Two weeks had gone by since Hayley and Jeff had left on their romantic holiday. The two of them had been looking forward to it for months, and talked about it every chance they got right up to the point when they left. That was why it was such a shock to see Hayley return home, alone and angry.

“What’s wrong Hayley?” Francine asked, all concern after Hayley had let herself in and slammed the front door shut.

“Oh it’s nothing, mom!” Hayley spat sarcastically. “It’s totally nothing. Jeff and I have only been planning this trip since June, and he spends the ENTIRE time playing hacky sack with some random stoners we met on the way there! They didn’t even know each other before then, but then they go ‘dude’ to each other, and it’s like they’re best friends. It was like that for two whole weeks, mom. So I left early, leaving him a note. I’m sure he hasn’t even noticed that I’m gone yet!”

During her rant Hayley had made her way to the kitchen, and sat down at the table. She slammed her head down on the table and Francine could hear a muffled scream.

“Oh honey, so your trip didn’t go as planned. That doesn’t mean it’s the end of the world.”

“You don’t understand, mom. This trip was supposed to be our chance to reconnect. It’s been so long since we had sex. I mean real sex! For a long time I haven’t been able to get anything out of him, and I’m starved mom! I’m starved for attention. This trip was supposed to fix everything! Now it looks like I’m not gonna get any satisfaction from Jeff anymore.”

Francine made coffee as Hayley spoke, and watched her with concern. Hayley had her elbows on the table and was pulling her hair by the roots with both hands. Francine could tell that her daughter was frustrated. In fact she could see more of why Hayley was frustrated than she could have known. Francine knew that Hayley had recently had sex with Steve just before she’d left on her holiday, so she knew that she hadn’t gone quite so long without ‘attention’ as she’d said. But it was clear that the event was eating away at her, and probably making things work with Jeff would have made things easier.

Francine knew this because she was experiencing something very similar. After Hayley and Jeff had
left, she had confronted Steve in order to take Hayley’s place in satisfying his growing urges. She’d done it because she wanted to help her son, and at the time, letting him have sex with her was the best way to do that. It also meant that he wouldn’t have to involve his sister anymore. The problem was that Steve had been a much more passionate and satisfying lover than Stan had ever been. Francine had been aware for a long time that sex with her husband had turned stale ages ago. The problem was that until recently, she’d been ok with that, and hadn’t wished for more because she loved Stan. Now, she still loved Stan, but sex with him just didn’t . . . do it for her anymore. Francine had resorted to ‘taking care’ of herself, but when she did she was shocked to discover that she got off faster by thinking about Steve fucking her again.

As she finished making coffee, she carefully pushed those thoughts out of her mind, and brought two steaming mugs to the table. Right now she focused her attention on making her daughter feel better. She could worry about everything else later.

---

Hayley felt much better after talking with her mom, and made her up to her room to take a nap. When she opened the door, Steve was waiting for her, sitting at her desk. She started with surprise.

“So, trouble in paradise?” Steve said with a big grin. Hayley turned red.

“Is nothing a secret in this house?” she demanded.

“Not when you’re in the next room and someone’s screaming ‘secrets’ at the top of their voice.” Steve replied. “Come here, I got you something.”

Steve didn’t wait for her to respond either way, but crossed the room to her wardrobe and opened it, revealing the surprise he’d set up while she was gone. Haley gasped at what she saw. Everything on her clothes rack had been pushed aside, and hanging square in the middle of the wardrobe was a French maid costume. A sexy French maid costume. It was complete with built in underwired bra to emphasise cleavage, and a tiny frilly skirt that didn’t leave much to the imagination at all.

“What the hell is that?” she cried.

“Isn’t it great? I saw it at the discount costume shop and thought of you right away. You can wear it the next time we’re doin’ it!”

“There is no way I’m wearing that thing,” she snapped, struggling to keep her voice down. “I don’t care what you do with that tape, or if everyone knows what you’ve been making me do. I will NOT put that thing on. Ever!”

Much to her surprise, Steve hardly reacted at all to her tirade. In fact, he just smiled a little more. It worried her.

“That’s ok Hayley.” he said, talking slowly and reassuringly. “You don’t have to wear it if you don’t want to. I’ll tell you what, I’ll leave it here for today. And afterwards, if you still don’t want to, I’ll take it away, and you won’t ever have to worry about me asking you for sex ever again.”

Hayley, naturally, was suspicious at this sudden display of generosity from her brother.

“You’ll delete the tapes?” she asked, trying to find the loophole.
“Yes.”

“And you won’t make me do anything anymore?”

“Nope.”

“Then take your costume and get out of my room.”

“No, I’ll leave it there for today. You can think about it.” he said as he left the room.

“There’s nothing to think about, you little shit!” she yelled after him, and sat down heavily on her bed. She was irritated by Steve’s behaviour. But then Steve always irritated her. She was relieved though, now that she was free and clear of the heavy weight that had been on the back of her mind for the past few weeks. She wouldn’t have to worry about the blackmail, or being forced to have sex with her brother anymore. She was in the clear.

So why was she still looking at the costume, and considering trying it on?

---

Later that night, Steve was waiting patiently in his room. Half of his was worried that perhaps he’d misjudged Hayley’s reaction, and that he’d have to give up the tapes he’d stashed to blackmail her.

‘Screw that!’ he thought to himself. ‘I’m keeping the tapes. If she doesn’t wanna wear the dress she can suck it. Literally.’

When it had gone past evening and it was well and truly night time, Steve began to lose hope. Until he heard the soft sound of footsteps on the carpet outside his room, and saw the doorknob turn.

The door opened, and there Hayley stood, dressed in the sexy maid’s uniform. It looked so much better on her than Steve could have imagined. Hayley stood in the doorway, nervous, anxious, and completely uncertain that she was doing the right thing. She knew that it was wrong to let this continue, that she had a way out and threw it away. But the fact was she was desperate for sex, for satisfaction; and Steve was the only one who had been able to satisfy her in a long time.

“Hello Hayley. Come inside and close the door.”

Hayley stepped inside, teetering a little bit in the high heels that had come with the costume. She wasn’t used to wearing heels.

“I think you’ve been a bad little slave.” said Steve, rising from his seat and slowly approaching Hayley. “Do you know what happens to bad slaves?”

“N-no.”

“Bad slaves get on their knees.” he said, and forcefully shoved her down to her knees by the shoulders. She hit the floor with a thud, and her face was level with Steve’s crotch. She knew what was coming, and could already see Steve’s erection straining against the inside of his pants.

“Will you do the honours, slave?” he said sweetly, and Hayley fumbled with his zipper and eventually got his pants down around his ankles. He kicked them off, and let her pull his underwear down too, where they joined his pants in the corner. His erect dick pointed Hayley directly in the
face, and she couldn’t help but stare at it, cross-eyed. Taking it in his hand by the base, he swung it from side to side, slapping her gently across the face with it.

‘God, this is moronic.’ Hayley thought to herself as his dick hit one cheek and then the other. ‘It’s so childish that he thinks this is teasing.’

‘So why is it making me so wet?’

With his free hand, Steve pushed her head closer to his dick and she readily opened her mouth to receive it. She lifted her hands to hold it, but he stopped her.

“You don’t get to use your hands, slave. Only good slaves get to use their hands. Put your hands behind your back.”

Obediently she did as she was told, and let her head be guided again to his raging boner. She took it in her mouth and closed her eyes, disgusted at how good it felt to feel a real, hard dick inside her mouth once again.

Right away she went to work, and swirled her tongue around the head, bringing groans of pleasure from Steve. She moved at the waist to move herself back and forth to slide her lips over his dick, in and out again and again. Steve used both hands to push the back of her head as far as he could until her face was pressed against his crotch, and the tip of his cock slipped down her throat. Hayley took it like a champ, because she’d lost her gag reflex a long time ago. When he let go, she coughed, and his cock came from her mouth covered in thick, stringy saliva. Hayley was red in the face, with tears in her eyes from having that much cock shoved down her throat. She was out of breath from being deprived of air, and breathing hard. She wanted him to do that to her again.

Steve wasn’t done, and shoved his dick back into her throat as if he knew how much she wanted it. After a few more deep throated impalements, Steve let her go, and walked over to lie on his back on the floor.

“You can make up for being so bad by sitting on your master’s cock, slave.” he said, and twirled his finger in the air to tell her to turn around. Obediently, Hayley pushed herself to her feet, still red in the face from having her throat violated so wonderfully, and walked over to her brother, slipping out of her panties as she did. Getting into position, she stood with a food on either side of Steve’s waist, facing away from him. She lowered herself down over his cock, slick and shiny with her spit. She took it in her hand to hold it up so she could guide into her hot, dripping pussy, when Steve swatted her bare bottom hard, making her squeal.

“I said you can’t use your hands, slave.” he reminded her in a singsong voice. Hayley barely heard him, because she had come THIS close to having an orgasm without even touching her pussy, which was a first. She’d discovered before that she’d loved getting spanked, and now she was learning that she also got off on being treated like a bitch. Being used and abused was turning her on so much that just getting spanked for using her hands was almost enough to set her off. With a trembling hand, she reached down again to hold his cock steady. Steve smacked her ass again, and she quivered with the pleasure of how good it felt. Her pussy was so wet and sensitive that she could feel her heartbeat more strongly there than she could in her chest, which was beating like a drum.

With a few false starts, Hayley tried to position herself just right so that she could sit on Steve’s cock without using her hands. It was tough going, and a little frustrating, but finally she got it at just the right angle, and squatted on her haunches to slide down his entire length until he was all the way inside her. She breathed out a long, shaky breath as she felt the delicious feeling of being filled after what seemed like forever.
Hayley used her legs to gently move whole body up and down. Her knees were almost level with her chin, and she had her arms wrapped around each leg as she savoured the feel of every contour of Steve’s cock inside her. Steve slapped her ass again, for no real reason, and she grunted with joy as her climax was pushed over the edge, and she felt a huge wave of pleasure rock through her body. She turned her head to bite her own knee as she felt her pussy contract around Steve’s dick.

Steve reached up and pulled her hair. Her head was forced back, and she was looking up at the ceiling. She felt so degraded, squatting over her brother’s naked body, holding onto her own legs and having her ass spanked and her hair pulled as she was fucked. She had never been so turned on her life.

---

Outside in the hallway, Francine watched through the crack in the doorway as her two children fucked each other. Again. Only this time, she had her dress hiked up around her waist, and her hand was planted firmly between her legs, fingering herself mercilessly as she watched.

That night she’d gone to bed with Stan, like she always did. And Stan had rolled on top of her with a glint in his eye, like he always did. This time, however, Francine had suggested they try something different, like doggy style, or a little light spanking. He’d said no, of course. She hadn’t expected anything different, really. She just yearned for something close to what she’d gotten from Steve the other night. But instead she lay on her back as Stan grunted and groaned his way towards his own coitus. It had been this way for a long time, and sometimes Francine was able to move and thrust in just the right way to get herself off. Sometimes.

Not this time.

So after Stan had rolled over and fallen asleep, Francine just lay there, frustrated. Then, she heard some familiar noises coming from Steve’s room. She felt a simultaneous combination of dread, and excitement. She knew without a doubt what was happening; it was exactly what she’d tried to avoid by letting Steve have his way with her. The whole point was that he could get his urges out of his system. It was apparent that it hadn’t been enough.

Now she was standing outside her son’s room, and watched with fascinated horror as Haley dressed as a sexy maid did degrading and perverted things to her brother. She was letting herself be abused in ways that Francine hadn’t even considered. She was appalled and disgusted by what she saw. She was also furiously fingering herself as she watched the whole thing.

Through the haze of lust and shame, she felt something else that took her by surprise. It was jealousy. She considered herself to be pretty damn hot by any standard. She’d let Steve have sex with her so that he wouldn’t resort to fucking his sister anymore, but here he was, doing just that.

‘Sex with me wasn’t good enough?’ Francine thought to herself. ‘There’s no way he should have gone back to Hayley afterwards. That’s like eating sandwiches again after trying a hamburger for the first time!’

As Francine watched, she witnessed the unmistakeable signs that Steve and Hayley were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and having more fun than Francine did nowadays. She watched as Hayley stood up on shaky legs, and turn around to take Steve’s cock in her mouth, still dripping wet with her hot, sticky juices. Steve used his hands to hold Hayley’s head down hard, and arched his back as he
came, squirting load after load of hot cum down his sister’s throat.

Francine tore herself away from the scene, and readjusted her dress. Her hand was wet, and not just her fingers. She rushed to the bathroom to wash up, and as she did her mind was fuming. She was frustrated because she couldn’t get off with Stan, and that Hayley somehow had something that she didn’t that made her more attractive to her son. She didn’t dwell on the fact that there was no part of that sentence that was remotely acceptable. She needed to vent, to release this frustration that she had pent up inside her. She crept into her room and snatched her phone from the dresser. Slipping on her shoes, she scrolled through the numbers on her phone to see which one of her friends she could call at this hour. She needed to get drunk, and she didn’t trust herself to get drunk alone, otherwise she might do something she’d regret.

As she scrolled down the list of contacts, she began to lose hope. But then she saw a name that registered immediately, and she smiled. Linda Memari; her neighbour and best friend. She hit call as she reached the kitchen and retrieved the bottle of whiskey from the secret hiding place under the sink.

“Hi, Linda?” she said, sneaking out the back door. “Yea I know it’s late, but I need you to come and meet me outside. I’ll explain later.”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!