’s got you all alone again.”
It’s accusing, but she’s smiling. I lean in and whisper in her ear.
“She’s got no chance, I’ve already had some this morning, remember?”
I kiss her neck and give her bum a surreptitious squeeze, taking note that she’s put some underwear on.
“That was an hour ago, I know how quickly you recover. Just… remember how close her parents are.”
“You sound resigned to the fact we’re going to get up to something!”
“I know you too well. Her, not so much. Just do me a favour and ‘try not to’.”
“I’ll try. Promise.” I pick up my bag on the way out and Emily’s standing by the camper door, waiting to give me the tour.

It’s huge inside, full of lots of space-saving gizmos and gadgets. She takes much delight in showing me her bedroom, which is surprisingly spacious, and very pink. The bed itself is halfway between a single and a double, two people could easily sleep on it together. The entire rear of the vehicle is her parents’ room, but I get only the merest of glimpses before she closes the door and concentrates on the shower.
It’s only slightly smaller than a regular shower, with a little extra space to get dried/changed in, and fits in the space between Emily’s room and the kitchen/lounge. She goes to the dashboard and presses a few buttons, there’s the sound of various electrical devices starting up.

“I’ll take a few minutes to heat the water. Want a drink?”
I sit down and look over and she seems to be making a big deal of bending over and wiggling her backside unnecessarily. She’s wearing black leggings, but as she’s stretching the material, her white knickers are pretty visible. I believe today’s pattern is Spongebob. She taps the radio and turns it up, surprisingly, it’s not a xmas tune. Rhianna’s ‘we found love’ comes blasting from the speakers and Emily instantly starts dancing.
“Love this one!”
I can guess from the earlier bending and subsequent attempts at sexy dancing, that young Emily here is trying to flirt with me, again. My suspicions are somewhat confirmed when she moves around the inside of the camper closing the curtains. “Just in case.”
Yeah, right.
Suddenly she comes right up to me and straddles my lap, sitting on mine with her hands on my waist. “So, did you miss me?”
“Not as much as you missed, me, apparently. What exactly are you doing?”
“I’m just making the most of the time we have together. Once you’re back in the house you’ll probably want to spend all your time with your fiancée.”
“Yeah, funny how that goes sometimes.” The song stops and there’s some idle prattle from Huw Stevens, then ‘Fairytale of New York’ starts up. For a moment, we sit in relative silence, apart from the godawful droning of Shane McGowan. Under her coat and bulky sweater, she’s wearing a patterned t-shirt, clinging to her skin and revealing the distinct and pointy lack of bra.
“Do you think about the wedding?”
“God no, Amanda’s still at school, we’ve got year..” she cuts me off with a snorty laugh.
“Not yours, dickhead. My parents’. When we…”
“Yes, it crosses my find from time to time.”
“Did you enjoy it?”
Subtle as a brick this one. I decide on honesty. “Yes, I enjoyed it. A lot.”
“How was I?”
“Which bit?” My turn to tease.
“When I.. put it.. in my..”
“Yes, it was awesome. Incredible even. One of the best I’ve had.” If she could grin any wider, her head would fall off.
“Really? Better than Aman..?” I put up a hand.
“Let’s not go there. You each have your own good points. You’re very good at sucking my dick.” I can feel the heat radiating from her face as she blushes crimson “But so is Amanda. It’s all down to technique. You’re both incredible in wonderfully different ways.”
She calms down and there’s silence again.
“…did you want to…” she’s avoiding eye contact. Bad sign.
“Do what?”

“Do it… again?” She’s adopting the same tone of voice a kid would use if they were asking if they could keep a lost dog. Suddenly there’s a beeping from somewhere. She leaps off me and heads to the dashboard again.
“Water’s ready.” She looks disappointed I didn’t answer, but doesn’t seem to want to press the issue, the moment lost. “You’d better go first. I’ll take ages sorting my hair.” I get up and rifle though my bag, grabbing clean pants and a towel. I open the door to the tiny shower and step inside. It’s not too bad actually, and I’m just wondering how cramped it would be for two when I hear the door open and close. I take a deep sigh and step back slightly as the shower curtain is swept aside. Emily avoids eye contact again as she steps into the recessed tray without a word, closing the curtain again and stands under the stream.
“Hello?”
“I remembered this thing doesn’t hold that much water. It’ll be better if we share it. Stops one of us getting a cold shower.”
“I think one of us could do with one.”
“Oh hush. I’m just thinking of our carbon footprint.”
“Or something.”
“Or something.” She tiptoes again and we share a little kiss. Mild pressure, no tongues.
“Come on smelly. Do me and I’ll do you.” We swap shower gels and start massaging it into each other’s skin. It starts off functional, but soon her hands start moving south, exposing her small breasts, glistening in the shower stream. I take the invitation and very gently apply some, rubbing her soft skin in small circles, her tiny nipples could cut glass right now, and her breathing is getting heavier.
“Turn around.”
Reluctantly, she does so. I start rubbing her shoulders, using my best massage techniques, and I can hear the appreciation in her voice.
“You’re good at that.”
“I know, it’s a curse.”
Looking down, Mr Friendly has woken up and wants to say hello to the wonderfully blossoming backside before it. It’s not long before he parks himself between the contours of her buttocks and Emily gives a little giggle, but doesn’t say anything. I move my hands down her back and under her arms, rubbing her ribs before moving forward and cupping her breasts in my hands. Her hands come up and she puts them on top of mine as I lean down and give a couple of kisses to the nape of her neck.
“I thought we weren’t going to do anything?”
“I never said No.” She takes a deep, shuddering breath and leans back into me, pushing my nearly-solid shaft down between her cheeks. I let go and she turns around, takes another squirt of shower gel into her hands and reaches down. One hand cradles my balls while the other grabs my length. If her blowjobs were good, they were nothing compared to her handjobs. She slides her hand down and around, then back up again, and I’m painfully erect in an instant. Now we kiss in earnest, her little tongue working overtime, trying to

reach every corner of my mouth as we stand there, her wonderful hands working wonders, and before long I let out a low moan. Quickly she takes her hands off me.
“Not yet, mister.” She backs off slightly, leaving me hanging (sort of) and proceeds to finish washing and rinsing. “No room in here.” She squeezes out her long black hair and steps out. “Don’t be long, or you’ll end up with that cold shower you wanted.” There’s a shuffling sound as she dries herself off, then the door opens and closes again.

I take a few moments to reflect of what the fuck I’m doing, but I think I’m past a certain point now. However, I do make a solemn oath with myself not to put my dick in her. She’s still only 13, but she’s also sexy as fuck and horny as hell. I have a vision of myself completely failing to stop her from jumping on my cock, but I think it might be a little too much for Amanda if I did. Mind you, she’s let me get away with worse. (She knows about me and mum).
I step out and dry myself off, shut off the water (which was just turning cold) and pick up my stuff. I don’t put the pants on but wrap the towel around my waist before opening the door, just in case. The camper is empty, but the radio is still on.
“Emily?”
Her response is muffled. “In my room.”
Opening the door, she’s laying sideways on the bed, facing the door with her legs hanging off the side, propped up on her elbows with her legs slightly apart. The small patch of pubic hair draws the eyes, but the lips themselves are still bald and smooth. I take off the towel and toss it aside, kneeling down and gently pushing her knees apart so I can get closer. The bed’s slightly higher than normal, so there’s no danger of it ‘accidentally’ slipping in. She sits up and wraps her hands around my neck as we kiss again.
“So, what are we doing?”
She shrugs. “You’re the expert, you tell me.”
Another kiss, then I push her back on the bed and start to trail kisses down her body, pausing at each nipple for a moment which makes her body vibrate. I start to continue south and I can hear a hesitation in her breathing but she doesn’t stop me as I reach my goal, those bald lips being too much of a temptation from the moment I saw them at Disneyland.

I hold off slightly, letting my hot breath pass over her labia before planting gentle kisses on her lips. There’s no protrusions, it’s just a neat slit, and I find myself popping the tip of my tongue in at the base, and slowly sliding to the top, her juices becoming more evident with each lick. Her silent moans make me rock solid again, and her frantic scrabbling at her bedclothes just add to it. I can feel her swelling before me, and I brace myself as I plunge my tongue sharply between the folds. Looking up I see her grab a pillow and hold it over her face as a muffled scream is supressed. Rising up again, my tongue follows the slit until I find the tiny little button. This time she grabs my head and brings her legs up. I can hardly

breath as she clamps her thighs together. I certainly can't hear anything as she blocks off my ears as I work on her little bud.

At last I feel a small convulsion, and she starts to spasm in what feels like a massive orgasm, her legs relax and I slow in my ministrations as her body loses all elasticity. I give her clit a little kiss and get up again, still on my knees with my penis pointing directly at her, her bum having slightly slipped off the bed. The tip starts to tickle her vaginal entrance, and like with Tasha after that game of Monopoly, all I have to do is push. I get the impression Emily wants me to, as she starts pushing her hips up and down, rubbing her puffy slit along my tip, applying the gentlest of pressure, but then she stops, backs off slightly, and looks up at me, smiling.
"No."
"Only what you want."
"Yeah, and I don't want that. Not yet." Smart kid.
"Feel better now?"
"Not completely." She sits up. Gives me a quick kiss (probably aware of what's all over my chin) and gets off the bed. "Your turn."
I don't argue and lie on the bed in the spot she just left. She twists her hair and holds in in her hand as she kneels down and holds it up. She smiles as she playfully licks the tip with her tongue, taking a while to plant kisses up and down the side, before she stops all pretence and takes me into her mouth. It's just as awesome as I remember. Better, even, and the accompanying hand movements means it's barely five minutes later before I get the feeling again. I forget to warn her but since I already came a couple of hours ago inside Amanda, there's not much, but given her mouth action, I keep contracting long after I stop ejaculating. She keeps her mouth over me and I can feel her sucking every drop out of me. She swallows noisily and straightens up smiling, her hand still wrapped around me.
"That was fucking amazing."
"Better than your fiancée?"
"At the moment, yes, but don't tell her I said that." She beams. Looks down and takes it into her mouth again. She doesn't move, or suck, she just holds it there until it starts to soften, then she slowly lets go and stands up fully.
"What was that for?"
"Saying goodbye."
I get it. I look her up and down, such an awesome body and so talented. For half a second I play out a scenario in my head where I met this Emily before I met Amanda, but I shake it off quickly.
"Okay then. I reckon we should get indoors. We've probably raised enough suspicions already. We've been in here, what..?"
"Only 20 minutes."
"Really? Feels like longer."
"Ooh, is this a 'time stands still when I'm with you' thing?"

“No, I just lose track of time when I can’t see a clock. Especially when I’ve being held face-down by a pair of thighs.” She picks up my pants and throws them at me. “So how are we doing this so it doesn’t look like we’ve just shared a shower?” She thinks for a second. “Ok, You go in first. I’ll follow later. I always take ages doing my hair anyway. Just tell them I couldn’t remember how to switch the heater on.”
“Nice thinking, Batman.”
So we get dressed, she stays in her clean underwear so she can do her hair. I make sure I’ve got everything and leave my bag by the door before going back. We bring each other into a big, squeezy hug.
“Thank you. You didn’t have to do that.”
“I shouldn’t have, more like.”
“Don’t worry. I won’t tell.”
“She’ll probably guess.”
“She’ll probably guess.”
The hug lasts for a few more moments before she looks up.
“One last kiss?” I’m acutely aware that she hasn’t rinsed, and I think she is too, as we just go for a mutual soft one, before we release each other and I grab my bag, leaving her to get ready for the rest of the day.
I put my bag In my car and grab a smart shirt I’ve got hanging in the back and throw it on as I approach the door, and unsurprisingly, Amanda opens it as I raise my hand to ring the bell. She’s looking at me with a look of deep suspicion, but I’ve seen that look before.
“What?”
“Did she try anything?”
“Possibly.”
“You shared the shower.”
“We were protecting the environment.”
“Did it get sexual?”
“It had elements, yes.”
“You didn’t have sex. Did you?”
“Define ‘have sex’.”
“You know my definition of ‘Sex’, Pete.”
“No, we didn’t have your definition of sex. That was never going to happen, apparently.”
“Smart kid. Ok, come on then, mattress-back. Dinner’s nearly ready.” She comes in for a kiss but stops. “You really have to stop doing this now we’re betrothed, you know.”
“It’s not my fault.”
“It never is.” She finally kisses me, but as we break apart, there’s a resigned look on her face.
“You should have had the shower afterwards. At least wash your face, ya perv!” Oh shit. I dash into the downstairs toilet and hurriedly wash my face. It simply wouldn’t do to have a

conversation with Emily's parents while I've still got the rapidly-drying remnants of their daughters' vaginal secretions all over my face.
As I enter the kitchen hand in hand with Amanda, Tasha gives me a searching look, and smiles as she shakes her head. I don't know how they know. I would probably be shit at poker. Dinner is being served up as Emily re-enters the house, wearing a stunning blue party dress, her hair straight, but held up with a deep red ribbon as an Alice band. There's even a small gasp from Amanda, who is normally unimpressed with such matters. Emily looks slightly worried as Amanda breaks from me and walks over to her, but there's a small exchange of words, some head-shaking from Emily, then a small hug and they walk to the dining table together.

The rest of the day was uneventful, insofar that no more bed-hopping happened. Or even shed or caravan-hopping, for that matter. Emily got whatever it was out of her system, Amanda and I spent most of our day on the sofa snuggling into each other, but we made sure Tasha was included as much as possible. I think she was looking forward to having a 'first christmas' with Seb, and a couple of times she looked downright depressed, until somehow, Amanda came up with the idea of a boxing day party tomorrow night at my house.
"Hang on, I can't host a party, I haven't got anything."
"Yes you do, you've got us. And most of the shops are open tomorrow"
"Does this mean I have to get up early, tomorrow, on Boxing day?"
"If you want an awesome party, yes."
"Who's coming to this party?"
"I'm sure we can rustle up a few people at short notice."
Wonderful. The evening is rounded off by a few rounds of snooker, my game made worse by the increasing levels of alcohol consumed. I give up after a resounding thrashing by Amanda's dad and walk through to the kitchen, to see all the ladies gossiping merrily away. Tasha comes over and without saying a word pulls me into a hug.
"You okay sis?"
"Yeah, just a bit… meh."
"Missing Seb?" A silent nod. "Don't worry. Piss-up at my place tomorrow. No parents, so you can let your hair down."
"You? In a room surrounded by girls and freely-flowing alcohol? God help us!"
I certainly hope so.

26/12/13

Sleeping arrangements were hastily made late last night after much alcohol had been consumed, so somehow, Tasha ended up with Amanda in my old room, Amanda's parents took Tasha's bed again. Dad went to the caravan for a few very late ones and they ended up making the lounge bed for him after he fell asleep watching a Jimmy Carr DVD. The young boys had their own cots in Tommy's room, and somehow, and for reasons I really don't understand, I found myself at 8am, staring into my heavily pregnant mother's eyes as we lay in bed together wrapped in each other's arms.
"Morning."
"Um… morning.. mum. What the..?" I look under the covers, mercifully, I've got pyjama shorts on. Mum, however, is naked.
"Wondering how you got here?"
"Something like that." I shuffle around and reach across under the covers and put a hand on the bump. It's warm, and moving. "Someone else is awake."
"That thing wakes up a couple of hours before I do, normally lays on my bladder and makes me want a pee."
"Lovely."
"I know. Joys of motherhood and all that." We shuffle a little closer and I put an arm under her head, which she rests on my chest and we get comfy. I feel her boob against my ribs and her free hand starts stroking my belly just above my waistband. "Anyway, about 4am I got up and you were in the hallway, a little confused."
"I had had a few"
"Yes, I know, you were trying to take a pee in the laundry hamper."
"Oh god! Really?"
"Do you know, I haven't helped you go to the toilet since you were 6 or 7?"
"Oh, great. You mean?"
"I only helped with the aiming." I can't help but laugh, and immediately wished I hadn't.
"Oh, great. I feel a hangover coming."
"Not bloody surprised, the amount you had."
There are subtle sounds of stirring from the other bedrooms, and I feel it's best I'm not found in this particular bed.

I start to get up, but don't get out before sharing another kiss, my errant hand finding a swollen breast as I do so. She doesn't immediately stop me.
"Pack that in, you. I'll leak."
"Ew!" I stop squeezing as much but still rub my fingers over her enlarged nipple as I look at her. "I really like the hair, by the way."
"Thanks. I thought the long hair might be a pain to have to deal with, what with everything else." She glances down and I instinctively move my hand to her bump, stroking her skin in wider circles until I abruptly come into contact with her pubic hair. I don't say anything, but

we make eye contact again and I lean down for another kiss. Nature taking over as our lips part and my hand moves further south, but I stop myself when my finger makes contact with the dip at the top of her slit. I break the kiss and raise my head. She's smiling happily.
"Don't fancy a quickie then?"
"Normally, yes, but given the extra numbers in the house, plus the fact my fiancée is next door, I think we'd be pushing it."
She raises her arms above her head and stretches. This normally means she's horny, but she sighs heavily and relaxes. "Shame. I'll just have to ravage your father later."
"Thanks mum. Just the image I needed."
"Your fault."
I finally get out, at which point she laughs, pointing at the morning glory in my shorts.
"Looks like there was 4 of us awake in here!" I look down and laugh, before pulling it out and giving it a little wiggle at her, she throws a pillow at me as I exit.

It seems I was supposed to be in with the girls, as the rest of my clothes are in my old room, with them spooning on one side of an inflatable mattress. I get in behind Tasha, as that's the only spot where there's room for me, and I wait until I've warmed up a bit before moving up behind and draping my arm over them. They only stir gently before settling down again.
I don't really fall asleep, I just lay there listening to them breathing, when Tasha stirs awake.
"Morning Sis." She turns her head towards me for a kiss.
"Morning, where did you get to last night?"
"In with mum, apparently, but I don't remember getting there."
"Not surprised, you'd had a skinfull!"
"I am aware, thank you." I tuck my hand between Tasha and Amanda and Tasha holds it to her chest. We lay in silence for a few minutes, Amanda still fast asleep (she'd had a few, too.) Tasha's hair is getting really long now, so she normally plaits it for bedtime. Looking at the back of her head, I see the scar in her hairline. It's hardly noticeable now, only really visible if you know it's there. I lean forward and give it a light kiss, continuing down her neck before settling back into the pillow. Unexpectedly, she releases my hand and moves hers onto my hip behind her. A few seconds later it moves again and with no hint of subtlety, slips inside my shorts and the fingers find my penis. They wrap around and she lays still again, just holding it.
"What are you up to?"
"Just reminding myself."
"Of what?"
"What one feels like."
"I thought you and Seb…" But she shakes her head.
"Nah, not since the wedding. He said it was fun, but he doesn't want to do it again until we're legal."

She lets go and turns on the mattress until she's on her back, her head facing me.
"How's that working for you?"
"It's sensible, and the right thing to do."
"Ok, Same question. How's that working for you?"
When she answers , it's halfway between a laugh and a cry of despair.
"I am so. Fucking. Horny! Just once a month would be ok."
"Can't you just get yourself off? Or get Amanda to help?"
"I do, we do, and it's awesome, but I really miss having a dick inside me. It's a different sensation."
"You should have said, I would have got you something from Ann Summers for Christmas!"
I'm trying to make light of it, but her face is serious. "Did you want me to do anything?"
She doesn't say anything, but turns her back on me. Slightly confused, I lie back down, but she grabs my hand and puts it on her bare backside, before reaching back again and plucking my dick from my shorts. Now I get it. I shift the waistband down so I'm not trying to sever my nutsack and shift down a little. I move my hand between her cheeks and start rubbing her slit, she's already wet and moist, so I position myself and push. I'm inside quickly and we lay there, not moving, just holding each other. I move a hand around the front and start slowly playing with her clit. The hip movements start slowly, as we don't want to wake Amanda. Tasha must have been hornier than she thought as it's less than a minute before her hand clamps over mine and her legs tense as she comes, squeezing my dick in that amazing way. I don't come myself at that point, but that wasn't why I penetrated her, so I just lie behind her, holding her to me as I very slowly continue to make love to her, and she breathes heavily as I slide in and out of her wonderfully moist vagina, bringing a hand up to find her breast and I start manipulating her piercing.
She turns her head and stares at me with those eyes, and for a second I imagine it's mum looking at me, as they look so similar, and I start to slowly, and comfortably ejaculate.
Finally we're both satisfied, and lie as one until the house gets too noisy and busy to pretend to be asleep any more.

"I was in bed as well!"
"Yeah, I know."
"It was literally behind my back!"
"You were out like a light!"
"You might at least have told me so I could watch!"
"It wasn't really sexy. It was slow, and cosy."
"Cosy Sex?"
"Yeah. It wasn't fucking. I just needed it, and Pete obliged."
Amanda finally turns to me over the breakfast bar. We're talking in hushed voices, partly because we don't want anyone else to hear our conversation, but also because Amanda

and I are sporting horrendous hangovers, so the paracetomol and alka-seltzers are in full flow.
“Well, at least I got my Christmas shag in first before…”
“Before? Before what?” She sips her tea and puts it down with a sigh.
“Didn’t you wonder why I came into the shed to rape you yesterday?”
“I did think you were taking a huge risk. I’m not complaining though.”
“I knew I was due to start my period, so I wanted sex before it started and ruined my Christmas plans.”
“And?”
“Came on last night. Hands off for the next week.”
“Not ‘HANDS’ off, surely?”
“God no!”
Emily and her parents are let in the front door for breakfast and Emily is ushered over to us. She seems reluctant at first, she’s probably been over-thinking things overnight, but Amanda smiles and extends a hand and brings her closer, beckoning her to get on a stool.
“Hi.” I get a nervous smile too.
“Morning. We were just discussing how many people Pete had sex with in the last 24 hours.“ Naturally, she looks shocked, not usually being a party to these kinds of group conversations, but it’s par for the course for us lot.
“For a given definition of ‘sex’, don’t forget.”
“Whatever. Just enjoy it while it lasts. I want a new year’s resolution out of you.”
“You mean like Tasha’s birthday present?”
“Exactly!”
Emily looks confused, Tasha whispers in her ear. The shocked look is back, she addresses Amanda.
“So… you really don’t mind?”
“A bit, but we’ve always been like this. As long as he doesn’t hide it from me.”
“So.. you’re ok about me and him… yesterday.”
“Actually, no.”
Emily looks genuinely fearful. “I need to have a long hard word with you about a couple of things.”
“But you don’t have to worry! I only wanted that one time, I don’t want…” But Amanda shushes her with a smile.
“I want you to teach me your techniques. Apparently you’re the best he’s had.”
I don’t actually remember telling her this, but I’d had so many last night, thank fuck that’s the only thing I said. Emily looks confused, but smile sweetly as breakfast is put in front of her by her mother.

I have a spare hour, so I get back outside and fire up the chainsaw again, cutting the trunk into manageable sections, Amanda and Emily joining me and helping with the lifting. I remind Amanda about her wrist but she claims it’s fine. Once we’re done I pack everything

away and we're given the keys to the camper again to use the shower. This time it's much more civilised, although Emily and Amanda share their shower to save the hot water and when they emerge, their faces betray nothing, and I don't ask, but I do catch Emily looking a little sheepish as they disappear into her room to get dressed.

Back in the house I come to the crashing revelation I haven't given Amanda her presents yet, or anyone else, for that matter, so I run out to the car and grab a large box out of the boot (trunk). This is the first year I've had a bit of disposable income, so I went slightly overboard. I give out presents to those assembled. Dad got his favourite aftershave and a couple of movies. Mum, perfume and some stuff for the baby. Tommy went into spasms when he unwrapped his Leappad Ultra and spent most of the morning playing on it. I turn to Tasha.
"I had absolutely no idea what to get you, as well as I know you now. I hope this is ok."
I pass her a small envelope. Inside are two gift cards. One for H&M (clothing store she likes) and one for Waterstones (Book store). £50 on each. She doesn't say anything, nor does she look up when she quickly brings me into a tight hug.
"You know me well enough. Thank you." Her eyes are slightly moist when she breaks the hold. Then she comes in and whispers in my ear "I'll give you yours later."
Intriguing.
Amanda and Emily finally return from the camper looking happy and refreshed. I apologise to Emily for not getting her anything, as I didn't know she'd be down, but I make a mental note to get something today, if shopping is on the cards.
"You don't have to. I already got what I wanted." I think I will anyway.
I make a little show of handing Amanda her present. It's an overly large box, which she sets on the floor with a bemused look and opens. Laying on top is another box on a bed of shredded paper.
"Oh yes, very clever!" She open that one (A tablet, which warrants a squeal and a jumpy hug. She's about to close up the large box when I stop her.
"Don't you want to check for anything else?"
With a look of surprise, she rummages in the paper, finally plucking an envelope from the depths. Inside there's more gift cards, and a note, promising more 'gifts' when we get back to mine. There's also a new gi for her karate, which warrants a hug.
"Is there anything else in here?"
"Actually, I honestly can't remember!"
"Liar!" So she rummages again, getting deeper into the box when she stops somewhere near the bottom. She doesn't move, but looks up at me with a slightly nervous look on her face. Finally, she pulls out a small velvet flip-top box, there's an audible gasp from every female assembled as she stands up with it in her hand.
Although we call each other our 'fiancées' in a kinda jokey way, I wasn't sure if she thought I was taking it seriously, but I took her dad aside last night and asked him if he would

approve is I gave her a ‘symbol’ of my intentions. With a promise not to plan anything until she’s well out of school.
She’s struck dumb as I pluck the box from her hand, and I turn to her father.
“With your permission, sir.”
He’s mildly alarmed at my show of protocol, but he nods anyway. I can feel my own face burning, but I swallow, open the box and get down on one knee. I had a whole speech worked out about how wonderful she is, and how she makes me feel and I was to hint at how much her leniency makes me love her even more, but it’s all lost in her screaming; “YESYESYESYES!!!!” and throwing herself at me, knocking me onto my back on the floor as she smothers me in kisses.

Eventually, she regains her senses and gets off me, actually helping me up as well. I finish the deed and put the ring on her finger as I lean in close to speak quietly to her.
“This isn’t technically an engagement ring, not yet. But it is a promise.”
She quietly nods, and I spot a tear fall off her face. She sniffs and looks up.
“I didn’t think it would affect me this much.”
“Must be a girl thing.”
She snorts a laugh, sniffs and we hug. “One more week.”
“Of what?”
“You mucking around. After that, you’re mine. No ifs, buts or maybes. I won’t be happy to share you with anyone else after then. Agreed? You said it’s a promise, so I want a promise.”
“I promise. But in my defence, you being so damned liberated didn’t help”
“Well, make the most of it. From new year, we’re completely exclusive. You stop sleeping around, and I’ll stop fucking your sister.”
“Now let’s not be too hasty. I’m ok with settling down, but you two are good together, plus Tasha loves you as much as I do.”
“I know, but…”
I drop my voice even lower. “Seb isn’t interested in sex, but she is, you know.” She nods.
“Plus, it’s fucking sexy as hell watching you two going at each other, so it’s win-win for me!”
She laughs and slaps my chest, and I go over to Amanda’s father while Amanda is swamped with giggly females of all ages swooning over the ring. I think I picked out a nice one. Amanda’s dad shakes my hand, as does my father. Emily’s dad simply raises a mug in salute.
“Now, as you promised, it’s a long way off. The ring’s just a token.”
“Yes sir, don’t worry, It’ll be at least another 5 years.”
Dad laughs. “There’s still a few things you need to learn about women, son, it seems. She’s been planning her wedding since she was 7, probably. You’re just the missing groom.”
Amanda’s dad looks like he wants to ask me something, but is having trouble finding the right words.

“Don’t worry about the wedding. I’m not that much of a traditionalist.”
He doesn’t make it obvious, but he breathes a sigh of relief anyway. Mum comes over and gently pulls me aside.
“Sure you can handle only one woman at a time?”
I’m sure I’ve heard this before. “I’ll do my best.”
She comes in close, only her bump stopping her. “I suppose I’ll have to make a resolution myself. Stop trying to seduce my son.”
I manage to bring her into a hug over the obstruction. “Is that what you were doing? I hardly noticed.” A small laugh. She looks slightly sad as she walks back to dad. One out, all out I suppose.

Excitement over, it’s coming up on lunch and Amanda remembers the party that’s been lumped on my shoulders. She and Tasha spend a good half an hour on their phones calling friends. Tasha was even smart enough to collect the numbers of my neighbours and calls them to let them know about the party, and that we promise not to make too much noise. A lot of people are away for the holidays anyway, and the rest of the neighbours are ok. Looks like all the pandering the girls did over the summer buttered them up enough to get us in their good graces. We pack our shit together, and say goodbye to Emily and her parents, an extra tight hug spared for me.
“Thank you, for everything.”
“Anytime. Well, not anymore, but you’re welcome.” A quick peck and I walk with the girls to my car. Plan is, we go straight to a supermarket, buy a crapload of party food and associated gubbins, and spend the rest of the day preparing. Sarah’s decorating skills are summoned, and Christine gladly drops a boring evening at her aunt’s to come over. Amanda deflated the mattress in my old room and brought that along, just in case.

The supermarkets are open Boxing day this year. Religious holidays be damned, there’s cash to be had, and judging by the number of people in the shop, the money is flowing freely. We battle through the crowds and fill my trolley, including a couple of bits for Emily. Finally, we set off for home, and we start getting ready. Sarah & Christine turn up just after 2 with outfits in tow, it’s hugs all round, they make a beeline for Amanda’s finger, and apart from some nibbles that need to be cooked off, we’re ready with hours to spare. The girls promptly vanish into the bathroom and spare bedroom to get ready, so I grab myself a beer and hope there’s enough hot water left for me to have another shower once they’re done. I position myself at the entrance to the kitchen so I can see and hear anything that occurs. There’s giggles and squeals, suddenly opening doors and flashes of naked flesh as they dart between rooms. Finally, Sarah emerges first, but even though her hair and makeup is looking immaculate, she’s basically wearing pyjamas.
“Smart but casual?”
“Very funny, smartarse. We’ve got ages, so there’s no point getting finished until closer to the time.”

“You’re not going overboard are you? It’s just a little party,”
“Not really. Put it this way, if we were REALLY going for the big thing, we would have started getting ready about 6 this morning.” She takes the beer from my hand, takes a small swig and hands it back.
“Chick thing?”
“Thought you’d have anticipated this, you being the expert on women.”
“I wish. Anyway, that’s over in a week.”
“So I hear. Think you’ll cope?”
“Yeah, I need the breathing space.”
She grabs my beer again so I get another out of the fridge. “Any regrets?”
I look her up and down. In her state of undress, I can see she’s hardly changed in months. No massive increase in vital statistics, and apart from the tiny remnant of a scar on her freckled cheekbone, she still as beautiful as when I first met her.
“Only one.” When I say this, she looks down and blushes.
“I know. I’ve been doing a lot of ‘reading’ lately.”
Oh.
“Anything in particular?”
The blushing is replaced by a small but knowing grin. “Oh yes. Exactly how many synonyms for your dick have you used now?”
“Oh don’t. I hate repetition. Dick, cock, penis, shaft, member, tool. After that you start again.”
She laughs and chokes slightly on her beer. “You should start writing something publishable. It seems popular.”
“I know, they keep telling me that.”
“You know I’m never going to be able to look your mum in the eye again. And who’s Emily?”
“My cousin, she’s over at mum’s.”
“Perv.”
“Wasn’t my fault.”
“It never is. So, I’m your one regret?”
“Pretty much.”
A crafty smile appears.“Good to know.”
“Well, that and I never slept with Jessica Alba when I had the chance.”
“You never had the chance to sleep with her.”
“Yeah, and I really regret it.”
She laughs and jabs at my stomach, which I return, and a small but potentially violent tickling bout ensues, interrupted only when Amanda exits the bedroom, looking fantastic but dressed the same as Sarah. She stops when she sees Amanda coming, but I use her momentary lapse of concentration to launch a second salvo, and before long she’s nearly on the floor.

“Oi! Pack that in, or she’ll have to do her hair again.” I let her go, and she gives my package a crafty grope as she strides cockily over to the sofa. Amanda spots this and just smiles. Christine is the next to make an appearance, eyes fixed on her phone as she walks down the hallway.
“Hang on, isn’t that my T-shirt?”
She breaks away from her phone and looks down. “Oh, yeah. It’s the one you gave me when I came over that time.”
“The time we…”
She shoots me a look. “When I got my tattoo, yeah.”
I guess she’s shy about talking about our energetic session in front of Amanda. Fair enough.
“How is that, by the way? I haven’t seen it in ages.”
She pops her phone on the kitchen sideboard and turns around, lifting up my t-shirt to show her slender bare back (no bra), plain black knickers and the tattoo, which actually looks slightly different to how I remember. “Did you get…?”
She drops the shirt and turns around again. “Yeah, Becky sorted it out for me, made it a bit neater. Mum was actually with me when I had it done!”
“Really? I thought she would have wanted you to get rid of it.”
She simply shrugs and takes my beer out of my hand.
“She was really cool about it. Says she might get one herself.”
“Blimey. My mum, your mum. Are they our parents or our sisters?”
Amanda chips in from over by the cooker. “Both, in some cases.” Cheeky cow.
Another 10 minutes pass and there’s still no sign of Tasha. I approach the spare room and I can hear her talking. I feel guilty eavesdropping, but by the sounds of it, she’s talking to Seb. I hope he called her. Can’t imagine what the charges are to call the south of France on a mobile phone.
“Amanda, what time is all this starting?”
“I told everyone to get here around 6 or seven, why?”
“Just wondered if I had time for a shower.”
“You’ve got time to install one, if you want.”
“How many people are coming anyway?” I suppose I should have asked earlier, it is MY party, after all.
“A few. Mostly people you know, some you probably won’t. Don’t be pissed off, but I had to invite parents too, just for balance. I don’t think they would have been too happy if we didn’t have a responsible adult or two present.”
“I’m responsible.”
“No you’re not. If you were responsible, we’d all still be virgins.”
“Good point. Will you manage without me for a bit?”
“Pfft. Of course.”
Spare dick at a wedding again. As I approach my bedroom, Tasha exits the spare room. She look halfway between sad and happy. Her hair looks Amazing.

“You ok?” She sniffs and nods.
“Just been talking with Seb.”
“Having fun?”
“Yeah, says he’s missing me. Apparently there’s a few celebs at his resort and the paps are making the place a nightmare.”
“Anyone I know?”
“Michael.. something. Racing car driver?” I don’t really follow motorsports so I leave it. We have a small hug and I let her walk into the lounge.

I finally grab my shower, relishing the solitude, even though the flat is full of girls, all of whom I’ve had some sort of soirée with. I can’t help thinking about the impending new years resolution, and wonder how much I’d be allowed to get away with over the next week. Just as I’m finishing, I hear the door open and close.
“Anyone there?”
“Yeah, it’s ok, I can wait.”
I open the door slightly and Sarah is standing there with a crafty smile.
“I thought you’d had a shower?”
“Yes, I did.” Still smiling.
“O….kay.” I close the door and finish up. I can see her moving around through the frosted glass of the shower door, and when I open them again, I can see she’s leaning against the sink and has removed her PJ shorts, but is still wearing the top.
I can also see she’s started shaving too.
“I didn’t want to end up on your bucket list in about 40 years.”
“I don’t follow.”
“You said you regretted us not having full sex. That’s why I’m here.”
“Oh.” I start drying myself off, but something starts getting in the way as I stare at her cleanly shorn mound, her lips just poking out of the slit.
“Plus, I thought, we’d better get it over and done with, my boyfriend’s coming later and I thought he wouldn’t appreciate it of we did it then.”
“Yeah, boyfriends can be funny like that.” I approach and can make out her nipples poking the cloth of her flimsy top. I put my hands on her hips and hers go straight to my dick, which she starts slowly massaging. “Not going for subtlety?”
“Nah, we’d best make it a quickie. Amanda said we’ve got 10 minutes, tops.”
“Amanda told you to..”
“Well, I asked, and she said yes, as long as it’s the last time.” Now I know why I love her. I draw in closer and she points me down slightly, and rubs my tip along the top of her slits, then between her legs as she opens them slightly. Sarah’s not that much shorter than me, so I don’t have to lean down too much to go in for a kiss. However, she doesn’t hold it for long, and seems to just be there for the sex. Can’t have that, so I reach down and start stroking her smooth pussy, my middle finger applying pressure and splitting the lips, finding the clit almost instantly.

“I didn’t want to get too deep into it.”
“If it’s the last time, I want you to remember it.”
I start working with increased momentum, and she starts breathing heavily as she stares into my eyes. I spot her chin move slightly so I go in for a proper, and prolonged kiss. Her pussy is soaking wet by now, so I pick up a leg and hook the back of her knee on my elbow. It’s slightly awkward, but I bend my legs and take aim, thrusting upward and penetrating her at the first attempt.

“MmmmmmOh shit!” slips out, and she clamps her hands over her mouth as I start fucking her properly. Her hands drop and she comes in for another kiss, I can’t hold the position much longer so as her arms are already wrapped around my shoulders, I move away from the sink and lift the other leg, grabbing her backside with her legs resting on my arms. We fuck standing up for a short while, but slowly make it to the floor. I lay her on the rug so she doesn’t get cold and the love-making slows down. The kiss breaks and we look at each other.
“’Freckles’, eh?”
“Thought it suited you.” Conversation sex. Weird, but time-saving.
“I’ve had worse.”
I must hit a sweet spot as she suddenly throws her head back and gasps, then comes back for some more tongue-wrestling. She shifts her body and finally takes her top off, revealing her perfectly formed breasts, it’s enough for me as I finally succumb and fulfil my ambition of ejaculating inside Sarah, and it’s awesome. I’m not sure if she comes as well, but her chest has gone all blotchy, which is normally a good sign.
I lay on her, but supporting my weight with my knees and elbows so I don’t crush her.
There’s a sudden knock on the door.
“Come in, number 69, your time is up.”
I raise my head and she’s smiling.
“Satisfied?”
“I was if you were.”
“Totally. We should have done this more often.”
I give her small kiss and get off, handing her a small wad of tissues as my come has started leaking out of her. “You would have had to have made an appointment!”
She laughs and tosses the paper into the toilet, puts her PJs back on and checks her hair in the mirror.
“So, we ok?” I give her a hug.
“Absolutely. Well worth the wait.” Another peck and she exits the bathroom, leaving me to grab a 30 second shower to clean off and I get my crap together too.
I rejoin Amanda in the kitchen.
“Finally got that out of your system?”
I hug her from behind as she starts putting nibbles on plates. “Yeah, thanks for that. You didn’t have to.”

“Christmas present. Which reminds me, I haven’t given you yours yet.”
“That’s ok, you can give me mine later. I’ve got you a few more things too.”
“You’ve already given me everything I wanted.” She wiggles her ring at me and I can feel her glowing.
“Yeah, well. These presents I couldn’t exactly give you in front of your parents.” This raises an eyebrow.
“Oh yes? Funnily enough, the same goes for one of your presents.” My interest is completely piqued now. I guess I’ll have to wait until later. Tasha comes into the kitchen and it seems I’m in the way again, so I leave them to it, grabbing boobs and bums as I go.

Sarah and Christine are in the front room. Sarah’s on her phone and Christine’s rifling through the media shelf.
“Put one on if you want.”
“I’ve seen them all, I think.”
“Choose an older one then.”
“Nah, it’s ok. You choose.”
“Pete plays Kerbal.” This is from Sarah, who hasn’t looked up from her phone. Christine’s eyes light up. “Really? What version?”
“21. You play?” If any of them did, it would be Chris. She’s just as big a geek as me.
“Just started, can’t get orbital though.”
I check the clock. Loads of time, so I power up the PC and fire up Kerbal. Chris pulls up a chair beside mine and I start showing off my various craft, including my SSTO tri-plane with all the intakes. She’s suitably impressed, so then I load up a saved ship and show her how to set up asparagus staging and what to do at what height and what velocity. Very dull if you’re not a fan, sorry.
I loaded up a lander, so I decide to head to Mun, which can be a bit time consuming, and as I’ve sorting out a manoeuvre node, she puts a hand on my thigh.
I’m in comfy PJs myself, so her hand comes to rest on my bare leg. I do the same, but remember too late she’s just in her knickers. Oh well. It’s slightly awkward so I try to drum up conversation as I head spacewards.
“So, how’s it going with you? Seems like I haven’t seen you in ages.”
“Pretty good. I kept on trying to make excuses to come over, but I haven’t got that much of an imagination.” Bless.
“You don’t need a reason.”
“I know, I just thought it would be awkward, you know, since the last time we were alone together, we…” She drops her voice “Fucked each other’s brains out…OH!”
This actually made me jump. “What?”
“I got my period!” Normally, this wouldn’t be something to get quite so jubilant about, but this is Christine.”
“What? When?”

“Not long after. I thought I was just bleeding from the tear again, but it turns out I’d actually come on!” She’s beaming widely. Looking over, Sarah looks like she’s listening, as there’s a smile on her face, but she’s still staring at her phone.
“So, what happened, I thought your ‘wiring’ was off.”
“That’s what the doctor said, but it would appear that getting vigorously shafted made things happen.”
“So, you can have kids now?”
The smile falters. “Don’t know. They don’t think so. I’m still being tested. They threw me on the pill straight away to help with the biology.“
“But it’s a good sign. What did your doctor say once you’d started?”
“It was embarrassing. He did an internal exam and asked my mum to leave the room. Then he asked me if I’d started having sex.”
Oh fuck.
“What did you say?”
“Don’t worry, I told him I’d started masturbating with anything I could get my hands on. Seems stimulating the cervical entrance was what did it. He said he might get a paper out of me, or something.”
“What, how to make infertile teenagers fertile by making them have violent sex against a wall?”
She laughs and leans into me, resting her head on my shoulder. “Probably not, but It’s looking better for me now.” I put an arm around her and kiss the top of her head. My lander is approaching the moon now so I line up for my slow burn and get into a lunar orbit in seconds. Christine is suitably impressed.
“Not bad. I’ll have to remember this. Didyouwanttodoitagain?”
“Sorry?”
She’s blushing wildly. She drops her voice to a whisper again.
“I just wondered if you wanted to have sex with me again. One last time?”
This is getting ridiculous. I motion for her to sit up.
“I don’t know. I would, but I’m dying right now. Honestly, I’ve just had sex 4 times in 2 days with four different girls. I’m broken.” She looks slightly dejected. “Hey, I didn’t say no. Just… not right now.”
“Oh god. I didn’t mean TODAY! I just meant before new years.”
“In that case, possibly, but try not to break me this time!” She perks up considerably (as does the little guy) and I finish off our Kerbal session by completely fucking up the landing and killing Jebediah.

Finally, oh god, finally, the party begins. All the girls have changed into their outfits and look incredible. Christine proudly showing off her tattoo and her ample bosom, as does Amanda. Tasha and Sarah are in tight trousers and halter-tops. Tasha’s piercing making the lack of bra quite obvious.

Sarah’s boyfriend arrives and instantly gets into my good books my bringing a bottle of my favourite red, Campo Viejo Rioja. Goes by the name of Mike and I have to say he’s a nice enough bloke, and is a bit of a petrol head himself, so we hit it off straight away talking bollocks about cars while the girls get bored. A few parents turn up, as does some of my mates as well (Amanda nicked my phone when I wasn’t looking and raided my phone book). First surprise guest is my Boss, invited by Christine, thankfully he didn’t stay long. Nothing personal, but if I start getting off my face again, I don’t really want him being a witness, so to speak.
Then, Mum & dad, with Emily and her parents show up. Tommy’s been shipped off to a babysitter, and Emily’s looking damn cute in a loose top and flowy skirt.
Everyone who’s going to be here is here by about 7, so we open the buffet and half the lounge is made into a dance floor, Christine on DJ duties. Everyone is pretty well behaved, although I do get a few bum squeezes and crotch gropes at random moments. At one point Amanda pulls me into the bedroom so we can have 10 minutes alone.

Given her inconvenient timing, we just have a cuddle on the bed. There may have been an errant hand slipping into my trousers for half of it, but I was still recovering so nothing came from it.
As we come out we get a few sly looks but we shrug them off. Tasha comes up to me for a hug.
“Good party?”
“Pretty good. We’ll have to do this every year.”
“Ok, but you can pay. Where’s mum and dad?”
“They’re in the spare room. I think mum got a bit claustrophobic in the crowd.”
“And dad went with her?” She nods. “Are they…?”
“Probably.” I can’t help but feel a little envious of dad, but I need to get that shit out of my system.

As the evening dwindles, so do the numbers. Pretty soon it’s just the girls, mum & dad. Emily & her parents and Sarah’s boyfriend. The music is turned down and the sofas and chairs are replaced against the walls. We spend a bit of time staring out of the window at the trees in the park a few hundred yards away, it’s blowing a hurricane outside and we see a few trees come down in the wind. Luckily I’m in the top of a pretty modern building, so I’m sure we’re in no danger up here. Someone suggests party games, so as lame as it is, we have a quick game of charades, before Tasha dashes off to the spare room and returns, holding something behind her back, with a huge grin on her face. She proudly reveals what she’s hiding.

It’s Twister.

“Oh, you must be joking!” but the girls seem very up for it. I’m reluctant to join in straight away, partly because I’m still sore from all the physical exercise I’ve endured over the last few days, and also because I’m simply not drunk enough yet to want to make that much of a tit of myself. Not in company. Amanda and Sarah go first, and we’re treated to two young girls trying to play twister wearing party frocks. There’s a brief pause in the proceedings when Amanda falls flat on her back after left leg yellow and her boobs spring theatrically out of her top. The girls decide to play later (after changing) so it’s the lad and sensibly dressed females that continue to make arses of themselves. I’m pleased to say I was triumphant in my battle against Sarah’s boyfriend.

Once I’m done, dad calls me into the kitchen to let me know he’s shooting off, but would I be able to find space for Mum & Emily. The others are heading out to a pre-planned restaurant meeting with the people that were supposed to be buying Emily’s parents’ house, with dad acting as mediator (it all went pear-shaped last week, hence their sudden return down south.) I tell him we’ll sort something out, somehow. Might mean 3 in a bed, but I’m used to that, and I bless Amanda for having the foresight to bring the spare mattress.

Once the parents have gone (mum doesn’t count) the girls have a very quick discussion and one by one, disappear into their rooms, returning only when they’re out of their party dresses and into something more practical. This generally means PJ’s over their underwear, but Amanda is in her spandex Gym gear, and I start pitching a tent the second I catch sight of her breathtaking figure.

Sarah’s boyfriend doesn’t know where to look, obviously not being as seasoned as me when it comes to masses of partial nudity. I meet up with him in the kitchen as he seems to have figured that’s the best place to be, saves staring at something he shouldn’t.
“Everything ok?” I hand him a beer.
“Yeah… I just wasn’t expecting so much… skin.”
“You get used to it.”
“You get this a lot then?”
“Quite a bit. I just let them get on with it, mainly.” Suddenly his phone rings. I don’t pay attention to his conversation, but it doesn’t sound good.
“Sorry, I’m going to have to shoot. My mum’s got this heap of shit for a car and it’s broken down – again. She’s only on the other side of town so I’m going to shoot off and get her sorted.” He hands the beer back. “Ok to come back later?”
“Of course, but bear in mind, if I know this lot, there’s a chance there will be more skin when you get back?”
“Shit. Really?”
“More than likely.”

“Right, see you later then!” He beckons Sarah over and they share a few words by the door. She doesn’t look too happy, but they kiss before he leaves.
“Everything ok?”
She smiles but shakes her head. “He’s told her about that car for weeks. Bloody thing.”
“Don’t worry, he said he’ll be back later.”
“If she lets him. She can be a bit of a cow.” I know that feeling. Luckily, mine grew out of it.

She rejoins the rest of the girls, and I see mum has taken over spinner duties. But I do happen to notice she’s not actually reading out what the board says, getting the girls to get into more convoluted positions that is probably necessary. I lean over and whisper into her ear. “You’re Cheating.”
“It’s more fun this way.” She grins evilly as Tasha and Christine end up in a heap after Right Foot Blue was little too much for Tasha’s short legs. We finally wrap up the mat, but mum tells us not to put it away. It’s only 9pm and the night is young, apparently.
The drink starts to flow, even Emily is granted a few weak drinks but still ends up getting very giggly. Tasha goes to the wall and turns the heating up, which is apparently reason enough for the girls to shed their PJs and lounge around in their underwear. Emily is reluctant at first, but since she kept flashing her knickers during a game Sarah tells her she might as well go the whole hog. Mum is cool with it and even sheds a few layers herself, sitting cross-legged on the sofa in her bra and knickers so she can rest her belly on her legs. Suddenly she’s the centre of attention and the girls take turns in holding the bump.
Tasha’s getting a bit squiffy and whispers something to Amanda, who giggles and darts off to our room. She returns with a wrapped box, similar to the one I gave her. It’s placed in the middle of the floor and suddenly all eyes are on me. Delving into the box I pull out a few gifts, some Blu-Rays, a bottle of aftershave we both like, but there’s a bigger box near the bottom. The empty carton is pushed aside and it looks like this in the main present.
Amanda quickly whispers something to mum, who laughs and nods. No idea what that was about, but I open the last present and immediately piss myself laughing.
“That’s from all of us!” ventures Tasha.

It’s a ‘Mould your own Dildo Kit’, with what looks like extra refills. I would have thought it was a bit of a jokey present, but judging by the looks on their faces, they seem to be deathly serious.
“Not NOW?”
Mum is wetting herself on the sofa, her hand covering her face as she starts going red with suppressed laughter.
“We have to see if it works.” Emily looks like she’d rather be anywhere else, but she gets a reassuring nudge from Tasha, and she brightens up a bit.
“You’re serious. Now?”
“Turn the Twister Mat upside down, saves the carpet.” Mum gets off the sofa and takes the box. She takes it into the kitchen and I can hear cupboards being opened. Amanda gets up

and makes me lay down on the mat, undoes my trousers and exposes me in front of everyone. I won't lie, it was actually embarrassing being this naked and prone in front of all of them at once, and it didn't want to perform straight away, but Amanda grabbed it and started moving her hand. To my shame, it didn't do the trick, so she removes her bra and leans down, putting it in her mouth. All the girls start giggling, but Emily's eyes are like saucers. I have to say, I think Emily's been giving Amanda pointers, as the technique is very familiar. Tasha removes her bra, shortly followed by Sarah, then Christine. Emily doesn't seem to want to and no-one pressures her to do it.
"This stuff is ready!" Mum calls from the kitchen. Amanda take my cock out of her mouth and wipes it off. There's this weird tubular box thing with a sort of condom set into the base. I'm fed though the hole in the bottom (With a hand from Christine) and the air bubbles are smoothed out (Nearly popping my load at the same time.) And then some Vaseline-type grease is smothered over the outside. (Nearly popping again.)

"Okay!" Tasha calls, and mum comes though with one of my mixing bowls filled with what looks like plaster of paris. She looks into he box on my groin and laughs.
"Certainly wasn't expecting to do this today!" Without hesitation, lest I start to soften, she starts pouring around the base, and finally I'm covered, laying there like a pleb with a slab of hardening plaster surrounding my dick.
"How is it?"
"Warm. Very warm." Mum's reading the instructions like they're for a TV.
"It says 'You have to stay hard for about ten minutes, or the mould won't set properly'. How is it doing?" It's weird discussing erections with my mother in front of my sister, my fiancée, their friends and my 13-year old niece, but I reason I've had this dick inside every one of them at some stage, so perhaps shyness is a little late coming.
"I'm good at the moment. I'll let you know."
Mum gives Tasha a look and starts to retreat to the kitchen.
"I'll just… clean this bowl up." And she closes the door behind her. Amanda is on me like a shot, laying down beside me and kissing my chest. Tasha gets on the other side and puts her tongue in my mouth. Sarah and Christine join in when they can, but after a while they dissolve into giggles. Emily takes a breath, and without asking, comes in and starts kissing beside Amanda. I'm not a nipple guy, but when she starts kissing around mine, I don't have any problem staying erect, I even manage to reach a hand around her little bum and play with her pussy outside her knickers. The 10 minutes are up before we realise and is signified by mum banging on the wall. The girls retreat apart from Emily, who has replaced Tasha at my lips and has to be alerted by Amanda giving a very obvious cough. She finally gets up with a 'sorry'. Mum re-enters and we wait a few more minutes for me to calm down enough so the cast can be removed.

It gets taken off and I finally get dressed, Emily getting a sneaky look in before I put the man away. More drinks are offered around and we move to the kitchen. Once again I'm

surrounded by topless teenagers, and I don't deign to look away. I've got less than a week of this left, so might as well enjoy it. Emily is the last to join us and she's blushing all over with her arms across her waist, having finally removed her bra. She gets a smile and a hug from Amanda and mum sets about mixing the latex to pour into the mould. Sarah's phone bleeps from the other room and she goes through to answer it. In a few seconds she's back with a cross look on her face.
"Not coming back?"
"No, a tree came down in their garden and his mother wants him to sort it out."
"But it's pitch black out there!"
"Tell me about it. Cow." I pull her into a hug and try to ignore her breasts squishing against my chest, but it's tricky.
Christine chips in "So it's just us lot for the rest of the night?"
"Looks like it."
She smiles and necks the rest of her beer, then puts it down on the counter top a little harder than she probably intended, then leans down and whips off her knickers in one movement, shouting 'whooo!' as she twirls them over her head and throws them into the hallway. Emily looks shocked, but everyone else just laughs as Christine picks up her bottle again and walks unsteadily to the table where she flumps down in a chair.
"Methinks she's had a bit much, my lad." Mum ventures. Sarah goes to sit beside her, probably to make sure she's ok, as mum announces the mix is ready and pours the latex into the mould. Amanda suddenly gasps and rushes into the front room, coming back a second later with a small bag, containing a couple of plastic things connected to a wire. She hastily inwraps it and drops one end into the latex.
"Vibrating… thingy."
"Mail order. We clubbed together. Plus we got more stuff so we can make more." Amanda says as she holds the wire above the setting liquid.
"Why? Exactly how many replicas of Pete's dick do you want to make?" She shrugs.
"Depends on how many of us want one." There's a chorus of 'yes's from the girls. Then there's a quiet voice from the doorway and a raised hand.
"Can I have one too, please?" Emily looks shocked at herself for speaking, especially in front of mum, who smiles at her maternally. "I'll have a chat with you later, sweetie."

There's a lull in proceedings while the mixture sets, so the girls lose a little interest and saunter back into the front room. The Twister mat is put back up the right way and the girls start playing, with Amanda spinning. There's a several moments when boobs and bums come into close contact with faces and mouths, and given their slightly inebriated state, this invariably leads to kissing, sucking and in some cases, biting. The front room is full of squeals and giggles when Mum beckons me over from the hallway.
"I'm going to hit the sack. I've been on my feet all day and this thing isn't getting any lighter." She gives me a hug and discreet kiss, and she walks off to the spare room. A few

minutes later I realise most of her clothes are still in the front room so I gather them up and leave Emily and Tasha to figure out how to get into their next position.
I gently knock on the spare room door and come in when she says. She's still in her knickers but the bra is off.
"I got your clothes. I'd better get the girls' stuff out of here so they don't disturb you later."
She smiles and lies down on the bed, extending a hand so I kneel down beside her. Without a word said, I lean in and we kiss, slowly, but with a little passion. A hand finds a breast again and I hold it as we separate lips.
"Thanks for a lovely party."
"You enjoyed yourself?"
"Very much. Got interesting near the end. When's your deadline?"
"For settling down? New year."
"So you've got a couple of days?"
"I just hope I can survive that long."
"Well, take it easy, and hands off the little one."
"Don't worry, she's got her head on right."
"Suppose I should too." It's a slightly discomforting statement, especially from her, but she draws me in for another kiss, which I trail down her body, pausing for a little suck on her swollen nipples, then finishing with a tender kiss on my little sibling.
"I'll make sure we keep the noise down." I stand up beside her.
"Don't worry, I can sleep through a tornado."
I start to move but she grabs my hip, makes me turn back slightly. She hooks the waist of my boxers and pulls down the front, my dick springing out. She grabs it gently and gives a few squeezes and tugs. I get hard surprisingly quickly, but she is an expert at this sort of thing. She gets up on one elbow, pops the end into her mouth and gives a couple of long, deep sucks before finally letting me go with a sigh. "Ok, you can go now."
I laugh and turn the light off as I leave. Walking back into the front room, I see some clothes have actually been replaced.
"Something happen while I was gone?"
"Yep, Strip Twister. If you lose, you take something off. I suggested Poker but no-one actually knows how to play."
"Any rules?"
"I'm exempt from taking my knickers off. Emily's under no obligation to remove anything. Agreed?"
"Whatever you say. You're in charge." In more ways than one. I sit beside her as she employs the same trick as mum did, manipulating the girls into varying positions according to her whims. She gets Sarah's boob in Christine's face, Tasha ends up with her face about an inch from Emily's bum, which she gives a small bite,, and when it's my turn, I'm up against Christine, who has lost her knickers, but still has her bra on. I'm completely naked thanks to some deft manipulation from Amanda. Emily is transfixed by what's going on, and looks a little sweaty. Probably due to the heating, but possibly due to other reasons.

Amanda starts off gentle, just moving us around the mat, but soon Christine is in a crab position, with her feet on red and green, and her hands on yellow and blue behind her. Due to the lack of underwear, it looks like she's offering herself to me, and judging by the look on her face, she's more than happy with the situation. I'm crouching on all fours, but with a command of Right Hand Green, I am slowly moved up her body, until I'm directly over her, the tip of my penis perilously close to her pussy. I'm looking over to Amanda as if to ask 'What are you doing?', but she sips her beer and moves Christine down a space. I'm now making contact, her face directly beneath mine, and she's staring into my eyes with a look of conflict. I know she wants me to insert it, but she probably wanted something a little more private for our last tryst. No such luck. I can hear heavy breathing as I look around and those not taking part are staring at our nether regions. Chests visibly rising with the increased air intake. Emily is sitting on her heels, but her hands are between her legs, and there's real movement in her wrists.
"Come on Pete, left foot Green. Chop chop!" Amanda's laughing her ass off as she knows she's torturing me. So I smile back, move my leg and move up. The head parts her lips and the tip enters her.
It's not as tight as before, and there's a gasp as the girls watch me penetrate her pussy. Emily lets slip a little moan and Christine starts slowly pushing up towards me. Amanda simply smiles and I recognise the look on her face. She's getting just as horny as everyone else, but she can't do anything about it. No-one says anything as Christine and I make the tiniest of movements, slowly and discreetly fucking with an audience.
"Christine, Left foot Blue." We're broken out of our reverie as Christine looks for a suitable spot. It doesn't make much difference as I'm still inside her.
"Pete, left hand red." Now that's just unfair. The red spots are under my right side, but as soon as I lift my hand off the mat, I collapse on top of Christine, my dick plunging fully inside her and she lets out a tiny scream, her hands go over her mouth to quell the noise, her eyes wide, but she starts laughing straight away. We lay there for a few seconds, before I look up at Amanda to see what I should do next.
"Well, you're in there now, may as well finish." I sit up on my bum, my legs under me, and Amanda kneels behind Christine and picks her up slightly, resting her friend's back on her thighs. The bra is removed and Amanda starts playing with her breasts. Emily has abandoned all pretence and her hands are in her knickers as she works herself into a frenzy. Tasha sits beside us and starts stroking the area around Christine's belly, before sliding down to start fiddling with her clitoris. Sarah is happy to sit and watch, until she vaults off the sofa and rushes to the kitchen. She returns a moment later with the newly set replica of my dick.

"I get to take it for a test run!" She lays back on the sofa, raises her knees and it's inside her in a heartbeat, accompanied by a buzzing noise.. "Oh fuck, this is good!" With the sight of all this skin, I start to thrust hard inside Christine, she comes hard (and tight) with the help of Tasha but I'm still a way off. As she relaxes under me, Tasha pulls me out of her

(No blood, thankfully) and puts me in her mouth. This is too much for Emily, who has her own orgasm in the corner. I whisper to Tasha I'm coming, and she waits until the last second before removing her mouth, and pumps my cock as I spray all over Christine's body and chest.
It's a few moments before we all come to, Sarah turns off the vibrator and settles into the sofa.
"Can someone get me a tissue. Please?" Christine has a mildly disgusted look on her face, but she's still smiling. Without speaking, Amanda lets her down and moves around, leaning down and starts lapping up the thick white globs. Tasha takes care of my dick, making me semi-solid again, but we're all gobsmacked when Emily crawls towards me on all fours and starts assisting Amanda in the cleaning up.

Eventually, clothes are found and replaced, twister mat put away, and more drinks are administered. We spends a few minutes discussing what we just did, mainly for Emily's benefit (Amanda didn't want her to think all sex will be like this). It's still only about half 10, but we're all exhausted now, so we throw on a movie and settle down. I suddenly remember the extra presents, so dash off to get them. It was basically sexy underwear for everyone, purchased during an embarrassing trip to an Ann Summers shop, the assistant taking great interest in the fact I got 4 different sizes. I just got Emily a few CDs (I asked her mum what she liked) and an iTunes card.

"I would have got you some knickers as well, but I didn't know your size."
"No, this is fine, seriously. Thank you, you didn't have to." But she accepts the gifts with a blush.
Eventually, sleeping arrangements are meted out. It's agreed we shouldn't disturb mum, so It's the normal threesome in my bed, Sarah's happy with the sofa (she hadn't left it since trying out the dildo) and Emily and Christine share the blow up mattress. At last it's bedtime, and we share hugs and kisses before lights out. Finally, I get into bed with a passed out Tasha & Amanda, who looks at me with bleary eyes.
"Going out with a bang?"
"That was completely orchestrated by you, you know."
"I know. Happy Christmas." We share a kiss. I turn around and kiss a sleeping Tasha on the forehead, and the next thing I know, it's morning.

27/12/13 (am)

The next morning it's thumping hangovers and monumental regrets, but only from Emily, who seems to be avoiding eye contact with everyone. Mum was up first, and aside from making breakfast for everyone, she also set about mass producing replica penises from the mould. She even takes the time to wrap them in discreet paper before handing them out. Emily is offered one but in the cold light of day, refuses. Mum tells me she'll slip one in her bag anyway. As the morning drags on, cars arrive to take the various ladies home, and mum takes Tasha and Emily home just after lunch.
I go back to bed for another 4 hours.

28/12/13

I had the foresight to book yesterday off work, but I'm expected in this morning, which turns out to be a complete waste of time as we have exactly no-one through the door all day. Still, give me time to catch up on some paperwork and send a few smutty texts to Amanda. For a variety of reasons, I won't be seeing her again until Tuesday (New Years Eve). In any case, I knock off at 1 and head straight home.
The first sign anything is amiss is when I see mum's car parked in the space next to mine. I get inside and open my door, to be met with a trail of clothes leading from the front door to my bedroom. Looking closer, I notice there's two sets of everything. Two shirts, two bras, two pairs of knickers. I put my stuff down and slowly open my bedroom door. The curtains are closed but there's still enough light to make out Mum in my bed, with Tasha beside her. They're up on their elbows, bodies towards each other but facing me, and as far as I can see, they're under the covers but naked, their bare shoulders and upper chests exposed.
"Er… hello?" They have very seductive expressions on their faces, and mum curls a finger at me, beckoning me over.
"Er, look, I'm as open as the next guy, but this might be a little weird, even for me!"
Tasha's the first to crack, and snorts as she bursts out laughing, mum is quick to follow and they throw back the bedsheets to reveal they're both fully clothed, they've just pulled their arms out of their tops.
"Oh, thank you. Thank you very much!"
Mum gets off the bed and comes over. "I'm glad to see you actually have some standards!"
"Only some?" I get a peck and she leaves the room.
"Why are you guys here anyway?"
"I wanted to come up town and mum said she'd drop me off. I'll be back later, so mum wanted to stick around. That should be ok, shouldn't it?"
"Where's Tommy?"

“At home with dad and everyone. The house thing isn’t going well so they’re still here. Tommy dotes on Emily anyway, so she’s looking after him.” Convenient, for one person at least. She yells bye to mum and leaves. I join her in the kitchen.
“You’re spending a lot of time alone with me lately. You know this?”
“Yeah, I’m aware.”
“Do I need to call anyone? Dr. Jacobs?” She laughs softly.
“Don’t worry, I’m still over that, but since boxing day, I’ve wanted to get you properly alone.”
“Why?”
“Guess.”
“Oh.”
“I need to get it out of my system. If You’re completely serious about being with Amanda, then we need to cut this thing off we’ve got.”
“’We?”
“Ok, me, but I just have to do this or I probably will start fixating on you again, and I don’t want to do that to your father, especially not before the baby’s born.”
“I’m not sure I follow your logic.”
She sighs and gives me a cup of tea.”
“After the other night, where you didn’t ‘keep the noise down’, I’ve been impossible to be around. I need to do something with you and it has to be good enough for me to be happy that’s as good as it’s going to get.”
“Oh. No pressure then.”
“I’ll be gentle. Promise.”
I’m mildly alarmed by how blunt she’s being, but given the increasing sexual tension that’s been bubbling under since Disneyland, I suppose finally getting it off our chests would be good for both of us.
“Ok, so, do you want me to do you on the counter again?” She looks a little hurt, and I apologise.
“No, the bedroom will be fine. Finish your tea, I’ll see you in there.” And off she goes. After all the spontaneous flirting we’ve been getting up to, suddenly being almost commanded into the bedroom doesn’t feel as sexy, or romantic. And I’m not entirely sure I want to. Still, I go into the bedroom and mum’s laying on the bed, having completely disrobed. I start to undress and lay on the bed beside her. Neither of us move in what seems like forever.
“Well?”
“I dunno, it feels odd, doing it like this.”
“We haven’t done anything yet.”
“I know. I just don’t know. This isn’t like before, it’s too…”
“Organised?”
“Something like that. I think the spontaneity of the other times was what made it sexier.”
“It’s not because I’m a blimp?” She’s trying to sound hurt but I’m not buying it.
“Oh, sod off, you know I think you look beautiful pregnant.”

“Beautiful?” She gives me a smile that I haven’t seen before. Mind you, I’ve never called her beautiful before. I roll over onto my side and get up on an elbow, putting a hand on the bump.
“Radiant, even. Stunning. Several other metaphors for your beautifully pleasing visage and appearance.”
“Now you’re talking bollocks!”
“Yeah, but it sounded good.”
At last the mood has lightened and we kiss, not passionately at first, but it slowly builds, until our hands start exploring until they reach their goals. I start to manipulate her clitoris while she gently tugs at my shaft. It’s sexier, but still very functional. This is not leading up to unforgettable sex, especially as my phone starts ringing. I try to ignore it, but once it rings off, it starts up again.
“I’d better get that.” She releases me with a huff. I get out of bed, grab my boxers and head out to the front room. It’s my boss, who’s gone back into the showroom to sort out a minor emergency with a customer, but needs me to talk him through some of the finer details of the account. The curtains are open and I can still see the trees in the park whipping around, even from here. I’m waiting for him to come back on the line when I feel mum coming up behind me. She starts kissing my back and I can feel the bump against my backside as she moves around me and her lips move to my chest. I desperately try to maintain concentration as she gives me an evil grin and drops to her knees. She’s completely naked and while we can’t see any other close building from this far back in the room, it’s still unnerving as she whips down the front of my shorts and swallows my dick in one swift movement.

It’s like something out of Police Academy as she starts sucking me while I’m trying to have a conversation with my boss about an account worth nearly a quarter of a million pounds, but somehow I manage to hold it together, that is, until she takes a deep breath through her nose and I can feel the end of my dick sliding down her throat. Like mother, like daughter. I swear out loud in surprise.
“Shit!”
“Everything ok there Pete?”
“Yeah, yeah, sorry, I stubbed my toe. Sorry again.” I manage to sound almost normal as she starts sliding along the full length, one hand holding my hip, the other I can only guess she’s using on herself. At last, we finish the phone call and I slam the receiver onto the wall mount.
“For fuck’s sake, mum! That was important!”
She slowly extracts my cock from her oesophagus and I help her stand up.
“That’s no way to speak to your mother!”
Her eyes are watering from her having to hold her breath for so long, but it’s done the trick, and I start kissing her with gust as I walk her backwards into the bedroom, she lays on the

bed and I penetrate her immediately. She starts doing her little trick and it's not long before I'm close, but she stops moving.
"Not yet." I also stop moving and let myself calm down, and we lay there for a second or two. This is when the new kid wakes up and starts moving. Suddenly the weirdness factor increases a thousandfold. I'm inside my stepmother, and it looks like I just woke up my unborn half-sibling to boot. Mum starts laughing.
"Your face is a picture!"
"This is a bit weird, mum."
"Calling me 'mum' while we're fucking is weird, 'son'.
"Good point." I start moving again, but the position is a little uncomfortable now. I pull out and roll her onto her side, raising the top leg to 90 degrees (bent at the knee)and straddling the lower one that's still straight, I enter her again, and thanks to the position of her legs, she's twice as tight as before.
"Oh, this is new!" she manages as I start thrusting. It's a comfortable position for me as I'm sitting on her leg, and she's basically resting on her side. "Oh, I really like this one!"
I'm rather chuffed I've managed to teach the expert something, and she doesn't have to employ any trickery to make this feel incredible. Soon, she starts moaning in pleasure. The sex we've had before has been awesome, but I've never heard her make these noises before. It starts to build and I start humping, moving her whole body up and down the bed, and I feel her vagina contract as she has the huge orgasm she was after.
"Inside or out?"
She looks at me blearily. "What?"
"Do you want me to come inside you?" She's better hurry up, I'm getting close.
She shifts her weight and I pull out, letting her get back on her back and raise her knees. I'm inside once more and it's only a few seconds before I'm past the point of no return. It must tell in my face as she waits until the last second before responding.
"Outside." I pull out and grab my throbbing cock, pumping myself for the first time in ages, I aim to shoot my load over her pussy and pubic hair, but I must have had too much dairy and protein lately, as I come harder than I expected and my come splashes all over her bump. Her eyes are closed as she reaches down and starts to rub it over her skin as I finally finish spurting on her, the last drip trickling through her pubes and down her swollen slit.
"Oh, god! Sorry! I didn't.."
"Don't worry, it's good for the skin. Helps with stretch marks."
"Oh, that makes the fact I've just ejaculated over my baby brother or sister so much easier to swallow!"
"This from a man who routinely has sex with underage teenagers?"
"Yeah, but I'm giving that up on Wednesday."
"Well, don't worry, you won't have to do this again."
"Was that good enough?"
"That was pretty fucking good. Where did you learn that position?"

“No idea, just came to me.”
“I’ll have to use that with your..”
“Please, don’t. I’m already going to hell, I don’t need that image to carry me down!” After a few moments I fall off her and lay down at her side. She’s still rubbing the remnants of my come over her skin. She turns towards me and stretches her neck for a kiss.
“Sure you can live without all this?”
“Tasha once talked to me about conflict. That was in March, I think. I can honestly say I’ve had enough conflict for one lifetime.”

We share a shower, which is completely innocent and wholesome, and I help her get her clothes back together, including the decoy apparel, and we time it perfectly as Tasha lets herself in not 5 minutes later. She has a drink, we talk bollocks for an hour, then I get a massive hug and a whispered ‘thank you’ from mum as she leaves me to finally go back exclusively to her husband.

31/12/13

My parents decided to throw a new year's party at theirs, but as it's a very late night thing, there's no point until getting there until late evening, so Amanda and I rock up about 8. It's not a flash party so it's smart but casual attire. I get a handshake from dad, an affectionate hug from mum and another lick from Tommy, who's defying any commands to go to bed. Emily and her parents are still here, but will be leaving in the next couple of days as dad finally managed to get the house sale sorted. Tasha's spent a lot of time with her since boxing day so she's not feeling quite so embarrassed about our shenanigans. She manages to get a moment with me to let me know she found the dildo mum gave her and she's already used it a few times.
"I thought you weren't ready for that yet?"
"It's not real, stupid. It doesn't count!"
I give her a hug and she goes back to her parents. There's not many coming to this, just us lot and some friends of our parents' I don't really know, so eventually, I find myself upstairs laying on Tasha's bed with her and Amanda.
"Last few hours, Pete. Sure you're ready?"
"I've been asked that before. I'm always ready, but then something happens to screw it up."
"Like screwing."
"Yeah. But in my defence…"
They chime in chorus. "…it's never your fault!"
"Well, it isn't. I don't think I ever started anything. It was always one of you lot starting on me."
"Oh yes, and you fought us off with shitty sticks." Tasha leans on her side and puts a hand on my chest.
"This is all your fault, you know. You started this."
She looks mildly affronted. "Me? When?"
"Getting into the shower with me that time. That was how this all started."
"You didn't have to grab my tits."
"You didn't have to grab my dick. And I didn't 'grab' them. I 'washed' them."
"Same old, same old."

We lay in silence for ages, listening to the thump-thump of the music downstairs. Amanda gets up.
"I'm going to get a drink. I'll see you downstairs." She crouches over me and we kiss, she then kisses Tasha, and it's with considerably more passion. And groping.
"What was that?" my sister asks as she licks the errant drops of saliva from her lips. I watch her tiny tongue move before snapping out of it.
"She's expecting you to give up everyone else, so she says it's only fair if she does as well."

I tut. “I told her…”
“I know, but she said she’d feel bad if we did and you didn’t.”
“I didn’t mind.”
“She did.”
Silence again.
“Will you be ok? I know you and Seb…”
She shakes her head. “I’ll be ok. I’ve got my little replica to tide me over until Seb finally realises what he’s ignoring.”
“…little?”
“Figure of speech. I know you’ve got a behemoth in your trousers. Oh lord, I can hardly walk after you’ve put it in me. It’s a miracle I can even see straight…”
“Yeah, alright, sarky!” I jab her in the ribs and she doubles up, turning onto her side. We stop battling and she looks into my eyes.
“You’ve got time for one extra-marital liaison.”
“…and?”
“And I don’t think Emily’s available, or mum.”
It would be stupid of me to think she didn’t know about that.
“We can if you want.”
“If you want.” But I can tell by the look in her eyes, she’s not really keen, and truth be told, neither am I, really. If we did, it wouldn’t mean anything.
We lay there, staring at each other for eternity.
“Fancy another drink?”
“God yes, but nothing alcoholic, I destroyed far too many brain cells at yours.” We kiss, but it’s affectionate father than passionate, and we drag our arses off the bed.

We go downstairs holding hands, and Amanda seems surprised we’ve come down so soon. Tasha smiles at her, shakes her head and goes off in the direction of the drinks table. There’s a slow tune playing so I grab Amanda around the waist and we slowly move together in time with the music.
“Please don’t tell me you didn’t.”
“We didn’t.”
“Why not? I would have.”
“Didn’t seem right, not then. Not just ‘because’.”
“It’s your last chance.”
“I’ll waste it.”
She brings me in close and we say nothing as we move.

It starts to approach midnight, all our glasses are charged and the TV is switched on so we can watch Big Ben chime the hour. Amanda suddenly turns to me.
“I want you to do one more thing for me.”
“As well as give up all that free sex?”

“As well as that.”
“If it’s possible.”
“I want you to…. stop telling everyone what we get up to.”
“I’m not sure I do.”
“Yes you do, you do it all the time. Sarah said.”
“Oh! That! Well, if you’re going to make a good man of me, I suppose I should.”
“I just want it to be between us from now on.”
“Fair enough. Is that another resolution?”
“If you want”.
“So what’s your resolution for next year?”
“I’m going to get Tasha to teach me all her little bedroom tricks.”
It takes me a while to figure out what she means, and it looks like 2014 should be a fun year.
The TV gets turned up and we’re kissing as we hear the chimes start.
“Happy new year.”
Fin