**Self Dares**

by stripgnd

**Self Dares Ch. 11**

*Reacquainted with Hanna and getting a lot closer to Mum.*

I was sleeping on my front which seemed to be how I usually ended up these days. I had abandoned pyjamas months ago and other than the days when I was on I slept naked. It was just more comfortable and although I was always paranoid I would lose the duvet during the nights and get walked in on the most I wore in bed were panties. Maybe sleeping on my front was my brain's solution for damage limitation. If I lost the duvet and someone came in the most they would see would be my ass. There were of course exemptions to the nude rule. If I was at a sleepover or any situation where sleeping naked would at best be a bit weird or just flat-out inappropriate I wore shorts and a t-shirt, but generally speaking, underneath that duvet, I was 100% naked.

I could feel Andy gently kissing my shoulder and as he edged the duvet down to the small of my back his kisses trailed across my shoulder blades. I felt him position himself on his elbow so he was facing me and he gently tickled his fingertips down my spine as he kissed my back. I gently rippled my shoulders in sequence with his kisses so he knew I was awake and very much approving of his alarm clock choice. I used my hand to sweep my hair out of the way exposing the back of my neck for him and then slid my hands and arms back underneath my pillow again. He took the hint and his kisses slowly moved from my back and shoulders up to my neck.

Quickest way to turn me on. Kiss and nibble at my neck. Nibbling my ear and neck just below my ear makes me very wet, very quickly. He knew this. Of course, he did. We have been together long enough now for him to know how to turn me on. I let him kiss, nibble and caress me while his fingers stroked gently up and down my spine. That felt so good, and although had only been awake for a few moments I could already feel the tingle and sensation of excitement between my legs.

Like a carefully positioned towel left by a masseuse, the duvet covered my ass, but barely. You could see I was naked below the waist as well as the top half, but at the same time, you couldn't actually see anything of note. Using my feet and toes I walked the duvet down another couple of inches and felt the cool air against my bare bum. His hand continued down my spine and this time he kept going and grabbed my ass and squeezed it in his hand. He always squeezed my ass that little bit too hard, the fine line between pleasure and pain, but fuck me, it felt awesome.

I turned my head so I was face down into the bed sheets to expose the back of my neck. He lifted himself higher onto his elbow and leaned across me to kiss the back of my neck. I let out an uncontrolled moan of satisfaction. His different position also pressed his erection against my hip. I let him kiss the back of my neck and grind his cock against the side of my body. He was massively turned on, he had clearly woken up very horny as I could feel his pre-cum on my bare skin. I wiggled my bum for him and he gave it another squeeze.

I didn't say anything. I just opened my legs slightly and turned my head so I was facing him. I gave him a dreamy smile. Half in response to what he was promising, but it was also purely due to the fact I had been awake for less than 5 minutes. He lowered his head for a kiss and our lips met for the briefest of kisses. It was longer than a peck on the lips of friends saying goodbye, but it was nowhere near a passionate kiss of two lovers. It was just "good morning and yes please."

I turned my head again so I was facing away from him and felt him carefully roll on top of me. For the weight difference, it has always struck me how unsquished you feel when a guy rolls onto you. He was no heavyweight, but he was easily half my weight again, probably more, and now except for the bit of weight taken by his arms as he positioned above me it was all on me. He laid between my legs and I opened them further for him to make it comfortable for him to lay there without having to balance his legs on mine.

He lifted his hips off me and I felt his cock fall between my legs. He took hold of himself and gently guided himself into my very wet pussy from behind. I was very submissive in this position. Even if I wanted to actively participate in this position it would have been difficult. Although he didn't feel heavy there was no way I was making any meaningful movements with 80kg laying on top of me. He gently slid into me and as he got deeper I arched my ass into the air so he had a better angle to go deeper. "Mmmmmm yeah," I whispered as I felt his stomach against my ass as he fully penetrated me. "Good morning," I said softly as he slowly started to have sex with me.

"Morning," he replied as he kissed the back of my neck again. He swept my hair out of the way and nibbled, kissed and licked the back of my neck as he slowly thrust in and out of me. I wasn't achieving orgasm in this position, but even so, it would still be in my top five of favourites. It felt so sensual and loving. The position forced him to go slow and deep as any sort of powerful thrusting would either force my arched back and bum back onto the bed causing him to slip out. Or more seriously, snap my spine in two.

It was a position that I had persevered with for longer than was probably normal. It was the position that Mark had fucked me to oblivion in after my first modelling job. I squealed my teenage brains out when he did this to me. Laid flat on my front and he just took me to another planet. Andy didn't though, well, not in this position anyway. I have zero complaints in that department, but me flat on my front and him behind me just wasn't mind-blowing for me. It was nice and all that. Nice is underplaying it slightly, it was incredible and made me feel so close to him emotionally as we practically became one, but mind-blowing orgasms? Not for me. It felt nicer if I lifted my hips off the bed so my ass was slightly in the air, but even so, I had never been close to orgasm in this position. Size? Shape? Technique? Who knows.

He whispered sweet nothings into my ear as we had sex. I could feel his excitement growing as despite me not being able to orgasm in this position, he had no such issue. I needed it faster at the very least, or some sort of nipple attention, or ideally, clit. The faster option has been explained as to why that is not happening. I am laying on my nipples and unless he can dislocate his wrist in several places he is not reaching my clit. I could of course play with myself, but fuck that, I can do that by myself whenever I want. I don't need an orgasm to achieve satisfaction.

I felt him growing inside me seconds before I felt the warmth of semen flood into me. I grinned to myself, my face still buried in the bed sheet as he came into me. "Mmmmmmmm yeah," I whispered again in approval. I will never get bored of that feeling. Nothing beats it and as of yet, nothing artificial has replicated the feeling of a guy cumming inside you. Incidentally, the only other thing that toys can't really replicate is the human tongue, Being licked out by someone who has half a clue what they are doing is mind-blowing and nothing comes close to simulating it.

He kept going, slow deep thrusts, each one ending in another ejaculation of his seed inside me. He slowed down and stopped and kissed the back of my neck again. His weight turned into dead weight as it always did afterwards and although still not feeling that heavy, it did pin me down more. My arched back ached and I let my legs slip so I lowered flat onto my front again. This caused him to fall out of me, his cock already well on the way to flaccid he had neither the rigidity nor length to stay in me at that angle. My pussy rejected the seed that had not been fired deep enough and it soaked into the sheets and coated the inside of my thighs. "Eww," I said.

He laughed. "Yeah, I felt that one," he said. Although he was not in me anymore he was still between my legs and his rejected load was delivered back against the cock that put it there. Maybe there is some poetic stuff there, but that is beyond my talents.

He lifted off me and rolled next to me again. I rolled onto my side and just accepted the aftermath of unprotected sex in that position. A lot came out, or it felt like it anyway. The sheets needed a wash anyway, so whatever, I also needed a shower, even before we had sex. "What day is it?" I asked. No, the sex hadn't been that impactful to make me forget the day, just as a student days didn't really matter all that much.

"Monday," he said. As perfect timing, the alarm clock went off and he turned it off. I grumbled. I knew his alarm clock went off at 7am, so that meant I was awake way too early.

"Are you in work?" I asked.

"Yeah, sorry. Late one as well," he said, "What are your plans?"

"A lecture at 10, then I guess I had best go home to let them know I am still alive," I said. It had been four days since I had been home and over a week since I had slept there. I had not moved into Andy's officially, but I was there more than I wasn't

"Are you here tonight?" he asked.

"How late?" I queried his working late comment.

"9 ish, I would say."

"Nar, prob stay at home then," I said. If he was working until 9, he would not be back until almost 10, and he would be at work tomorrow again, so it really wasn't worth it. Although we could just have sex and go to sleep, then repeat this morning, tomorrow.

"Yeah, no worries," he said, "Do you need a shower?"

"I do, but you can go first," I said as I cuddled the duvet and switched the TV on. His question was fairly pointless, it would be a fairly grim bus journey if I didn't shower.

He got up, I had a perv at his nakedness until he disappeared out of the room and to the bathroom. It still spiked my anxiety that he went naked. I know no one else was here, but all I have ever known was living with parents and a brother, and just strolling around the house naked felt so exposed. He regularly made me drinks and even breakfast while being naked, he also poked fun at me when I automatically went to put something on before leaving his room.

He came back, got dressed and gave me a kiss. "See ya later," he said. "Are you seeing Hanna?" he asked with a smile. She was the cheat that was allowed and he didn't mind, which to me is weird. There is no way my jealousy would let him casually bang one of his mates. The girl-on-girl fantasy is real though.

"Probably," I said.

"Pictures?"

"No."

"Video?"

"Less chance than the zero chance of a picture."

"Gory details?"

"We will see," I said teasingly. "Do you want me to wash the sheets?" I offered. It was out of politeness, I couldn't be bothered with it, but I would if he wanted me to.

"Nar," he said, "I will do them when I get back and sleep in the spare room. Have a good day. Love you."

"Love you too," I replied. "Come here," I said.

He came over to me expecting me to just request another kiss, but I unzipped him and reached into his trousers. "I am already late," he protested, but he didn't actually move away or do anything to assist his timekeeping. I slid him out of his boxers and trousers and into my mouth. "Fuuuuuuuck," he whispered as he got hard in my mouth and I started to suck him.

I looked up at him and maintained eye contact as I sucked his dick. Wide puppy dog eyes and being naked seems to do the trick, even if I was on my front so the most he could see was my ass. I bobbed my head up and down him as I swirled my tongue all over his cock. Grazing my teeth over his hardness and sucking to a vacuum as I worked him. This was for him, as he said, he was already late, and him cumming quickly was kind of the point.

I didn't speak, or make any communication attempts. I just perched myself on my elbows laying across the bed with his dick down my throat. I managed to control my gag reflex and I actually managed to deep-throat him a few times before it started to feel weird and scratchy. He didn't warn me, he didn't need to, it was no secret when he was going to cum. I adjusted my position and let him cum in my mouth. That initial gush of the gloopy cum as it fires into your mouth is the perfect mix of disgraceful and awesome. Considering her had cum very recently it was still a decent load. Enough to make it awkward without dribbling anyway. He stared down at me as he emptied his balls into my mouth and I just laid there and let him. When he was done I sucked my lips around him and he slid out and he zipped himself up again. I showed him his cum that was pooled in the bottom of my mouth and swirled my tongue through it a few times. "Dirty bitch," he said with a loving smile as I swallowed.

"It is why you love me," I said as I wiped my hand across my mouth. "Have a good day at work."

I cuddled into the duvet for a few minutes and enjoyed the smell of him. I considered playing with myself, but that would remove the tingly awesome that was currently in me and I liked that more than I would enjoy an orgasm. The after-tingle of sex could last the day, or at least a few hours and it just felt nice. I got up so I didn't fall asleep again, showered, locked up and went to catch the bus to University. If you are worried about his dog I let him out and fed him and he pays for a dog walker type person to come around early afternoon to let him out and take him for a walk. I know this as I almost shit myself when I was lazing around in his room early afternoon one day and the front door opened as he had forgotten to cancel the walker.

I waited around after my lecture and had lunch with Hanna who was very pleased that I was not seeing Andy that night as I must admit I had neglected her a little bit this last month or so. Granted a lot of it was 50-50 as she had been too busy trying to extract her own weight in semen out of her footballer boyfriend, but even so, it had been a while since we had just been us. We went back to mine via hers as I hadn't seen my family for a week and I thought I had best show my face, The journey took a couple of hours instead of the usual 30 minutes due to the diversion to Hanna's. It was only time though, as students the bus pass covers it all, so one bus or 20. It was all free.

We got back to mine and I let myself in. "Who the fuck are you?" Mum asked when she saw me walk into the kitchen, "Carl! We have burglars."

"Ha ha, hilarious," I said sarcastically, "And mind your language."

"Oh wow, a lesser spotted Sophie appears," Dad said as he came in from wherever he had been. It seems like my entire family were comedians. "Are you out of money?"

"No, I am not," I protested, but cut my protest short. "Why? Can I have some money?"

"You can have some takeaway money, we are out tonight," he said.

"Oh charming," I said, "Where are you to fucking off to?" I asked making a point to drop the F-bomb as I knew it would trigger Dad.

"Language Sophie," he said with a scowl.

"She started it," I said and pointed at Mum.

"We are actually going to Hanna's for the evening," Mum said as she changed the subject. "Food, wine, chatter. Very dull for teenagers."

"Yeah, sounds it," I said, "Do we get the living room then?"

"If you fight your brother for it," Dad said. "What are you two doing?"

"Crap TV, few drinks," I said.

"Few?" Dad questioned.

"A few is a very wide-ranging description of quantity," I clarified.

"True," Dad conceded.

"Are you going to keep your panties on this time?" Mum asked with a wry smile. The last time Hanna and myself were left alone for any serious length of time I came home, stripped naked and did naked yoga for them all. Just at that moment, Graham came in.

"Panties? Pardon? Who is hoping to keep her panties on?" he asked as he opened the cupboard and got a bag of crisps out of it.

"Your sister," Mum said as Graham just looked confused.

"Never mind," I said.

"You can keep them on," he said looking at me, "However..." he began as he glanced at Hanna.

She just grinned at him in that way that guys love. The promising absolutely nothing but suggesting everything sort of smile. Innocence and filth at the same time. Short of dropping the revelation that she wasn't wearing any panties, it was the perfect tease using just a smile that lasted a fraction of a second. I have no idea if she was wearing underwear or not. I assume that she is, but I have not asked or checked.

We forfeited the living room as, to be honest with you, the bed was more comfortable. He was also already set up with his game console and beers chilling in the fridge. In his defence games were better on the bigger TV in the living room. We only have 32-inch ones in our rooms, but the main TV was twice that size, ultra HD and all that jazz. We ordered a pizza for dinner which we ate downstairs and shared with Graham. I say shared, Hanna and I had maybe three slices between us, and he then cleared up the rest. We refilled our drinks and went back upstairs. It did not escape my attention that his eyes were practically locked onto Hanna's ass whenever he could see it and she wasn't sitting on it.

We both noticed, but neither of us pulled him up on it. He needs to get laid and sitting on his games won't achieve that. If he wants a cheap thrill looking at my best mate's bum through jeans then each to their own I guess. In his defence, she does have a cute arse, but loads of girls do go and get one.

At around half 8 she went for a shower. We had been toying with going to the bar for a few drinks, but laziness won out in the end and we decided to stay in. When she came back I grabbed my towel to go for a shower as well. "Can I borrow a T-shirt or something?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure," I said, "You know where they are." She would likely not sleep in it, but it was not even 9 pm yet so sitting around in her underwear would be a little bit keen.

I showered and went back wrapped just in a towel. She was sitting on my bed wearing one of my long T-shirts and drying her hair. She wouldn't have a bra on, but I did wonder about underwear. The t-shirt was fairly short on her, just about reaching halfway down her thigh. Not being pervy, just I would match her. If I was on my own I wouldn't bother with underwear at all, just a t-shirt in case anyone came in. It would also indicate what she was likely to sleep in. As I said, she wouldn't wear the t-shirt as we would get too warm and if she didn't have underwear on she was likely planning on sleeping naked. Which is fine, she is the exception to the pyjamas rule. Whatever is most comfortable, if it is summer and hot, then naked is fine, equally if it is winter then sleeping in hoodies and jogging pants would be acceptable as well. Neither option guarantees nor discounts sexy time. Entirely unrelated.

I decided to just ask her. "Are you wearing any panties?"

"No, it is fucking roasting," she said and she lifted the t-shirt for a fraction of a second to prove it. Not that she needed to, I would have believed her. "What?" she asked when she saw my expression.

"Sorry, cant get used to you being shaved," I replied with a grin.

"Ha, yeah, for now."

"For now?"

"Yeah, it feels awesome and I do like it," she began.

"But..." I prompted.

"It does make me look like anyone who fucks me, or tries to fuck me should be signing a register for a very long time."

I laughed as she did have a point. I shrugged the towel off and hunted for a second t-shirt. She had stolen the one I would have picked. No reason, other than it was one of my bigger ones so was more comfortable. Probably why she picked it, she was a fair bit taller than me and that coupled with her larger chest did make even my long t-shirts a lot shorter on her. The one she had on would have been almost to my knees. "See, that style of hair looks so much cuter. What does Andy think?" she asked as she saw me naked.

"I think as long as I am putting out on a semi-regular basis he is really not bothered either way."

I selected a T-shirt and put it on. "Did you this morning?" she asked with a grin. I just nodded. "Like fucking rabbits," she giggled.

"Sex is gooooooooooood," I said grinning back at her.

"I can barely remember," she said ruefully. "What position?"

"From behind. I was half asleep so just laid on my front and opened my legs," I replied.

"Awww, I like that," she said softly as she remembered the times she had been in that situation, "You don't use condoms anymore do you?"

"Nar."

"Jealous."

"I also sucked him off. And swallowed."

"Still fucking wrong," she said with a knowing giggle. It is fairly wrong and a bit gross, but we all do it at least once in our lives.

"Wanna drink?" I asked as I changed the subject.

"Sure," she said handing me her glass, "Keep your arms down," she added with a wry smile.

I lifted my arms to demonstrate her reasoning. Long t-shirt or not, that is a full below-the-waist flash. I refilled our drinks and got Graham a beer while I was in the kitchen as well. I went back upstairs, closed the door properly and lay on the bed next to Hanna. "He is the full set isn't he?" she asked.

"Eh?" I said. She had lost me.

"For your family seeing you naked," she clarified.

"Oh. Yeah," I said. A little white lie. She was not aware that he had seen me naked other than accidental flashes and being walked in on. We did a very short show and tell, but only cut short as Dad came back.

"Pick a game, if you lose you get naked for your brother," she said.

"Absolutely fucking not," was my initial thought, but I didn't say that. This was advantage me. Him seeing me naked would be less than optimal, but he has seen me naked before. He has never seen Hanna naked. In fact no. Hanna's brother has never seen her naked and that is way more embarrassing. "Okay," I said, "And if I win, same forfeit for you."

"Graham sees me naked?" she asked.

"No," I said shaking my head. "He would enjoy that way too much. If you lose Adam sees you naked," I said with an evil smirk.

"No way," she said instantly.

"Yes way," I said.

"Not Adam," she said.

"Your Dad then."

"Absolutely fucking not!" I laughed at her instant and blunt response. That would have been my response in her situation. "Mum I will."

"No chance," I said smiling at her. "Good effort, but no way. Who cares if your Mum sees you naked? Brother or Dad. Fair is fair."

"How?" she asked.

"Er... see how you normally wear clothes? Don't.." I said sarcastically. I knew what she meant though.

"Yeah... funny," she said back.

"Just be honest. Hey, lost a game, oops. And be naked," I said with a shrug. "And you can pick the game."

"Snap?" she suggested after a few moments. It took me by surprise a little bit as I was not expecting her to go for this. She had way more on the line than me, but saying that, she didn't know Graham had already seen me naked. That is not to say that I am not bothered if he sees me naked, there is a very long list of people who I don't want to see me with no clothes on, and Graham is fairly high up on that list.

"Yeah, snap is fine," I said as I got up and went downstairs for the playing cards. "Do you know where the cards are?" I asked Graham.

"Top drawer I think," he said, "Why?"

"Er.. gonna play cards," I said sarcastically to his obviously stupid question. Why else would I want playing cards? I knew what he meant. Teenagers and playing cards instantly went to assumptions of some sort of strip game. I went back upstairs before he could follow up with any further stupid questions.

They were an old deck and worn as you would expect. They were not marked though or anything cheating like that. They were just well used. Mainly on holidays sat on the balcony as a family playing card games. I shuffled them for a good while and then dealt them out. 26 each. "You first? Or me?"

"You can go," she said and I placed the first card down.

We had been drinking, but neither of us was drunk. Our reactions were probably a little bit dulled, but nothing too bad and we were ridiculously well-matched. "Who sees you naked when you lose?" I asked.

She looked at me as though I was going to offer her a lifeline. No chance. Last time she won a game I ended up doing naked yoga. If she lost this there was no way in hell she was being let off the hook. "Probably Adam," she said after a slight delay of a few cards. It was a one-off game. When someone ran out of cards if they lost the next snap that was it. They lost. I ran out of cards and she ran out of cards as well at separate times. There was no clear winner as the game ebbed and flowed. We eventually memorised the order and had to reshuffle. Then the cycle started again. This was pointless.

I decided to take one for the team for the greater humiliation of my best mate. "Draw?" I offered.

"That is a bit anticlimactic," she replied.

"A draw where we both lose," I said with a broad grin on my face. I am willing to accept defeat and the humiliation of Graham seeing me naked as long as Adam sees her naked. We could have changed the game and got an actual winner, but it was guaranteed nudity if we called it a drawn game and both took the forfeit.

"Really?"

"Uh-huh... I will if you will."

"Go on then," she said. I could see she was nervous at just the suggestion of it.

"So naked yeah?" I said.

"Yep," she said nodding her head, "No covering, no standing behind anything. Full frontal. Naked."

I took the t-shirt off and stood in front of her naked for a few seconds. I took a deep breath and walked towards the door and opened it. My heart was pounding in my chest. This should not be as exciting as it was. This potential exposure was actually turning me on. I heard Hanna get up off the bed. She wasn't missing this. Just then I heard a key in the front door and Mum and Dad came back. I dodged back into my room and put the t-shirt back on again.

"Well that could have been perfect timing if they got back a few minutes later," she said as she looked at me.

"I would question your use of the term, perfect timing, but yes, that could have been fairly embarrassing," I agreed. I was also amazed at how late it was. Time flies when you are having fun. It was almost 1 am. "Wanna drink for bed?" I offered.

She handed me her glass and I went downstairs. Mum and Dad were both hammered and they are so funny when they are drunk. I would also question how much alcohol it takes to get Mum this drunk. The dare wouldn't have worked anyway, Graham had gone to bed. "Have you two had a good night?" Dad asked as he tried to work out the toaster.

"Yeah, thanks," I replied and reached around him to turn the toaster on at the wall so it would work. "You?"

"Always," Mum said.

I made Hanna and myself a drink each for the night and chatted with Mum and Dad for a while. This was mainly because they were making toast and it was quite likely they would burn the house down if left to their own devices. Okay maybe not, but neither of them were responsible adults in this state. "Bed," Dad said after he had finished his toast and stood up.

I turned off everything in the kitchen and followed them out of the kitchen carrying the two drinks. Mum had two bottles of water for them. "Ladies first," Dad said when he got to the stairs and gestured for me to go first. I was wearing a t-shirt that barely covered my ass from behind and no underwear. So absolutely not going first.

"Lady?" Mum queried, "My my, how standards have dropped."

"Oi! Cheeky," I protested, but yeah, she was correct. I was a long way from being a lady. "But yes, you do make a good point. I will let you two go first. I don't have any underwear on," I added with a cheeky smile. Neither of them needed to know that but both of them were too pissed to remember in the morning anyway. It was worth it for Dad's expression alone. Alcohol is a good inhibitor and taboo or not, for a guy, a girl only wearing a t-shirt is one of the sexiest things possible. Even if the girl is his daughter. On the flip side a guy only wearing a t-shirt is one of the most unsexy things in the world.

We went upstairs and I made sure that I got to the bathroom first as they would be ages. If they didn't fall asleep in there. I went back into my room and Hanna was in bed. I placed her drink down and tugged at the duvet so it slid down an inch or so to reveal her bare shoulders but nothing else. She caught it and pulled it back up again. "I am naked," she said. I knew that if she was topless she was going to be naked as she had only been wearing the t-shirt. It was nice to have confirmation though. She could have put some panties back on I guess, but if she had intended on sleeping in them she would have kept them on.

"Awesome," I replied, lifted my t-shirt off and got in bed with her.

I wriggled up next to her and she rolled onto her side to face me. "Are they pissed?" she asked.

"Absolutely fucked," I replied with a giggle.

"I will take my time going home then tomorrow, both of my parents are moody with a hangover," she reasoned.

We listened to them very noisily getting ready for bed and waited to see if they were going to have sex or not. It was 50 50. Alcohol always made Mum horny and Dad was a guy, they seem to live their life horny. The question was had Dad had too much alcohol to perform. The question was answered after a few minutes of silence when we could hear snoring. Poor Mum. Alcohol also made me horny. I am not sure why. Maybe it was the inhibition thing. Let's face it, sex is AWESOME, but society deems that we are hard to get. Even in a relationship, there is always the thrill of the chase. It is no fun if I just open my legs every night.

Hanna was on her back and I lay next to her on my side facing her. She was still awake, her breathing was not steady enough, but we hadn't spoken for a few minutes. I rested my hand on her tummy and left it there as I cuddled into her. We did sleep like this, and although my hand was just where it was comfortable, it could also be seen as a promise. A few inches

north and she was having a good night. A few inches south and she was having a really good night. Her breathing stopped in anticipation and I started to draw shapes on her bare skin with my fingers.

I heard a distant click and then a very familiar hum. It was from next door and I guess Mum was really horny. I wondered what toy she was going to use. Clearly a vibrator of some description. Although we had discussed sex toys in an educational context I had never actually asked her what she owned and what she used. Which was a little unfair, Mum knew that I owned a Lush, and let's be blunt here for a second, she had fucked me to oblivion with it, while Dad watched. Next time it came up I would ask her what she used. It was a long way from obnoxiously loud, but without a TV on and in the silence of the night, you could hear the vibrator. If you didn't know what one was you could easily put it down to background noise. The boiler doing something, or something else equally boring, but I did know what one was and recognised that frequency. I wondered if Graham knew what one sounded like? She needed to invest in a silent one. All of mine were silent ones. Teenage paranoia at its height. Masturbating is the peak of taboo and yet the vast majority of people do it.

I am not sure if Hanna hadn't heard the buzz, or if she had heard it and decided to not mention it. Or maybe she was more focused on my hand and fingers that were casually drawing shapes on her tummy. I pushed the duvet down so that we were both uncovered. Although I didn't mean to push it off the bed entirely. It was unlikely that we were getting walked in on, but even so, a duvet within grab distance was a nice safety net. I angled my head down and gently kissed her nipple. "Mmmm.. yes please," she whispered as she simultaneously opened her legs slightly. I took the hint, it was gone half 1 in the morning, let's see how quickly I can make her cum.

I perched up on my elbow and took her nipple into my mouth. It was rock hard and I gently grazed my teeth across it before nipping at it with my front teeth, Each nip a little harder and a little bit longer until she flinched. I stopped and grinned at her. She grinned back. A bit of pain hurt no one as they say. I gently sucked, nibbled and nipped at her nipple. She slid her arms up above her head and underneath the pillow as she submitted to me. I slid my hand down between her legs and feeling her wetness I slid two fingers inside her. Curling them forward I homed in on her G-Spot. "Mmmm. Yeah.,." she whispered almost silently as I found it and gently teased it with my fingers. She was fully submissive and for a second I considered anal penetration. Mainly for the jump and shock it would cause her as we have never done that before. I just couldn't do it though. Not because she is my best mate and I know she does not like anal, that would be a nice reason to not do it. The reason was I only had my fingers, and eww.

I fingered her quickly as I sucked at her nipples. I could tell she was not lasting long. Her wetness was already coating my fingers and running down the back of my hand as I stroked them in and out of her as quickly as I could while still maintaining accuracy on her G-spot. Her breathing was laboured and very stop-start. Her silence was punctuated by gasps of surprise and the occasional overload of pleasure as I pushed her closer and closer to orgasm.

She pushed her hand down between her legs and stopped me fingering her. I stopped as soon as she slid the hand down for consent reasons, but I was a little shocked. I was 99% sure she hadn't cum. I wondered if I had caught her with a fingernail as I know from experience that hurts. Like really fucking hurts. But I would have felt her flinch or express some sound of pain if I had done that. She just laid on her back and took a few deep breaths. When she had recovered herself she looked at me and grinned. "You are way too good at that," she said.

"Did you cum?" I asked. Still confused as to why she had stopped me. As I said, 99% sure she hadn't It was possible I would miss a small orgasm, but I was being fairly enthusiastic with my fingering, so it would not have been a small one.

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I was either going to piss myself or scream the house down. That was so fucking good."

"Hahaha," I giggled, those are two good reasons to stop me. Neither of those options is ideal.

"How? What were you doing?" she asked.

"I am just awesome," I said with a shrug. "Want it slower?" I offered.

She shook her head and looked at me. "Lets 69."

I didn't need asking twice. A girl licking you out is another level of awesome. Sorry guys, you are good, but a girl just knows. You give better blow jobs. We lick better. Just how it is. She sat up and spun around then laid down again so her face was by my feet. I shuffled down the bed a bit so we were in position and I lifted my leg. She did the same and I kissed her between the legs at the same time she kissed me. Pleasure rippled through my entire body as her tongue stroked across my pussy and clit. I reached behind her and using her ass I pulled her pussy towards my mouth as I started to eat her. She tasted so good. A sweetness that was another level sexy. It also had the added bonus of when she came she wasn't going to launch salty gloop down my throat.

Licking and gently nibbling at each other we worked on getting each other off. I could feel her muscles tense and relax as her body reacted to my tongue. She thrust her hips back and forth when I found the spot perfectly and stopped when I lost it again. I was doing the same to her as I had sex with her tongue, She licked inside me a few times and it sent my head spinning. When Andy does that it feels dreadful (I am of course being overly dramatic there, a tongue between my legs is impossible to feel dreadful), but when she did it my head span and I got so close to orgasm each time. Flicking her tongue in and out of me I buried my face into her pussy. Partly because I was going to cum, I wanted her to as well, but also to stifle my squeals as I orgasmed.

She felt my body losing the battle with orgasm and I felt her speed up as she quite literally used her tongue to have sex with me. My vision blurred and I stopped licking her for a second as I temporarily forgot my name, never mind what I was supposed to be doing. "Fuck," I whispered as my tummy did a somersault and my pussy pulsed and spasmed as an orgasm ripped through me.

She stopped licking me and shoved two fingers in me. Hard, fast and deep she finger fucked me as I orgasmed. "Ooo yeah. Cum for me Sophie," she giggled. I pushed my fingers into her, but she closed her legs. "Just cum," she said as she finished me off. She was no longer licking me, she was just slamming two fingers as deep and hard into me as she could at the angle she was at. She knew how to make me cum intensely. It was the same for her as well. You have done the hard work to get her to climax. Hard fast and rough, see if you can make her embarrass herself.

She kept going as my orgasm faded although the intensity didn't fade. I was going to cum again. I rolled onto my back and she switched position so she was knelt between my legs. This gave her a much better angle to finger fuck me and she was sooooooooooo good at it. She was grinning at me like a cat does with a mouse. "You gonna go again?" she asked. I stared at her wide-eyed for a second and then just nodded my head. "Oooo, good girl. Squeal for me. Squeal for me Sophie."

I grabbed the pillow, lifted it over my head and using my hands I pushed it against my face and mouth. I felt her tongue once again on and around my clit as she went down on me while fingering me as hard as she could and I squealed loudly. The pillow killed the volume as she screwed me. She kept going as I squirmed and twisted. The orgasms began to fade and I released the pressure on the pillow. She slowed down, but she didn't stop. She knew if she kept me on the edge I would likely cum again, but that was too intense. I was done. I shook my head. "Done," I said, "Wow, done."

I went to cross my legs to stop her as it was turning to discomfort, but she had already stopped and pulled out of me. She reached down to the end of the bed and lifted the duvet onto me as I cuddled into it. She laid next to me and I reached my hand between her legs, but it was clumsy and uncoordinated. She swatted me away and smiled at me. I stared into her eyes as she fingered herself. Slowly she worked herself to orgasm as I watched her eyes. She was underneath the duvet, I couldn't see anything except her face, but it was so sexy. It was the perfect 'Beautiful Agony'. Her eyes fluttered a few times before they rolled into the back of her head, but she blinked them back into focus again. She stared at me as she orgasmed.

We kissed and cuddled into the very small hours of the morning. Just holding each other, dozing in and out of sleep as night slowly became morning. I wasn't awake all night, but equally, I didn't really sleep either. I was aware of the time passing, but it didn't feel like the eight hours that it was before I heard someone get up and walk across the landing. "Morning," Hanna mumbled, her eyes still closed.

"Morning," I replied.

I waited until I heard the bathroom become free then got up. I put my T-shirt back on and left the room, closing the door behind me. Mum and Dad's door was still closed, it was Graham's that was open and the light was on. "Me," I said loudly enough for him to hear me, "You decent?" I am not sure why I did it, but for some reason I did. Must have been psychic for that second. I didn't have to look into his room when I walked past, but I of course would with the door being wide open. A friendly, good morning, was the norm, but I was not normally awake at such an early hour.

"No," was the reply and the door swung shut. "What the fuck are you up for at this time?"

"Pee," I said as I went past his room and into the bathroom.

I had a quick body shower as for some reason I was fairly sweaty and icky. I dried myself off and put the T-shirt back on again. I didn't ask if Hanna wanted toast and a coffee, she would, so I went downstairs and made them. Graham came down and poured himself a coffee. "Morning." he said, "You okay?"

"Yeah, good, you?" I said.

He just nodded. "Hanna stay over?" he asked.

"She did," I replied, "Why are you up?"

"Alex wants to go to some fair thing and I said that I would go with him," he said. His eyes kept flicking to the hem of the t-shirt that was way shorter than was probably sensible. For a split second I did consider the dare from the night before and lifting it off for a full frontal flash. I didn't. It was way too early for shit like that. Plus someone else was up. Mum came downstairs and into the kitchen looking very rough.

"Morning," I said purposefully chirpy and annoying. It was rare I was the non-delicate one. She didn't reply, she just looked at me with the 'kill me now' eyes.

"Heavy night?" Graham asked her.

She nodded. "How do you two do this every weekend?" she asked.

"Dedication," I replied.

"And stupidity," Graham added which caused her to laugh and then hold her head in instant regret.

I poured her a coffee and let her have two of the four slices of toast I had done for myself and Hanna. I put in another four, two for me and two for Graham. "Thanks," she mumbled.

The toast pinged and I buttered them and handed Graham two slices. I fumbled the knife and clattered it on the floor. "Shh," Mum mumbled as she nursed her head.

"Soz," I said as I crouched to pick it up without thinking. I stood up very quickly after retrieving the knife, but it was way too late, that was a full-ass flash. I glanced at Graham, who was just smirking.

I worked out how to carry two cups and two side plates of toast and went to leave the room. "Thong? Or none?" Graham asked. It was a question that he was not expecting an answer to, he was just being a dick to get me into grief with Mum.

I didn't look at him, instead, I looked at Mum who just eyed my attire with disapproval. "Just put some clothes on Sophie... please tell me you have underwear on... at least panties..." she said sounding exacerbated. Or maybe it was just the alcohol. She lost interest in her own question long before I had to lie and tell her that of course I had panties on. Her attention switched back to her coffee and I was off that particular hook.

I glared at Graham and mouthed, "Dick," at him, but followed it up with a smile. Fair enough, not wearing panties was foolish at best. I glanced at Mum who was not paying attention any more. "None," I mouthed at him and smiled. I am not sure what his expression was, whatever it was it was likely not healthy when looking at your sister.

Both Mum and Dad were very quiet for the rest of the day. Hanna went home mid-afternoon and I retreated upstairs. We had drunk enough to be feeling it, although I was a long way from hung over, so a lazy day was the order of the day. I heard my phone buzz with a message and the preview said that it was Hanna. I opened the message and smiled to myself. "You owe me a brain-melting orgasm. Instead of that, I am not flashing my brother. You are still flashing yours though." She really didn't want to do it which is fair enough. It was not a serious bet anyway. In the heat of the moment last night, we would have probably done it, but now we were sober it was unlikely. I just replied with a smiley face and a simple "Okay". I heard Graham come back but stayed in my room for the rest of the day. Andy was at work and I was texting him rudeness just to turn him on and be a bitch. I was not going to his and so I was just making him horny so he could whack himself off later, but not before he sat at work with a hard-on for a few hours. I dared him to whack off in the work bathroom, but he told me to fuck off.

No dinner was offered, and when it got to half 6 I went downstairs to question the lack of food. It was rare that we ate together, but they would usually make enough for everyone for us to just have when we felt like it. No one was about. I went back upstairs and tapped on Graham's door. "Yeah, sup?" he said.

I went in. "Where is everyone?" I asked.

"Out," he replied simply.

"Oh, all night?" I asked.

"Yeah, Dad has an event tomorrow for work, so Mum has gone with him as she is off," he said.

"Nice of them to let me know," I said.

He shrugged and looked up from his phone at me for the first time since we had been chatting. He smiled at me as he recognised the tone of my voice as being genuinely irked. It would have been polite to let me know, but whatever. "They have left take away money," he added.

"Ooo sweet," I said excitedly, "What are we having?"

"Whatever delivers," he replied. "So pizza I guess." Neither of us drove.

"I will order it," I said, "What do you want?"

"Just get whatever you want and I will have the rest," he said. He knew I would order a large pizza as it was only a few dollars more than a small, eat one or two slices and then leave the rest. "Not pineapple."

"Eww, God no," I said wrinkling my nose up. "Sides?" I offered.

"The usual," he said as he scanned me up and down. I had changed from earlier, and although I was still not properly dressed, it was still what passed as sleepwear, I was wearing loose-fitting shorts and a vest. I had panties on as the short legs were loose enough to have the potential to betray my modesty. I actually had a bra on as well as the vest was fairly fitted and offered very little coverage of my nipples. "Were you really not wearing panties earlier?" he asked.

That took me by surprise and I just smiled at him as I decided whether I was answering that or not. The fact that he had to ask proved that he had not seen anything that proved definitively one way or the other. I crouched down, I didn't bend over, so the most he would have seen would have been my bare ass. As you learn when being a girl you keep your legs locked or your knees twisted together when you crouch down as if not, no matter how careful you think you are being someone is getting an up-skirt of you. The kitchen was tiled though and the tiles were very slightly reflective. Not a mirror finish by any stretch of the imagination, but they were slightly reflective. If that had been the case though no matter how locked my knees were or how careful I had been, he would not need to ask that question, as he would have seen everything I had to offer and from a very interesting angle as well. "I had just had a shower... soooooo..." I said answering the question without flat out saying that I was not wearing panties.

He just smiled at me. I went and checked how much money they had left. A very generous fifty dollars. I am assuming that is all Dad had in his wallet and if we spent all that we would get disapproving looks for a few days. I ordered a large pepperoni stuffed crust (shit vegetarian), honey mustard chicken wings for Graham and chocolate chip cookies for me. "Ordered!" I shouted from my room.

"Ta," Graham shouted back.

45 minutes later the doorbell went. "Can you get that?" I shouted to Graham.

"Yep," he said and I heard him get up and go into the hallway. "Do you want it brought up?"

"No, I will come down," I said as I followed him into the hallway. "Just... yeah..." I said holding my arms out to show my lack of decency for answering the front door.

We had dinner at the breakfast bar. I managed a slice and a half of pizza plus my cookies. The dog got my half slice of pizza which he seemed very pleased with as he took it and ran off to the living room to eat it with no disturbances. As soon as it was gone though he was back wanting more. Graham gave him a few pieces of stuffed crust and when we were finished I refilled his water and put him a bowl of his food down. Surprisingly he was not overly enamoured by his shit food. He would eat it once he realised nothing better was available.

"Do you want the living room?" Graham asked.

"Nar, I am okay," I said. My plans were to listen to music and generally be lazy. I got a vinyl player for my birthday and it was awesome. Although really expensive. The records were so expensive compared to just streaming, but they sounded so much nicer.

Andy was of no use to me. We had a quick phone call around half 9, but he was knackered after two very long days at work. If I was there I could have maybe coaxed a bit of life out of him, but over the phone, no chance. Although even if I was there it would likely have been me on my knees and him approving of my mouth and tongue skills. Cumming in my mouth then falling asleep leaving me to sort myself out. We told each other we loved each other and hung up. I didn't get any more messages from him as he would have fallen asleep pretty much instantly. Hanna had been dragged out for a family meal and then to a family visit, so she would be quiet until much later as well. So that left me with my music and my own company.

I was thinking about the dare from yesterday and it was slowly turning me on. I was not planning on doing it, just imagining the mechanics of how I could do it. Go down and strip for him? That would maybe be a bit weird. The best and least weird option would just be all out brazen approach. Just go downstairs naked and act normal. Address the nudity if he brought it up, but otherwise, just carry on as normal. I was lying on my bed on top of the duvet on my back, my hand down the front of my shorts with my fingers in my panties gently stroking myself. I was just teasing myself, I was not aiming for orgasm, it just felt nice. That is not to say that I wasn't extremely wet though, gently circling my clit with the tip of my index finger using my own natural lubrication to glide across it. I bit my lip as the pleasure intensified and tucked my heels up to my bum opening my legs. I teased my index finger into myself and pulled out again. I added my middle finger as well and went as deep as I could. I arched my back and stared at the ceiling with wide eyes as I teased myself.

I took my vest, bra and shorts off so I was only wearing panties and intensified my fingering. I was so horny, but my body was not at all compliant. Hanna had done a sensational job and I had not recovered yet. My brain wanted it, but my body was still in recovery. Pleasure flicked between intense pleasure and over-sensitivity. I could usually adjust my technique to keep myself in the pleasure zone, but my body was protesting. When touching my nipples was annoying and not pleasurable I gave up with a teenage huff and a sulk.

I got up and completed my nudity by taking off my panties. I grabbed my towel and went for a shower. A cold shower. I sat cross-legged on my bed leaning against the wall wearing white panties and a vest. I was still horny, but at least I was not wetting my panties anymore "Do the dare," I said to myself. I ignored myself. Or tried to anyway. The more I tried to not think about it though the more I thought about it. My brain practically chanted, "Do it! Do it! Do it!" It was still annoyed that I had not been able to flood it with orgasm hormones and this was the second-best option.

I went downstairs just to check that he was alone and none of his friends had come around. That would be embarrassing. He was alone though and I went back upstairs. I took my vest off and then my panties. I checked myself in the mirror. I am not sure what I was looking for. I know what I look like naked, but confirmation in the mirror always helped. I brushed my hair and tried it loose, then in a ponytail, pigtails and then plaited it. Loose looked more natural and casual, which was what I was going for, so I brushed it straight again. I used some scissors to neaten myself up down there as I noticed a few wayward strands. I plucked at my pubes with my fingers and shortened any longer hairs that I found. I maintained the triangle shape fairly religiously as it didn't take much neglect to start showing when wearing smaller underwear. I looked myself in the mirror again and took a deep breath.

My nipples were rock hard and I could feel the tightness of the skin around them. I turned to the side to check I didn't have a belly which was ridiculous as I weighed barely 50kg. Doing a 360 and watching myself in the mirror as best I could I opened the door to my room and started going downstairs. With each step, my heart rate rose and I took deep breaths to try and slow it down. My plan relied on me being casual and nonchalant, if my heart was leaping out of my chest my voice would give away my nerves and this had to be natural. I slowly regained composure and paused outside the living room. I took a few deep breaths and then walked into the living room. I glanced to make sure that he was alone but then didn't look at him. He was playing a racing game of some type.

He didn't even notice. "Want some chocolate?" I asked. We always had a box of chocolates that was kept by the TV.

"Yeah, in a minute," he said as he concentrated on the racing and not his naked sister whom he had not even noticed yet.

I picked the box up and opened it, selecting a strawberry cream. The atmosphere changed instantly and I heard the crash on the TV as he totally missed a corner and wrote off his car in spectacular fashion. "Oops," I said as I watched the car come to a halt in pieces, "That was a big one," I added as I walked towards him and offered him the box.

His eyes flicked between my breasts and pussy a couple of times and then he looked away. "Er... cheers," he said as he looked into my eyes with a look of total confusion.

"Wanna drink?" I offered.

"Sure," he replied. I went and got him a beer and put it on the table. He looked at my nudity and then into my eyes again. "Er... you do know you are naked?"

"Yep," I said in a chirpy tone.

"Fucking hell," he said slowly as he switched from should he be looking away to having a good look. He perved at my naked body as I just acted normally. On the outside, I acted normally anyway. On the inside, my brain was screaming at me as I showed myself off. It took all of my willpower to not cover my pussy as he stared at it and then purposefully leaving my breasts exposed as he took me in. My heart was pounding in my chest, but on the outside at least I was a picture of relaxed, casual calmness. "Why?" he asked after a few seconds.

"Remember the cards that I came down for yesterday?" I asked to which he nodded. "Could have gone better," I said with a wry smile.

"Damn," he said as he appraised my body. He has seen me naked before, he has seen me full frontal and even had a very short show and tell. Most of the time though it has just been a glimpse when walking in on me and this was the first time he has seen me this naked and exposed while still being dressed himself. Very much nude female, clothed male.

My heart was pounding in my chest and I was steady breathing to control it. This was exhilarating and my body agreed. My nipples were rock hard and almost hurt in anticipation of being played with. The cold shower had only been a temporary solution, I was dripping wet again. "Do you have Hanna's number?" I asked.

"Er, yeah," he said.

"Send her a message," I said.

"Saying what?"

"Sophie did the dare or something like that," I said with a shrug.

He sent exactly that message, she read it instantly and I saw his phone light up with a reply seconds before I heard my phone upstairs notify me of a new message. I lifted my arms and did a slow twirl for him. Short of getting on my back and spreading my legs or bending over for him he saw all of me. Ass, boobs and pussy. It probably only lasted two minutes in total, but it felt like a lifetime. "That is me paid up. Night," I said and headed out of the room.

"Sophie," he said and I stopped and turned to face him again. I looked at him questioningly as I wondered if he just wanted to see it all again.

"Yeah," I asked.

"I know you are my sister," he began, "But fucking hell... off the scale hot."

I smiled at him as I felt my ego get stroked. Brother or not, praise is praise. I have a fair few hang-ups over my body and it is nice to know that guys really don't see them or care. All shapes and sizes, naked girls are generally cute and sexy. "Thanks," I said, "No one finds out," I added.

"Yeah, sure," he said and I went back upstairs.

To his credit, he didn't tell anyone. If he had done it would have got back to me. A sly comment or a slipped word in passing would have given the game away. At the end of the day, he was my brother and he will always protect me. Bragging about seeing me naked would only come with follow-up questions such as "Awesome, what does she look like? How big are her tits? Does she shave?" All of which would be a betrayal of sibling trust. There are some places that you just don't go. I have caught him naked, cock in hand before and I didn't even tell Hanna. She would ask how big he was, and that just isn't fair. If she really wants to know, then ask him. I am sure he would tell her for a price. I am sure he would show her for a price as well.

It was a few weeks later when I was sitting in the kitchen waiting for my noodles to rehydrate when Mum came in. "Hi," she said. I just nodded in reply as I messed with my phone. "What are you doing for the next few days?" she asked.

"Not much, seeing Andy, some course work. Why?" I asked.

"Do you fancy a few days at a spa?"

"Always..." I said suspiciously.

She smiled at my suspicion. "Your Dad is still ill and we can't cancel," she said, "Three nights. All paid for."

"Okay..." I said. I still suspected that this was some sort of sick joke. I LOVE a spa break. I have only ever been on a couple and they haven't been overnight, they have just been a couple of treatments during the day.

"Seriously," she said seeing my doubt, "A three-night spa break. I can ask one of my friends if you are busy."

"No no no," I said urgently, "Sounds good. When? What do I need?"

"Set off in an hour or so? You need swimwear and some nice stuff for the restaurant. It is a fairly posh place. Other than that, just the usual," she said.

"Good notice," I said with a smile. "I will go and pack."

"Will Andy not mind?" she asked.

"Who cares? Free spa," I said with a shrug.

She laughed and I took my noodles upstairs to pack while I ate. I showered, shaved my legs and armpits, plus trimmed down there to be ultra bikini-friendly. It took me 90 minutes to get ready and packed which was a sensational achievement for me. I got in the car and Mum handed me the brochure leaflet-type thing. Yeah, it was posh. Insanely so. "ID?" Mum asked.

"Yep," I said as I quickly checked my purse and showed her my student ID.

"Is that accepted everywhere?"

"Yeah, government-approved or whatever you call it."

It was a two-hour drive and I settled into the passenger seat for the duration. We chatted off and on, but mainly I messed with my phone and apologised to Andy. He wasn't mad, he was just getting as much as he possibly could out of me. Which is poorly worded. The way the messages were going it was quite the opposite. He was trying to get as much into me as possible. So far changing our plans for the next few days was costing me my mouth. He was allowed to cum in my mouth and he would like me to play with the cum before swallowing it. I was currently negotiating for my ass. To put my position on the table here (pun intended a little bit), I have no issue with sucking a dick or taking one up my ass. I would rather not, there is a much more natural option that we can both enjoy, but as long as it is two very separate sessions, sure, whatever. The negotiation was more along the lines of what this was costing me and the fairness of that price. Sex is fun and more than welcome by me at most times in a stable relationship, but I am not giving it away. A blow job and an ass fuck is a high price to pay for a short break. Which is a little strange as I am no stranger to either of those activities just for fun, and why the hell not. It somehow seemed less fair though to be forced into them to pay a debt. I am of course being dramatic here, I am not being forced into anything. I could just tell him to fuck off and that would be the end of negotiation in my favour. Where is the fun in that though?

"What?" Mum asked as I let out a giggle at one of his replies.

"Oh, sorry, just messaging Andy," I said. I looked at her wondering if she really wanted to know or not. "Negotiating the cost of these few days," I said as a lure. Easy for follow-up questions if she really wanted to know.

She glanced at me for a fraction of a second and we exchanged a knowing smile. "Is it going to be expensive?" she asked.

"It is looking that way," I began. Did she really want to know?

She glanced and me again as she worked out where the line was. She was more my best mate than my Mum and I would happily tell Hanna all of the gory details of the male-deprived mind. She was still my Mum though and I was her sweet innocent baby girl. Kinda. "Would your Dad be proud?" she asked.

That caused me to laugh again. I was not expecting that sort of subtlety. "Not at all," I replied. She grinned at me again. I looked at her for a fraction of a second until she looked at the road again. "Really?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Yeah, fuck it," she said, "What is the cost?"

"My mouth so far," I replied leaving out the cum play. She didn't need that level of detail. "Currently negotiating for my ass."

"Swallow?" she asked to which I just nodded. "Yeah, that is a fairly high price. It is a very nice spa hotel though."

"Yeah, but he isn't paying," I argued.

"That is true, your Dad is," she said, "Imagine what my price is."

I grinned at her. I hadn't thought about that. I had a quick look at the hotel online and anywhere that says "Price On Asking" instead of prices is never a good sign. If you have to ask, you can't afford it. This was costing him several hundreds of dollars and he was getting nothing out of it. Well, not directly anyway. "And your price would be..." I prompted.

She glanced at me to confirm I wasn't joking. "Mouth, obviously," she said. I just waited, the price would be higher than that. She glanced again and continued. "And I lost the negotiation for my ass."

I grinned at her. It is a strange revelation when you get first-hand details of your parent's sex lives. It is even stranger when you know that your Dad is going to fuck your Mum up the ass. Sex is sex. It is one of the most natural things in the world and I am fairly sure blow jobs and anal have existed since the dawn of time, but even so. "Separate sessions I assume?" I asked.

"Oh fuck yes," she said sounding as disgusted as you would hope and expect. "You don't? Do you?" she asked.

Did she just ask her daughter if she did ass-to-mouth? "Absolutely not," I said.

"Thank heavens for that," she said, "I would have never kissed you again."

We had a giggle and gossiped for the remainder of the journey. We pulled into the car park and parked up. We wheeled our cases into the reception area and I just stared at the opulence. It was almost insulting how nice it was. We went up to reception and. "Mrs Lloyd," Mum said.

"Yes ma'am," the receptionist said and then eyed me. "For four nights, with a Mr Lloyd." She was 99% sure I was not a Mr Lloyd, but it is 2023, so you never know.

"No, Mrs and Miss Lloyd," she said, "Mr is ill. Is that okay?"

"Yes, of course," the receptionist said. "Do you have ID Miss Lloyd?" she asked me.

I handed her my ID, she checked it and typed something into the computer. "Do you have any twin rooms?" Mum asked. "She is a wriggler."

I looked at her with a 'really' expression. I had earned that reputation when I was five years old. I didn't argue it though. I do move around a bit, I am probably fairly annoying to sleep with. "I will check for you," she said. After a few moments, she shook her head. "Sorry. No, we only have the standards available. They do have king-size beds though."

"Any free upgrades to suites?" I asked. Mum instantly jabbed me in the ribs with an unspoken 'Shut up Sophie'. "Ow? What?" I asked rubbing my ribs. One downside of being skinny is when someone rib jabs you it really hurts.

"Sorry, a standard room is fine," Mum said.

The receptionist smiled and tapped at the computer for a few seconds. "Have you stayed here before?" she asked to which Mum shook her head. There was no point in me answering that, I am amazed I hadn't been deemed to be too poor and thrown out already. She handed us a map and pointed at the main features. Swimming pools, gym, treatments, restaurant, bar, the usual. "We are clothing optional throughout the complex. We ask that you cover up when in the food areas. Evening restaurant is full dinner dress."

I didn't hear anything after the clothing-optional revelation. What now? This was a nudist place? "You are on the top floor," she said as she handed us a wristband each. "The wristband is your room key. Any treatments you book will be accessed by the same wristband. The mini bar in the room is complimentary, as is room service."

We had a suite. Fucking awesome. "Standard room?" Mum questioned. If I didn't think she would drop me to the floor like a sack of potatoes I would have rib jabbed her back. She didn't hit me, never has done, but if I jabbed her in the ribs she would floor me with a look. Double standards that she could jab me, but I guess mothers need some perks in life.

"We had a spare suite," the receptionist said, "Have a good stay."

We left our cases in the reception as a porter would bring those up for us and then headed up to our room. "Clothing optional?" I quizzed as we stood in the lift.

Mum nodded. "Yeah, the whole chain is," she said, "No staring," she added with a grin.

"Do you?" I asked.

"What stare?" she asked sarcastically. I just gave her the teenage look. She smiled and shook her head. "No, we don't Well, I wont be, 'you do you' as they say."

"Dare you?" I teased.

She looked at me and smiled. "I will if you will," she said as she called my bluff. I felt a tingle and the ripple of adrenaline shiver up and down my body at her comment. She was obviously just calling my bluff, but what if she wasn't Public nudity is very exciting to me, and this is very public. I didn't follow up on the comment though. In my fantasy head, yeah I would 100% get naked if she did. In reality, though I would wimp out before it got seriously interesting. I would go to underwear. I would maybe go topless if we went via the bar for a couple of bravery drinks, but in the real world, there was no way in hell my panties were hitting the deck. Drunk or sober. I was an exhibitionist, not a nudist. The excitement was the risk of being caught, not actually being seen. I am an insecure teenager, actual public nudity is terrifying to me.

We got to our room and let ourselves in. It was insane. It was bigger than our house. A large open plan bedroom with a seating area that was facing a TV that was bigger than any of the walls in our house. The bed was an emperor I think they call them. It was 2 meters by 2 meters and looked massive. It was also a four-poster, My mind instantly went to sex as I imagined Andy tying me to the bed like a starfish and having his way with me. Face up or face down. We have never done the whole tying up thing. Now I have seen a four-poster bed I would like to try it. There was a floor-to-ceiling window that ran the length of the room giving an amazing view out across the countryside and into the gardens. It also felt very exposed. There was also a sign on the wall which read, "One-way mirrored glass." The bathroom was draped in marble and things that looked very expensive. A massage shower and a free-standing bath were lost in the huge room. We also had a balcony that had a hot tub on it. It was fair to say that it was fairly nice.

Our cases arrived and Mum unpacked hers while I watched. I never unpacked. I would just have to pack again when we had to go home. I hung my dresses out so the creases would hang out, but other than that I left everything in my case. "Swim?" Mum asked.

"Sure," I said as I plucked my bikini out of the case.

Mum went into the bathroom and changed and knocked before she came out again. She never knocked when she came into my room, but she did when coming out of a bathroom in a shared hotel room. We went down to the pool and had a lazy couple of hours just floating around and people-watching. The amount of nudity was disappointing. One old couple whose skin looked like leather that required a decent iron. There were also a couple of girls who were also naked. They were probably mid 30s I would guess. Fairly cute, but, being very immature, I wanted to see dick.

We got out of the pool and were handed towelling robes. Fucking hell this place was posh. We had a coffee and then went back up to the room to get ready for dinner. We both lost the costumes and just kept the robes on while we got ready for dinner. "Black or red?" I asked as I held two dresses in front of myself in turn.

"Black," Mum said, "Always black."

I hung the red one up again and swept at the black one to check for creases. It was good enough. I showered and came out wrapped in a towel. I dressed while Mum showered and went onto the balcony so she could get dressed. The bathroom was a wet room, so not ideal when dressed for dinner. We went down and I Google translated the menu. I thought the football food was poncy. This was another level. We went to the bar and had a few drinks while we chatted about nothing in particular. I had a couple of vodka and Diet Coke's where as Mum had a couple of glasses of wine. We went back up to our room at around half 10.

"Not being weird or pervy, but what are you wearing in bed?" Mum asked me.

"I have a T-shirt to sleep in," I said. "You?"

"Yeah, I brought a T-shirt," she said. We smiled at each other knowingly but didn't say anything. She knew that I normally slept naked and I was fairly sure that she didn't wear much more, if anything. When I did the laundry, which I will grant you is not very regularly, but I have never ironed her pyjamas or even a baggy t-shirt. We changed into our respective sleepwear and got into bed. We chatted, but gradually the conversation slowed down as we fell asleep.

I woke up with no duvet, freezing cold, on my back with my legs starfished well and truly flashing my panties. Good job I was wearing some. I rolled onto my side and pulled the duvet back over myself. It took a good tug as Mum was partially laying on it and even then I couldn't get much of it. I wriggled back towards her until I was under the small bit of duvet that I had reclaimed. She was facing me and lying on her side. "You okay?" she asked sounding half asleep as she felt my body brush against hers.

"Yeah, sorry, cold," I whispered.

"Sorry," she whispered back released more duvet and dropped it over me. She also wriggled in closer to share her body heat and I cuddled back into her embrace.

"Thanks," I said as I settled down again. I had enough duvet to go back on my side of the bed, but she had rested her hand on my side and it felt so nice I was moving nowhere. I was quickly asleep and when I woke up I was back on my side of the bed. I am not sure if Mum got bored of me or if I just naturally moved back over to my side during the night or not.

I could hear her awake behind me and rustling around in the wardrobe. We hadn't closed the blinds on the massive window and it was a little bit weird to be in bed and able to see out of such a large window. People couldn't see in, but even so, it felt very odd. I opened my eyes and saw her in the reflection of the window. "Oops," I said inside my head. She was naked as she hunted for some clothes for the day. I left it for a few seconds but then opened my eyes again. They do say that daughters grow up to look like their mothers. Bring it on. She was soooooo cute and hot. Age had been kind to her and she still had a youthful body. She worked on it and looked after herself, but even so. Super cute.

I did wonder why I had no boobs to speak of as she had some. Firm and nicely round, around apple size with cute nipples. Her slim body curved towards her hips and ran into nicely toned legs and calves. A well-manicured patch of hair adorned her pussy as she sorted out what she was wearing on the bed. She hadn't noticed that I was awake.

I watched her for a few moments. Not in a pervy way, just in a sleepy and nosey way. "Put some fucking clothes on," I said and she nearly leapt high enough to bang her head on the ceiling. She grabbed her t-shirt and badly covered herself. It was so refreshing to not be on the receiving end of trying desperately to hide my modesty and I just watched her panic. I rolled over to face her and just grinned. "Morning Mummy."

"Morning," she replied as she recovered her decency, "Sorry, thought you were asleep," she added.

"No, what time is it?" I asked.

"Half 8," she said to which I just grumbled. That was early, but this was a once-in-a-lifetime hotel and sleeping through it would be foolish and a waste. She put on a T-shirt while I watched her. Yes, I could have looked away, but she was the one who had risked walking around our hotel room with no clothes on. Plus if she was really that bothered she could have ducked back into the bathroom again, as it was though she just got dressed while we chatted about nothing in particular.

I kicked the duvet off and stretched my arms above my head. I got up made myself a coffee and went onto the balcony to drink it. Glass sides were a silly idea. We were high up, but even so, I was wearing a T-shirt and not a lot else. Whatever, I ran my fingers around the elastic of my underwear so they were covering what they should be and watched the people eight floors below me. It was an interesting angle. If I leaned on the balcony rail for a better view and someone looked up that was one hell of an up-skirt. Well, up t-shirt I guess, but the result is the same. Again I questioned the design choice of a glass-sided balcony. Form over function was the only conclusion that I could really come to. It was so you could lay on a sun lounger and still see the views. It did look nice, but it was rather not at all practical. Of course, you could argue that I should not be standing on the balcony wearing just my t-shirt and panties. On the flip side though, this was a clothing-optional hotel. I smiled to myself. I am overthinking this massively.

"That is probably an interesting view," she said as she gestured at my bare legs.

I shrugged. "Yeah, probably. At least I have panties on." She shook her head and smiled at me. "What?" I asked.

"Standing on a balcony in your underwear..."

"Hardly underwear. T-shirt and fairly boring panties."

"Is anyone about?" she asked.

"Yeah, fair few," I said as I scanned the floor below us. If anyone looked up they would be able to see me, but at this distance, my t-shirt could easily be a dress and even if they could see up it, I doubt any sort of detail of my underwear would be noticeable. Plus the fact if anyone wants to get cheap kicks from a girl in a t-shirt and what can only be described as fairly boring panties, then 'go them'. My bikini is more exciting than these panties, go to the pool in a few hours and get your cheap thrills from that if you so wish.

"I will stay here," she said.

"Prob for the best," I agreed. She hadn't put panties on earlier and I am assuming she still wasn't wearing any.

"It is a stupid design," she observed. "What treatments do you want?" she asked.

"I will get the same as you," I replied, "I have no strong preference."

"I wanna do the hot stone massage," she said. A hot stone massage held no interest for me. I am not a great believer in all that stuff, but the company was the main selling point of this trip. "And a facial?" she suggested.

"Sounds good," I said, "How many do we get?"

"Three," she said, "So one more."

"We can check the menu?" I said hesitating at the word choice. "Is it called a menu?"

"Probably not, but yes we can have a look," Mum replied. "Shower is stupid by the way, everything gets wet. I have hung my T-shirt on the towel rail. I would throw yours out when you go for a shower."

I took her advice and once naked cracked the door open and threw my panties and t-shirt in the general direction of the bed. I toyed with the idea of using the massage function of the shower, but that would take longer than a quick shower. I came out wrapped in a towel like Mum had done, me being a fair bit smaller than she was the towel afforded me much more decency. It was actually longer than my T-shirt. I wondered where my sleepwear had gone, but it was underneath the pillow. Mums really can't help but tidy can they? She was sitting on the sofa watching the news on the TV, but even so, I slipped panties on underneath the towel before removing it. I dressed in some jeans and a cute vest top and we went down for breakfast.

We booked in for the two treatments we had chosen and in her defence, the hot stone thing was really good. It was mega relaxing and more than a little bit weird to be naked in a room with Mum and two other random people. No one could see anything unless you got off on a girl's bare back. A towel was strategically placed to cover our bums, but even so, we were naked while two guys placed warmed stones along our spine. Weird, not something I would have ever chosen, but something that I would definitely do again. The facial was booked for tomorrow, so we spent the afternoon swimming, sauna, jacuzzi and at the bar. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were all lovely. The company was awesome and the conversation was easy and flowing.

We were in the bar, lounged on the most comfortable sofa I think I have ever sat on. We were both wearing our dinner dresses, Mum was three glasses of wine in and I was the same number of vodka and diet cokes in as well. "Oh yeah, how did your negotiation go?" Mum asked.

"Badly," I replied with a smile, "I need lessons on negotiation."

"Very badly? Or just badly?"

"Extremely badly," I replied taking a sip of my vodka to give her time to change the subject. When no subject change came up and she just kept looking at me I glanced around the room to make sure no one was in earshot and then continued. "Mouth and ass."

She smiled as she took a sip of her wine. "Yeah, that is fairly bad." It was like discussing it with Hanna. She silently judged me in that I was giving my ass and mouth up for a four-night break, but that was it. There was no underlying connotation to my decision. I had sold it as a negotiation, and it had been, but at any stage, I could have told him to fuck off and that would have been that. Mouth and ass saved. It was part of the dance that couples do behind closed doors. It is all consensual, but it is healthy to get one over the other on occasion. It keeps the fires burning and keeps it fresh, especially in the bedroom. I have pleasured him with my mouth more times than I care to even try and count and he has explored my ass more than once as well. It is somehow naughtier and a hell of a lot kinkier if he gets them both as part of a "payback." Although consent is of course always required, it does add a bit of fun when there is a hint of having to do something. No one wants to take all their clothes off in front of their parents and do naked yoga. No one wants to be watched orgasming by their parents either. Kinda fun to be "forced" into it though. Equally, a cock up the ass is a good leveller, it keeps it even. As a girl, I seem to hold more of the cards on when and how we do it. He is always up for it it seems, I am sometimes just not in the mood and that is the end of that. It brings me down a rung or two, and more importantly, lets him climb the ladder by a couple of rungs. "Do you like it?" Mum asked.

I was not expecting that question and I just stared at her for a couple of seconds. She just looked at me and waited for me to process that question. "Which one?" I asked.

Mum shrugged. "Either... Both... Let's start with mouth. Do you like it?"

I glanced around again to make sure no one was within earshot. "It wouldn't be my favourite, but yeah, it is okay." She looked at me for a second and I could tell her next question was incoming, so I headed her off. "Same for bum as well."

She smiled at me knowingly. "Favourite? And I am assuming front is by far the favourite. Of the other two though, and neither is not a valid answer."

"Damn," I said as she took away my get-out-of-jail-free answers. I thought about it for a few seconds as I was not sure of the answer. Both are fairly degrading. Having a cock piston in and out of your throat as your eyes water while you gag and wheeze is about as degrading as you can get. Wondering whether you prioritize your own oxygen levels or trying to stop him blasting cum straight down your throat is a weird choice to make. Even weirder is the more I think about it the wetter I get and the more likely I am to get on my knees and see how much I can swallow this time. Equally a dick up your ass is just gross. There is nothing sexy about it and that is further cemented when you feel that pulse and warmth as his semen rushes deep into your back entrance. The whole aspect of it is fairly icky and yet, as is the case with a blow job, the more I think about it and the hornier I am the more likely I am to bend over and hand him the lube. Who am I kidding? Call me a slut, whatever, I have never orgasmed with a dick down my throat. Ass every time if I am in the mood. "Ass," I said a lot more confidently than was warranted making such an admission to my own mother.

She laughed out loud and nodded her head. "I was not expecting that."

"Not expecting me to answer? Or not expecting the answer?"

"The answer. You like it then?"

"I wouldn't go that far," I replied honestly.

"Do you let him cum?"

That was another question I was not expecting. It was a question that Hanna would ask, but I was not expecting such a detailed request from Mum. I hesitated for a second, but she had asked the question, she shouldn't have done if she didn't want honesty. "Yeah," I said nodding my head, "I let him cum in me."

I am not sure if she was shocked, disgusted or just disappointed. Probably a mix of all three I guess. I was still her baby girl at the end of the day. She had not intended for me to have my ass thumped and then filled with cum when she brought me into this world, but I bet she has done similar, if not worse. "What about you?" I asked.

"Oh, anal, 100%," she said without missing a beat, "I am terrible at sucking, I always embarrass myself and it tastes fucking disgraceful."

"Choke?" I asked but smiled at her taste comment. I didn't actually mind the taste, it was more the texture that made me heave if I wasn't prepared for it.

"Gag, choke, spray cum around the room and all over him. Yep." It was still a little bit strange that if I thought about it, the cum that was being fired down her throat and then sprayed everywhere was my Dad's. That is kinda weird to know that level of intimacy between them. They are married, so if she chooses to suck his dick then whatever, hardly a surprise. She does however kiss me with that mouth. I wonder how long she leaves it? Does she swallow the spunk, wipe her hand across her lips and head downstairs for some coffee and a good morning kiss for me? Bleh. Gross. I would like to think she at least brushes her teeth. Incidentally, if you are after some tips, brush your teeth first. Strong mint feels awesome. Apparently.

We had a giggle and finished off our drinks. Doing nothing was hard work and we were both fairly tired. We headed back up to our room and sat on the balcony for a while. We did consider having another drink, but neither of us moved to actually get one. At around half 10 she suggested the hot tub. "Bikini is still wet," I said. Thinking about it it was an odd argument as the second I got into the hot tub any bikini would be wet. It did feel odd though putting on a wet swimming costume. That is very odd the more you think about it. That is also ignoring the fact that I have swimwear options, so I had dry costumes.

She looked at me with a mixture of confusion and disappointment. "It is a private hot tub, costumes are entirely optional," she said.

I grinned at her, but my smile soon ebbed away when I realised that she wasn't joking. Yes, it was a private hot tub, but a glass-sided balcony was a long way from private. I am being dramatic. No one overlooked us unless you walked to the edge of the balcony so people below could see you then your modesty was fairly safe. "Really?" I asked.

"If you want," she replied with a shrug, "I am wearing this though," she added as she picked up her costume and went into the bathroom. I smiled at her tease. She wasn't joking. If I had been more receptive and confident we would have been in the hot tub naked, but exhibitionist or not, nudity was nudity. Given time I would have jumped at the chance, but put on the spot and social conditioning won over my own curiosity.

We changed into our costumes and with a glass of wine each we got into the hot tub. We switched on the bubbles and relaxed into the warm water. It was so relaxing and lovely. The company helped massively as well. We played paper scissors stone for who got the wine refills and it worked out fairly evenly. I switched to just soft drinks after the third round as if not I would be obliterated on wine. Mum stayed on the wine though. She is hardcore.

I had to be careful how I sat back in the hot tub. The bubbles were fairly powerful and if you landed over one of the jets it sent tingles places that were best reserved for alone time. You didn't even need to sit on one, just being over one felt way nicer than it maybe should when sharing a hot tub with your Mum. I had noticed that Mum was also selective about where she sat and as I took my seat again we held eye contact and she smiled at me. "Sit on one of the jets," she said with a cheeky grin before taking a sip of her wine.

"Errrrrrr... how about no?" I replied sarcastically with a wry smile.

"Why not?" she asked as she switched from mischievous to pure innocence.

I couldn't help but smile at her instant switch to innocence. I can do both. I can be mischievous and play the innocent fairly well, but not in such a Jekyll and Hyde sort of way. I would have to work on that. I am a girl and a direct relation of hers and that made me a little gooey inside. I would drive Andy crazy if I could pull that off that well. "I suspect you know full well why not," I replied.

"Even with a costume on?" she asked. I just gave her the 'Well yeah. Duh,' expression. Anything down there that is generating a vibrating or rippling pattern and I am turning to goo fairly reliably. Swimming costume or not. I can sit on a motorbike while wearing jeans and wet my panties fairly quickly. Don't ask me how I know that. A swimming costume isn't any sort of meaningful barrier. "Oh to be a teenager again," Mum said ruefully as she took another sip of her wine.

"Would you not?" I asked. If I had not drunk a significant amount of alcohol that question would not have made it passed my brain filter. I have had a fair amount of alcohol though, so there you go, question asked. Not directly, but direct enough.

"Orgasm?" Mum clarified to which I just nodded my head. In for a penny and all that. She shook her head. "Nar, not with a costume on."

"Without?" I queried with a naughty grin.

She thought about it for a second. "Yeah, maybe without," she said after a few seconds.

"Maybe?" I was a little surprised at her lack of surety. Even with a costume on if I sat on one of the jets I would be cross-eyed without a shadow of a doubt. Clit did it for me. Massively. I can get off by just teasing my clit and not actually stimulating it. Just the promise of stimulation can get me off if I have time and am horny enough. Direct stimulation, even if that stimulation is being delivered by bubbles and I am orgasming.

"Yep, maybe," she said again just for clarity. I left it at that. Each to their own, I know not all girls get off on the same stuff. It was odd to me as I can't imagine any other way, but that is what makes life interesting I guess. The conversation was a bit slower and when our glasses were empty there was no game played for who was getting the refills. It must have been into the early hours of the morning now, although we couldn't see a clock from where we were sitting.

"Bed?" I half asked and half suggested.

"Yeah, good plan," she replied and she got up out of the water.

We switched the hot tub off and covered it to save the energy of heating it. We also flipped the cleaning tab down on it as well. It was requested that if you used the hot tub to indicate as such and the cleaning staff would add it to their daily housekeeping routine. I went into the bathroom first and came out wearing my t-shirt and panties. Mum went in after me and a second later the door opened again. "Did you turn the towel rail off?" she asked.

"No, why?" I asked. She dangled her t-shirt on the end of her finger and then let it fall. It slapped the tiled floor like only wet material can. It was sodden still. "Oh dear, do you have another?"

"No," she replied.

She started to get dressed again. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"I will go down and see if there is a drying facility."

"Don't be daft. Just sleep in your panties."

"Do you not mind?"

"Nar. Sleep naked if you prefer. Whatever," I said with a shrug. I rolled onto my side facing away from her to afford her some privacy. She went back into the bathroom again and came out a few minutes later. She got in bed and pulled the duvet up over her. "Naked?" I questioned.

I heard her laugh softly behind me. "Panties."

I looked over my shoulder and smiled at her. "What do you normally wear?" I asked. Genuine intrigue. It made no difference to me what she wore in bed, but I wanted to know anyway.

"Nothing," she said, "Unless..." she began but trailed off with her answer. She didn't need to tell me the occasion she wore something. I assume they were similar reasons to me. Once a month and if she was somewhere where nudity would be weird.

"Are you?" I asked to which she just shook her head. "Dare ya to sleep naked then."

"Dare you back," she replied.

"I dared you first," I said with a shrug. It was hardly the most adult of arguments, but it was hardly the most adult of conversations we were having.

"I am assuming you are not on?" she asked to which I just shook my head. If I had been on I would have likely declined a spa weekend. "Paper scissors stone, you for them," she said as she referenced her own underwear.

"And if you win?" I asked.

"Clothes, if I win you sleep in nothing, if you win, I will," she said.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, fuck it. We are in a nudist hotel. Loser sleeps naked for the rest of the weekend."

"One round sudden death?"

"Yep, ready?" she asked to which I just nodded and sat up in bed. She also sat up in bed which caused the duvet to fall down to her tummy and expose her breasts. "Three.. two... one..." she counted down and on one I threw scissors. I had picked scissors in my head as soon as she mentioned the game. If you overthink things you always lose. I know that can't be the case as it is a game based purely on chance unless you play your opponent a lot and know how they play. This may come as a major surprise to you, but I very rarely play paper scissors stone with my Mum.

She threw paper and I grinned at her. "Oops..."

"Balls," she said with a genuine tone of disappointment. Stupid game with her daughter or not, she was competitive, and she hated losing.

"Time to get naked mummy."

She smiled at my Mummy comment and shook her head. "That is fucking weird."

"I know. It is why I said it. Take your panties off, Mummy."

She grumbled for a few seconds, but she laid on her back on the bed, lifted her ass up and slid her panties down and off. I didn't double-check check she actually did it and didn't just mime the movement. "Double or quits?" she offered.

"Double what?" I questioned, "You can't get double naked?"

It was a fair point. We weren't playing for money, so double or quits didn't really work. I went through a few numbers in my head in the second it took her to reply. I value my nudity fairly highly, but not with my Mum it seems. I agreed in my own head that I would do double or quits for $20 which is a piteously small amount to wager on my breasts and pussy. I decided to multiply it by a bit. "$100."

"Ha, no chance," she said laughing. It was worth a try. "If I lose I will stand on the balcony for 10 seconds."

"Oooo naked?" I asked to which she nodded. I grinned back at her. "60 seconds," I countered.

"15 seconds."

"45 seconds." We both smiled at each other, we knew where this was going. "Meet in the middle?" I offered.

"30 seconds?" she confirmed and I nodded.

"Naked, arms in the air, facing outwards and standing right up against the balcony."

She looked at me and for the first time in my life, I saw my Mum's confidence flex close to breaking. It was the small hours of the morning, but it was a 24-hour hotel so there would be some people around. Would anyone be outside and look up? I guess that is the million-dollar question. "Deal," she said. "If you lose, you sleep naked."

"Yep. I will sleep naked, or if you prefer you can put something back on," I offered.

She shook her head. "No way, naked." I grinned at her. I was going scissors again. I had decided this as soon as a second round was suggested. The more I thought about it the more I thought she would assume I would do that and she would just go rock. So I should switch to paper. This is why you don't second guess yourself. Pick one, and stick to it. Scissors.

"Three.. two... one..." she said and I threw scissors again. She went paper again and a smile spread across my face. "Oh fuck off," she said.

I would not force her to do it if she really didn't want to, but I was not letting her off the hook. She could wimp out, but she wasn't getting a get-out-of-jail-free card. "Off you go," I said.

She kicked the duvet off and stood up. It was fairly dark, but even so, I could see her naked form. She had indeed taken off her panties. I reached over my head and on the second attempt I found the switch and turned the light on. The balcony was fairly dimly lit, but now it was well-lit indeed. She looked over her shoulder at me and shot me daggers. "What?" I asked innocently. She didn't reply. She unlocked the balcony and stepped onto it. I got up and stood by the window. She peered over the edge and looked back at me. "Anyone there?"

"No," she said. I messed with my phone and set a 30-second timer. I showed it to her and as she stepped forward and raised her arms above her head I pressed the start button. We were in a nudist hotel, so standing on a balcony naked would not be out of the ordinary. It was the fact that she was arms in the air and on display. It was clearly some sort of dare or something and she had clearly lost. She spent the whole 30 seconds scanning the floor below her. I looked out of the window and it was fairly dead. It was lit up, but no one was down there. The second my phone chimed time up she snapped her arms over her chest and stepped away from the edge and back into the room.

"Wanna try again?" I asked. My confidence was fairly high now.

"Same wager?" she asked.

"No. There is no one around to make it worthwhile flashing on the balcony. A full day naked," I suggested.

She shook her head instantly. "Absolutely fucking not," she said with a wry smile.

We got into bed and I pulled the duvet up to my neck. It was fairly cool, probably cold enough to actually want clothes on. I glanced over my shoulder and Mum was curled up on her side facing away from me. I could see her bare back. "You can get dressed if you are too cold," I offered.

"I am good," she replied. "Are you cold?"

"Bit yeah," I said. One downside of being as skinny as a rake. I don't retain body heat well. We could have turned the heating on. Or I could have worn some jogging pants and a hoodie. Instead, she rolled over so she was facing me and lifted her arm up. I shuffled back into her and melted into her cuddle. She rested her arm over my side with her elbow against the bottom of my ribs, Her forearm and wrist traced my breast bone and her hand was resting on the front of my shoulder. Her naked body pressed against me from behind and I fell asleep quickly.

Turns out the best way to stop me wriggling around in my sleep is to cuddle me. I woke up exactly how I had fallen asleep with her still holding me. We woke up at the same time as I moved slightly when I woke which disturbed her. She nuzzled into the top of my head with her chin and gave me a squeeze. "Morning," she mumbled sleepily.

"Morning," I replied.

We dozed for an undetermined amount of time. Her alarm was set for 9am and that hadn't gone off yet. She was absent-mindedly stroking her fingers against me, but her hand had slipped slightly. "That is my breast," I whispered softly with regret. I knew telling her would make her stop and she was occasionally glancing my nipple. Even through a t-shirt that felt so nice. Especially after three days of no orgasm. I rarely went 24 hours, let alone 72 hours.

"Soz," she said. It was a genuine apology. I know what an ungenuine one sounds like. Andy does it a lot when he is trying his luck. She was genuinely absent-mindedly stroking me in a none sexual way, it just so happened that her hand was on my boob. My boob was not complaining and neither was the rest of me. I was actually wet, not dripping or anything like that, but if she had been Andy I would have been wet enough for him to move my panties out of the way and slip into me from behind with no additional work required.

"No prob," I said back, "I wasn't complaining." I smiled even though I was facing away from her. That shouldn't have got passed my filter.

"Has it been a while?" she replied with a hint of sympathy. She had been a teenager, she knew what the perpetual state of being at least casually horny felt like. We don't spend every day wetting our panties as we walk around, but it doesn't take much. A loving kiss. A hand placed on the back of your own that triggers a memory. It could even just be a scent on the breeze that brings back such a memory. That Margarita pizza where you had awesome sex after it. In short, if I am in the mood it doesn't take much to turn me on. It seems we can add to that list my Mum casually playing with my boob through a t-shirt, but that would be weird. Wouldn't it?

Before I could reply I felt her hand move down to my waist and then cautiously slide up inside my t-shirt. The pace that her hand moved was confident and yet slow enough for me to protest, or at least wriggle out of the impeding intent if I had wanted to. I didn't though, this was probably over the line of taboo, but fuck it, it takes two to tango and it also saves me doing it. The angle that she slid her hand up my t-shirt lifted it and as it got taut I lifted my side off the bed for a fraction of a second to allow it to slide higher. Her hand stopped at my breast, but she twisted her forearm and wrist to make sure the t-shirt was very much up around my neck. For all intents and purposes, I was topless, the t-shirt bunched up around my neck and shoulders fully exposing my breasts leaving just a pair of white bikini panties covering my remaining modesty. I can't explain it, the sensation was obviously sexual, she was playing with my breasts and nipples and yet at the same time, it didn't feel sexual. It felt incredible, but it felt natural, more natural and innocent than when a guy or potential partner does it.

She was good. She was no better than me, but it always felt so much nicer when someone else did it for you. The lack of control I guess and the ability to surprise you. When you do it to yourself you know what your body needs and also what is coming. When someone else does it you don't know what is coming and that lack of control and direction is so nice. My nipples were rock hard as she rolled them between her thumb and forefinger, she gently squeezed and nipped at them as she experimented with what I liked. I am a horny teenager, as long as you don't hurt me then go for it and even then, a bit of pain hurt no one. My nipples are seemingly directly connected between my legs as well. Now I am wet. Soaking wet.

She took hold of my t-shirt with the other hand she had wriggled from underneath her and teased it higher, I lifted my head and shoulders off the bed and I was fully topless. She dropped the t-shirt over the side of the bed and I wriggled back into her for a spooning. Her naked body felt incredible against my bare back and I could feel her breasts and nipples jabbing into my back. I wriggled my ass into her crotch and she met my closeness with a tiny bit of back pressure. I loved the closeness, I could sleep like this although Andy usually got too warm and abandoned the embrace after a while. Plus the fact we slept naked and he had something that prevented this closeness. Well no, that isn't true, this closeness is possible with Andy, it is just his erection would need somewhere to go. Spooning with Andy usually turns into full sex. Most things with Andy turn into full sex if I am being honest.

"You okay?" Mum whispered softly.

"Uh-huh," I nodded. Her voice jolted me a little bit and I realised I was falling asleep. I am assuming that is why Mum broke the silence as she would have felt my body relax as I started to doze.

"Should we get up?" she asked.

"Suppose," I said non committally It was a waste to lay here all day, but laying here all day was an attractive prospect.

"Not the most convincing reply," she said with a slight giggle in her voice, "Come on, let's get up," she said as she stopped playing with my boobs and tapped me on the belly with a couple of gentle taps.

"Mmmm," I mumbled as I curled up into a ball.

I felt her get off the bed behind me and heard her switch the coffee machine on. I cracked my eye open and watched her make two coffees while naked. I loved her confidence, I would have put panties on at the very least, truth be told I would have probably put a t-shirt or even a robe on as well. She didn't bother though, 100% naked she made me a coffee. She placed it on the bedside table and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "Gonna grab a shower," she said and then her tone changed. "How wet are these?" she teased as she plucked the elastic of my panties.

I grinned back at her. That didn't need an answer, she would have a fair idea anyway, but honesty is always the best policy. "Pretty wet."

She laughed out loud and kissed me on the head again. "I will have a slow shower and knock before I come out," she said. She had indeed been a teenager once, but that would be weird. Yeah Mum if you can take your time, I am gonna finger myself.

"Hahaha, eww, no," I said as I rolled onto my back and sat up on the edge of the bed to reinforce the fact that I was not going to masturbate. "Thanks, but that would be sooooooo weird."

We showered, went to get breakfast and then sat by the pool for the morning. It was nice and a lot quieter than it had been with it being a Monday. There were still people around and it was still busy, but the hustle and bustle had left with the Sunday crowd. The quietness had boosted confidence though and there was a lot of nudity around the pool. So much so that it almost felt out of place having a bikini on. Almost. I do not have that level of confidence while sober and would be too drunk to be near open water to acquire that confidence. We were both wearing sunglasses and I can't speak for Mum, but I was having a good perv. The human body is gorgeous, male and female. The male form may be untidy, but there is no mistaking the beauty of it. 50% of the guys were hairless and probably 90% of the girls were with the remaining being fairly neatly trimmed. I am still not sure about my stance on chest hair, there is definitely a 'too much' volume of chest hair. I guess Andy may get heavier chest hair as he gets older, so I may have to get used to it, but that is future Sophie's issue. I can help him wax. I am maybe getting ahead of myself here.

No one got an erection, which was a shame, that is always funny. Saying that a few of them didn't need to. One of them... fuck me, even if he was not a grower he would snap me in half like a twig and when he came I would taste it. No matter which hole he decided to use to ruin me. I would be a literal broken girl speared on that. His girlfriend was bigger than me, but not massive. I wonder if there is a limit? I guess I can take some fairly sizeable inserts so maybe it just takes more foreplay. Looks painful though.

There were no other treatments that we fancied, so with our last one we just went for a general pampering. As a half-joking comment as we went in I suggested that she go the full Hollywood. Later that evening after dinner we were sat having a few post-dinner drinks when the subject came up. "So how waxed are you?" she asked.

I smiled at her as I decided how honestly I needed to answer that question. I had taken the opportunity to go fully hairless. I had checked with Andy beforehand asking him how attached he was to my pubes. After a confused reply and an explanation, it turned out that he was not overly attached to them and so they went. Entirely. There was only one reason why she was asking that question. Had she done it as well? "Hairless from the neck down," I replied with a smile. "You?" I asked.

She smiled back at me and took a sip of her drink. "It feels weird," she answered.

I grinned at her. "Full Hollywood?" I asked to which she just smiled and nodded.

We had a few more drinks and then went back up to our room. It was the last night and so Mum didn't want to have a lot to drink as she had to drive in the morning. We got back and I poured us both a soft drink. She took her shoes off and then her dress. By this stage, we were fairly comfortable with each other, but I still took a double take as she lifted off her dress. Except for a small pair of black bikini panties, it was all she had been wearing. I smiled at her partial nudity. I am not sure if she forgot that I was there, or maybe she forgot for a moment that she was not there with her husband. "Put some fucking clothes on," I said with my best impersonation of her exacerbated voice.

"Hot tub?" she suggested.

"Sure," I replied.

"Naked?" she added with a mischievous grin. My stunned silence clearly lasted for too long. "Dare ya," she added and simultaneously pushed her panties down just low enough so friction lost and gravity won. Fuck me she was hot and being hairless multiplied her hotness many times. She was hot without her overflow of confidence. With that as well she was a wet dream and I say that as a girl. She stepped out of them, opened the balcony door, walked onto the balcony and got into the hot tub.

I just stared in the direction of the door for a few seconds. Her confidence was incredible. She had just stripped naked in front of me, and then walked onto a balcony and got into a hot tub. We are hardly overlooked, but even so, anyone looking at that moment in time would have seen her breasts at the very least. I eventually took my dress off, followed by my panties and followed her onto the balcony. My teenage insecurity easily defeated my confidence and my route to the hot tub was a lot less sexy. A mix of a hurried walk and a poor, but genuine attempt and covering my dignity. I got into the hot tub and sat down, making sure to avoid the jets. For obvious reasons.

We sat opposite each other and chatted. The drink didn't last long, but we didn't get a refill. We just sat and chatted with each other, both of us forgetting that we were both naked. The seats in hot tubs are not comfortable. They really should work on that. There must have been some sort of comfortable padding that is waterproof, but instead, they were just hard seat shaped moulded plastic. I shifted to the side and was promptly reminded of the bubble jets and my nudity. I actually squeaked and jumped as the bubbles went places that needed permission beforehand. "Oops," Mum said with a wry smile.

"Yeah, oops," I replied as I regained some composure.

Mum lifted her legs onto the seat on either side of me so I was sat between her legs and I felt her foot press against my bare thigh and hip. She pushed a little harder and my ass slid across the seat towards the jet. "Er.. no," I warned as I relocated to safety. She didn't reply, she just smiled and pushed me back again. "Mum!?", I protested, reaching into the water and gently slapping her ankle.

"What?" she asked innocently as she gently slid me closer and closer to the jet.

"I will cum," I warned as I emphasised the word 'will'. I could feel the bubbles rippling against my pussy and up between my legs. I locked my legs together and gave her a warning glare, but even with the protection of my legs, the bubbles were licking across all the nice bits. Honesty is the best policy, as they say. I looked at her for a second until my eyes rolled. "I will cum," I repeated. I was so horny, I could already feel myself losing the battle with my own body. I was not going to last long. It had been a sexually charged weekend with no release, up until now.

"Lucky girl," she replied and paused for a few seconds. "Go on then."

I let the bubbles lick and caress me for a few seconds with the intention of moving off them before I went cross-eyed, but I was already past the point of no return. If I stood up at that moment in time I would have been okay, but there was no way in hell my brain was sending that signal to my legs. It craved the endorphin overload of orgasm, and that was going to be delivered if I stayed exactly where I was. I stared at my Mum who was just sat opposite me, a glass of wine in her hand as she casually watched her daughter fighting a very unfair battle against orgasm. Her feet were still either side of my hips to keep me over the jet, but there was no force behind them. Had I wanted to I could have escaped left, or right, or just by standing up. I didn't though.

I opened my legs and closed them repeatedly underneath the water as I directed the bubbles across and around my clit. It felt incredible and I was fairly sure they achieved penetration. I am not sure if you can get penetrated by bubbles, but it was giving all of the good sensations if they did or didn't My vision flashed and I blinked my eyes as I felt them starting to roll into the back of my head. I fought it to the last second, even when I was down and defeated I kept fighting against myself. Due to my stubbornness not to just give in my orgasm was silent and barely noticeable. My pussy could have crushed a steal rod it was so intense, but outwardly it would have just looked like I was holding my breath and the veins in my neck would have been making a break for freedom through my own skin.

I breathed a deep breath as I remembered that I needed oxygen and slid myself to the left against Mum's foot. She let me move and just grinned at me. I am not sure if she knew I had just cum, or if she thought I had just been close. "Bedtime?" she offered. I nodded my head and stood up on very wobbly legs.

She gently touched my arm as I swayed on my legs that were working out if they could be bothered working or not. I steadied myself with a hand on the side of the hot tub. "That good hey?" she asked.

"Goooooood," I replied, "Vibrator levels of good, not that I would know what that felt like, being all innocent and stuff," I corrected as I forgot I wasn't with Hanna.

"Calling bullshit on that. I have fucked you to oblivion with one of your collection," she said with a mischievous grin on her face. "While your Dad watched, actually you still owe me the sofa dry cleaning bill," she added.

I just blushed. "Come on, bedtime, I am cold," I said as I changed the subject. I was fairly cold as I was no longer in the hot tub, still wet and naked. We went into the room and dried off. I wrapped myself in a towel while Mum got sorted and then went into the bathroom after her. She had come out naked, so I assume she was sleeping naked again. I got into bed with her and cuddled up into her. She wrapped me in her arms and gave me a kiss on the top of the head. I lay in her embrace while I felt and listened to her breathing. I could feel her heartbeat as we cuddled together.

"How is Andy?" she asked.

"So good, so so good."

"Do I need to buy a hat?"

"Not yet, but... maybe."

"He got better then?" she asked with a wry smile.

I jabbed her playfully in the ribs as she reduced a sweet moment to sex. She flinched but didn't say anything to my jab. "Sex isn't everything," I replied.

"No, but it helps," she said with a shrug.

"I have no complaints."

"Big enough then?" she teased, "Or did you get used to it?"

"More than big enough," I replied with a smile. She knew as much as me that size makes fuck all difference. Anything deeper than two or three inches is just showing off. Long or short, neither is better or worse, as long as you know what you are doing she is squealing and begging for more no matter what you are fucking her with. "What are you used to?" I asked as I flipped the attention from me to her.

She froze and stared at me for a second. Yeah, I just indirectly asked how big my Dad's dick is, but he has seen me naked, a few times, I feel fair is fair. "I have no complaints," she replied.

"Come on," I grinned, "Two? Three? Four? Six? Eight?" I quizzed sticking my tongue out at her playfully.

"Nine," she said and my jaw hit the floor.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck, really?" I asked. I expected her to laugh and say she was joking, but she didn't "Doesn't that... hurt?"

"Sometimes if he gets carried away," she said, "Especially if he is fucking me up the ass," she added with a grin.

She did it to gross me out. I knew that was the reason the second she said it, but it worked. "Eww eww eww," I said shaking my head to try and get the image out of my head. "Wrong wrong wrong," I protested.

"Anyway, you take it up the ass don't you?" she asked as she drove home the grossness.

"Well yeah," I said before I filtered myself and admitted I did anal to my Mum, "But I don't do it with my Dad," I added.

"I don't," she shrugged, "I do it with my husband."

She did make a good point, but it was still wrong and weird. "Nine?" I quizzed again. She just shrugged and then nodded. "Fuuuuuck... ow."

Our conversation tailed off as the late hour and alcohol started to take effect. I woke myself up with a snort as I fell asleep for a second before the awkward position partially cut off my breathing. "Soz," I mumbled as I shuffled back a little bit so my head could rest on the pillow more naturally.

"How are you asleep?" she asked.

"I am in bed and it is late," I replied matter of factly.

"Did you cum?" she asked after a few seconds.

I opened my eyes and smiled at her. I could have lied, but I assumed that she had recognised that I had even if I tried to mask it. I bit my lip and nodded my head gently. "Maybe a little." Her expression indicated that she didn't know that I had. "I assumed you saw."

"No," she said, "Well hidden. Proper orgasm?"

"Uh hu. Eyes crossed, seeing double, orgasm," I saw the flash of envy in her eyes and smiled at her. "Horny?" I asked.

She was not expecting that question and hesitated for a second before nodding her head. "You?"

"I am a teenager, I live my life horny," I replied.

I kissed her good night, but our lips held together for a little longer than was necessary. She grinned at me mischievously and I felt her hand brush against the top of my thigh. I would have assumed that it was accidental, but her grin said otherwise and instead of retreating she slipped her fingers between my legs and stroked me gently. I stared at her for a second, not really sure what to do. I was not expecting that, but my teenage brain felt the touch and liked it and I lifted my leg slightly for her. She stroked again and this time I felt her fingers brush over my entrance. I bit my lip and looked at her. I was still horny even though I had orgasmed not that long ago. The tickle of her fingertips and soft stroke of her hand as she danced around my thighs and pussy was incredible She tested her finger and when greeted with wetness she slid a finger into me. "Oh fuck yes," I whispered as I felt her penetrate me.

She pulled out and teased my clit as she waited for my confidence to build. It took me a few moments to take the hint, but I slid my hand between her legs and greeted with wetness I slid my index finger into her. She bit her lip and her eyes fluttered as I slid my full finger into her. We lay on our side facing each other as we gently fingered each other. I was not lasting long and she was incredibly good at this. I thought I was good. I thought Hanna was fantastic. She was on another level though. My eyes rolled and when they refocused she was smiling at me. I added my middle finger and gently teased it into her. Her eyes fluttered again, but she was firmly in control of herself. I was not. I was going to cum.

"Let yourself," she whispered. I hesitated for a second but opened my legs a little wider as I submitted to her. She felt the submission and stroked a little deeper. My breathing was getting more and more laboured and my coordination was gone. I was still fingering her, but badly. She leaned across and kissed my nipple as she fingered me. That tipped me over the edge. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and I orgasmed. Gently humping at her hand she let me climax. Following what my body did with her fingers she gently stroked me to a long and relaxing orgasm. It was not intense. It was not a scream the house down one. It was not begging her to fuck me. It was just incredible.

My senses were overwhelmed for a few seconds and it took me that long to realise that she was still fingering me. Gently picking up the pace her sensual strokes progressed to fingering, to thrusting and eventually to just fucking me. She leaned over me so she could get more power behind her hand as she thumped two fingers in and out of me. "Fuck," I gasped as she threw out all caution and just went for it. This was what I craved. Several days of sexual build up and tension and all I needed was this. Hard, deep and fast. "I am gonna cum." I said urgently.

"Go on then," she said. Her tone was totally in control. I was just a plaything. My eyes rolled and I couldn't recover them. I heard myself orgasm loudly as pleasure flooded through my body in a constant wave that built and built and built in intensity. I felt like I was going to pee myself, but I didn't care. I begged her to fuck me and she did, she kept going with slight variations of speed and angle. I think I lost a full 30 seconds of my life. I am not sure what planet I was on for those 30 seconds, but it was definitely not this one.

"Wow," I said as I closed my legs. I kissed her and slid my hand back between her legs again. She let me finger her for a few moments, but I was getting nowhere and I couldn't read her tells to work out what she needed. Teenagers are easy. Stick something in them. Move it in and out quickly and wait for the eyes to roll and her to start gasping.

She took hold of my hand and laid it on top of hers while she played with herself. I followed her fingers for what she was doing. She was circling her clit but with no direct touch. There was no penetration, just the occasional tease across her pussy. As I learned the pattern she moved her hand out of the way and let me continue. I watched her as her eyes flickered and fluttered as I worked out what she needed and when. Faster and slower I gradually edged her towards her own orgasm. "Yeah, there," she whispered as my fingers danced across her hairless and very wet pussy. "Bit slower... but harder," she whispered.

I kept up the pattern but added a bit more pressure and her eyes widened and then rolled into the back of her head. I made the mistake all guys make, I sped up. She rested her hand on mine and slowed me down again. "Sorry..." I whispered.

"No problem," she replied. Her eyes opened and looked into mine for a second. "I'm cumming," she whispered as her eyes rolled into the back of her head and I watched my Mum orgasm in front of me while I fingered her. Compared to mine it was a weak one. It was 100% an orgasm, but she retained control of herself as she climaxed. Her entire body trembled as orgasm washed over her and I just kept the same finger movements. I could feel her pussy squeezing at the emptiness and as her orgasm faded I slowed down and reduced the pressure. I stopped as she stopped and curled my arms up against my chest into the foetus position. I grinned at her, but I wished that I had been better. That is a crazy feeling to have, quality doesn't even come into it in this situation. It was just a closeness that is beyond anything possible other than between a mother and daughter. Still, I wanted to blow her mind and scramble her brain.

I rolled onto my side and rested on my elbow so I was above her. I coaxed her onto her back with kisses and body position. She eventually submitted to being on her back and I kissed her nipples. I was going to go down on her. I manoeuvred myself so I was on all fours and kissed her on the lips. She kissed me back and she bit my lip as we separated. I slipped my hand between her legs and stroked through her excitement. She was dripping wet. She also knew what was coming as I slowly trailed my kisses down her chest, then her tummy and towards her pussy.

I gently licked at her pussy and she genuinely swore with pleasure for the first time that night. "Fuuuuuuck," she whispered as my tongue stroked up from her pussy and across her clit. I felt her body tremble as my tongue changed direction and went back down again across her most intimate area. I lowered onto my front and lay between her legs. I grinned at her and waited a second to give her time to deny consent, but with no protest, I gently lowered my head and licked at her pussy. "Oh my God," she exclaimed as I started to lick her out.

I stopped and smiled up at her as I teased a finger inside her for a few thrusts. I then wrapped my arms around her thighs so I could control her position, took a deep breath and buried my face. Licking at her entrance I could taste her renewed excitement with each sweep of my tongue, My ability to swallow was quickly overwhelmed by my saliva and her juices and I felt the cocktail run down my chin. I pushed my tongue into her and watched her eyes flutter and roll into the back of her head.

I laid flat on my front with my tongue between her legs. I could see right up her naked writhing body as I played with her using my tongue to work out what she liked. She was tense at first, but I soon felt her relax and her pussy felt like it melted onto my tongue. Her eyes were closed as she gently circled her hips to chase my tongue to where she wanted it, but I was in control in this position. I may have been out of my depth fingering her, but I know what a tongue needs to do and its limitations. She opened her eyes and looked down at me. I smiled back up at her, or the best I could when in this position anyway. She tensed again and covered her face with her hands. She giggled a sound of pure frustration. "I can't," she said as she stared down at me, "I cant look down and see my baby girl," she added.

I resisted her move to pull away from me, only lightly, not forcing her by any stretch of the imagination. Her morals were pulling her away, but her body was "fuck that, this is awesome." I grabbed the T-shirt that I had been using as nightwear and threw it up at her face. "Don't look," I teased.

She settled again and once again relaxed, but each time I found her spot in new inventive ways she tensed. I could taste that she was going to cum. It is subtle, and I am not even sure if it is taste or just purely the feel of her pussy that indicates the imminent climax. "Fuck.... fuck fuck fuck..." she whispered, but she slid her hand down between her legs and in front of my tongue. I stopped and looked up at her. "Sorry," she said as she regained her composure.

"Too weird?" I asked.

"Yeah, sorry," she said again as she wriggled out of my reach. "Sorry. I cant look down and see the sweet innocent face of my daughter staring back at me as she eats me," she said with a wry smile.

"You sure?" I asked as I chased her pussy and kissed her again.

She closed her eyes and clearly torn between what I was doing and who I was she shook her head and closed her legs. "Come here," she said, opening her arms for a cuddle. I moved back up the bed and melted into her cuddle. "How the fuck do you do that?" she asked as she gave me a squeeze.

I just shrugged in her arms. It was a valid question. I have 'practised' sucking a guy off much more and researched the method. Doing it to a girl though just comes more naturally. I guess I have lived the frustration of what not to do and so avoid those pitfall. Ultimately the female is a fairly simple machine, it is just they come with no instruction manual, you just have to work it out as you go along. "That was... incredible..." she said.

"Better than Dad?" I teased.

"Oh fucking hell, yes," she said instantly and without hesitation, "A million percent better than anyone else."

I smiled at her reply and gave her a kiss on the bottom of her chin as that was the only place I could reach from this position. "Love you," I said cuddling into her embrace.

"Love you too," she reciprocated, giving me a hard squeeze. "You okay?"

"Uh-huh, sleepy," I said honestly.

I snuggled right into her and felt the protection and love from a mother. It was all-encompassing and complete. We fell asleep cuddled together with no duvet. Naked, very wet and satisfied, our own body heat keeping us warm. It had been one hell of a weekend.