

An English Holiday

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Peter Griffith

“Okay then, Peter, I’m looking forward to this ... 6:00 PM at the Darcy; I’ll be at the bar. You take care of yourself,” and saying that I hung up the phone.

I knew this was trouble even before I dropped the receiver back into its cradle. There were two things in my life which I was pretty certain of. One, like the George Thorogood song ‘Bad to the Bone’, I was born a bad-ass. I have no idea why I was good at it, fighting that is, I just was. I never had any formal training in Martial Arts, Wrestling, Jujitsu or Boxing but I was quick study and from the onset of my very first fight at twelve, I liked it. I enjoyed hitting people and being hit; guess that makes me a bit of a whack-job but I knew that it would take someone with extraordinary skills to best me in a street fight. Two: trouble ... trouble had a way of finding me like money finds Warren Buffet. I never went looking for it but it had a way of following me around. I could write a book on all the crap that has floated my way but I won’t bore you so let’s get back to the call I had received.

Peter Scott Griffith! Man! Talk about a blast from the past. It had been over ten years since I had heard from Peter. We had attended The Glendale High School for Boys in Samut Sakhon just outside Bangkok. The school had been established years ago by a wealthy Alumnus from Eaton as an educational option for the children of British expats. It was an exclusive private school meant only for the Brits but had, in time, opened their doors to all who could afford their exorbitant tuition. I wasn’t convinced of the educational benefits but I can vouch for the fact that by the time you graduated, they had turned you into a man and I mean that in the true sense of the word.

The racial and ethnic mix at the school was interesting. Forty percent were Thai, roughly forty percent was British and the rest were made up of predominantly Europeans. I was the only American there.

I grew up near Vernon, Texas where my family owned and managed a pretty large ranch. My dad, who was originally from Wyoming, had moved to Electra in the late seventies and a few years later,

by sheer happenstance, met my mother. He often joked that she was his good-luck charm; his exotic Cherry Blossom and marrying her had saved him from a fate worse than death; a slanted reference to his ex-girlfriend. I wonder if he still feels the same.

My mother is an interesting lady; an unusual contrast of intelligence combined with the quiet, submissive grace of the Eastern woman. She is of Japanese descent and had come to the US to do her Masters when she literally ran into my father at a local tavern. She was introverted and shy by nature spending most of her nights alone at the library or in her dorm room. But one Friday evening towards the end of the semester, her roommates had dragged her to a local bar. It was Ladies Night and the place was packed and while she was making her way back to her table she jostled my father causing him to spill his beer all over her beautiful silk dress. The rest, as they say, was history.

There couldn't have been two people more different - he was a loud, brash cowboy and she, a quiet, scholarly Research Assistant in Physics. The attraction was instantaneous and powerful. A few months later, after a whirlwind romance and much to the consternation of her very traditional parents, my mother married my father.

Now before you go imagining some exotic, Eurasian Adonis, I was far from that. The looks in our family belongs to my younger sister, Kay. Her name is really Kiyomi but we just called her Kay. She was a dead ringer for Natalie Wood in the James Dean classic 'Rebel Without a Cause'. I, on the other hand, looked a bit like the Cuban Revolutionary Chè Guevara but with translucent, pale, blue eyes and not quite as dashing. Okay, so I didn't have that cool, iconoclastic swagger down pat but it was a work in progress and I did say 'a bit' like Chè Guevara. However, I was one of the few white kids the Thai boys left alone.

For most part the social cliques in school were clearly defined. The Brits stuck to themselves, the Europeans and Thais intermingled freely and as for me, I was the oddity. I could pretty much fraternize with whomever I chose; I was the quintessential "Ugly American". I had made some Thai and European friends but contrary to what people might expect, the Brits were a hard bunch to break into.

The Thais are notoriously tough and for good reason. Most of them can fight. They grow up ensconced in a culture of Muay Thai or Thai Boxing, a brutal 8-point Martial Arts form coupled with the belief that men should be able to take care of themselves. They are also a cruel bunch, at least the ones in school were. For some obscure reason they picked on Peter. It could have been his patsy pallor or the fact that he never backed down but every day was 'kick Peter's ass' day.

To his credit, Peter rarely if ever complained. He took his beatings like a man without seeking help or asking for quarter. It was a rare day to find Peter without a bruise or a bloody lip. And despite the

unfairness of the situation, the precepts of the school pretty much precluded interference which meant that he would have to figure out a solution on his own.

Now, this was a boarding school and there were several unwritten edicts you lived by. “Be a man”; “Don’t rat on anyone because that makes you a pussy”; “Fight your own Battles”; “Never Complain” except they called it ‘Cribbing’ and so on. Well, karma is a strange thing and one day while heading for the showers I saw five Thai kids stomping on an outmanned white boy. My initial reaction to the fracas was to walk by and let them sort out their differences but an innate sense of quixotic fairness precluded indifference and I stepped in.

I grabbed the closet kid and threw him down and pushed the others back.

“Hey, Yank, mind your own fucking business!” one of the Thai kids snarled, “This isn’t your fight!”

“You brown-assed Pogos had better fuck off!” I said, doing my best impression of Dirty Harry.

What exactly is a Pogo? Well, I’m not sure ... I think I invented the word but like I said, I had a reputation and one that was well earned so after some unconvincing posturing they scattered like a bunch of rabid Hyenas muttering in Thai and promising death and doom. Nice! Now I’ll have the Thai goon squad to contend with but that’s not a problem either, I enjoyed this shit.

I leaned over and helped the hapless kid up ... yup, it was Peter Griffith.

“You shouldn’t have done that, Yank,” he said in that clipped British accent, dusting off his pants and with a look of mild irritation on his face.

“You are more than welcome,” I replied sarcastically, adding, “and it sure looked to me like you could use the help.”

“Thanks but no thanks,” he continued, “I was winning or didn’t you notice ... a little more time and I’d have had those bloody wogs on the run!”

(A wog is a derogatory term used by the Brits for any non-white person and was probably derived from ‘golliwog’, the black-faced dolls in the books by Florence Upton.)

“You are kidding, right?” I said and stopped.

He was a pudgy kid with a round face and thick, horn-rimmed glasses. The Thai boys had busted one of the lenses and the brown, freckled frame sat skewed at an angle making him look absurdly comical

and I had to control myself from laughing. He noticed the look on my face and took off his spectacles. He studied the damage with a look that bordered on sadness then smirked and shrugged his shoulders.

“Okay, so it wasn’t going that well,” he admitted, wiping the blood trickling from his lips, “but I’m not afraid of them and I’ll hunt them down ... yes, I’ll get them all one day, you’ll see!”

He was pretty nondescript except for his eyes. I had never noticed them before because they were always hidden behind those thick lenses but they were rather unusual. Large, almond-shaped and the deepest viridian you ever saw.

“Whatever, dude, but in the meantime you had better watch your ass,” I offered, “they are a nasty bunch especially that prick, Boonmee!”

Peter made a face at the mention of the school’s notorious bully, Rachatai Boonmee. He was a Class A, shit-eating jerk but he was tough as nails and to make matters worse, his father was a rich businessman who sat on the Board of Regents at the School. There’s nothing worse than an asshole with clout.

We had had one run-in about a year back and though it had ended in a stalemate, I hurt like a son-of-a-gun for days. The good news was that he most probably hurt worse because after that, he made it a point to stay away from me but thanks to his father, I was the one who did all the detention.

Peter was really fortunate that on that day the goon squad was without their sadistic leader or the damage would have been far worse.

I was about to leave when he proffered his hand, “Hi ... I’m Peter Griffith,” smiling a crooked, friendly smile and then grimaced as his split lip began bleeding again.

“Ouch! Bloody piss-all!” he muttered under his breath, dabbing at his bleeding mouth with the edge of his shirt sleeve.

And that is how we became friends.

There were a few other insignificant skirmishes with the goon squad but it died down when they realized that Peter was hanging out with me or it could’ve been that they just lost interest, what with summer break coming up in a few days. Exams were over and most of the kids were making plans to

go home or take off on holiday so there was an undercurrent of excitement that permeated every activity at school. The minutia of petty squabbles and vendettas would have to wait until the next term. Ah, the joys of boarding school.

I was in my dorm room packing my stuff when Peter strolled in.

“Hi, Joseph ... what are you doing?”

I looked up and grunted my usual troglodytic greeting. I was struggling to get my backpack stuffed with all that I needed which was about twice as much as what was really required.

“Get in there, damn you!” I swore under my breath as I shoved the final pair of jeans into the largest pocket and wrestled with the zipper to get it closed-up.

At first, he plopped himself on my bed and picked up the Robert Ludlum novel I was reading and thumbed aimlessly through the pages. Then, obviously bored with that endeavor, he tossed the book aside and wandered over to my desk.

“What are you planning to do this summer?” he asked, “Are you going home?”

I couldn't bring myself to tell him that my parents were having problems and I really didn't want to be there in the middle of it. I loved them both dearly and it broke my heart to see them fight like ... well, it was tough. Kay, my little sister, was there and we spoke constantly and she agreed that the best thing for me was to stay away. Things were getting brutal on the home front and I wanted none of that - the absolute worst thing for kids is to watch their parents demean themselves during a squabble. I felt for Kay but I wasn't going home.

“Nah, I may hang around here for a while and then head out,” I replied, adding, “you know, see if I can stir up something interesting.”

“Interesting? Here in Bangkok? The only thing you'll stir up here is trouble, son,” he offered piously while rummaging through my Tuck box which had been lying on the desk.

'Tuck' for those who aren't familiar with the British Public School terminology was food, more appropriately, food sent from home. Public Schools in Britain are really Private Schools; I know, it doesn't make sense but the Brits are a strange lot and full of contradictions as I was soon to find out.

“Yeah,” I grinned, “that's the whole point, isn't it? Stir up trouble, the kind that involves beautiful damsels in distress all of whom are named Pussy Galore!”

He smiled at the double entendre and the reference to James Bond's female nemesis from Gold Finger, the old English spy movie, while continuing to scrounge through my cache of food.

I stood back with my arms akimbo and watched as he examined the edibles I had been saving up; Roasted Peanuts, Oreos, M&Ms and then he found it; the last of my favorite homemade, chocolate-chip cookies. He dropped the rest of the snacks and with what can only be described as a look of utter contentment, sat back on the bed.

"Damsels in distress named Pussy Galore? Hmmm, you are a strange lad, Joseph, a very strange lad indeed!" he said, shaking his head then added, smiling broadly, "But I have a brilliant idea; go on, ask me what it is."

"I'm sure I'm gonna regret this, bucko," I replied but was intrigued, "here goes - what is it?"

"Why don't you come home with me?" he asked, taking a big bite into the oversized cookie as crumbs tumbled down his face onto his blazer then bounced with unpredictable audacity onto the bed.

Damn! The moocher had to pick the one thing that my Mom could actually bake – otherwise she was a horrendous cook. If it wasn't for Maria, our Ecuadorian maid, we would surely have starved! I grabbed the tuck box and reminded myself to find a better hiding place.

Did I hear him right? Did he actually invite me to go home, to England, with him?

"What?" I quizzed and watched enviously as he wolfed down the last bits of the tasty confection, the thought of the walnuts and chocolate chips teased by flakes of succulent, sweet coconut making my mouth water.

"Yeah, come home with me," he repeated between chews, "we can hitchhike all over Dorsett and there are plenty of dames vacationing there, you know, chicks, broads, skirts, bitches ... it's easy pickins like you yanks like to say!"

"Are you serious?" I was genuinely surprised.

"Yes. I think it will be brilliant and you'll get to meet Paul and Olivia," he said, adding, "My older brother and younger sister. Come on, Joseph, what do you say? It will be fun!"

Then he picked at his teeth with his fingernails and asked, "Hey, do you have any more of these? They are bloody-fucking-delicious."

“You mean they *were* bloody-fucking-delicious because that was the last one, asshole!” I said, glaring at him.

He smirked like it was no big deal and brushing off the crumbs from his blazer, grinned, “Don’t be such a plonker, Joseph, it’s a fucking cookie! Now what do you say? Come on home with me.”

He was the only one who called me Joseph, everyone else called me Joe. I had never been to England and what the heck, this could be the adventure I was looking for and while I weighed the pros and cons he added, “Olivia is a cutie pie ... your type; tall, blonde, nice tits, great arse; you’ll like her!”

“Are you sure your parents won’t mind?” I asked, ignoring the oblique remark about his sister.

“They won’t. In fact, I’ll call Mum right now,” he said and felt around in his pockets for his cell phone and then with an apologetic look on his face, he reached for mine.

Why wasn’t I surprised!

Jolly Old England

Immigration at Heathrow is a fuckin’ nightmare. There must have been at least ten planes that had landed at the same time as us which led to queues in the Immigration Hall that were ridiculously long; winding and serpentine, inching along at a snail’s pace. But forty-five painful minutes later, we had cleared the entry formalities and were greeted by his family chauffer, James. The man was dressed impeccably, like a caricature of Sherlock Holmes in a three-piece, charcoal gray, woolen suit. The trousers were pressed so crisply that you could slice bread with the crease and the shine on his black, patent leather wingtips could blind you ... seriously, you can’t make this shit up.

“Master Peter, it’s nice to see you! You look well, no worse for wear,” James said formally, taking the trolley from Peter and ignoring the bruising around Peter’s eye and mouth.

He was a small, wiry man with a weak, receding chin, darting, narrow-set, brown eyes, a thick aquiline nose and a mustache which curled up at the ends all of which gave him a ferret like look. He was in his early fifties and his soft, brown hair, peppered with gray, was parted on the right side and combed neatly back.

“James, this is Joseph ... Joseph Crockett,” Peter introduced us, “Joseph, this is James Parker our

Chauffer. But, he's more, much more than that. He's my friend and one of the toughest men in all of bloody England! He used to be a Commando in the British Special Forces."

The little man seemed embarrassed by Peter's adulatory introduction and smiled self-consciously.

"My, you certainly are a big one! I *am* the chauffer though Master Peter does flatter me with his friendship," James said extending his hand and peering up at me.

I am tall and rangy like my father and at seventeen I stood a little over six feet three and towered over the diminutive Englishman. I shook the little ferret's hand and felt the surprising strength in his grip.

"James, you are going to like Joseph, but he likes to be called Joe, it's sort of an American thing. He calls me 'Petey', among other disparaging nicknames!" Peter laughed and then rambled on, "How corny! Not Pete but Petey but I'm warning you, he is a b-a-a-ad man, James, a real American Badass!" except that he pronounced it 'Bad-Arse' which didn't have quite the same effect.

"Thank you for the warning, Master Petey, I'll make sure to stay on his good side!" James countered playfully with a deadpan expression and led the way to the Parking Garage while Peter rambled on about my father's ranch and the fact that I was related to Davey Crockett and was a real-life cowboy from Texas.

I, for one, couldn't take my eyes off the little man's shoes as it click-clicked on the polished, granite flooring of the Airport and fumbled in my pocket for my shades ... like I said, those shoes could blind a fella.

The Griffith Estate

England was exactly what I had pictured it to be. Overcast and dreary with a wicked dampness we don't have in the US. I tagged along behind them, amused by the strange conversation and distracted by the eye-candy walking by. The rumors of the pretty, English girls were well warranted especially since I had a predilection for pale skinned, freckled gals. But then, I was also attracted to the dark-skinned Thai girls and the Southern gals from Texas and the ... hey, I was crowding eighteen so what did you expect? I'd sniff anything in a skirt!

The ride to Peter's house was about an hour from Heathrow and was mostly uneventful. We spent the time making plans for the hitchhiking expedition to Dorset using a map that James had found in the glove compartment and after establishing the general scope of our skirt-chasing hegira we sat back and relaxed, enjoying the scenery in the studied comfort of the Bentley.

The countryside was dotted with small farms, their lush, green meadows and black and white cows shrouded by the ubiquitous mist made it all seem like a vibrant, Monet Landscape. But all of that paled in comparison to the Griffith estate. It was fuckin' incredible!

Okay, so I knew that they were from money but this was a damn castle. Don't get me wrong, our ranch in Texas is nothing to sneeze at but it certainly didn't compare to this! I was having a hard time wrapping my mind around the fact that Peter lived in a castle with gardens rife with topiary and huge, carved, stone animals. The greenery was aggrandized by bursts of red roses, violet and white Bougainvilleas and clusters of deeper, green Gerbera Daisies crawling around the architecture resembling something you would see in a Henry the Eighth movie.

After a lengthy drive along a winding, cobblestoned driveway bordered by neatly clipped bushes, we arrived at the entrance where a 'groom' or servant (yes that's what they are still called) was waiting patiently. He was about the same age as us, pale as Peter and with a shock of strange, orange-red hair.

"Welcome home, sir!" he said taking the backpack from Peter.

"Hello, Billy, how have you been? This is Joseph and he'll be staying with us for the summer." Peter's tone had changed and was far more authoritative.

I nodded at the valet, smiling and noticed the curtain on the side of the house part as curious eyes peeked out at us. I waved, squinting at the window and saw the curtain closing again.

Paul and Olivia

As we walked through the main hallway we were greeted by several uniformed maids who smiled warmly at Peter telling him how happy they were to see him. I could tell from their accents that some of them weren't English but rather Irish or Scottish – I didn't have the cultural acuity to tell the difference. He stopped to say a few words to one of the older ladies and though it was obvious that she had known him all his life, their interaction was absurdly formal. I couldn't help but think of Maria, who helped Mom raise us, and the contrasting manner in which we treated her. She was like family and I would never think of speaking to her like Peter was doing here.

After navigating through a maze of rooms we finally arrived at the den. They called this their Frump Room and it was at a lower level than the main floor; a sunken in room with a short flight of stairs on three sides. It was adorned in classical British décor with hand-woven Indian rugs, large futons and

Victorian furniture – all of it in old but beautiful, dark mahogany and aged leather. There was a Baby Grand at the far end and huge vases with large potted plants crowding the corners. It had a cluttered though classic ambience, one that was very different from the modernistic, contemporary ranch I grew up on.

Seated on the sofa facing the LCD Flat Screen television was a tall, boy with ash-blond, wavy hair. He was very good-looking in an effeminate sort of way and had an air of superiority about him. Beside him was a stunning girl who I was sure was Olivia. They looked so much like each other that they could have been twins. It was odd that neither one seemed overly excited by Peter's return home.

He stood surveying them for a while looking from the siblings to the TV screen and then back at them again and getting no response, walked over and slumped down onto the sofa adjacent to them.

"Paul, Olivia, this is Joseph," Peter said, "Joe, my sister and ..."

Well, we were making progress - he finally called me Joe but before he could finish his sentence, his sister got up, interrupting him.

"Hello, I'm Olivia," the femme fatale said maneuvering past the coffee table, "I must confess it was me who was peeking through the drapes. I couldn't wait to get a glimpse of Peter's Cowboy!"

She looked straight into my eyes, stepping boldly up to me.

"Peter's Cowboy?" I asked, raising my eyebrows and only half kidding and noticed that Paul, the tall kid, hadn't looked away from the screen.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" she quipped and then, to my surprise, gave me a soft peck on the cheek making sure that I felt her body pressing against me.

And here I was thinking that the Brits were a frigid bunch with little or no emotions. She smelled fabulous, like wild flowers, a lingering fragrance of lilacs and magnolias, and I wanted to reach down and bury my face in her silky, blond mane.

"I'm Joe ... Joseph Crockett and yes, ma'am, you could say I am a real, live cowboy from Texas," I smiled, enunciating with an exaggerated drawl and giving her my best 'aw shucks' look.

She laughed and clapped her hands gleefully.

"You do look like the quintessential 'All American Outdoorsman', Joe, and those are the bluest eyes

ever!" She gushed, holding on to my hand again and turning to her brother added, "Paul, don't be rude!"

"I'm famished," Peter interjected, "Where's Mum?"

They ignored him. Her brother Paul looked up for a moment, grinding his jaws, and without smiling said, "Oh yeah, Hi! Welcome to the castle and all that. Too bad we don't have any steers or queers here!"

I knew that he was trying to bait me. The program was a talk show and he didn't strike me as the type to be watching the philippic ranting by a bunch of losers. I was sure he wasn't into that – this was something else, something to do with the inchoate aspects of the Alpha Male and the reaction to his sister's obvious interest in me.

"Well, from what I've seen so far, the jury's still out ... the bit about the queers I mean," I replied and then before he could respond, asked, "what are you watching?"

Olivia squeezed my hand and let out a throaty laugh obviously enjoying the testosterone-induced repartee.

"Nothing you'd be interested in," he snapped back, giving his sister an icy glare and went back to staring at the TV.

"Oh, ignore him, Joe, he's being a plonker! Let me show you to your room," she said and pulled me along with her, "Peter, Mom's at the Club playing rummy. Martha's making Pot Roast just for you so if you are hungry ..." her sentence trailed off and then added, "Be a dear and call Dad! He's been looking forward to your coming home."

And without another word she whisked me away. When I glanced back, I saw Peter sitting glumly staring at the tube while his brother continued to ignore him. I guess this wasn't quite how he had pictured the homecoming.

The Bedrooms

"This is your room," Olivia said, opening a heavy, oak door which creaked rather loudly, echoing eerily down the high, arching hallway.

It was an unusually large room, more like a suite, with an attached bathroom and a small, living room

and a kitchenette. There was a waist high wooden divider made from rich, dark Rosewood that separated the bedroom from the living room. The kitchenette had a small fridge, coffee maker and a two-burner stovetop with a small sink and wet bar next to it. This was a lot more comfortable than any hotel room I had stayed at and thoughts of hot coffee began teasing my jetlagged mind.

I picked an apple up from the fruit basket on the coffee table and took a bite; real crunchy and tangy; the way I like it and while I wolfed it down I looked at the pictures on the walls, photographs of family and friends some of them dog-eared and old, so old that they were in black and white. There was one in particular of an older man with penetrating eyes and a gaunt, hollow face. There was something about him which was decidedly familiar and arresting.

But the most impressive thing about the room was the bed. The headboard was made of carved Walnut with metal inlay, mainly Brass and Silver, and it stood pretty high off the ground, higher than most beds I'd seen. It had a zillion pillows of all different sizes and a thick, plush, hand-quilted duvet lined with gold trimmed frippery and sashes which reminded me of royal velvet.

"This was my Grandfather's bed," she informed me, jumping up and backwards onto the mattress, lying back with her legs dangling over the edge, "It's over a hundred years old!"

And as her body sank into the covers, I couldn't take my eyes off of her breasts; they were simply splendid pointing proudly upwards like two medium sized melons. I could make out the faint outline of her nipples through the diaphanous material of her blouse. Her cotton skirt had ridden up her thighs giving me a flash of pale, firm flesh just before she sat up again. She caught me looking up her dress and smiled knowingly before straightening the hem.

"I often wonder about all the women who had made their way into this bed; my grandfather was a notorious rake!" She said, sitting up and sliding off the mattress.

Then grabbing my hand, she led me to the far wall and paused in front of another smaller picture of the same fierce looking man but this one had a stunning woman standing next to him and a tall, young man who could have passed for an older Paul farther back in the background. The woman was a carbon copy of Olivia.

"That's Grandfather Aaron," she said with reverence, "and my mother."

"She's very beautiful. You look a lot like your mom."

"I should," she answered almost to herself and then walked to the far wall. "The man behind them is her older brother, Sidney. Mom and he were very close until my Grandfather sent him away."

It was on the tip of my tongue to pose the obvious question when she pushed a curtain aside to reveal a small Chapel door; a private entrance or so it seemed.

“See, this door leads to my bedroom,” she explained conspiratorially as she played with the knob, then hearing the muffled click of the latch, pushed it open, “come on, I’ll show you my room.”

It was a short connecting passageway that linked both rooms and I had to crouch a bit because unlike the rest of the house the coffered ceiling was not very high. In years past, my room was most probably occupied by the manservant or maid who catered to the Lord of the castle.

“Here we are; the Island of the Sirens!” she laughed, entering her bedroom and danced playfully, twirling around in small circles until she reached the large canopied bed in the middle of the room.

The décor was unmistakably feminine. The room was accented by several crystal vases filled with flowers, a veritable potpourri of bouquets which was much like her perfume; lilacs and magnolias. The two large, stain-glass windows were draped with pink and white, gossamer curtains through which the shifting sunlight spilled into the room, drenching the dark, rosewood armoires in shades of chartreuse and gold. The diffused light reflected off of the antique, bronze statues of Hindu deities and danced merrily off the satin and lace runners as they shivered in the fluttering cross breeze.

But it was the flooring in her room that was truly remarkable. It was made of Moher flagstones which is a rare, natural stone quarried from the west coast of Ireland. What makes this flagstone different is its surface which is characterized by strange uneven, etchings left by fossil tracks called ichnofossils. And the only reason I knew this obscure fact was the summer that I spent working at a Granite Dealership in Houston. While unloading the truck using a forklift, I had inadvertently dropped a pallet damaging some of the large slabs on the bottom. They happened to be Moher Flagstones and I never heard the end of it from my boss.

I was determined to impress her with my ‘hard earned’ knowledge of these very unique stones.

“Nice flooring,” I remarked casually, “I like the way you’ve arranged the rugs to blend in with the etchings.”

The daedal designs of the marine worms on the flagstones smudged seamlessly with the intricate weave of the antique rugs. It was very clever, the way she had matched them.

“The flagstones are from Ireland and the surface pat ...” she started but I cut her off.

"I know and the patterns were made by marine worms called ichnofossils. And, judging from the intricacy of the artwork, the rugs are obviously Persian or Indian ... most probably antiques."

She looked at me with surprise and then her expression changed to one bordering on admiration.

"The rugs are Northern Indian. Not bad, Joseph, not bad at all, you could have fooled me!" she admitted.

"Mmmm, you thought I was just some dumb, American jock, unh?" I grinned but she chose to ignore the remark.

Instead she smiled and struck a pose, "Ichnofossils and carpets aside, the real question is; can you resist me, brave Ulysses?"

I must have looked like a teenager at a stripper's convention with my mouth hanging open and felt my cock beginning to stir. God, she was a beauty. Easy boy, I thought to myself, let's pace ourselves here.

"You should see the look on your face, Joseph! Yes, yes much like a 'dumb jock' indeed!" she teased laughing and then softened the scathing reference by reaching out to me and adding; "You know I'm only kidding, don't you?"

I loved the lilt of her laugh but before I could respond she parted the translucent drapes of the baldachin which hung from the ceiling and disappeared behind the folds of the silky valance.

I could make out the dark form of her silhouette as she lay down on her bed, shifting around to make herself comfortable.

"Wow! This really is some bedroom!" I remarked, impressed by the size and impeccable décor.

"Now, wouldn't you like to know about all the men who've had the privilege of being in this bed?" she asked from behind the dark netting, her voice sounding strangely muffled.

"No, not really ..." I faked indifference and turned to head back to my room, "I'm tired and need a shower so I'll see you later."

It was all a game and I knew how to play it well. The less interested I pretended to be the more interested she would be in me. The technique rarely failed, especially with pretty, teenage girls.

“Wait! Wait Joseph, I was only teasing ... listen, if you need anything, anything at all, just knock on the door! Okay?” she said, emerging from under the canopy with her hair tousled and her lips pouting like some sultry goddess and pointed to the Chapel door.

‘Damn! I’m good,’ I thought to myself and smiled at her overt eagerness and the obvious play on words.

Raising my eyebrows, I asked, “Anything?”

“Yes, anything!” she echoed, staring into my eyes, her expression turning suddenly serious.

“I’ll keep that in mind, doll face,” I said and left her standing by the bed wondering about Cowboys and Texas as I headed back to the sanctuary of my room trying hard to hide the bulge in my trousers.

Not many men would have passed up on that offer and I know that any other normal, seventeen-year-old boy would have been all over her by now. ‘Keep them guessing’ was my motto and without trying to make myself out as some Don Juan, I did okay with the girls ... okay, for an average looking bloke, that is.

The Secrets of Brothers and Sisters

I looked up at the antique grandfather’s clock across from the bed and it was almost midnight. Fuck! I had passed out. The last thing I remember after returning to my room was taking a shower and lying down. Jetlag is a bitch though I had never had it hit me quite like this.

I stretched and did twenty-five quick push-ups and heard my stomach growl. I suddenly realized I was ravenous. I needed food and soon. I was blessed with a super fast metabolism and my stomach was beginning to churn and tickle my spine and that was not a good thing.

I opened the small fridge but there was nothing substantial that I could chow down on so throwing on a T-shirt, I decided to head towards Olivia’s room. I was sure she could scrounge up something for me to eat and then maybe we could explore that ‘anything’ she had mentioned. If she was asleep I’d just have to cook the giant, white Umbrella Cockatoo I saw in the foyer, the one Peter called ‘Freddy the Fucker’. Okay, so I’m being facetious.

As I walked down the narrow passageway connecting our rooms, the strains of muffled voices wafted towards me. It was the male voice which piqued my curiosity. And as I got closer, I noticed that the door was left slightly ajar either intentionally or by accident.

I knelt down and peeked in, careful not to make any noise. It was Paul. He was seated on the edge of the bed and was leaning over, massaging his sister's back. The heavy curtains of the baldachin were drawn back and wrapped around the bedpost leaving only the fleur-de-lis finials exposed.

"You like that American bastard, don't you?" he accused his sister.

Olivia was lying face down and despite my view being partially hindered by Paul's body I could make out that all she had on were her panties. I could see the rise of her fabulous behind and his hand resting on her ass cheeks. I was shocked and titillated by their overt intimacy. I wasn't naïve and knew a bit about incest but to witness it was something else. My cock responded immediately as thoughts of my own sister and our juvenile explorations came rushing back.

"I think he's cute and he has a great bod," she said, turning her head towards her brother.

"How would you know?" was the terse query.

"Lady C and I went to call him for dinner and he was asleep with only his boxer's on," she sighed then continued, "all muscle, dear brother, and if you were to believe Peter, he's a pretty tough cookie."

I later found out that Olivia called her mother Lady C for Lady Catharine. Her Grandfather Aaron was some kind of Lord or Duke or whatever it is that makes them royalty.

"We'll see," her brother responded, "we'll see just how good he is."

"Careful, darling, you wouldn't want that pretty face to get worked over, would you?"

Her brother didn't answer instead he leaned over her and kissed her on the mouth. I could see her turn over so that she was now facing him as their mouths locked in incestuous passion and he began kneading her breasts. I wanted to get a better look so I inched forward inadvertently nudging the door and it creaked softly.

As I slipped quickly back into the shadows I heard the susurrant rustle of bed sheets accompanied by the soft, intimate groan of bedsprings followed by Paul's voice, "Who's there?"

"It's no one, darling, it must be the wind! Come back here ... I need a back rub," Olivia cajoled, speaking softly, and then commanded, "come back or get out! Don't you dare leave me hanging."

There was a brief, anxiety filled silence as I waited with bated breath, my heart pounding and my

mind racing with a million excuses none of which made any sense. I was hoping with all my heart; willing him to stay put.

After what seemed like an eternity I heard the bed creak again, the rickety noise slicing through the tension, deflating it like a balloon bleeding air.

"Okay, so where were we?" he said as he crawled back up on top of his sister.

I stood still, making sure that they were once again engaged before moving back to the doorway. I had a much better view now. She had turned over so she was now lying on her stomach again with him straddling her thighs just above the knees. He began massaging her back, working up and down her willowy, spine; his long fingers caressing her muscles from her Trapezius to the small of her back. I could tell from the soft sighs and moans that she was aroused and subjugated by his touch, her body melting into the bed as he kneaded her muscles with the familiar dexterity of a masseuse.

After a while, he shimmied down her legs working on her lower back until he was pulling down on her panties with his fingers, his thumbs pressing into her ass cheeks spreading them with blatant indiscretion.

"It's in the way," he said his voice strangled and hoarse as he grabbed the waistband and rolled it down, totally exposing his sister's ass.

Before she could say anything he had his hands on her ass again, massaging her cheeks and running his fingers along her crack. The thought of him getting a peek of his sister's cunt excited the heck out of me and from my vantage point I could see the silvery wetness of her slit as he continued to rub between her legs, pulling her ass-cheeks apart, leaning forward and using his tongue to give his sister a rim job.

It was an intensely steamy sight augmented by her moaning and his raspy breathing which reverberated in the room arousing every aspect of my carnal senses. Each time he pulled his head back, I got fleeting glimpses of the fullness of her puffy lips, her swollen labia betraying her excitement. I could feel my chest tighten while my heart began pounding in my head. I wanted to join the siblings in the worst possible way as thoughts of Kay played in the recesses of my mind.

Though there was something decidedly kinky about this, I wanted them to do it; to fuck so I could watch. I mean, he's her brother for God's sake, but I couldn't help it and was rubbing my cock through my trousers! With each stroke his thumbs worked lower and lower until they dipped between his sister's legs and finally he pulled her thighs apart, splaying her legs, exposing her bare, vaginal lips for all to see. From what I could gather, she had either shaved her mons or she had a very sparse

growth but in either case, it was increasingly obvious by her copious juicing that she had reached a state of hyper-excitement.

She began pushing her butt back at him, trying to get him to lick her where she wanted him to and at that point I realized she was lost, consumed by the need to get off, moaning loudly in time to the strokes of his tongue. I watched intently as he shimmied down just a bit farther so he was now lying between her thighs and leaning forward, he licked her slit from the apex of her cunt to the bottom near the edge of her perineum. I could see her body twitch and jerk as she let out a long, hissing moan.

“Ohhhh, don’t stop ... Paul ... my darling, don’t stop ... darling brother, keep going ...”

As Paul continued to orally administer to the lascivious needs of his sister, her hips were rocking up and back bouncing off his face and he had to hold her ass to control the extent of her unbridled undulations. At this point she didn’t seem to care, spreading her thighs even wider while raising her hips higher off the bed to allow him better access to her cunt. It was just too much for me. I was already stroking my dick totally engrossed in their lovemaking.

Then he suddenly stopped lapping at her pussy and eased himself up onto her back with his hips resting just under her ass. I could see his butt flex as he used his hand to guide himself into her opening. And after a moment of holding still, he began stroking into her with slow, shallow strokes.

“Ah, oh ... oh, oh, oh ... unh, unh, unh ... oh, Paul ... harder, please ...” she was moaning in time to his thrusts.

I could see her pushing back at him, timing the rocking motion of her hips to the burrowing action of his reciprocating cock. Then holding onto Olivia’s shoulders, he held her in place while pushing hard into her. And though I couldn’t see it, I was sure he had bottomed out in her.

“Uhhnnn, fuck ...” she sighed, letting out a strangled gasp, “Yes ... Oh, God, yes. That feels so, so good.”

I knew that he was now deep inside his sister’s vagina and had moved his hands from under her shoulders to cup her tits. He began kneading them and toying with her nipples, kissing her neck while sawing in and out of her. It was obvious that they were practiced lovers and the fact that they were so beautiful made this better than any Blue movie I had seen.

“You feel so good, little sister ... so fucking good!” Paul exclaimed as he slowly pulled all the way out and pushed back in hard, “You are mine, you hear me, mine ... only mine!”

"Yes, yes ... I've ... I've always been yours, darling ... you were my first ... darling brother," she replied, her voice stuttering in time to his hard thrusts.

Their calling each other 'brother' and 'sister' only intensified my experience and I heard her whimper encouraging him to fuck her harder. His tempo had picked up and he began stroking in earnest, deep into her belly. You could hear the squishing noises and smacking sounds as he continued ravage her hot, wet, little hole. And for a while all you could hear were the lewd sounds of sex, her moans and his grunts, their bodies slapping together as they worked steadfastly towards their crescendo.

Then it happened. Her body stiffened and began jerking with small tremors as the ripples of pleasure crippled the network of her nerves and washed over her.

"Oh God, Paul ... Ohhhhh ... oh, oh, oh ... oh, God ... ohhhhhhhh!" she shouted as her climax peaked and crested, her body wracked by an intense orgasm.

She was pushing back at him, rolling her hips with her eyes closed and an expression of pure bliss etched on her face. And almost like clockwork, I saw Paul's butt cheeks flex tightly and then he thrust quickly into her three or four times before pushing in one final time. He held his position, trembling with his head thrown back and his eyes rolling backwards.

"Oh, baby!" he gasped as he buried his prick all the way up her cunt.

His climax was so incredibly vivid that I could almost feel him spurting into his sister. It seemed like I was fucking her or was it really Kay? Just the fleeting thought of my sister pushed me to the brink and I blew. I pumped jets of ropey globules onto the sides of the stone wall and had to fight hard to quell the noises escaping from deep inside me. I had never had an orgasm quite that intense.

In time, all our orgasms subsided. They were still locked together, brother and sister, lying in a panting, sweaty pile. Then Paul pulled out of her and easing himself off the bed, went and stood by her face waiting expectantly. And as if on cue, she reached up and guided him into her mouth and began suckling him, her head moving back and forth while he lazily fucked his sister's mouth.

He held her by her hair, allowing her to clean his cock but she didn't stop even when it was glistening spit-clean. She kept sucking him, playing with his scrotal sac and balls and I noticed his root beginning to slowly regain some of its girth.

Damn! She was a real slut and a beauty ... her overt sexuality was rooted in the enjoyment she obviously derived from the oral interaction. She was holding his semi-hard shaft and licking around

the red, bloated dome slowly working him up to his second erection. She kept sucking the enraged crown in and out of her mouth, treating it like a distended lollypop.

"Oh, baby ..." he whimpered, his eyes shut tight, "you're so fucking good, my baby slut ... are you going to make me hard?"

"Yes, yes, darling ... I want you to cum all over me; to anoint me, brother, anoint your little sister," she moaned.

"Ohhhh, God ..."

He couldn't finish his thoughts. She squeezed the base of his penis, trapping the blood and distorting the head like a grotesque, red puffer fish and then used her palm and fingers to ride the ridge of his glans, up and down, back and forth until he was doubled over with pleasure and when she let him go, his cock was rock hard, the same as mine.

Meeting Lady C

I woke up to the noise of someone mucking about in the room. At first, I thought I was still dreaming and that this apparition was a continuum of the chimeral illusions which float through the semi-somnolent mind struggling for clarity, while the cobwebs slowly give way to rational thought. But then the events of the night before came crashing over me like a frothing, white, tidal wave. Paul and Olivia! I had jacked off twice while voyeuristically enthralled by their incestuous lovemaking.

I shook the sleep from my head and saw the woman clearly – she was the splitting image of Olivia, even more beautiful if that were possible. She was straightening up the sofa and some clothes I had strewn about the living room.

She was dressed in a long, white skirt with a tight cotton blouse cut low so you got a fair glimpse of her sensational cleavage. Her straight, blond hair was about shoulder length and was thick and shiny. Her eyes were almost catlike, a bright, pellucid aquamarine; almond shaped and sloping slightly upwards. She had a small, thin nose and a wide, full mouth and was beautiful in the classical sense with great bone structure and the softest looking skin and the way she moved reminded me of a swan gliding through the water.

She possessed that full, curvy, firmness of body that screamed 'woman', the kind that most men would kill for. I felt my morning wood get even harder under the duvet. This had to be a dream.

“Hi,” I said my voice still thick and heavy with sleep, testing the reality of the moment.

“Oh, hello ... sorry, but Joseph, if you don’t get up and get your body clock adjusted, the jetlag is going to get a lot worse.” She said in a husky, soothing manner while making her way over to the bed.

Okay, so she was real.

“Yeah, I know ... it’s just that I ... er, who are you? Wow, you look like Olivia’s sister!” I said.

“Oh, bless you, Joseph, that’s sweet but I’m her mother!”

“Boy, you sure don’t look it, Mrs. Griffith!”

“Call me Catharine,” she smiled, adding, “and that’s very kind of you but I *am* her mother and now you had better get up. Olivia’s waiting for you at the stables. She wants to take you riding to see if you really are a cowboy!”

I made a face and hoped that my Jovial Johnson would simmer down and stop throbbing or she might think there was a woodpecker trapped under a sheet. She possessed that paedomorphic quality that is so prevalent in Nordic women; an ageless elegance like the Greek Goddess, Aphrodite.

“Where’s Peter?” I quizzed for lack of something intelligent to say.

“He’s gone with Paul to the club to play Squash.”

With that she pushed my hair off of my face and looked into my eyes. My Mom used to do that except this felt a lot more sensual and a lot less motherly.

“Olivia was right; you do have the bluest eyes,” her voice was husky and soft while her fingers feathered slowly down my face caressing my jaw line.

I noticed her looking at the tenting of the duvet over my throbbing erection before she breezed out of the room, her hips swaying seductively. She stopped at the doorway and looked back, smiling alluringly, hesitating, and then she was gone. My attention was snared by the vision of her wiggling, callipygian ass and at that very moment, if a bomb were to go off next to me ... why, I’d die a happy man!

It could have been the raging hormones or my overactive imagination but I swear there was an instant there when I felt her lost in contemplation. There was something intangible; something sexual,

that's for sure. She was so damn beautiful! What the fuck was up with Peter – his father must be one ugly, fuckin' ogre or there's a lot more to this family than they are letting on.

James and the Boys

After a rather hasty breakfast, which I ate alone being waited on by several pretty maids, I meandered through the gardens towards the stables. It was about five hundred yards from the main house. To get to the stables, you had to pass the garage which was located about midway between the two buildings. I could see James and two other men polishing the Bentley and a couple of vintage cars in front of the large, stone structure which had the look of a fortress.

Being an avid car buff, I recognized the Bugatti Type 57C Convertible but couldn't identify the other one from a distance except that it was a cool looking sports model. But when I got closer I saw that it was a classic. The high polish on the glossy, red color of the body was remarkable and was matched only by the super-reflective chrome on the bumpers and trims. The streaking sunlight reflecting off of the finish made the sports car glitter and stand out from the drably, conservative, grayish black of the Bentley.

James looked up, "Hello, Joseph, you look rested and well."

"Morning James, yeah, I feel pretty good," I replied smiling at the smaller man and pointing to the red car, added, "That's a 1958 Giulietta Spider, isn't it?"

"Hey, that's pretty astute, laddie, you certainly know your cars," James said and laughed, "A cultured American ... I like that."

"Don't go liking it too much, Jimmy Old Boy," I said, a bit irritated at his condescending manner, "you'd be surprised at just how cultured we really are!"

He didn't reply but looked away and went back to polishing the Bentley, so I continued:

"I happen to like the old American muscle cars like the '69 Chevelle or the '67 Barracuda for brute power and performance but for sheer purity of the lines, the European classics, like this Alpha Romeo, are unbeatable," I said, walking slowly around the Spider, admiring the cleanliness of the design and the soft sloping angles of the front and rear.

From the look on his face, I could see that I had surprised him.

“Sorry, laddie, I didn’t mean to imply ...” he started but I cut him off.

“Not a problem. Just don’t go selling us Yanks short! You do remember World War II, don’t you? If history serves me right, we pulled your British nuts out of the fire!”

I was sensitive about being an American and was getting to be a bit of a xenophobe. Part of it had to do with being in Thailand but the real reason was rooted in my mother’s Japanese heritage. I don’t expect people to understand so I’ll pass on the pseudo-psychobabble.

James looked at me for a minute and then laughed out loudly and said, “True, very true and touché, mate.” Then turning to the others, “Lads, this is Joseph Crockett, he goes to school with Master Peter and he’s from Texas,” James said, introducing me to the men. “Joseph, this big oaf here is Albert Duffy and the slim one by the Bugatti is John Becksworth.”

I nodded in the direction of the men.

Albert was a big man about the same height as me, maybe a hair taller, but he had me by about forty or so pounds. His sleeves were ripped off at the shoulders displaying huge, muscular arms covered in intricate tattoos and though he had the beginnings of a thirties paunch, you got the distinct feeling that he could take care of himself. John was about average height, slender build and the round granny-glasses he wore gave him a scholarly look.

I noticed the big man looking me over, sizing me up like a male dog sizes another. This was stuff I knew and liked. Instinct kicked in and I glared back at him. Our eyes locked.

“Is this him?” Al asked in a tinny, high-pitched voice that was strangely incongruent with his size.

Obviously, word was out. It was either Paul or James or the maids. I’m betting on Paul.

“Yes, this is the cowboy. What do you think, Al, you think you can handle him?” James asked the big man and laughed.

I wasn’t sure if James was kidding or whether he was egging the man on but the thought did cross my mind that this could be a set-up to test the new bloke, that is, me and there was the distinct possibility that Paul had had a word with the boys.

“Piss-easy,” was the terse answer, “... won’t take but a few minutes.”

“Really? That tells me that you *are* as stupid as you look,” I said to him, eyes unblinking and realizing

a bit too late that it sounded pretty juvenile.

Albert didn't say anything but continued to smile, a stupid aggravating smile, not blinking or backing down. He was on the downside of thirty but that wasn't always bad – it could mean that he was an experienced fighter. The scar tissue above his eyebrows, the two missing teeth on the left side of his mouth and the flattened, pug nose bore testament to his toughness. Whether he had won or lost didn't really factor in; the man had been in some wars and that counted for a lot.

“Ah, don't concern yourself with him, Joe; he's just being a hard case!” James offered, “He doesn't like foreigners, what are you going to do? Some people are just stubborn when it comes to things like that. But it would be interesting ... the old bull versus the young!”

We really didn't need the added incentive; we were locked in and engaged. For those of you who have been through this shit, you'll know what I mean and how it works – it doesn't take much.

I moved over so now I was in front of him, “You really don't want any part of me, fella.”

“Sure I do,” he replied in that peculiar voice, high like that of an Alto, and he inched a bit nearer so that our noses almost touched, “I don't like poofters especially prissy-assed, Yankee poofters!”

The last part was more of a hiss. I had no idea what that meant but later found out that ‘poofter’ was English slang for faggot. I just knew he wasn't being very nice – an understatement if there ever was one.

“Your breath stinks, dude, invest in some mouthwash,” I remarked making a face while easing back a bit and it did, like he had been chewing on tobacco and garlic and hadn't brushed his teeth in ten years!

And as soon as I saw him relax I shoved him hard, catching him by surprise, sending him stumbling backwards, trying to regain his balance. I was about to move in and lay him out when James quickly stepped in between us. The little ferret was fast.

“Now easy lads, easy! Let's do this tomorrow morning about the same time; the Boss and Lady C will be gone and we can settle this behind the garage ... like civilized men. ”

Well, well, well, wasn't he the eager beaver? All set to see the two of us tearing each other apart. Nice, James, yeah, very civilized.

“You got it,” I said and gave Duffy a parting glare before heading towards the stables feeling elated.

He still had that stupid grin on his face.

I loved the adrenalin rush the confrontation gave me. It had been a while since I had the thrill of cracking craniums and I couldn't wait for tomorrow. Man, this was turning out to be more fun than I had expected.

Equus: Riding in the Meadows

When I got to the stables, I could see Olivia bending over, totally preoccupied with grooming her horse. She was using a Dandy Brush and a smooth, iterative, flicking motion to clean the small bay mare, working from the horse's neck, along the body to her rump.

I stood by the entrance mesmerized by this gorgeous English girl, watching the sunlight gleaming off of her golden tresses like the rippling flashes of a tropical waterfall. I couldn't decide who was more beautiful – the mother or the daughter? It was pretty evident that she was in prime physical condition as she continued to work diligently on the sides of the roan before finally straightening up. It was only then that she noticed me.

She gave me a big, radiant smile and came over.

"I didn't see you come in, Joseph, did you sleep well?" she asked, hugging me tightly.

"I did," I replied and feeling rather bold, pulled her to me.

There was no resistance and I could feel her body molding to mine. She was wearing Jodhpurs and a cotton shirt with a short riding jacket. And once again, I was captivated by the smell of her, her clean essence mixed with the redolence of wild flowers as the images of the previous night came rushing back.

"Did you enjoy it?" She inquired with an uncanny sense of timing.

"Enjoy what?" I was caught off guard, surprised by her innate prescience.

But she smiled ignoring the question and led me to a stall in the back where there was a tall, dark, chocolate colored stallion with a distinctive blaze marking on his face. The white, starry blotch between his eyes was shaped like the flared tip of a Mongol's sword. He was beautifully muscular with bright, defiant eyes and had trouble written all over him.

“This is Hector and he’s your horse for the day,” she said leaning over and petting the horse which instantly shuffled backwards, eyes rolling wildly, holding his head high and barring its teeth like a dog.

“Gee, thanks!” I said looking over at the all the other more docile horses in the adjacent stalls.

She just tossed her hair back and laughed as the large stallion reared-up and neighed almost in agreement.

Horses and stables, in particular, have a characteristic organic smell to them. You either liked it or hated it. Having grown up on a ranch, I happened to like it. I climbed up the slats of the front door to the stall and allowed Hector to get used to me and when he stopped shuffling his hooves and dropped his head, I fed him a sugar cube before stroking his mane. I wasn’t the Horse Whisperer but I had an affinity for animals and the one thing you learn early on when dealing with horses is that they love sugar cubes and will do pretty much anything to be rewarded with a few. As soon as he nibbled on the first one, I knew the beast was mine.

We saddled up and trotted gently, chatting about nothing in particular, until we were clear of the gardens and then we were off. She was an amazing rider; a true Equestrienne maneuvering through the low hanging branches and bushes with little effort. The small mare had taken the lead by about fifty or so yards but it was short lived. Hector was a runner and once we reached the open meadows, the large stallion hit his stride and caught up to her rather easily. I pulled back lightly on the reigns to slow him down so that we were riding side by side.

Olivia’s face was flushed with excitement and I couldn’t help but think about what my sister had confided in me; that for a woman riding a horse was, on some level, very sexual. It had to do with the female anatomy and the posting motion of the rider as she bounced up and down and back and forth to the rhythm of the horse. The chafing stimulates the vaginal region and this, combined with the feeling of power between their thighs, arouses them – at least that was my sister’s theory.

“Follow me,” Olivia said, her voice fading in the breeze, “I know a great place ...”

After a short but tricky ride where we had to maneuver down a steep incline, Olivia led the way to a secluded spot at the bottom of a grassy knoll behind a clump of English walnut and Gingko trees. We took the saddles and bridles off the horses so they could graze unhampered and while they wandered off, she unfurled a soft, layered, waterproof picnic blanket and laid it alongside a hedgerow of thick brush bordering a particularly large Holly Oak. The oak provided shade and its pendulous branches hung low over a narrow, babbling brook which wound its way through the infinite meadows of the

estate. She had picked her spot carefully – it was serene and isolated, the dense shrubbery shielding us from prying eyes.

“Nice!” I complimented, looking around and taking in the scenery soothed by the chirping tweets of robins and sparrows accompanying the gurgling sounds of the nearby stream.

She took off her riding jacket and stretched and then sat down on one side of the blanket. I could see the outline of her bra straining against the thin, cotton shirt. She shook her golden mane out and said something which confirmed my suspicions.

“Riding makes me really horny; I’ll bet you didn’t know that.”

“No, not really ...” I replied a bit startled by her blatant frankness.

“Well, you didn’t answer me earlier. Did you enjoy the show last night?” She inquired, moving effortlessly on to what was really on her mind.

“You mean, you knew I was ...”

“Yes, of course I knew you’d come back, Joseph.” She interrupted and then continued, “Do you think we are disgusting?”

The girl was direct. I’ll give her that.

“No. But ...” I was at a loss for words.

“You mean, because Paul is my brother?”

“Yes ... er ... no ... I don’t know!” I stuttered.

We were quiet for a while during which time she continued to stare at me. I couldn’t help but feel like I was being sized up for a meal. My mind was buzzing with so many thoughts and images that I was nearing sensory overload.

She adjusted her position, leaning back, resting on her elbows with her breasts pushing out towards me, and addressed the issue head-on.

“It has been my experience, limited as that may be, that one way or the other all of us begin our sexual journey at home. It could be a surreptitious glimpse of your brother’s penis or peeping in on

your father undressing or even the inadvertent discovery of your parents having sex. It begins there; some of us just take it further ...” her voice trailed off.

I wasn't quite sure how to respond as the memories of the groping sessions Kay and I shared in her closet came rushing back. If I closed my eyes and concentrated hard enough, I could still feel my sister's inexperienced fingers stroking my cock.

Then she continued.

“There is no legitimate rationale for treating incest as something vile and abhorrent. What can be more natural? Would you rather explore your sexuality with someone who cares for you or someone who only wants to use you? I would trust my brother or father a lot sooner than some hormone-crazed teenager who had no clue as to what he was doing; wouldn't you?”

“Well, I hear you but that could set the stage for young girls being exploited or forced into something they may not have wanted to do ... don't you think? And if the father starts wanting the younger flesh of his daughter there are bound to be problems within the dynamics of the home.” I offered, spouting some of the articles I had read, “What happens to the mother? I doubt that she would be willing to play a lesser role in the conjugal bed.”

She thought about what I had said for a while and then smiled.

“The same argument can be made for mother and son. I don't think this is a competition but rather an augmentation of our love that now involves sexuality. It expands the boundaries of teaching, learning and pleasure for all involved.” She paused then continued, “And, as far as exploitation is concerned, I don't feel exploited at all. In fact, I sometimes wonder if I'm taking advantage of Paul! And my mother thinks it's wonderful that Paul and I have each other ...” adding with a mischievous grin, “to play with.”

Our eyes met and held steady for a while. She had this disconcerting habit of looking straight into your eyes without wavering at all. I was the first to look away. I gazed out at the horses grazing in the distance and saw Hector follow the small mare; males chasing females, primordial and old as nature itself.

“How did it start?” I asked finally, more out of something to say than curiosity.

“He would come into my room after I had gone to sleep and lick me,” she answered simply.

I must have looked like she was speaking Greek because she smiled and explained, “It started a while ago. I'm not sure exactly when but I do recall the night I woke up feeling this wonderful

sensation between my legs ... it was just amazing!"

I didn't say anything but felt myself getting even harder and had to readjust my position on the blanket because my cock was beginning to hurt from being bent awkwardly. She noticed my predicament and looked down politely allowing me time to get comfortable. Then she continued:

"I was so frightened that if I moved or made any noise, he would stop doing whatever he was doing and the magic feeling would cease so I just pretended to be asleep. I didn't want it to end ... ever." She said almost innocently.

"Did he frighten you?"

"No. He was my brother and I loved him. I knew he would never hurt me."

"Did you cum?" The question slipped out before I could control myself.

"Yes. It was my first real orgasm and it was so intense, I thought I was dying! It was so much better than my fingers."

"Wow! Did he realize that you weren't sleeping? I mean, you must have made some noise, didn't you?"

"I think he knew ... but we both felt better pretending that I was sleeping. After a while I don't think it mattered anymore and one night I couldn't stand it, I needed to feel something inside me so after he had licked me to several climaxes I asked him to do it."

"Do what?" I asked, now completely aroused by and engrossed in her story.

"I asked Paul to fuck me," she replied nonchalantly.

Just the way she said that had me on the verge. I could feel my cock jerk and leak into my boxers.

"You didn't think it was wrong ... I mean, he is your brother?"

"I think you need to know that our family is a bit unusual. Sidney, my mother's older brother is our biological father ... Paul's and mine. Peter's father, Dennis, is the one we call Father or Dad which makes Peter our half-brother."

"You mean your uncle is your father?"

“Yes. And, we call him ‘Uncle’ not ‘Dad’ or ‘Father’.”

“No wonder you look so much like each other,” I observed, making sense of the differences between them and Peter.

The confluence of genes is what made this sister and brother almost identical and different from Peter.

“And we don’t have two heads or ten arms or suffer from strange diseases ... we are pretty normal, if you ask me. In fact, Paul and I have unusually high IQs. Dennis had wanted us tested and both of us did rather well.”

Her tone was matter-of-fact without any hint of braggadocio. She was simply making a point. Normal? Damn! They were almost perfect; certainly makes a case for eugenics at its purest.

“Does your father ... I mean, Peter’s father, know about this?”

“Yes, silly!”

Obviously he must have known. Paul was older than Peter and Olivia was younger and they certainly looked a bit too much like their biological parents to avert any doubts.

“Do they still see each other? Your uncle and mom; I mean, your father ... you know what I mean, your biological father ...” I struggled, trying to figure out the best way to identify the relationships.

“Yes and yes,” she took pity on me and cut me off, “they can’t keep their hands off each other. When we say that Mom’s gone to play rummy, everyone knows she’s really at Uncle Sidney’s place ... where they boff like rabbits.”

I was still trying to get used to her directness regarding sex and the nonchalance towards the unusual aspects of her family relationships. Every now and then, in the middle of a sentence, she would run the tip of her tongue very slowly along her lips, wetting them. I was never sure if this affectation of hers was contrived, knowing just how sensual she looked, but its effect was enticing and so erotic that each time she did it my cock would throb.

She wet her lips again and continued with her story.

“Well, that night Paul put his ‘thingie’ inside me and that was it ... we became lovers and have been

fucking ever since,” she added with simple finality.

“Amazing! That *is* hot!”

“Does it excite you, Joseph?” she asked still looking straight into my eyes and her voice dropping to a husky whisper.

“Yes, very much,” I admitted, unable to lie to her, worried that she would read my thoughts and see through the façade and call me out for being a hypocrite.

“Are you hard?” she persisted softly knowing full well that my cock was about to pop through my trousers.

“Yes,” I mumbled and looked away.

“Mmmm, poor baby, let me help you,” she exclaimed softly and scooted over to my side.

I fumbled with the button of my waistband while she tugged at the zipper of my fly; our hands working with the uncoordinated urgency of lust, until finally she had my jeans undone.

She felt inside for me and then freed my cock from the confines of my underwear, watching intently as it sprang out towards her. She grabbed the base gently and pulled down the foreskin exposing the flared, mushroomed head glistening with the speckled effulgence of my juices.

“Oh, baby, you’re so excited; I need ...” she started, then leaning forward she took a swipe at the head with her tongue, “Mmmm, just lie back and enjoy it.” She whispered, her breathing rasping heavily as she pushed me down onto the blanket.

I rose up on my elbows, straining my neck upwards, to watch as she engulfed me within her mouth, her tongue swirling around the bloated dome, stimulating the ridge of my glans. Her mouth felt incredibly soft and warm and wet as she sucked me deeper, continuing to rub the underside of my shaft with her tongue. She was obviously very practiced at giving head. And once she had me as deep as she wanted, she began bobbing up and down using an excruciatingly slow rhythm and with each down-stroke she used her fingers to expose the head so she could suck on it. I could feel her swallowing the copious amounts of precum which must have been pooling in her mouth.

I tried to reach for her, to sit up and fondle her breasts, but she pulled off of me.

“No, lie back, this is for me,” she said and pushed me down again.

It didn't take long for me to fill her mouth with cum. She was way too good and I was too damn horny. She kept sucking and swallowing until she had drained me of everything I had to offer her and if I hadn't pulled her off of me, I think she would have sucked the very life out of me using my aching cock as the straw.

We slowly undressed each other and I could believe just how perfect she was. I loved the paleness of her skin and the reddish pink blush of her cheeks. Her nipples, pointed and hard, with their small areolae that were a darker pink and her complexion was like her mother's; flawless and soft. She had a sparse tuft of blondish, red pubic hair which crowned her swollen vaginal lips and her legs were thick and strong and shapely, like those of an athlete.

"One good turn ..." I said and gently laid her back. Then spreading her legs, I licked between her petals tasting her for the first time.

We spent the rest of the afternoon making slow, languid love in every way possible and hours later as we rode home, I was filled with her heady fragrance, my cock was sore and my mouth was washed with the tangy taste of her incredible nectar.

The Wellington Club

That evening, Peter and I had gone to the club to hook-up with some of his friends and had run into his father there. Peter obviously took after his dad who was a bit on the heavy side and had the same round face and affable smile. The only difference was that Dennis had gentle, brown eyes. I wondered why someone as beautiful as Catharine would marry this man. He must be immensely wealthy was the only reason I could think up. I was getting more intrigued by this family by the minute.

The club was an altogether different experience – talk about stodgy! It was very formal and old world and except for a few teenagers, the men were all donning suits or at the least, sports jackets and the ladies were all dressed immaculately. There weren't too many who were wearing jeans or t-shirts which would have been contrary to the spirit of the club. There was an air of tradition and history that is hard to explain and the Brits seemed to take particular pride in this.

Peter tried calling his buddies but the cell signal wasn't very good so we wandered through the club looking for them. They weren't in the recreation room or the card room and one of the orderlies suggested looking for them in the cigar lounge so we crossed the lobby to the lounge and ran into his father and a few of his father's friends. After the customary introduction and the formalities of small

talk, we continued with our search and went over to the game room where, as luck would have it, we found Peter's friends.

We ended up playing a spot of Billiards (English Pool) with his buddies and for most part they ignored me, talking amongst themselves but after the game, when we went down to the bar, they loosened up wanting to know all about Texas. After some wild stories of cattle and cowboys, I had them doing shots of tequila – the expensive kind made from 100% blue agave and very soon we were all “chums” and feeling rather good.

It wasn't long before we were joined by a group of pretty girls, friends of theirs, and I spent my time chatting them up. I didn't realize it but being a Texan and a Cowboy gave me somewhat of a celebrity status. I enjoyed the way they spoke and if I hadn't been so preoccupied with thoughts of Olivia, I could have spent some quality time with those lovely lasses; needless to add that Peter and I got back well past midnight.

Brothers and Sisters

The next morning when I got to the breakfast table the siblings were already there, engaged in a filial squabble, arguing about something or the other and as soon as Olivia saw me, she came over and hugged me, planting a wet kiss on my cheek.

“I came looking for you last night,” she whispered into my ear so no one could hear, “and I heard from several of my very reliable sources that you've been a naughty boy, flirting with everything in a dress!”

“They lie, my lady, I did no such thing. I have eyes only for you!” I was about to give her a real kiss but she hugged me smiling broadly and returned to her seat.

“Hi boys, how are tricks?” I said and smiled at Mary, the cute Irish maid who'd waited on me the previous morning, “Just a glass of milk, please.” I said in response to her questioning look.

“No eggs?” she queried, surprised because the previous day I had them make me a four-egg omelet.

“No thanks. Just a glass of cold milk please,” and gave her my best, ‘let's-meet-later’ smile.

Paul was continuing to be difficult and didn't acknowledge me but instead, stared at his plate with practiced insouciance and an air of abject boredom. Peter, on the other hand, was in a much better mood after we had gone to the club and spent time there. This was more like the holiday he had planned.

“Elizabeth Kersey almost raped Joseph ... you two should have been there,” he offered in non sequitur, “she was all over him, sitting on his lap and wiggling away ... you’re a lucky lad, Joe, a very lucky lad indeed. Most guys would kill for a minute with Dizzy Miss Lizzie!”

The girl, Peter was referring to, was a friend of Olivia’s and though she did sit on my lap, the rest was just nonsense Peter was making up to get a rise from his siblings. It obviously worked.

“She’s a whore!” Paul remarked, still staring into his plate.

“She’s certainly not,” Olivia said, defending her friend, “I don’t blame her at all ... Joseph is a catch!”

“Joseph is a catch,” Paul mimicked and then added, “I wonder what’s going to happen when he commits Hara Keri today.”

He spoke like I wasn’t there. Well, fuck him, I thought. So, his sniveling lackeys must have reported back.

“What?” Peter asked.

“Oh, you didn’t know, did you? Yeah, Duffy’s going to kill him when they fight today.”

Peter looked at me like I was insane and Olivia looked worried, I mean, really worried.

“What’s this about Albert Duffy?” Peter asked, “Joseph, tell me you’re not thinking of fighting him! Damn him! James is always doing this. He set you up!”

I just smiled and drank the glass of milk and noticed the little birthmark on Mary’s neck. The more I looked at her, the prettier she seemed. Dark hair, blue eyes, full, red mouth, perky tits ... I wondered if she’d blow me. I shook the thought from my mind and tried to reengage in the conversation. After all, it was about me ... and Duffy.

“He was a professional boxer and he spent several years in jail for killing a man with his bare hands! Joseph, Joseph, he’s not a fellow you want trouble with. He’s a bloody, hard case!”

“You worry too much, Petey, this is not a boxing match and he’s not in jail anymore. This is a street fight, son, a free-for-all, and you know what? I love this shit. Have a little faith, brother!”

“How could you? Aren’t you frightened at all?” Olivia asked, her face etched with concern and added,

“He’s a lot bigger than you, Joseph, and you could get hurt, you know.”

“You can get hurt crossing the street! Maybe I’m just wired wrong but I enjoy kicking the crap out of guys, especially big guys like Duffy, and I really don’t mind getting hit.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mary smiling and I knew I had impressed her.

“You’re going to get killed, Yank, it’s that simple. He’s going to turn you into a battered, crumpled up, bloody piece of boodle! You are going to end up being his bitch,” Paul added with a look of stark pleasure on his face.

I just smiled at him and then headed for the Garage. It was time to stop yakking about it and get down to business. I was so looking forward to this.

The Fight

When we got to the garage, they were all there. James, Al Duffy, John Becksworth, orange haired Billy and few others I didn’t recognize. I saw them talking amongst themselves, glancing over at us and laughing at the obvious jokes about the outcome of the fight. Duffy had this irritating look of supreme confidence with that disdainful smirk, and man, that was incentive enough for me; I just had to wipe that off of his face.

“Well, let’s get to it,” I said taking off my trousers but keeping my tee shirt on. I was wearing a pair of black, beach shorts and the tee was loose enough so that I had plenty of movement.

Just behind the garage was a rectangular plot about fifty square feet. The grass was cut short and the ground was pretty even which made for a perfect ring. As the sparse crowd gathered around the periphery, James stepped to the center of the lawn and raised his hand. The cacophony of the chatter stopped.

“The rules are simple: no biting, no gouging or hair pulling, no head butting or stomping,” he said, then making a painful expression and grabbing his crotch, he added in falsetto, “and, of course, no strikes to the family bollocks!”

This raised some nervous laughter and tittering.

“What’s this?” I asked, “Sissy fighting? I’ll go along with the no biting, no eye gouging, obviously, no strikes to the groin or hair pulling but everything else goes. Head butts, stomps, elbows ... yeah, all of

it is good unless your man is a pussy!”

Duffy didn't say anything but nodded his acquiescence. He had taken off his shirt and was bare bodied and stood there flexing his muscles and rolling his head, throwing combination punches in the air. The tattoos on his body were intricate and varied. He had one side covered in Japanese letters and on the other was a two-headed serpent which curled around his back with one head running along his shoulder and the other down his triceps. His lack of serious training and the overindulgence in warm ale was manifested in the little belly that was hanging over his belt.

He wasn't smiling anymore. I had surprised him when I asked for the inclusion of the more brutal stuff. Most fighters are averse to head-butts and elbows because they can do serious damage. I liked it and was good at both and knew how to defend them at close quarters. Stomping a grounded fighter can be devastating too but I was willing to risk it, after all, he was a boxer and not a mixed martial artist.

There was a moment of incongruence when I looked past Duffy and noticed the dense bushes and drooping boughs of the evergreens stirring in the slight breeze; so peaceful. It was surreal.

“Okay, then ... are you ready?” James asked, looking over at me.

I nodded, snapping back to the focus on the fight.

“Are you ready, Albert?” he asked, turning to the big man.

Duffy raised his hand offering a thumbs-up signaling his readiness.

“Let's go ... fight!”

I could very easily fill ten pages detailing the fight but it would be boring at best. After a lucky blow had stunned me early in the encounter, there was never any doubt about the outcome. That had been his one and only chance. We parried and probed looking for weaknesses but in the end it came down to his inability to keep the fight standing up. I took him down at will, and almost choked him out several times but it was his enormous strength that had saved him.

However, he paid the price; the grappling took its toll and after the first five minutes, I sensed him slowing down, the blood trapped in his thick arms and legs was killing him, impeding his ability to move quickly. That's why bodybuilders and men with huge muscles never make good fighters or

athletes. Lactic Acid is their Kryptonite.

My punches and kicks began landing with devastating frequency and his face began to show signs. He was busting open. His nose was bleeding, his eyes were swollen shut and his ribcage was a bright crimson from the repeated kicks and in desperation he made a last ditch attempt. He bull-rushed in, groping wildly and keeping his head low so as to avoid the punches he couldn't see anymore. It was an amateurish move but fatigue makes fools of us all. It clouds judgment and that creates mistakes. A well placed knee to his jaw dropped him and it was pretty much over.

I've got to hand it to him though, he wasn't about to give in. He struggled valiantly to his feet, dazed and disoriented but wanting to go out on his badge. So I obliged him. That's when I threw a hard right, straight and short, the power running up my legs and through my shoulder before exploding on his jaw. I felt the impact all the way down to my toes. It sent him crashing backwards. And even before the big man hit the ground, James stepped in waving the fight off.

"It's over, Joseph, it's over ... you win!" He came over and shook my hand, "Congratulations, son, not many men have done that to Al. Bloody impressive, Cowboy."

"That's how we roll in Texas, dude," I said, full of myself, "from the school of Ass Kickery!"

The adrenalin and subsequent endorphin release was making me silly and James had an odd look on his face; like he was actually happy that I had won. Now, that was strange.

I saw Al being helped up and wanted to go over to make sure he wasn't hurt too badly. I mean the fight was over and as far as I was concerned, we could be friends but he would have to invest in some oral hygiene – damn, boy! His breath would have made a Komodo Dragon proud. It was a fuckin' weapon and would be banned in most of the civilized world! But before I could turn, Olivia was all over me, fussing like a mother hen and wiping the trickle of blood from my bruised cheekbone.

"Oh, Joseph, you were wonderful; like a dancer ... I love the way you move. It was brilliant! You made it look so easy," she gushed and I sensed the sexual energy exuding from her. The fight had aroused her and she pressed herself against me when we hugged.

"Not that easy. He was strong ... stronger than anyone I have fought so far." I replied, pushing back the strands of hair that had fallen across her face and saw Paul storming away, glaring at us with anger and pure hatred.

I also noticed Mary in my peripheral vision, standing off to the side, deferring to her mistress but waiting patiently for her turn like a fight-groupie. She was hot in a sultry sort of way and I just had to

figure out how get to her! I kept thinking: to the victor go the spoils ... or something like that.

Inside the garage, Peter was chattering away, holding forth to anyone who would listen. He couldn't help but brag about how he told them so and how Big Al Duffy could never handle his cowboy friend. I had never seen him quite so ebullient. It was almost as though he had done the fighting.

I looked around for Duffy but he was gone as were James and the others so we walked towards the house with Olivia holding my hand and swinging it like kids often do and that was when Peter caught up to us.

“Joseph, let's go to the club! Come on, we need to celebrate! Tequila, amigo!” He exclaimed.

I could sense that Olivia wanted to join us but for reasons unknown, she didn't, instead she tiptoed and whispered in my ear, “Come to my room at ten tonight ... don't get drunk and don't be late, lover.”

“I'll be there, I promise.” I assured her.

The Cougar

I couldn't stop thinking about her for the rest of the day. No matter where we went or what we did, I was preoccupied with thoughts of Olivia; the exquisite angles of her face, her expressive, green eyes, the full, pouting mouth, the swanlike neck, that incredible body with the pink nipples which I found particularly fascinating. But most of all it was what she did to me that dominated my thoughts – the way she made love to me; it was simply amazing. The Image of her silky, hair swirling around her like a golden mist while she bobbed over me, sucking on my root while gently stroking me with her fingers is something I'll take to my grave. She was, at her core, a sexual being and was the best I ever had, before or since.

To compound matters, Peter and I ran into Catharine at the club and the uncanny similarity of mother and daughter made it impossible for me to concentrate on anything. I kept sneaking looks over at her every chance I got mesmerized by her beguiling beauty.

We had decided to play Snooker and each time Catharine bent over the table to make her shot; I got a clear view of her bosom. I was pretty certain that she was doing it intentionally. I just couldn't catch a break. She teased me mercilessly through the entire evening. At one point she stood next to me, nonchalantly stroking the cue-stick with her fingers, riding her hand up and down, up and down in a tantalizingly erotic rhythm, her eyes hooded and a half smile playing on those pouting, full lips.

And if that wasn't enough, she would brush up surreptitiously against me whenever she passed by, grazing those firm, succulent breasts against my body ... man, it was driving me nuts. I was sure that Peter was going to find out but he seemed oblivious to everything except the game. The cougar was on the prowl and her son was totally in the dark. Or was he?

We finally made it home around eight which gave me enough time to shower, eat something light and meet Olivia as planned at ten.

The Party

When I walked into Olivia's room it was shrouded in darkness. Well, not complete darkness but lit only by the diffused, muted yellow glow from a night lamp. One of the tall, arching windows was open and the lace curtains billowed in the cross-breeze, curling and whispering in time to the soft music that was playing. The nebulous, wraithlike shadows danced eerily on the walls and in the corners of the room, swirling together like ghouls from the netherworld. I looked for Olivia but she was nowhere in sight.

I stood still and closed my eyes trying to feel her presence. My senses honed and teased by the subtle smell of sandalwood incense when I heard a faint patter of feet.

"Olivia?"

"Shhhh, we have to be quiet," she whispered, emerging from behind a Japanese screen used as a room divider.

"Why? What's going on?" I asked.

Her face glimmered golden yellow in the haze of the night lamp and her emerald eyes sparkled with excitement. She was wearing a short, white, cotton blouse and red, satin pajama pants that clung to her perfect, bubble ass. She looked like a teenager's wet dream.

"You'll see, come," she said and took my hand.

We spanned the corridor crossing the foyer where the giant Umbrella Cockatoo was perched in the shadows and as soon as he saw us, he screeched loudly scaring the jeebies out of me.

"Fuckers! Yip, Yip, Yip! Fuckers! Run, fuckers, run!" bobbing his head up and down while squawking like a banshee.

“Shit! Freddy! Be quiet!” Olivia hissed stopping to stare at the bird.

The cockatoo studied her for a moment, ruffled its feathers and thought better of it and went back to the edge of the walk-bar, bobbing his head violently but without making a sound. Now I knew why he was called ‘Freddy the Fucker’!

We ran down a flight of stairs and crossed two long verandahs with vaulted ceilings which formed a high arching canopy to a remote part of the castle and then climbed back up three levels of a winding stairway to the top floor of the back wing. Most of the walkways on this side of the castle were dark or dimly lit and all of them were deserted. It was so deathly quiet that I could hear my breath echoing in my ears.

We were moving quickly, our footsteps tapping like the muffled drum cadence of a dirge, until we came to a closed doorway where she stopped.

“This is it. This is where the parties are held,” Olivia whispered, leaning back against the wall, her breathing heavy from the strenuous walk.

“What party?” I asked.

She didn’t respond still trying to catch her breath, her chest heaving and her face flushed golden in the misty hue of the moonlight. We stood still and listened for noises or activity from within the room but the walls of the castle were so dense that except for the occasional soft, peals of laughter, it was pretty quiet.

She was holding my hand in hers when she pressed it up to her left breast. I could hear her heart pounding.

“What’s the matter, doll? Don’t worry, I’m with you,” I tried reassuring her thinking that she was frightened.

The place was a bit spooky in a medieval sort of way. The balustrade was gray and desolate and if you weren’t careful, your mind could start playing games as the shadows cavorted from dark recesses to the ceilings dancing with devilish impunity while the leaves rustled and hissed eerily in the whirling breeze. This was the perfect setting for a Boris Karloff thriller. But then she smiled and reached up and kissed me passionately on the mouth.

“What’s going on, Olivia? You’ve got to tell me what this is about,” I said, as soon as we broke for air.

“They are having a sex party ... you know, an orgy!” she answered, holding me tightly.

“Who are ‘they’?” I questioned, curious about the collective “they”.

“My parents,” she answered, still holding on to me.

I was quiet, letting it sink in. So, they were incestuous swingers but then that really didn't surprise me considering the manner in which Catharine behaved and the open sexuality of her children.

“Why are we hiding?”

“The rules, and they are very strict, stipulate that girls have to be eighteen to participate ... but boys can start at sixteen! That's just so unfair! I have to wait another year.”

“What are we doing here then? Let's just go back to your room,” I murmured into her ear and then kissed her neck.

“Mmmm ...” she sighed, “Come, we can watch from the back.”

She dragged me through a dark, narrow corridor to a side entrance which led to a small French door which opened up to a cubbyhole; an anteroom with thick velvet curtains at the back which kept it concealed. She was standing in front of me with her ass pressed into my crotch and I had my arms wrapped around her holding her to me by her stomach. I felt her squeeze my arm when my cock pulsed unashamedly against the crack of her bottom.

“I call this the Voyeur's Room,” she whispered, pressing her bottom back into me.

It was pretty evident that this wasn't the first time she had spied on her parents. She parted the curtains just enough for us to get a clear view of the room and I was struck by the stark lasciviousness of mating flesh everywhere.

It had all the makings of a Roman orgy. There were naked bodies in various stages of foreplay and intercourse; couples, threesomes, gangbangs and others who just stood by and watched. Among the spectators, some of the men were stroking themselves working on reviving their deflated members while others had women playing with their cocks. All of them, the men and the women, wore masks including the young maids who traversed the room serving bystanders with wine and snacks. The maids or ladies in waiting, (as I was corrected by Olivia), had white or black ribbons tied around their necks and wore matching bikini bottom panties. It was a way of identifying the servers. The rest were

all naked.

Occasionally a man would grab a waitress walking by and they would kiss or she would drop to her knees and fellate him and others would join in, starting a gangbang of their own which in turn would have spectators gather around and the sensual indulgence would cycle all over again.

I quickly scanned the room trying to find Catharine but instead saw Mary, the pretty maid who had waited on me at breakfast. The little mask covering her eyes did little to hide her identity but it was the birthmark on her neck that was a dead giveaway. She was on her knees in the center of a group of men, four to be exact. She was shagging two of them with her hands while another was fucking her mouth. The fourth man was kneeling behind her pushing his finger in and out of her cunt. It was obvious from her moans and whimpers that she was thoroughly enjoying herself. Every now and then she would turn and suck on one of the cocks she was masturbating while the others waited patiently for their turn. It was an absolutely awesome sight of throbbing, erotic flesh.

“That’s Mary!” I whispered into Olivia’s ear.

“Yes, she looks beautiful doesn’t she?”

Olivia was looking up at me with eyes that were wide and bright, shining with excitement. I knew that this was affecting her almost as much as it was me.

“Would you like to get fucked by four men ... four strangers?” I pressed, murmuring lewdly into her ear.

I felt her arms reaching back and pulling me into her while rolling her hips, rubbing her ass against my throbbing member and heard her moan softly.

“Yes ... yes, Joseph, I would!”

While we continued to watch Mary, I began kneading Olivia’s breasts and toying with her nipples, rolling the nubs in between my thumb and forefinger and every now and then, I would pinch them and feel her tremble as the pain-pleasure sensations ricocheted through her nervous system. She had unbuttoned her blouse to give me better access and I had one hand down her pants and in her panties, running my fingers up and down her slit. She was moist, no, not moist but wet, wet and slippery and the faint, musky aroma of female arousal was wafting up, permeating the air around us. She was leaning back with her head nestled into the crook of my neck, her breath feeling strangely cold and warm against my skin, rasping in time to the men fucking Mary.

They had repositioned the pretty maid on all fours now and had her skewered Pig-Pit style. One man fucked her face while the other took her from the back and when the man being sucked shot his load, it sent Olivia tumbling over the edge. I felt her body shudder as she watched the sticky ejaculate overflow in thick rivulets, trickling down Mary's chin and onto her chest. One of the spectators, a tall, dusky woman with a shock of black, curly hair, who was standing close to Mary scooped up the viscid sap with her fingers and fed it to her and then, almost on impulse, leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

There was an electric eroticism in that instant as others in the ring of people murmured their approval. The two women kept kissing and sharing the strangers cum, sucking on each other's lips and tongue until finally the dark skinned girl stepped back and away from Mary only to be pulled into the groping arms of other men.

I continued to manipulate Olivia's clit and massage her breasts while she wiggled and jerked in the throes of her orgasm burying her face into my neck to muffle the sounds of pleasure escaping from deep within her.

As soon as Mary had sucked the first man clean, she reached out and eagerly guided another hard cock into her waiting mouth and closed her eyes as the new suitor began to pump in and out of her, timing his strokes to that of his partner fucking her from behind. I watched for a while letting Olivia crest her climax and ride those ephemeral waves as they washed gently down the slopes of her fading passion before taking my hand out of her pajamas.

"I don't see your mother here," I said softly as she turned and hugged me.

She then lifted my hand to her mouth and very sensually, sucked my fingers, cleaning the remnants of her juices all the while staring into my eyes. Watching her was hyper-sensual and I knew that I would lose it in a minute without even touching myself primed only by the frottage of her rollicking ass.

"Let's go. They are in another room ... a private room," she whispered smacking her lips and reluctantly drew the curtains shut.

She grabbed my hand and led me out of the anteroom into the corridor.

The family that Plays Together

This room was a lot darker than the orgy hall and much smaller. The outer fringes were dimly lit by

small, wall-mounted ambis and sconce lamps which bathed the room in a grainy, yellow haze except for the bed. Against the far wall, the large king-sized bed was washed in fluorescent brilliance by the glare of an overhead light imbedded in a Casablanca fan or what the Brits called a Bombay fan. The relative luminosity of the high-wattage bulbs created an illusionary spotlight making it seem like a scene from a staged burlesque.

And there in the center of the bed was Catharine Griffith. She was on all fours, her ass in the air, being fucked, doggie style, by a slim, muscular man whose back was at an angle to us. He was kneeling in between her splayed thighs, holding onto her waist and ploughing into her like a jackhammer in slow-motion. You could hear the sounds of their slapping bodies, his grunts and her muffled moans and the wet squishing of mating flesh, echoing in time to the piston-like pumping of the steely rod while she sucked on another man's cock. It took me a while to recognize the second man who was camouflaged by the jagged crosscut of shadows but it was Paul. He gently stroked his mother's hair while she bobbed over his crotch. None of them were wearing masks.

Dennis, Peter's father, was standing beside the bed with a small camcorder, so small that you could hardly see it. The marvels of modern day electronics had shrunk the device so that it was swallowed up by the man's palm, its presence evidenced only by its optics. The viewing screen and the flare of the Cyclops head housing the lens, betrayed the gadget and in turn, his actions.

He was meticulously taping the fuck-session and would adjust his position so as to enable him to focus on his wife's face or her ass or the men's cocks all the while circling slowly around the threesome in compact arcs; zooming in and then, back out again.

He was naked and though his pudgy body didn't meet the criterion required for an x-rated movie there was one part of his anatomy which did - his humungous cock. It hung down like a rubbery pendulum, the huge head bouncing off his thighs each time he moved. It must have been at the least ten to twelve inches in the soft state and its immense girth made me wonder whether any woman could ever accommodate this monster once aroused. It reminded me of a horse's cock, thick and dark and leaking fluids which left silky, thread-like trails that glistened lewdly in the radiance of the overhead light.

I saw Olivia staring at Dennis' horse-cock and then at the man fucking her mother. She had her hand in between her legs and was rubbing herself through her pajamas.

"That's Uncle Sidney," Olivia whispered motioning with her head to the man behind Catharine, the one whose back was to us and whose face we couldn't see.

We were standing in the shadows of the corridor peeking in through an open window when without

another word she dropped to her knees and after releasing my cock, began sucking on me. This time she was deliberate, using a slow, sensual rhythm, rolling her tongue around my shaft and tickling the flared head with the tip while using her lips to stimulate the ridge of my glans. She held the base with her fingers and stroked me in time to her mouth.

I was watching one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen being fucked by two men, not just any two men but her brother and her son, while I was having my knob polished by her daughter. It was nothing short of amazing, the sensuality of this family; quite extraordinary indeed.

Periodically, Olivia would pull my cock out of her mouth and feather the tip, like a serpent testing the air, licking the flared dome and then using her fingers, she would rub around the ravaged ridge. It was a trick I'm sure she had learned and used effectively on her brother and I had never felt anything remotely close to this before. The incredible visual and oral stimuli sent surges of pleasure synapses crashing through me and had me moaning out loud, so loud that before we could react we had been made out by a person at the window.

“Having fun, are you?”

It was Sidney, Olivia's uncle and her biological father. And though I was aware of the relationship, their uncanny resemblance was disturbing.

I quickly pulled away from Olivia and watched as father and daughter looked at each other without saying a word until finally, he smiled, “You might as well come in.”

Olivia stood up and I quickly shoved my penis back into my trousers before we made our way into the room.

They were all looking at us. Dennis had stopped the taping session and Catharine was standing next to him. Naked, she was nothing short of breathtaking; full and firm and curvy with a narrow strip of neatly trimmed, auriferous bush crowning her swollen, glistening slit. Paul was still lying reclined on the bed, his thin, long cock pointing straight up in the air, throbbing against his belly. They were obviously comfortable in their nudity, unperturbed by our presence.

“You have to strip,” Sidney said to me, “those are the rules. No clothing.”

“Olivia's not supposed to be here ... *those* are the rules!”

It was Paul. He had slid off the bed and was standing next to his mother, his arms around her waist, his cock drooping a bit.

We stood looking at each other from across the room. Olivia and me on one side near the door and the four of them on the other, next to the bed.

“That’s not fair! Why can’t I stay? Uncle Sid, please tell them to make an exception ... please?” Olivia pleaded with her father.

“You have to be eighteen; those are the rules, Olivia, so take your stinking Cowboy and leave. Now!” Paul hissed at her.

She glared at him and then looked over at her father, her face set in an obsequious mask, pleading with her eyes. I think she knew that Sid was attracted to her; he had to be. I mean, she looked exactly like her mother, his sister. You could see his penis beginning to harden at the thought of fucking his daughter and ... niece. Damn! This incest tree is getting confusing.

“Well, why not? I say we make the exception ... let’s put this to a vote.” He said and then looked over at Dennis, “What do you say, Dennis?”

“I vote yes. Olivia is precocious and I think she’s ready.” He smiled at his step-daughter, a benevolent, Cheshire cat smile.

His cock began to engorge and get even thicker at the thought of her inclusion and I could see Olivia staring at it with her mouth open in awe as it pulsed like a python waking from a long slumber.

“Catharine, what do you think?”

“I vote ‘yes’ ... yes, she’s been ready for a while,” the Aphrodite answered and walked over and gave her daughter a hug and began undressing her. “I was a lot younger when Sid and my father took me.”

They had the majority so Paul’s vote didn’t matter.

“It’s settled then. Olivia stays ... let’s get on with it.” Sid said. “Off with your clothes, young man and join the party. Everything goes but it has to be consensual and respect the wishes of others – that is mandatory. ‘No’ means no ... remember that.”

“Why him? I thought this was only for us ... family!” Paul whined. He was disappointed that Olivia was being allowed to stay but having me there was killing him.

“He stays, Paul, so stop cribbing and let’s all have a good time.” Sid snapped back, reprimanding his

son and I noticed Paul slipping back onto the bed, chastised, his face in a bratty pout.

While I began taking my clothes off, my attention was drawn towards Olivia and her mother. Catharine had shed her daughter's pajama bottoms and was taking off her top when Sid joined them. He was fully erect now and began peeling down his daughter's panties. Except that Olivia's body was a bit more girlish and not quite as full, the mother and daughter could have been clones.

I watched the family triumvirate, intrigued by the paleness of their skin made even paler by the bright fluorescence, their blond hair shimmering as they stroked and groped and touched each other for the first time in a three-way sexual concert. It was hypnotic. I wanted to join in but was conflicted. There was a part of me that just wanted to watch the libidinous act; enthralled by the sensational beauty of them. I guess there is a voyeur in all of us.

And true to her bold nature, Olivia took the lead taking hold of her father's cock, stroking him, pulling back the foreskin so that the red, acorn-head popped out, all shiny and bloated while her mother slid slowly down to her knees. She licked around the tip and along Sid's shaft, sucking his balls one at a time looking up at him and smiling.

"Go on, darling, fuck your daughter ... she wants you to, go on, do it."

I couldn't bear it any more. I wasn't sure of the rules of engagement being an outsider and a neophyte at this game but decided to roll the dice. I squirmed in between them, bridged by Olivia's legs and her mother's body and decide to dive right in. I licked her from the sensitive inside of her thighs to her swollen muff and as soon as Olivia sensed me, she shifted, spreading her legs wider to give me better access. She smelled divine; a subtle, musky fragrance of cloves and coriander tinged with lingering lilac that could've aroused a dead man.

And while I feasted on the tangy ambrosia seeping from her venal flower, I fumbled blindly for Catharine. I needed to touch her, to feel her, to fuck her ... to fuck them both. My mind was bursting with myriad parallel thoughts, of fantasy and reality merging together in the acts that turned me on. The ménage a trois', lesbian interactions, incest and gangbangs; they all kept drumming in my head. And in the background was the caveat that I would never again have an opportunity like this; that karma or fate or whatever it is that governs us would never deal me these cards again.

I ran my hand along Catharine's back circling blindly around her body to her breasts toying with her nipples, squeezing and pinching, then gently worked my way down her body. She felt firm and pliable and warm and soft, all at the same time. The smooth, teasing texture of her skin titillating me with what was to come until finally the daisy chain collapsed onto the carpet in a fomenting collation of cunts, cocks, tits, hands, thighs, lips and asses. There was a renewed urgency spurred on by our

catalytic presence ... the newness of Olivia and me spicing up their Cyprian sex-act as our bodies sought each other out for pleasure.

At one point in the evening, while I lay on top of Catharine, my cock buried deep inside her silky canal, I glanced over and saw Sid fucking Olivia. He was holding her hips and slamming into his daughter with hard, forceful strokes, pulling all the way out before plunging back in, spreading her open again. Each time he bottomed out, her body would shiver and her breasts would jiggle and she would moan. And while father and daughter copulated, Dennis had his mammoth dick by her face. The huge domed head was way too big for her but she tried gamely, sucking on the tip getting as much of it into her mouth as was possible. Her fingers looked small and dainty in comparison to the immense circumference of his shaft as she pumped the monster into her mouth. And when he climaxed it was, for lack of a more appropriate word, cataclysmic. His cock pulsed and jumped like a pressurized hose shooting jets of sticky ejaculate and flooding her face and mouth with stringy, ropes of his viscid fluids. I had never seen a man cum as much as Dennis did and saw Olivia bucking against her father as she orgasmed violently, pushed over the edge by the sticky warmth of her stepfather's cum.

The rest of the night was spent in carnal debauchery. There were many firsts for me but the most memorable was when I fucked Catharine in her ass. It was made more spectacular because Sid had crawled in between her thighs and worked his cock into her cunt and while we pulled the Shanghai Sandwich on her, I saw Dennis push his reinvigorated dick against her mouth. She had managed to do what Olivia couldn't; she swallowed the huge head, her lips stretched and distorted with the effort, allowing her husband to fuck her mouth. That particular sight remained a masturbatory fantasy for me in the years to come.

In the morning when I woke up, Olivia and I were lying entangled in each other's arms. She was awake and smiling at me, gently stroking my face.

"That was incredible, Cowboy." She whispered, her green eyes filled with love.

We kissed, tenderly at first and then more passionately. She tasted of sleep and cunt and cock and all the other flavors of sex that were wonderful in its uniqueness. Then getting up, we tip-toed over the sleeping bodies and headed for her room – to that island of the Sirens. There would be no respite for this Ulysses.

Peter Griffith

It was strange that Peter was never included in the games that the family played but it was only years

later that I discovered the reason for that and why he had been sent away to that private school in Thailand; banished from the castle. But that's another story for another time.

The End

Epilogue: My sister Kay

A few days later, I found a secluded spot behind the stables and called my sister and after we had spoken for a while, I couldn't resist asking her about our past. It had been playing on my mind.

"Do you ever think of those times in your closet?" I quizzed, trying to keep it vague.

There was a long pause and I was sure that I had lost her; that she was miffed at my bringing up the past, especially now, considering the situation at home with our parents, but I was wrong.

"Yes." It was a soft whisper, "I think of it all the time."

It was my turn to be stumped. I was surprised but relieved; the last thing I would want is for Kay and me to have problems. She meant way too much to me. But it had been Kay who had put a stop to our games so this was a revelation.

"Why didn't you say something, Kay?"

"I thought you would think I was sick."

"I could never think that, baby ... I love you, you know that, don't you?"

"Unh-ha. I know that, Joe and I love you too ... I love you so much, in ways that are ..." she was struggling with this and couldn't finish her sentence.

We were quiet for a while, lost in our own thoughts. This was a new journey we were embarking on but after what had transpired with Olivia and Catharine and the family, I knew that this love wasn't despicable but something that could augment and strengthen our filial bonds. I was sure of that now – it was something I had learned from Olivia.

It may not be right for everyone but it was certainly right for me.

"I want us to make love, Kay, to make love in every way possible!" It slipped out before I could consider the repercussions.

There was a short pause before she answered; her voice, a trembling whisper, "I want that too. Come home, Joe ... please come home soon."
