**Keep it in the Family**

by Isabella

I thought I knew everything; I never listened to my parents about anything, ignored all the best advice from my teachers, I was fourteen years old, the queen of my class, the queen of my year. Hell the queen of my entire school, I was the best dressed, had the best figure and was the prettiest girl in my school, all the boys shit themselves if I even looked in their direction, the only drawback to my life was, well let me tell you all the story!

I'm Amanda, like I said, fourteen years old; I lived in a very small village in Nottinghamshire, there's no one else in my village anywhere close to my own age so most of the time I'm very lonely, my dad works an eighty hour week and my mother is a dedicated socialite, so I spend most of my time reading, listening to music or watching TV, always alone. I think I over compensate when I'm at school, I try extra hard to make friends but I think there is something like jealousy going on because I'm so perfect people tend not to really like me, oh yes, to my face they pretend to like me but I've never been invited to a sleep over, birthday party or disco in the three years I've been at that school.

My school is in a small town called Bingham, it's a bit of a one-horse town but it does have around ten thousand people living there and around seven hundred kids. I heard, well over heard really, that there was a disco at the youth club, it was a Friday night so there was no school the next day, I wouldn't be able to get home and back to Bingham, the school bus would have taken me home but there was no public transport to get me back, I phoned my mother, asked her if she would be in later to give me a lift back to Bingham so I could go to a disco at the youth club, she had an appointment in town, she would be leaving our village before the bus got me home and wouldn't be back until after midnight, "Have you asked your father?" She asked, I just laughed, we hadn't seen my dad all week, she hadn't even missed him, "He's in Holland until Sunday!" I said. There was a long silence, "I'll ring the dress shop on the High Street, tell them to let you buy a new outfit and shoes on my account just this once, and I'll tell Bingham private hire to bring you home after the disco, how's that sound?" I mumbled an "OK!" Back at her and hung up the phone.

I almost ran from school to the shop that mum had her account at, I needed to get a new outfit and get back to school to lock my uniform in my locker before they locked the school building at five o'clock, it was quite hot outside so I decided on a mini-halter dress, the shop didn't have a halter bra in my size, or should I say that they didn't have a halter bra in any size, they offered me a bra with clear plastic straps, but that looked totally naff so I decided to risk wearing the dress with no bra at all, I had a small body but, well, let's say, thirty-four 'D' really needed a bra to support it but I was young and my breasts were firm enough not to sag too much, I'd just have to be careful not to dance too energetically or my tits would definitely escape from the flimsy material of my new halter dress, it would also get very uncomfortable having them swinging about too much.

I knew that I would have to make sure I was home before mum and would have to hide the dress, I'd get the last new thing that dad brought me and put that out to be washed, she'd never know the difference. I was surprised and disappointed at the disco, the music was good but there were like thirty girls there and I was very much the oldest one there, there were also six mothers acting as chaperones even though there were, like no boys at all there all night, there were four or five boys from the primary school, ten years old at the most but they didn't count, I was so disappointed, the guy playing the great, and mostly wasted, music was the only thing worth looking at.

At nine o'clock the DJ announced the last record, brilliant, the perfect end to a very disappointing time for me, I had, admittedly, overly large expectations for a small town disco, but I expected better than this. I was looking for a public phone to ring the taxi firm my mum had called and authorized a credit card payment in advance to take me home, I could just imagine the driver laughing at the way I was dressed for the baby disco at the youth club when Darren, the DJ asked me if I'd like to grab a coke with him after he'd finished packing away his equipment and records. The last tune was a ten-inch single which would run for around ten minutes, Darren pulled me onto the dance floor and we danced the last record until all that was left was the scuffing sound as the needle kept going around the run-off area at the end of the record. I hadn't realized that dancing with a boy would be different to dancing alone in my bedroom but it was, we kept bumping into each other, I was sure that Darren wasn't doing it deliberately because all the mothers were watching us like hawks. When the music ended Darren told me to go for a walk around the block while he put his records away and not to come back until all the kids and their mothers had left.

I must have been mental but I walked around for ten minutes until I saw the trickle of people leaving the youth club come to an end and then I went back in. Darren had packed most of his equipment into an old transit van, when I went back into the hall there was just one deck, one amp and one speaker left, there was an LP of slow dance music playing and Darren and a youth leader were sitting at a table with three bottles of coke chatting, as soon as Darren saw me he leapt to his feet and rushed over to me and started dancing with me. I noticed one bank of lights after the other being turned off until the hall was in almost total darkness, the leader; a man in his thirties had locked the main door and turned all the lights off except one small light over the emergency exit. I watched as the older man walked back and sat at the table with the three cokes on it, he disappeared into total darkness.

Darren soon started to kiss me; this was the very first time I had been close enough to a boy to let him kiss me, not counting cousins and other assorted relatives. I loved the feeling of intimate contact, our bodies were pressed together and our lips ground together in the first real kiss of my life, Darren guided me to the little spot of light on the floor just in front of the emergency exit. Darren was taking liberties, his hand kept wandering to my breast, on the outside of my dress of course, I left it there for a few moments before brushing it off, he also kept pressing his erection against my stomach, this, I have to admit was a real eye opener, I had heard girls at school talking about boys cocks when they thought I wasn't listening but I had absolutely no idea what they were on about until I felt Darren's monster pressing hard against my stomach.

I allowed Darren to leave his hand on my breast a little longer each time he felt me up; the youth leader had disappeared from my mind, even if he hadn't disappeared from the actual room. Darren danced me slowly over to the emergency exit, we were dancing directly under the only spot of light in the room, Darren turned me so that my back was against his stomach, his right hand reached around my throat and he tightened his grip, he used his thumb and forefinger to turn my head up and to the left, I was looking directly at the spotlight as Darren started to kiss, bite and suck on my neck and shoulder. I had never in my life felt anything like it, every muscle in my body started to spasm gently; I was shivering all over like it was ten degrees below zero in the hall.

Darren rested his left hand on my left hip and started to stroke my side in a circular motion, his hand slipped off of the material of my halter dress and onto bare skin, his fingers carefully lifting the material so that as his hand continued its circular stroking, it was slipping further around onto my bare stomach under the material of my dress. All the time Darren was taking my mind off of what his left hand was doing by squeezing tighter on my throat and working his mouth expertly against my neck and throat, and pressing his cock against the small of my back.

The next time I thought about Darren's left hand was as it lifted up to cup under my breast, I didn't want to stop him, I was feeling absolutely fantastic and wanted the feeling to go on forever but deep, deep down inside I knew that it was up to me to stop Darren's wandering hand before it went too far, it felt like I was snapping out of a trance as I grabbed Darren's wrist and pulled it out from under the front of my dress, Darren let go of my throat at that moment and my head fell forward back to its normal place and I got an almost electric shock, the youth leader was just inches away from me, it looked like he was moving in to kiss me, the look of shock and fear on my face must have registered on the older man because he suddenly stopped in his tracks, it still looked like he was about to kiss me then he cleared his throat, "The caretaker will be here any moment to make sure the room is locked up!"

I heard Darren say "Fuck!" under his breath and then he was gone, striding away from me towards what was left of his disco equipment. Darren looked at me over his shoulder, "You pick up the few records that are left please!" Then he looked at the older man "And can you bring the speaker out?"

As I carried half a dozen records out through the emergency exit I was thinking to myself, "Damn, why did I stop Darren playing, they are only tits after all, and wow! It felt soooooo good!" I didn't understand exactly what the youth leader was up too but at the back of my mind I thought that I might just have been the filling in a sex sandwich, I wouldn't have minded at all whatever Darren wanted to do but I didn't relish the intervention of a man almost old enough to be my father. I shivered again, not in a good, sexy way, I had just thought about sex and my father in the same thought, and that sent a very cold shiver throughout my body. Darren loaded everything into the tatty old transit van, then the older guy said, "See you next month Darren" he looked at me "I hope I see you sooner!"

I had expected the older man to be the driver of the old van but Darren opened the passenger door of the van, "Want a lift someplace?" Darren asked me, I froze, just how old was Darren, I had thought fifteen or sixteen but if he was driving such a big van he had to be at least eighteen, it kind of explained how he was so confident and so good at getting, well, getting into my top and driving me almost out of my mind with desire. "Well, okay then, if you'd prefer to walk!" Darren said at my apparent reluctance and he started to close the door again, I had to burst out of my torpor and move quickly to get into the van before the door was closed. I directed Darren to my house, he didn't pull onto the drive but parked on the road a few yards past the drive, we sat and kissed for a while in the van before Darren asked if there was anyone home, he couldn't see any lights on in the house, when I told him that there was no one home he smiled, "Your folks got any booze?" I shrugged my shoulders, "I don't know, there's usually something around!" Darren's smile broadened, "Well?" "Well what?" "You gonna invite me in or what?"

Darren followed me into the house and while I found a glass he searched through my parent's music selection and found a CD of romantic, smoochy, music which he put on a low heat. He took the glass from me and searched through the drink's cabinet, he poured around a triple measure of vodka into the glass, I had a bottle of Coke which I planned to drink from the bottle, Darren took a little of my coke and topped his glass up. There was always a small table lamp on in the living room after dark, Darren turned the main light off and then he grabbed me and started to dance with me as he drank his vodka and coke, it took around three tracks for Darren to drain the glass dry, then he took my coke off of me and put the bottle down on the side, now he was dancing with me very close, as we danced he was exploring my bare back, then feeling for a catch at the neck of my halter top, there wasn't one, to put the dress on I had fastened the waist band and then bowed my head forward and pulled the neck band over my head. During the next two records Darren was kissing me passionately, using his tongue in my mouth, no one had ever kissed me in that way in all of my life to that point. I was spun through one hundred and eighty degrees so that my back was pressing against Darren's chest, he pulled me hard against him and I felt his hardness pressing against the small of my back, he wrapped the fingers of his right hand around my throat, he didn't squeeze too tightly, just a little pressure, but enough to frighten me, I could feel from the power in his fingers that if he had wanted to harm me he could have easily done it, with his thumb and forefinger he tilted my head up toward the ceiling and began to bite, suck and kiss my neck and up to my ear. I was so connected to what his mouth was doing to me, I could feel my stomach doing somersaults, I didn't know exactly what I wanted him to do to me but I knew that I wouldn't be able to resist anything he wanted to do to me, I almost missed it as he slipped his left hand under the front of the halter top of my dress and cupped my left breast. I knew that I should have slapped his hand away as soon I realized what he was doing to me but there was no way that I had that much self control.

We had stopped any pretence at dancing now, Darren had my left breast firmly in his left hand and he was working it as if it were a rubber exercise ball, he was still expertly working my neck, ear and shoulder with his mouth while still controlling my head with the tight grip of his right hand while rubbing his hips up and down against my back so that he could get a bit of friction on his cock between his stomach and the small of my back, I knew exactly what he had in mind now, I didn't have any knowledge of the mating rituals of teenage boys and girls but I had lived in the country all of my life, I knew what a dog on heat wanted, I also knew what a bitch wanted too, now even more than ever before in my life. Darren started to move my head forward, I managed to get a weak "No, please don't!" Out of my mouth, Darren could easily tell from my breathing that I was on the edge, I knew I was on the edge too, he knew the edge of what but I didn't, I thought that I knew everything but in my whole life up until that point I had never explored my own body, I had reached the age of fourteen without discovering any of the pleasures of my body. Darren kept pushing my head forward until the front of my halter dress fell loose, then Darren let go of my left breast and slipped his left hand up to my neck and slipped the strap of my dress over my head and then he let my head return upright again. Darren turned me to face him, I brought my arms up to hide my breasts from him but he pulled me hard against him again and forced my arms down as his mouth covered mine again, I wasn't so self conscious because as he kissed me he closed his eyes and I relaxed again and surrendered to his kiss once again.

It was only a few seconds until I felt Darren's hands between our bodies, I expected him to start playing with my breasts but he didn't, he was un-buttoning his shirt, which he pulled off and threw on the floor without breaking his kiss with me. He made a big thing about rubbing his chest from side to side, pulling me hard against him so that my breasts were mashed against his chest, I felt his fingers searching out the fastener at the waist band of my dress, I again managed to squeeze out a weak "Please don't!" but I felt the waist band of my dress slacken off and the whole thing fell to the floor, Darren had started to dance with me again and he danced me out of the pool of dress material that was puddling around my ankles, now I was dancing in just my panties, fortunately Darren was still dancing so close to me that he couldn't see much of my body and after a few seconds of tension I again relaxed, I missed a step somewhere, there was a warm, hell hot spot on my stomach, I couldn't see it but I knew that Darren had opened his trousers and now his hard cock was pressing against my bare stomach, his hips shook and his trousers fell to the floor.

Darren was now steering me over to the sofa, as the backs of my legs touched the hard material of the front of the sofa I realized just how close I was to loosing my virginity, I suddenly found my voice, "No, I can't do it!" Darren was still pushing me backwards, "I'm not going to rape you if you don't want me to fuck you but at least help me out, it's your fault that I have this!" He stepped back from me, looked down my body and lifted his hard flesh in his hand so that I could see it in its full glory, "A blow job would be great but just a hand job if you can't bring yourself to go down on me!" I was starting to get nervous again, not so much at the prospect of sex or the other two things he had asked for, the stupid thing that was frightening me or making me feel uneasy was that he was looking at my almost naked body.

In a split second my mind was off on a wander, it seemed like an hour but the thoughts that flashed through my mind went past in a few seconds, why was I so up-tight about my body or his for that matter. My mum and dad slept in separate bedrooms, both had on-suite bathrooms and, apart from when they had sex to produce me I guessed that they had never even been together in the same bed. I had never seen either of them in a state of undress and I doubted that they had seen each other in the nude either, I couldn't remember ever seeing them kiss each other either, and after the age of around six I can't remember my mother seeing me undressed and my father had never seen me undressed in my life as far as I could remember, I seriously doubt he ever did anything so human as change my nappy when I was a baby.

Darren's fingers had slipped into the waist band of my panties while I was away with the fairies and before I could move a finger to stop him he had pulled them down to my knees and was pushing me back again onto the sofa; I was unprepared and crashed down backwards onto the sofa. I didn't know how to fight him off, I didn't think I really wanted to fight him off really, he took my hand and put it on his cock, he wrapped his fingers around my hand closing it on his cock and he started to pump my hand back and forth on his cock, then he leaned forward and started to kiss me again, this time he was kissing all over my breasts as well as my neck and mouth, he was going mad, not angry mad, crazy mad, he was breathing heavily and as my hand pumped back and forth on his cock he was rubbing himself and my own hand against my thigh, he fingers started to force their way between my legs and I felt my whole body light up as his fingers found the inner folds of my vagina. "You gonna give me a blow job or what?" he asked.

I knew what a blow job was, had heard girls talking about sucking a guy's cock, Darren's cock felt far too big for me to get in my mouth but if he really wanted me to, I'd give it a try, the question was proven mute as it turned out, just as I was about to slide down the seat of the sofa to get my mouth in position to take his cock the living room was illuminated by my mother's car's headlights, Darren said, "Fucking hell!" out loud, I gasped the same statement inwardly, Darren had just started to push me into what I now know is an orgasm, something, wow, totally new to me. I could tell that Darren was torn between climaxing in my hand and getting caught in the nude with me and running out still in a state of frustration. Discretion being the better part of valour, Darren grabbed his clothes up and ran through the kitchen, still in the nude, he looked back at me at the door, smiled and then skipped out into the garden trying to pull his trousers on as he ran.

I was suddenly galvanized into action, grabbed my dress and panties and ran past the front door just as my mother's keys rattled in the lock; I made it to the top of the stairs just as the door opened. I stood still as a statue, my heart was beating so hard I was sure that my mother would hear it all the way at the front door, I got another shock, there was a man's voice, "Are you sure that your daughter is in bed asleep?"

"Shhh!" my mother walked into the living room, fortunately the CD had stopped, the HI-Fi was still turned on but we often left it like that. I took my opportunity to walk as slowly and as quietly as I could to my bedroom, I just managed to slip into bed having thrown my new dress under the bed. I just pulled the duvet past my ear as my door opened, "Amanda darling, are you sleeping!" I made a stifled grunt and turned onto my back then took a deep breath and pretended to be deeply asleep.

My mother left my bedroom door ajar by an inch or so, I was able to follow the sound of her footsteps as she walked back down stairs, there was a muffled exchange of words and then the sound of the same CD that Darren had played to help him seduce me, then the sound went almost completely as the living room door was closed. I was trying to put a face to the voice I had heard talking to my mother when they arrived but I couldn't, I don't think I had ever heard that voice before in my life. Something inside of me made me suddenly curious, if the same situation had occurred just a few hours earlier, before I had met Darren and felt the opening up of my sexual world for the first time I would have just turned over and gone back to sleep, but now I wanted to know what was going on, I wanted to know everything eventually but for now I was just fixated on what was going on in my living room.

I slipped out of bed and walked on my 'tip-toes' all the way down the stairs, I hadn't thought what I was going to do once I got to the closed living room door, would I press my ear to it and listen or would I march right in and challenge whatever was going on, I had absolutely no idea. I noticed a chink of light in the kitchen; I was suddenly reminded of the look on Darren's face as he stood momentarily, totally naked, the first male I had ever seen nude, a look of resigned disappointment on his face but still a beautiful smile for me before he took off into the darkness. The door from the dining room into the kitchen had been closed but there was a chink of light coming through the serving hatch door which looked to be open around an inch.

I couldn't see anything, the serving hatch went through the wall from the kitchen to the dining room, there was a full width opening through into the living room from the dining room, I tentatively pushed the door open another inch, followed closely by another, I stopped as my mother and the man danced past the opening to the dining room, they were kissing passionately, I was shocked, I had never seen my mother in such a close embrace with anyone before, not even my father but I had definitely not seen her kissing another man and so passionately too, there was no doubt in my mind that they were exchanging saliva via deep tongue exchanges, suddenly the man broke his kiss and turned his face towards the serving hatch, it looked like he had heard me in the kitchen but apart from the pounding of my heart I was making no noise at all, standing in the total darkness of the kitchen, then his nostrils flared as he sniffed up some kind of scent, like a dog scenting it's pray in the air, his face broke out into a smile and I suddenly recognized him.

I had only seen the face a few times before, he was a newcomer in the village, I had never had a chance to talk to him, I had only seen him through the window of his huge four-by-four car as he sped onto his drive on the opposite side of the lane from our house, all I knew about him was that his name, his car number plate was 'STU 412 T' but it had been placed on the plate to spell out 'STUART'. He pulled away from my mother slightly and started to unbutton her blouse, all the time he was unbuttoning her blouse he kept looking in my direction and smiling. It looked a little strange, Stuart had the looks of a fading sixties pop star, he was fifty something with spiky platinum blond hair with a rat-tail at the back that was about six inches long, my mother was around thirty to thirty-five, I didn't know because her age was never mentioned, I guess my dad's age was somewhere in between the two.

My mother was now standing with only her bra covering her breasts and they took off dancing again, my heart had been pounding before but watching the seduction unfolding in front of me had made it race to the point that I thought I was about to pass out. I quickly opened the doors of the serving hatch fully, just in time, the door was still moving as my mother and Stuart reappeared in the dining room, my mother was now totally topless as was Stuart. Just as it was when Darren and I were dancing, Stuart and my mother's dancing was just a ruse for Stuart to seduce and undress my mother, Stuart was making a big thing of playing with my mother's breasts, she was a forty inch 'D' cup, I knew it well as part of my chores was to help mum with the washing and ironing, I also knew because it was one of the areas that I took after my mother, I was only fourteen but I was already a thirty four inch 'D' cup myself.

I couldn't believe the things that were happening in my life in just one twenty four hour period, I had discovered boys, big time, and Darren had opened my eyes to sex, I had found out that my mother was actually a sexual person, unfortunately not with her husband, my father, but very sexual none the less, I was jolted back to the present moment, my mother was rubbing her hand up and down over Stuart's cock on the outside of his trousers, his cock was huge, three or four times bigger than Darren's cock. There was great passion in Stewart kissing and touching my mother but he kept looking towards the open serving hatch, I suddenly realized that he may have remembered that the first time he pressed my mother's bottom against the table in the dining room the hatch was almost closed but now both doors were wide open. I was still sure that he couldn't actually see me but it was spooky how he could look directly into my eyes even though there was no way he could see me, a good thing too, because there was yet another first in my life, the first time I could remember being nude in any room in the house apart from my bedroom or my bathroom and here I was in the kitchen, stark naked and another first, I seemed to be peeing myself slowly as there were two streams of liquid, a little thicker than pee, running down the insides of my thighs.

My mother's skirt falling to the floor wasn't so much of a surprise, after all Stuart had been fiddling with the catch and zipper for a while, the big surprise was the knickers she was wearing, I usually plumped for bikini brief panties, mum usually went for plain white, full waist, full legged M&S passion killer knickers, the ones that popped into view as her skirt fell to the floor were blood red, high legged with only a half inch side panel. I had washed all of my mother's clothes many times but this was the first time I had seen her with anything close to that sexy. I was focusing so closely on my mother's sexy panties that I missed Stuart's trousers falling to join my mother's skirt on the floor but when my eyes flicked over and saw, 'Wow!' I had seen the outline of Stuart's cock through his trousers; I had seen it was huge but now, **'WOW!'** It looked even bigger now that it was out in the open; my mother's fingers curled around it and began to massage it back and forth, it was such a turn on, to see my mother playing with this man who was almost a total stranger, there was something a little unusual too, his cock had a halo if course ginger hair around it, nothing too unusual about that I guessed but as I was the only ginger haired person for about ten square miles it was unusual to suddenly be confronted by a man with the same coloured hair as me, the hair on his head was actually blond but I guess men as well as women can use bleach and hair dye. My mother's hair was auburn but she always used a henna wash to make it look a little redder, my dad's hair was true blond, he had deep blue eyes, he was definitely of Viking descent.

I knew that I had watched too much already, if I was any kind of human being I would go back to bed and let my mother commit adultery in peace but this was a part of my education that I had neglected for far too long, I had literally shit myself earlier when Darren started to seduce me, I had been so confused, I had wanted him to go all the way but I was just too frightened, I had never seen my parents being 'friendly' with each other so I didn't even know the protocol when it came to kissing a boy, the whole, 'closed eyes or open'. I knew now how adults kissed, I had seen my mother and Stuart kissing for almost an hour, I had convinced myself to go to bed and leave them to 'it' but as I was trying to break the roots holding my feet firmly to the spot I saw Stuart pulling the back of my mother's panties down, as he did it my mother leaned back against the table and pressed her bare bottom against the table cloth, Stuart said nothing, my mother was playing through her moves in her own mind but Stuart stood watching her proudly, only occasionally turning to look in my direction. As soon as my mother's back touched the table she lifted her legs off of the floor and at the optimum moment Stuart pulled her panties off in one swift movement.

Yet another shock for me, I had expected a large bush of wild auburn hair to spring into view but I was wrong, her pussy mound was more like mine was when I was six years old, totally bare, "Mmmm! I see you knew what to expect tonight, nice and ready for me!" Stuart said as he rested the palm of his hand on top of her mound with his fingers toward her stomach and his thumb perfectly placed to flick across the sensitive spot that Darren had pressed on me earlier, my mother's response was a lot greater than mine was, in a fraction of a second only the back of her head and her bottom were touching the table as her back arched off of the table, she was gasping for air and she started to throw her head from side to side, Stuart masturbated her for five minutes before letting her calm down and rest, her body had an all over sheen of sweat covering it. After mum got her breath back she gathered her knees with her forearms and pulled them hard against her breast, "Now fuck me for God's sake, it's been fifteen years since I had a man in me!" Yet another shock for me, I knew there must have been a reason my mother's newfound sexuality came as a surprise to me but I hadn't realized that she hadn't had sex since she was pregnant with me, what the hell could have gone wrong between my mum and dad all those years ago to make them stop loving each other.

Stuart turned my mother like she was weightless, the tablecloth she was sitting on slipped easily on the highly polished table top, he moved her until her shoulders were resting right on the edge of the table and her head was hanging out in free space, her pussy was pointing directly at me and then Stuart moved so that he was standing in front of my mother's up-turned face, he pressed the head of his cock against her lips and she opened up to allow him to push it into her mouth. Stuart managed to get around four inches of his cock into her mouth before it stopped, he was pushing so hard that mums body was sliding along the table in my direction until the back of her head caught the edge of the table and there was a muffled sound of her choking, "Come on, I taught you how to do this when you were ten years old, don't tell me you forgot already, when it hits the back don't fight it, just swallow!"

My mother managed to slip his cock out of her mouth; "I've had no practice since you went to America!"

Stuart stopped her saying anymore by pushing his cock back into her mouth, I watched the same four inches slip in and then my mother's throat started to move up and down rapidly as she was swallowing in an exaggerated manner, Stuart suddenly moved forward with a jerk and my mother grew an instant ginger beard. Stuart's cock was easily ten inches long and at least eight inches in circumference or more and my mother now had the whole thing buried in her throat, I had never tried sucking a cock so I didn't know how difficult it was to achieve but I guessed that it was quite a feat on my mother's part to take it all in.

I was kind of fixated on the mouth/cock action going on but I kept flicking my view from that to Stuart's face, there was a look of sheer pleasure on his face but his eyes were fixed on the opening in the wall that I was watching through, my mother's body looked very uncomfortable, her knees pulled onto her chest with her forearms wrapped behind her knees, then Stuart told her to open up for him, she slipped her hands down so that her fingers were either side of her pussy lips and she pressed her fingertips against her labia and she pulled her lips open. Stuart had an even wider smile on his lips as he bent forward and began massaging her clitoris with the tip of his index finger, the inside of my mother's vagina was a delicate shade of coral pink until her body began convulsing, jerking wildly on the table as a climax washed over her, and there was a sudden flash of deep blood red between her legs brought on by her orgasm.

"Do you think little Amanda has been on the table like this yet?" Stuart asked, he eased his cock out of mum's mouth so that she could fill her lungs with fresh air.

"I seriously doubt that, she hasn't had a man like you around the house yet!"

Stuart laughed out loud; "Well my balls are full to the brim, where should I dump it, over your tits, in your mouth, up your ass, in your cunt or in Amanda?"

"I want it all in my cunt this time; it's been far too long since I felt a river running out of my pussy!"

I felt myself blush all over at the mention of my name, something deep inside of me wanted me to masturbate but I knew the sound of me doing it could give me away, especially if I was even only ten percent as noisy as my mother was when she climaxed. Stuart turned my mother again so that she was lying along the length of the table and her bottom right on the edge of the table, there was little ceremony, Stuart just pointed the head of his cock at her pussy and lunged forward causing mum to gasp in pain. I checked the time on the cooker clock, it was almost two am, I had been watching my mother and Stuart for almost ninety minutes then my attention was brought back to the fucking on the table. Stuart was grunting out a string of filthy words as he climaxed, "No don't pull out, put it all in me please!" my mother begged.

It had looked like Stuart was about to pull out but then he fell forward on top of my mother knocking the wind out of her lungs. Stuart turned my mother once again and told her that she had to clean him off, he stood in front of her face again and she began to lick him all over his lower body and cock, "Open up for me again!" Stuart told mum, once again she used her finger tips to open her pussy, there was a river of Stuart's cum literally running out of my mother's pussy, Stuart pulled her legs hard back against her chest and trapped her feet against his chest, then he began rapidly massaging her clitoris again, she leaped to another climax and something really strange happened, the river of cum stopped flowing out of her pussy, then it began to receded back into her body, her pussy was drinking his cum up into her stomach.

My fingers were pressing hard against my own clitoris, I daren't massage though, my legs were already trembling, I closed my eyes to fully experience the start of a tiny orgasm brought on by pressure alone. I opened my eyes dreamily, Stuart already had his shirt on and was pulling his trousers up, I had to move quickly if I didn't want to be caught in the nude in the kitchen with wet lines down my inner thighs reaching all the way to the floor. I made it to the top of the stairs and stopped, my mother was still in the nude as she stepped into the hall and opened the front door, they kissed on the doorstep, then Stuart said, "How often do you see Victoria's lad?"

"I've not seen him since he was three or four years old!"

"Oh! I thought that was his van over there!"

I tip-toed to my room and peaked out of the curtain, Darren's van was still outside in the lane in front of the house. I heard Stuart say, "Don't forget it's my house warming party on the Bank Holiday, Just three days time, if your old man isn't home come over, and remember to bring Amanda. I'd love to meet her!"

Then Stuart walked across the drive, he looked in the windows of Darren's van and was happy that it was empty, he looked back at mum, "He must have dropped his disco kit off early ready for the party…", he saw that Darren's van was carefully parked outside our house, then he looked to his own house and shook his head, ",,,he's probably got the wrong night as well as the wrong house!"

I could hear him chuckling all the way to his own front door.

I heard my mother climb the stairs; I slipped back into bed and covered myself again, my door opened slightly, "Amanda, are you awake?" I ignored her and she went to bed, I listened for all movement to stop and then I quickly pulled on my nighty and dressing gown and went back down to the kitchen as quietly as I could, in the yard I found Darren, my parents were so 'super paranoid' that once in the back garden Darren couldn't escape, I had to let him back into the house and he was on me in a flash, kissing me and trying to get his hands into my nighty, "God I saw everything, your mum is a hot, horny, bitch, I want to do you right now!" As Darren kissed me and fondled in my clothing I was walking towards the front door all the time, "Amanda, what's going on down there?" My mother called down from the top landing, I told Darren I was sorry and pushed him through the front door. "I thought I heard something, thought there was someone at the front door but there's no one there!" I called back up to her.

I straightened the front of my dressing gown back down and composed myself, I walked back up the stairs, my mother was still on the landing when I got up there, she had a silk kimono styled dressing gown loosely tied around her, "I think it was me coming home that disturbed you, sorry darling!" my mother said as she leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek, "God you smell!"

"Thanks mum, it's too hot and I'm all sweaty!"

"I know it's late but you really do have to take a shower before you go to bed!"

I slipped into my bathroom and quickly into the shower cubicle, my mother followed me in to the bathroom a few moments later, she had an arm full of her clothes which she dumped into the linen basket, I was still in the shower cubicle, my mother had never been in the bathroom with me since I was very young, I thought she would dump her washing and leave but she didn't, she sat on the toilet and I heard the sound of her peeing, all too many firsts for one day.

"I met someone from my past today at the book club!" my mother said, "I've not seen him in almost fifteen years and guess what, he's moved in right across the road!"

My mother had finished peeing and even flushed the toilet, I looked over my shoulder expecting to see the bathroom empty but mum was still sitting there, her dressing gown was open and she just seemed to be staring into space, I had finished my shower but I didn't want to step out into the bathroom while she was still sitting there.

"He's asked me to go to his house warming party on Monday night if your father isn't home by then, and he asked me to take you with me because he'd like to meet you, his name is Stuart and he's actually very important to me!"

"Okay! Is there any chance of a little privacy now so I can get dried?"

"Oh stop being so prissy and get out of there!"

I froze for a moment, Darren had been biting and sucking my neck and I could see through the steamed up mirror in the shower that my neck was badly marked, in the morning I would have to find some thick foundation cream to cover my marked neck but I couldn't do anything like that now, I was in the shower and totally nude.

My mother picked up a towel and held it out to me; I managed to wrap it around my body without her seeing anything of it or my neck. I could see that there was something else that my mother wanted to tell me but she was putting it off, I realized that she was waiting also for me to mention something about her semi-nakedness her dressing gown hanging open at the front and because of the size of her breasts it fell open very wide, as I dried myself I kept trying to turn so that I couldn't see her but she kept moving around so that she was soon back in my sight. Finally she said, "Have you noticed anything?"

"Like what?"

Mum looked down at her pussy, "Oh that, I guess it's a good way to keep cool in the hot summer months!"

"I really am sorry that I let your dad stop you going to sex education classes, it would make all of this a lot easier, I didn't shave myself to keep cool, when you have course ginger hair like us you have to do it to stop it rubbing a man's, well, manhood and damaging it. I had sex earlier by the way!"

My mother was blushing, the red heat went down past her nipples, I knew that I had to look surprised, I wasn't supposed to know anything about her ninety minute adultery session, "I didn't know Dad was back already!" I said as convincingly as I could.

"He isn't, look darling, me and your dad only had sex once since we first met and that was fifteen years ago!" Mum looked totally ashamed, "I don't love him but I knew he would be a good provider and he's a good man!"

I no longer had to pretend to be shocked, something dawned on me, my mother had known that she was pregnant with me and she tricked my dad into fucking her and then marrying her, I had heard girls at school saying things like, "I woke up drunk with a stranger in bed with me and had to let Rob (or Stu', or Steve, or John) just in case I 'copped out' so he would think it's his!" And now I thought that was exactly what my mother had done.

I slept in until almost noon and when I woke up I could hear voices in the kitchen, I had assumed that it was Stuart come over for a replay with mum, I didn't bother getting dressed, I did however put on a little foundation to cover the dark marks caused by my mad hour with Darren the night before, I tied my dressing gown tightly around my waste and rushed down stairs, I didn't know what I wanted to find going on in the kitchen but I realized that when I got to the closed kitchen door I had been careful not to make a sound, I wanted to catch mum and Stuart at it openly this time. I was wrong, the voices weren't people talking in the kitchen as I had assumed, it was mum and dad in the dining room arguing, almost fighting.

My dad had returned early from Holland, someone had phoned him to tell him some local news and he had rushed home, cutting his business trip short.

"I guess you already know that your father is back in the country!" My dad said.

"I don't know what you mean!" My mother replied, my dad was standing at the dining table, it was obvious that something had happened on the table, the cloth covering it was formed into a perfect butt shape and the cum that had spilled out of mum had caused the material to set in a little mountain, large mountain range, even through the serving hatch I could make out the stain on the table cloth.

"They almost didn't recognize him, they said he's gone blond all of a sudden, so what's going to happen here, I get to pay for another ginger haired bastard from him or what?"

My mother stormed out of the living room and through the front door without looking back.

My dad walked into the kitchen and walked straight into me, he blushed and saw that I was standing frozen to the spot with my mouth wide open.

"I'm really sorry you heard that but you'll know all the sordid truth soon enough. Dad made a cup of coffee, it was double strength and almost black but he did have three sugars in it. He caught my hand as he passed and pulled me into the living room with him, he sat on the sofa and pulled me down next to him, "It seems that your biological father has returned from America!"

I interrupted him at that point, "I thought you told mum her dad had come back!"

Dad patted my hand, "Look this is very hard to explain, your mother's father, your grandfather has returned from America!"

I butted in again, I was confused, to me, it was either one or the other, my dad or my granddad had suddenly stepped out of the history books and returned to Nottinghamshire.

"I'm not sure if you're old enough for this but your father is also your grandfather, and he could possibly also be your uncle!"

I was quiet for the first time in as long as I could remember, I had no opinion to espouse on the subject, it was a lot to take in but I had watched my grandfather fucking my mother, the fact that I had touched myself while I was watching them made me feel even worse.

"I'm going into town; you need anything or a lift in to do a little shopping?"

I realized that he knew that my mum and Stuart had fucked on his dining table the night before and probably didn't want to leave me in the house alone in case Stuart came back.

I dressed quickly and met dad at the car, he got in and passed me a hand full of cash, about two hundred pounds, "Get yourself something nice, take your mind off of things!" he said.

I went into the best dress shop in town, I spent an hour going through every dress they had on the shelf in my size. I had my selection down to one of three very nice dresses, there was a knock at the changing room door, "I'll only be a minute!" I called out.

"Sorry to bother you but can I ask you a question?"

It was a man, an older man, at first I thought it was a store detective but then I recognized it, it was Stuart, "I'm not decent!" I called out.

"Are you Amanda?"

I froze; he must have been stalking me to know I was in that cubicle.

"Can I come in?"

He didn't wait for me to say no, he turned the handle and walked in, I was standing in just my bra and panties, I pulled the thin silk of the summer dress I was looking at up against my body to hide most of my body from his view.

"How did you know it was me in here?"

He tapped the side if his nose, "I have an over developed sense of smell, I knew you were in the kitchen last night watching me and your mother fucking!"

I knew that I was blushing down to my knees; Stuart looked at the three dresses, "Is this what the choice is down too?"

I nodded my head weakly, "Don't put that on, hold on a moment!"

He disappeared out into the shop and returned a second later with a thin white Indian cotton summer dress and a black, very expensive, lingerie set, "Here try these on!"

I stood there still hiding myself with the other dress, I nodded towards the door, Stuart laughed and turned and walked out of the door, "At least come out and show me what it looks like on!"

I tried to stop him, "I'm not allowed to try underwear on, it isn't hygienic!"

"It's okay, it's all paid for!" he called back through the slowly closing door.

Stuart had no idea, a very thin white cotton dress over black underwear, I thought to myself, and I bet he doesn't have any idea what size I am. I looked at the package, the bra, suspender and panty set were exactly the right size for me, he couldn't have picked better if he had actually measured me, they were expensive too, I had never owned anything so expensive, one hundred and fifty pounds just for underwear. I had also never owned a suspender belt in my life before, I had a drawer full of tights but no stockings, there was no way I could wear the lingerie under the white dress, not in public at any rate or in daylight for that matter.

I decided to pop the undies on, just to show Stuart how ridiculous it would look, I was just thinking it was a shame that I didn't have any stockings so that I could wear the suspender belt when a pair of fire engine red stockings draped themselves, as if by magic, over the top of the changing room door, "I forgot these!"

I hoped that 'age onset colour blindness' didn't run in our family. The lingerie set was faux leather, incredibly soft and with a very high sheen, the crotch of the panties was a little uncomfortable between my legs but I guessed that they would soften down eventually and feel more comfortable.

I unfolded the dress and wow! It wasn't straight Indian cotton, it had silk embroidery all over the top that turned the material into a kind of Swiss cheese, the holes higher up were very large gradually getting smaller as they went down the bodice, they tailed off completely to a 'V' point, not quite high enough for comfort, the point of the 'V' was about two inches lower than the crotch of the panties, at a guess the dress was what they called a 'play suit', meant only for the bedroom between a husband and wife to play together.

I stood for an age, just looking at myself in the mirror, I was having an internal conversation with myself, ***'There is no way I can go out in the shop dressed like this!'***

'What am I, a baby? No! I'm a young woman!'

'I'll just tell him to have a peek through the doors!'

'He'll think I'm a baby if I do!'

"Are you ready yet?" Stuart called through the door. I stepped out into the shop; I knew that everyone in the shop could see the crazy mismatch of really dark colours through the almost transparent material of the dress. Stuart did a wolf whistle, "Fantastic, come on we'll be late!"

Stuart popped into the changing room and threw all of my stuff into a carrier bag; he stopped and looked down at my feet, "New shoes! You need new shoes to finish off such a perfect outfit"

"I can't go out in the street dressed like this!" I said but it was a waste of time, Stuart was pulling me behind him to the next shop in the precinct to look at shoes.

Now usually if I was looking for 'posh' shoes and someone else was paying I would make an afternoon of it but dressed the way I was focused my mind precisely, I picked out a three inch heel red soft leather shoe with a full heal and a thin cross strap, they went perfectly with the stockings, as I tried them on an assistant brought the other shoe to go with it, he sat on the fitting stool and lifted my leg a little too high, the way I was dressed must have made me look like a prostitute and he was making the most of the freedom to embarrass me and get a cheap thrill too, Stuart came back with four inch heel black patent leather dancing pumps, again with the discordant colours, the assistant behaved himself as he helped me put the shoes on. I stood in front of the mirror; to me I looked cheap and tarty but there was a smile of admiration on Stuart's face, "There, the perfect present!" he said.

As we left the shop I asked him why he was buying me presents, he chuckled, "The clothes aren't your present, they're for my nephew, it's his birthday today and he has to work so I thought I'd cheer him up."

I was confused; I thought Stuart was doing something nice for me but… "Well, kind of more than my nephew, but I'm sure you'll get the whole picture later on!"

We made one more stop, he went into Jessops Camera shop and picked up the most expensive cam-corder in the shop, there was no haggling, no questions, he just picked out the absolutely most expensive camera and paid for it.

I had told my dad that I would meet him in the town hall square for a lift back to our village or I'd phone him if I got a lift from one of my friends. I used my mobile and sent a text to my dad as Stuart drove me out of Nottingham on the A52, I was typing that I had a lift, I was going to say see you later but at a set of traffic lights Stuart took my phone and quickly and expertly altered my text, **'Dad, met a school friend and her mum, going to her place to watch a few DVD's and might have a sleep over if the films are good'**. It would have taken me ten minutes to send a message that long; Stuart did it while the lights were on red.

When we got into the village Stuart drove past my house and into his own driveway, he drove down the side of the house and into his garage. Stuart's house was by far the largest in the village, ours was the second largest but in the short time that Stuart had owned the large old farm house he had almost doubled its size, it also still had all the barns, stables and other outbuildings that had been needed when the house was a working farm, I knew a few girls at school who's families had rented the various meadows and other fields that had once been the reason for the large farm house but I had never been round the back of this house before.

On the way to his house Stuart opened the side door to the old barn, "This is where we will be holding the housewarming party on Monday!"

The room was huge; it had a concrete floor that had been recently swept and there was a raised platform at the far end, there was a stack of hired trestle tables in one corner and several piles of stacking chairs, all just waiting to be laid out for the party. Stuart guided me into the kitchen, there was a large table but it was obviously not the dining table, but a really old farm table, I could imagine an old farmer's wife bottling up pickles at that huge old table ready for the market. Stuart invited me to sit on one of the two straight-backed chairs, as soon as my bottom touched the seat of the chair I realized that the dress was much too short, I caught hold of the hem with my left hand and began to pull it down to hide as much of my thighs as possible from Stuart's gaze.

"Want a drink or something to eat?"

"You have a diet coke?"

"The nearest I have to anything diet is this," Stuart opened his fridge and took out a bottle of white wine, un-corked it and poured a huge glass full and put it in front of me. I watched as he took a bottle of red wine off of the kitchen sink, it was already open. 'Breathing!' I sat staring at the glass, left hand still pulling at the hem of my dress, I was totally focusing on that glass, my mother kept alcohol around the house to entertain her various committees and clubs, they always chose to meet at our house because it was the second largest house in the village, my father, on the other hand, was a committed non-drinker and he encouraged me not to try it either, at fourteen I think I was the only girl in my class to never have had a drink of alcohol or have a boyfriend… Well do what a boyfriend expects to do with his girlfriend.

I almost jumped out of my skin, while I was looking at the glass of wine and contemplating the meaning of taking a drink of it Stuart had moved behind me and placed his hands on my shoulders and started to massage between my shoulders and up my neck with his thumbs, his grip was the only thing that stopped me going into orbit, "You're a little, 'highly strung', you need something to help you relax!" Stuart said, my heart was pounding so fast and so hard that I thought I might just pass out.

Stuart went to a drawer in his welsh dresser and took out a bottle, he had a pill between his finger and thumb, he pressed the pill against my lips and pushed, I tried to keep the pill out of my mouth but Stuart was stronger and more forceful and the pill popped into my mouth, then he raised the glass of white wine to my lips and tipped the glass, I had to open my mouth and drink the wine or it would have poured all down my front, "It's just something to help you relax, don't worry about it!"

Between the little pill and the wine I was soon feeling all warm and fuzzy inside, I had forgotten all about how short my dress was, I had let go of the hem and started to relax. The yearend exams were coming up and I was usually even more on edge during the lead up to the exams, I would have to get hold of a few of these pills and a few bottles of wine to help me get through exam week.

I thought that after giving me the pill and forcing rather a lot of the content of the glass of wine down my throat that Stuart might make a pass at me, but he didn't, I didn't know whether to feel disappointed or relieved when he sat at the table and started drinking the red wine while he wrapped the presents he had brought for his nephew, the ones we had picked up and even more besides, looking at the pile of presents being wrapped I guessed that Stuart had spent more on this one birthday for his nephew than had been spent on me in all of my birthdays and Christmases put together.

Just as the last present was being wrapped I heard an engine outside the kitchen window, I could read 'Disco Doctor' through the window, I giggled inwardly to myself and thought, 'Disco Doctor' was written on the side of Jason's van last night, I wondered how many rusty blue Transit vans there were out there with the word 'Disco Doctor' painted on the side, I was feeling quite tired but didn't feel in the least bit self conscious that Stuart's nephew had arrived and that I had been 'wrapped up' as an extra present for him, I giggled at that too.

It was a surprise when Darren walked in instead of Stuart's nephew but I was really glad to see him again after such a short time. There was a muffled conversation between Darren and Stuart and then Darren started to open the presents, it took an age before I realized that my Darren and Stuart's nephew were the same person. Darren was a typical boy I guess, he went for the biggest present first and opened it, I, on the other hand, would have gone for the smallest first, the best things come in small packages. Darren took out the tripod and stood it on the floor, "Nice but what is it, it looks like a mike stand but they only have one leg not three, and there's only one so it's not a pair of speaker stands?"

"It's a tripod, for a camera!"

"Wow, great, but I don't even own a camera!"

Stuart smiled and slid the next present over to Darren, it opened in a second, "Wow, a digital video camera, thanks!"

Darren read the side of the box, "It has a built in hard drive that can hold over two hundred hours of recorded video and a built in DVD recorder, says it's fully wireless enabled, whatever that means?" Stuart took a small black box out of the camera box and while Darren was fitting the battery on to the back of the camera Stuart turned on the small TV on top of the welsh dresser, then he opened a cupboard on the wall which had the electrical control panel for the house entertainment system and plugged in the small black box, the picture on the TV changed into a black screen with white writing saying 'Menu'.

"The battery's flat, nothing works!" Darren whined,

"Well plug the mains supply in then!"

As Darren connected the power to the camera the TV message changed to 'Locating video source' and then it changed to a picture of the kitchen. Darren was about to put the camera on the tripod when Stuart suggested that he might like to open the next present first. Darren put the camera on the table and opened the present Stuart had told him to open next; it was a weird kind of 'Heath Robinson' contraption.

"You put the batteries in the remote control while I put this on top of the tripod!" Eventually the camera was fitted on top of the 'Heath Robinson' contraption which was now mounted on top of the tripod, Stuart was pointing out the remote controls features, suddenly and silently the camera started to turn on its own, then it tilted up and down, Darren pointed the camera in my direction, zoomed right in on my face, usually that would have caused me to run a mile but I just sat looking at myself not really knowing or caring that it was my face on the TV screen.

Darren lowered the camera onto my chest and then he zoomed in even closer, fixed the lens directly on one of the holes that the embroidery had caused in the material of the dress covering my breasts, he zoomed right in until the TV screen was totally filled by the hole, "Is that a leather bra?"

Stuart told him that it was a 'leather look' lingerie set.

"She's the best present I have ever wrapped, but you have to save her until we have finished setting up the party area!"

Darren placed his hand on top of my dress, I could see an extreme close up of the back of his hand as he cupped my breast and moved it back and forth, feeling the dress material slip and slide over the top of the shiny bra cup, as he did the camera zoomed back out showing his hand rubbing over my breast and then zoomed out a little more to show my face as well, even seeing that didn't bother me, before just trying to get a picture of my face would have sent me running from the room.

Stuart told Darren to stop feeling his present through the wrapper and turn the camera off so that the battery could charge up. Darren left me and the kitchen, Stuart took my arm and led me out of the barn, we walked past the back of Darren's van, all the disco equipment was exactly as I remembered it from the night before but in the daylight I noticed something else, there was a double mattress standing up on its side and tied against the side of the van, I looked the other side but there was only a mattress on one side, I had assumed that the way Darren looked after his disco equipment that he had the mattress there to stop stuff banging against the side of the van but then I saw a double sleeping bag at the back of the driving seat and realized the mattress was so that he could have a sleep in the van when his disco kit was out of the way.

Stuart led me into the barn, he put a chair in a corner and set up a table, then he popped back to the kitchen and brought the bottles of wine and our glasses and some beer for Darren, then together he and Darren set up the disco equipment on the raised platform at the opposite end of the barn. I have no idea how long it took to set up the disco but there was soon some great sounds to listen to, usually I would have quickly got bored just watching two men carrying and setting up stuff but I just sat there watching, taking an occasional sip from my glass of wine, every so often Darren would stop at the table and take a drink of his beer and then kiss me before going back to work.

While Darren set up the lights around his disco equipment Stuart disappeared for a while, I heard the sound of a tractor engine outside the barn and then the side wall of the barn seemed to melt away, there were two huge doors that went right up to the ceiling, Stuart drove into the barn in one of those diggers with a shovel loader on the front and a ditch digging arm on the back, the shovel was full of large lighting units, the sort that are used over stages. Darren grabbed his tools and climbed into the bucket of the shovel loader and Stuart raised it up in the air, it was a perfect machine to use to work fitting the lighting units to the rafters above the barn, while Darren worked Stuart turned the engine off so that he didn't gas us all with exhaust fumes.

Stuart couldn't relax though because as soon as Darren fitted a spot light to a rafter he would plug a cable into it and throw the coil of cable over the top of all the rafters so that Stuart could plug it into a control panel and turn it on, Darren then aimed it and set the aperture, then put a coloured gel filter in front of the light if it needed one.

I just sat there sipping wine and watching all the work involved in turning a grubby old barn into a disco or rather what looked like a permanent event's venue in Stuart's back garden. Stuart put a dance CD on the disco turntable and asked me if I'd climb up on the platform and dance for them while the lighting was tested out. Darren was still up in the air in the digger's bucket as I hopped up onto the raised platform and started to sway and turn to the music while Darren fine tuned the positioning of all the lights he'd just erected.

Even after Darren had been lowered to the floor again and had started tidying up I was still dancing under the multicoloured spot lights. Stuart drove the tractor away and Darren closed the large doors over and then Darren set up one of the trestle tables on the raised platform behind me. I was grabbed and Darren started kissing me as we danced under the flashing lights.

I was vaguely aware that Stuart had come back into the barn but I wasn't focussing on him at all, I don't know if it was the wine or the little pill I'd been given but I was definitely throwing myself into the dance with Darren more than I had been on Friday night. I was so relaxed about what we were doing that I didn't even complain when Darren slipped the shoulder straps of my dress over my shoulders and my dress fell to the floor. I pulled my lips away from Darren's, partly to stop myself tripping over the ring of white Indian cotton around my ankles and partly to look at what Stuart was doing...not that I was worried about dancing with Darren in my underwear in front of Stuart...damned that little white pill was good at lowering my inhibitions.

Darren took the opportunity of my looking over at Stewart setting up his new birthday present in the middle of the room to take his shirt off. I returned to kissing Darren passionately as we danced and he moved on to divesting me of my bra and started fondling my breasts as we swayed from side to side, I moved my mouth to Darren's ear, "Should we be doing this in front of your uncle?"

Darren pushed my knickers down and danced me over to the table he'd set up on the platform, "He's not really my uncle...he just tells people that for appearances sake..." I was on the table totally naked, the similarity between my new position and what I'd seen my mother and Stuart doing on our dining table last night wasn't lost on my drug befuddled brain. Darren stabbed his hips down on mine and I felt a slight twinge of pain as Darren entered me, "...he's actually my father really!"

'Oh, how neat is that, Darren and I had something in common...the same father.'

I felt strong hands on my shoulders, I was being pulled around on the table, it wasn't Darren moving me, his hands were busy on my breasts as he was thrusting his cock into my pussy fast and hard, I pulled my lips off of his again and looked up. The strong hands pulling me around on the table were Stuart's...he wasn't pulling me away from Darren, he was just turning me on the table top until my shoulders were right on the edge of the table and my head fall backwards so the world was upside down. Stuart went out of focus as my head fell backwards and as I fought to get him back into focus I realised that he was naked and he was moving in on me with his cock in his hand, aiming his cock at my lips.

I remembered him talking to my mother when she was having difficulties taking his cock fully into her mouth, 'When you start to gag, swallow hard and fast!' he'd told her. I actually had my mouth open and was ready to take his cock in my mouth, a double first, first cock in my pussy and first cock in my mouth. The alcohol and the drugs had taken the edge off of my reflex; I felt Stuart's cock hit the back of my throat and start to bend in my mouth but I didn't feel a gag reflex, I just started to swallow anyway and I heard a little pop inside my head and suddenly Stuart's balls slapped against my forehead.

"Darren, remember, don't cum in her pussy...I want to be the first one to deliver spunk into her belly...we can swap places if you want to cum now!"

Darren suddenly pulled his hips back and gasped, "Fucking hell, that was a close thing...okay, swap places with me."

I suddenly felt a little self conscious, my mouth and cunt suddenly empty as Darren and Stuart changed places but as Stuart's massive cock filled my cunt I suddenly forgot any hint of self-consciousness and opened my mouth ready to take Darren's cock in my mouth. It took Darren a little while to fill my mouth, he'd spent a few seconds wiping his cock clean of the fruit of my freshly broken cherry before he slid his cock into my mouth.

Darren was more interested in my using my mouth to get him off rather than Stuart's approach, fuck my throat as hard and fast as he could. Darren was talking to me a lot, directing my oral action, teaching me how to deliver pleasure to his cock with my mouth. Stuart was starting to make those noises that he'd been making with my mother just before their sex session ended the night before, his fluid, thrusting movement became suddenly more ragged and he was swearing as the barn door burst open and my mother ran in, she was shouting for Stuart to stop what he was doing to me but she was just a little too late, as I started to swallow thick juice from Darren's cock, I felt warmth spreading through my belly from Stuart's cock.

"You're just a little too late darling; I've just made my deposit in Amanda's belly...just have to wait now to see what brews up in the next few months!"

I pulled myself out from under Stuart's body, I was giggling like a loon, "Mum...mum, this sex thing is fucking fantastic, I want to do it every day for the rest of my life!"

"What did you give her?"

Stuart was just standing there rubbing his now flaccid cock with a tissue, "I just gave her a glass of white wine and a ten milligram Diazepam because she was so strung out, that's all!"

Mum took me through into Stuart's house and put me to bed, she had been sleeping in a room with a TV that was showing a view of the barn and she'd woken up to see me, Stuart and Darren fucking each other and as soon as she realised that Stuart was fucking me, she'd rushed down to try and stop us going too far. I lay on the bed that she had been sleeping in and realised that most of her clothes and nick-knacks were in the room with us, I propped myself up on my elbows.

"Mum, have you moved out of our house?"

"Yes...we'll have to go over and pick up your stuff as soon as you're sober; I don't want your father to have anything else to hold against me!"