The summer of my seventeenth year, my family – my mother, father and two sisters - rented a cottage in England. That summer, all of our lives, mine in particular, were changed forever.

**Chapter 1**

As I looked out the plane window, watching the sage brown Southern Californian hills of my home disappear into the low clouds, I felt a strange mixture of anxiety, excitement and more than a little resentment.

You see, until about my 16th birthday the previous autumn, I had always been the “husky” kid with glasses that got picked last for every pick-up soccer/baseball/football game played in the neighborhood. But beginning just before my junior year in high school, I made a concerted effort to get in shape. I was the oldest of three – two sisters just behind me in age – Ariel at 15 and Melinda at 13 – and Ariel and my mother had begun using a yoga dvd every day. Partly because I knew I needed the flexibility and strength, and partly because of the lithe yet full-breasted yoga instructor on the screen, I started joining the two of them for 45 minutes of yoga every day.

While the painful positions kept my nether regions from responding to the skin-tight leotard of the instructor on the screen, my body responded to this exercise in a way I hadn’t expected. I began to crave exercise the way I’d previously craved Doritos. I started running just after sunrise every day, followed by Yoga with Mom and Ariel. In the afternoons, I pulled an old weight set my Dad used to use and added pumping iron to my agenda.

The flabby love handles and belly began to disappear, my shoulders began to broaden and I just felt more ‘alive’ than I’d ever been. This combined with about two more inches in height changed my appearance drastically. By the time school started, friends that hadn’t seen me over the summer couldn’t believe the change in my physique.

While the improvement in my body was tangible, inside, I was pretty much the same guy. I was a band geek, not a jock and I hung out with non-popular crowd. I noticed that a couple of the more popular girls smiled at me, where before I had been all but invisible.

Up to this point, sex meant masturbation. I’d never even had a date. In October, however, all that changed when I got my license. With my improved physical appearance, I felt bold enough to ask Cherie Brown if she would like to see a movie with me. Cherie was a pretty, though rather straight-laced girl who sat second chair in the Clarinet section in Band.

We had a good time – we got each other’s jokes, we liked the same music and shared a mutual opinion about the good and bad teachers at school. On our third date, she let me kiss her, chastely, on the lips. On our fifth date, her tongue darted between my lips as we sat in the car outside her house, and we kissed for about five minutes before the porch light came on and she dashed out the door and up the steps. Each time I touched her, my very-ordinarily-sized johnson leaped to attention. Each date with her ended with me spurting into Kleenex in my bed.

As the year progressed, I continued to work on my body and attempted to see more of Cherie’s. Each date, I was disappointed. Finally, after the prom in April, she let me briefly feel her A-cup breast under her shirt (but not under her bra). Prom night, I couldn’t even make it home. I had to pull over to the side of the road and spray my seed into a napkin.

In other words, you can look like a jock, but if you don’t have the confidence (or the pushiness), you’ll still be the same sexually-frustrated teenage band geek you were before. …and frustrated I certainly was…

But Cherie wasn’t my only source of sexual frustration. I wasn’t entirely honest earlier, when I said the instructor in the Yoga DVD was the reason for me to start practicing with my mother and sister. I felt shame over it, and told myself the reason for the thickening of my cock every time I went into downward dog was because of the instructor, but the real reason for my tumescence was that my mom and my sister were hot. Literally and figuratively.

I guess I was fortunate that my schlong was not as large as the ones I saw on the internet. It made it easier to tuck it inside my tightie-whities so that it wasn’t apparent. They each wore as little as possible – in fact, they had a spare room where we could practice, and they put a space heater in there to raise the temperature to about 85 degrees. Sweat pored off all of us.

My sister Arial, though only 15, already had a lovely body. Her hips, clad usually in skin-tight volleyball shorts, had widened delightfully in the last year and the yoga kept her legs and ass smooth and delicious. She typically wore only a sports bra to encase her ripe, round breasts – they were about the size of a half of a grapefruit – and her nipples had a tendency to poke out when she really got warm. …and she got very warm each time we practiced. Her lovely face exuded innocence, especially when she wore her long blonde hair up in a ponytail. She was a walking wet dream to many of the boys in my school, and she was to me too, I’m ashamed to say.

But the shame I felt over my sister was nothing compared to that of my mom. Brenda Paddington was only 36 years old – she had married my father, Sean Paddington when he was 22 and she was in her first year of college and only 19. I came along exactly 7 months after the marriage. She’d been a cheerleader in high school and somehow, despite having three children in six years not only finished her bachelor’s degree in history, but managed to keep her figure in a state of fitness that made most twenty-year-olds envious.

She dressed more conservatively than my sister, usually exercise shorts under a pair of running shorts, and she wore an exercise bra under a t-shirt. My mother regularly got hit on by men of all ages – with or without her children present. One time, a drunk guy even approached her as we all – my dad right next to her- sat at a dinner table in a restaurant.

She was about 5’7”, long auburn hair (which she put in a ponytail when we worked out), with legs that were only outdone by her magnificent butt. Her breasts were large – I suppose they had to be in the DD range – but seemed to be as firm as the rest of her, at least as far as I could tell. She wasn’t skinny, however, nor was she voluptuous – think playboy bunny in the 1960’s, but with more athletic legs and you’ll get the idea.

To make it even worse, my bratty little sister Melinda went through a transformation of her own. Where just last year, she’d been nothing but knees and elbows, now her coltish legs were as shapely as her sister or her moms, her ass had a delightful wiggle when she walked, and her breasts (which she complained about) were peach-sized wonders of adolescent lust.

In other words, I masturbated a lot.

The relationship with Cherie had been good as far as it went, but after the prom, rather than continuing our mutual body exploration, Cherie basically called a halt. She was off to Wisconsin for the summer, where her family had a lake cabin that they went to every year. She told me in early May that she felt we should ‘take a break’ since she would be gone all summer anyway. I was pissed for about a week, when my attitude started to change. Suddenly I began to notice that other girls looked my way and smiled far more than they ever had before – my confidence took a big leap upwards.

So that summer, I planned on taking things to a new level. I was determined to spend much more time at the beach, widen my circle of friends to include girls other than fellow band geeks. If at all possible, I was going to see some naked titties and hopefully, if the gods allowed it, lose my virginity.

Then in May – the last week of school – Mom & Dad made an announcement. Mom had applied for and been awarded a scholarship to make a study of pre-Roman English religous rituals and we would be spending the next three months in England – not returning (for my Senior year) until mid-November.

My sisters were ecstatic, I wanted to cry.

“No way. No way in hell am I going to spend my entire summer in some rainy, damp cramped little cottage and miss the beginning of my senior year in high school for some stupid scholarship.”

Silence.

My mom looked like she might cry, Arial had her mouth open, Melinda hid her giggle behind her hand and my Dad, all 6’2” of him, was furious!

Barely controlling himself, he looked at me like I was the lowest form of pond scum. “Ian,” he said, “you can go to your room and think about what you said. We’ll talk more about this tomorrow morning.” As it was only 5:30 and we hadn’t had dinner yet, I started to open my mouth to whine about it, when I saw that my Dad, who rarely lost his cool, would probably blow his top if I said anything other than “Yes Dad.” …which I did.

**Chapter 2**

So, because I already told you I was sitting on a plane, you know how the conversation went the next morning. It was explained to me that my mother – who had given up her academic aspirations to parent us – had been over the moon with the letter announcing her scholarship, until her eldest child crapped all over everything.

There was a family meeting, a heart-felt apology and I resigned myself to living in a thatched hut staring out at the rain all summer long.

During the long flight (in coach – it wasn’t THAT much of a scholarship), I did my best to try to sleep. Now that I was just over six feet however, there didn’t seem to be any way to get comfortable, so I just tossed and turned in my seat for hours.

I was left with a lot of time to think about what might be – maybe this wouldn’t be so bad, I thought. Maybe the English girls would be less, well, restrictive in their thoughts on sex. After all, I had a chance to remake myself, at least for the summer, into whatever kind of boy I wanted. No one in England knew me as “husky Ian, the band geek.” My shoulders and arms were downright muscular, I had the beginnings of a six-pack on my stomach (instead of a pony keg), and physically anyway, I’d never felt better.

This might be pretty good, I thought to myself. Maybe there will be a neighbor, with some really cool accent who will think that my American – no, my CALIFORNIAN accent is the neatest thing they’ve ever heard and they’ll just flop over legs apart in the nearest hayloft to relieve me of my hated virginity.

As I looked out at the lightening sky, I felt my cock harden as I thought about this mystery girl, who in my daydream looked remarkably like my sister Ariel, unbuttoning her top to reveal two, magnificent, firm, braless breasts. I would bury my nose between them as she ran her hands down my naked chest (where did my shirt go?) and fumble with the belt on my jeans. In my daydream, my cock seemed a lot bigger than it’s 5 ½ erect inches (yes, guys measure their johnsons – all of us – don’t believe anyone that says they haven’t). In my dream, her buttoned top became a buttoned dress and not only was she without a brassiere, she had no panties on either. Her blonde hair was spread around her head as she grabbed my massive erection and rubbed the head of my cock against her soft, wet pussy lips.

In my seat, I adjusted myself so that my hard-on found room to stretch out and as I did so, saw Melinda (who had been asleep in the seat next to me) staring right at my crotch, where my erection was painfully obvious.

“Gross. Stop playing with yourself, you pervert,” she said – in a tone low enough that the whole plane didn’t hear, thankfully.

I gave her my standard reply. “Shut up, twerp,” I said, pulled the blanket up to cover myself and looked back out the window as my cheeks burned. The mystery English girl in my head had disappeared. Just the beginning of a summer with no privacy, I thought, I’ll probably simply explode in a tidal wave of sperm about the middle of August.

By the time we cleared customs at Heathrow and hauled our mountain of bags to the curb, it was probably nine in the morning. Then, after wrestling the bags on and off the rental car shuttle bus, we loaded them one more time into the strange looking minivan that my father had rented for the summer.

After much consultation with maps and two conversations with the very polite older English lady at the counter, we set off northwest on the M40, then on increasingly smaller “A”, the “B” roads that led to our cottage in the Cotswolds town of, I kid you not, Upper Oddington.

I had to admit, I wasn’t expecting it to be so green and beautiful. I’m not sure why I was surprised, maybe because I’d lived in parched Southern California all my life, but I was blown away by the rolling green hills dotted with sheep and cows, pretty little villages made of honey-colored stone. I remember thinking that this might not be so bad after all.

Finally, we arrived in the gravel courtyard of what looked like a farm. It was just about two in the afternoon by this point and we were all completely exhausted. As we climbed out of the car, a young, tanned farmer kind of guy, complete with rubber boots, came around the side of one of the buildings, smiling and holding out his hand to my Dad.

“Mr. Paddington?” he asked.

“Sean, Sean Paddington. I take it you are Seth Leofric?” my Dad asked back.

“None other, your host and neighbor!” He looked expectantly at the rest of us, stretching our legs as we grouped ourselves in front of the car.

“I’m so sorry – please let me introduce my wife Brenda,” Seth immediately stepped over to take her hand and gave it a vigorous shake, which set my mothers breasts to jiggling. …it almost seemed that was his intent, but he was on to the next as my father spoke, “and my daughter Arial and Melinda,” same vigorous shake, same quivering breasts, though less because of the relative size differences. “And this is my son Ian,” crunch, went the bones in my hand as I tried to smile through the quick, fierce handshake.

“You must be exhausted,” he said, furrowing his brow and looking at each of the three girls again before turning to the house in the same energetic fashion that he’d first appeared. Quickly moving to the door of the compact cottage on the left, he opened the door and bellowed “Annie! Annie, they’ve arrived.” He turned back with a grin and said, “Please let me show you to your home away from home!” It seemed like everything he said ended in an exclamation point.

We turned toward what looked like a small converted barn, which turned out to be just that. He opened the door for us and ushered us through, taking care to gently place his hand in the small of my mother’s back, I noticed, as she went in after my father. She looked at him quickly, and while his sunny expression hadn’t changed, her cheeks reddened suddenly.

Inside, we stood inside a large room with two open loft spaces above, each accessed by a short steep stair on either wall. At the back was an open kitchen on the right and what looked like a single a large separate room.

“You can see it will be a bit tight on sleeping – kids on the right in the single beds, parents in King on the left. We have a fully stocked kitchen – Annie even fitted you up with some provisions as a start. On the left is our pride and joy – it’s a luxury bathroom, complete with an extra-large shower, separate bath and a glassed in Sauna that will hold all of you, if you like!” Again, with the exclamation point. This man was nothing if not enthusiastic.

The rest of the space was one big comfortable room – two couches and two easy chairs arranged around a big open fireplace, with a rustic looking table and chairs on the other side.

“Mom,” Ariel started, “you didn’t say we wouldn’t have our own rooms!” This had occurred to me too.

“Hush Ariel,” mom said, “We can talk about this when mister Leofric..”

“Seth, please, Mr. Leofric was my father”

Mom smiled briefly at him, her cheeks reddening again – almost like she was flirting, it seemed “…after Seth leaves.” She finished.

He helped us ferry in all the bags and we put them in the corresponding rooms. Going up into the loft I would be sharing with my two beautiful sisters (which already had me at half-mast, just considering the voyeuristic opportunities sharing a bedroom and a bathroom might bring), I noticed there was no actual door. At the top of the steep stairs, there it was like a three sided box – open at the front where the stairs were, with windowed walls on three sides. Curiously, looking out the internal window, you could see Mom and Dad’s big king-sized bed exactly opposite. There were curtains on the windows, but while the windows facing outside had blinds as well, there were only the sheer curtains pulled back on either side of the interior window.

There were three beds, three small dressers and one small closet. There would be trouble about that one small closet, I could tell already. …and by the time I got downstairs, Seth had exited and the arguing had begun.

“We can’t…”
“He will see…”
“You didn’t way we would…”

I was quiet. I figured this would only get better – Mom and Dad had already paid for the cottage, and while there was a scholarship, it was going to take every penny to live even within THIS kind of accommodation. Upgrading was out of the question – we were here to stay.

**Chapter 3**

The next hour or so, while the girls muttered to themselves, we all set about putting our things away. The beds were comfortable, if a bit on the narrow side. I ended up with the bed next to the interior window, while the two other beds were perpendicular to mine with their headboards against the outside wall on either side of the window.

The other two windows had views that were stunning, if not in the same teasing way that ‘my’ window had. The one looking out between the girls’ beds was a beautiful view of a field and then a wooded area, that ran along a strip at the bottom of the field – probably a stream or small pond, it appeared. At the back of the room, we could see down into a courtyard that adjoined the Leofric’s house. There were lounge chairs, a big table under a tree and what looked like a stone barbecue.

As I brought the rest of the bags in, I took some up to my parent’s loft which mirrored ours almost exactly, except that there was just the one, massive bed beneath the window. Interestingly, my parents would be able to look straight out at the two beds my sisters had (and vice versa). My bed, next to the window as it was, wasn’t as visible.

Even more interesting was the view looking out the opposite window. About 10 yards away, was another picture window – floor to ceiling, and almost directly in line with my parent’s bed was another massive king-size bed, obviously the master bedroom of our hosts.

I was just about to head downstairs, when movement out that window caught my eye. Standing just to the side of the bed, where I hoped I wasn’t obvious, I saw a woman with flaming red hair quickly enter the room, moving directly past the window and lifting a t-shirt over her head as she walked past. Thought it was only for a second, as she paused to get the shirt off and toss it on the unmade bed, her long flaming hair (down to her waist at least) did nothing to hide the fact that she had nothing underneath but a pair of full, alabaster breasts, tipped with nipples that were almost as red as her hair. As quickly as she had come in, she disappeared behind the wall.

I was gobstruck.

Instantly, I backed up a step, partly to stay out of sight, partly to see if the angle would let me see further past that wall. I had another glimpse of her long hair flowing down a naked back – no freckles like redheads often have, then she reappeared in a buttoned shirt and quickly pulled the bed into shape and left the room at the same pace.

My cock was rock hard and I suddenly realized the downside of living in an open space like this – where would I be able to find relief? Hearing my father call my name to come grab another bag, I repositioned myself to make my erection less noticeable, un-tucked my t-shirt and went downstairs.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs (watching my feet carefully on the almost ladder-like steps), I heard a musical voice chime out, “Hello, welcome. Hello.” Looking up, I saw it was the woman whose breasts I’d just seen, she looked at me smiling and said, “You must be Ian, I’m Annie,” and, to my amazement, opened her arms to give me a brief hug that pressed her wondrous chest against me.

I think I just stood there with my mouth open and Annie stifled a giggle, saying “I hope I didn’t embarrass you, Seth is always telling me to be a bit more reserved. Not very English to be so huggy, he says.” Her laughter was like the peal of tiny bells. I shut my mouth and said, “Hello Annie.” At that point, the others came up, led by my father and all received a quick hug by the gregarious Annie. My father flushed like my mom had when Annie pressed her soft, but firm breasts, still without a bra, against his chest.

She was shorter than my mother, so while her breasts weren’t as big as my moms, on her small frame – she couldn’t have been more than about 5’4”, they seemed huge. After hugging each girl, she held them at arm’s length appraising them saying, “Greta will be so pleased to have new playmates. She constantly complains about the lack of girls her age in the neighborhood. She’ll be home from school in about an hour and I know she’s looking forward to making your acquaintance.”

There was one more surprise in store, however, and Annie guided us to it.

“Have you seen the bathroom yet?”

Slightly dazed from her onslaught, we shook our collective heads in the negative.

Taking Ariel’s arm in hers, she walked us back to the bathroom door and opened it.

While the rest of the cabin was nice, it couldn’t be termed luxurious. The bathroom however, was another matter entirely. First off, when you walk through the door, you saw that the entire wall facing the back was glass – completely transparent, no curtains in sight, glass. There were three sinks on the wall facing the kitchen, a small toilet room, a giant tub that would hold at least three people – a Jacuzzi really – an adjoining shower, also glass and the piece de resistance, the entire corner was taken up by a glass-walled sauna.

There was not a curtain in sight.

While we were not a prudish house, we weren’t nudists either. This bathroom seemed to be an exhibitionist’s dream.

“Wh-wh-where are the curtains,” Melinda stammered, echoing all of our thoughts.

“There are none!” Annie said brightly.

We stared.

After unsuccessfully hiding her giggles, she laughed at our expressions and said, “I’m so sorry, I couldn’t resist.” She went to the wall and flipped a switch, and the large window at the end (part of which, made up one wall of the sauna) turned a half shade darker.

“You can see out, but no one can see in – all they see is a mirror. You get to enjoy the outdoors as you bathe, without upsetting the pensioners!” she laughed again.

Melinda immediately ran outside and around the house to the back, where she looked blankly at the glass window and shouted “It’s true, you don’t see a thing!”

…I wondered what would happen if someone flipped that feature off – the difference in shading, particularly at night, would be very slim. Hmmmmm….

**Chapter 4**

The rest of that first day was a blur. We all began to get kind of loopy, as we put stuff away. Annie came back over with a plate of sandwiches for lunch and invited us to dinner in their big farmhouse kitchen that evening. Mom & Dad looked at each other and then, smiling tiredly, agreed.

After bringing in all of the luggage and putting it away, we were all tired and sweaty. Melinda quickly shouted “I’m first” and dashed into the bathroom. My mind, though tired, immediately turned to the voyeuristic opportunity this bathroom presented. Now wouldn’t be a good time, however, since it was still the middle of the day, and standing, staring just outside the bathroom window would be a trifle obvious.

Instead, I went upstairs and lay down. I had a science fiction / fantasy novel I was reading – one with vaguely erotic undertones and scantily clad maidens featured in the cover art. Next thing I knew I woke up, awakened by some noise. Looking around the room groggily, I saw that both of the other beds were occupied, presumably by my sisters. Looking out ‘my’ window I didn’t see anyone downstairs, but a flash of movement in my parent’s window caught my eye.

The room was darkened – the outside blinds were closed – but the interior window had the sheer curtains drawn only part way across.