

Everyday Breakfast

I remember what it used to be like before. Having breakfast with my mother and sister. I remember what it was like to be normal. To have a normal morning routine.

Wake up, use the toilet, take a shower, get dressed, go down and eat the food Mom had made for me and Ashley.

We'd all sit down and talk. It'd be totally normal.

And then we'd get up and go do our things. School, work, all that regular stuff. The simple stuff that people take for granted.

I remember what it used to be like back then.

Before our neighbour started inviting himself over.

It started out as any regular morning. I woke up and did the usual stuff – bathroom, shower, clothes, downstairs. But, for once, there was no food waiting for me on the dining room table.

Mom sat there a blank look on her face.

A good looking woman, I had to admit. Long brown hair framing a face that shouldn't have looked as youthful as it did. Not a wrinkle to be seen, and no make-up needed to hide the ravages of time. Mom was beautiful, enough so that a stranger could be forgiven for thinking she was my and Ashley's older sister, not our mother.

She was wearing a dress, plain and flowery, with a white apron over it. Her chest swelled outwards, her D-cups straining the tight dress. Other than her large breasts, everything about Mom was slender and lean. Athletic. She worked out regularly, liked to swim in our pool after work most days when the sun was shining.

I didn't smell any food cooking but, foolishly, I figured that it just wasn't ready yet – that, as soon as the cooking was done, Mom would walk into the kitchen and fetch it.

When Ashley emerged, she raised an eyebrow at me.

She felt something was off too.

My sister had good instincts. Almost like a sixth sense. It helped her out plenty in her tournaments, always leading her to winning gold and gaining more trophies for her ever-growing collection. Yet, that day, her instincts failed her. Failed all of us.

She was taller than Mom, and much bulkier. Where most girls occupied themselves gossip and hanging out with friends, Ashley spent practically all of her free time training. A vigorous routine of working out that'd make most grown men cave and collapse.

For whatever reason, my sister had decided that she didn't want to become a doctor or a housewife or a lawyer.

She was training to be a professional mixed martial artist.

And it showed.

Her shoulders were wider than mine, bulging with firm muscles. Her arms and legs were clearly defined - muscles knotting with one another in perfect uniformity. And, save for her soft-looking C-cup breasts, her torso looked equally intimidating and tough.

Ashley's face, however, hadn't gotten the memo. Rather than being scarily strong and intimidating like the rest of her body, my sister's face was actually very pretty. A small, button nose. Full lips and rosy cheeks. Her hair was cut short and boyish, but the rest of her face looked about as girlish as you could imagine.

She sat down at the table, leaving only a single spot empty.

That was odd, I remember thinking. Why were there four chairs at the table? And why was I only noticing it then?

A few moments later, *he* appeared.

Walking into the dining room as if he owned the place, a wide smile on his face. Plain-looking, the kind of guy you'd never notice in a crowd. Our neighbour.

I barely knew the guy, didn't even know his name.

What was he doing here?

I opened my mouth to ask, but no words escaped my lips. Like my throat wasn't obeying my will to speak.

"Hello neighbours," the man said merrily. "Having a good morning I hope. Fiona, you're looking lovely today – as usual."

"Thank you," my mother said in a monotone.

Again, I tried to speak. And again, nothing happened. No words came out, no sounds at all. To anyone watching, I probably looked like a fish, opening and closing my mouth soundlessly. I turned my gaze on my sister, beginning to panic now.

Her face was blank, devoid of emotion. Just like Mom's.

"Oh, don't worry about them," my neighbour said. I turned to look at him, found him staring right at me. "They won't remember this. They won't remember any of it. I'll let you keep your memories, otherwise what's the point? But be assured, nothing that happens while I'm here will be remembered by your sister and mother after I leave."

I moved my mouth some more, heart pounding in my chest.

The man chuckled.

"Ah, yes. Of course. You have questions. Go ahead and ask them, and I'll answer as best I can."

He waved a hand dismissively and, just like that, my voice returned to me.

"What's going on?" I demanded, eyes darting around the room at my mother and sister. "What have you done to them? Why couldn't I talk?"

"One at a time lad," my neighbour smiled. "I know you're excited, but please. Take it slowly."

Immediately, I felt the effects of his words. My racing heart slowed. My panic lessened, though didn't fade entirely. The next time I spoke, it was calmly.

"What do you want?" I asked my neighbour.

He smiled.

"A show."

Mom and Ashley stripped enthusiastically, wide grins on both their faces. A stranger looking in would see two women eagerly getting undressed for two men, a little odd but nothing to write home about. But I knew better. Just a moment before, both my mother and sister had been mindless zombies. The smiles on their faces weren't real. Couldn't be. This wasn't *them*, this was two puppets on invisible strings.

"Oh lighten up," the neighbour scolded, amused. "Two beautiful women are getting naked for you. As a young man, you should be over the moon about it!"

And, just like that, my frown became a wide smile.

More terrifying than that, something awoke inside me. An excited eagerness to see the two beautiful women naked.

I had to remind myself that they were Mom and Ashley.

And, even then, I couldn't suppress my excited arousal.

It was like I was two people. One horrified, the other happy. One dreading what happened next, the other eager.

When they were done undressing, Mom and Ashley circled the dinner table, helped me to my feet. My body moved with a mind of its own, allowed itself to be guided to an empty corner of the room. My mother and sister knelt down before me, looked up at me with loving smiles.

Their bodies, utterly naked, drew my eyes.

Mom's large breasts, Ashley's muscular form.

Again, my body moved without me telling it to. My hands reached for my trousers, tugged them down along with my underwear.

My cock sprang free, hard and large and throbbing.

"Well?" My neighbour said - still sat at the table, watching intently. "What are you waiting for, Jack? Two beautiful women right in front of you, begging you to cover them in cum..."

At his words, Mom and Ashley began to moan.

"Please, Jack," Mom gasped.

"Cum on us, Bro," Ashley panted, eyes desperate.

My hands moved to my cock, began stroking it.

All the while, I watched on in horror.

Mom and Ashley continued to beg, plead and moan and ask for me to coat them in my cum. They shifted uncomfortably, fluid running down their inner thighs. Both of them trembled, shaking with arousal. Mom nibbled on her lower lip, big tits swaying slightly. Ashley stared up at me with flushed cheeks and a naughty little smile.

Finally, when I couldn't hold it back any longer, I came.

A wave of pleasure hit me as white shot onto my sister's face, painting her pretty, smiling face. The second shot landed on Mom's lips and chin, drops quickly falling down onto her exposed tits. Another burst came, and another. More cum escaped me in those few seconds that I'd ever unleashed before. An unnatural, unusual amount of cum.

I stared down at my mother and sister in disbelief.

They were still smiling, though one of Ashley's eyes was welded shut. Both of them were covered, white on their faces and chests, their shoulders and arms and hair. Streaks of white everywhere.

"Very good!" The man at the table laughed. "What a lovely show you've put on for me. Very entertaining indeed!"

I looked over at the man, eyes wide.

"Ashley, Fiona, you are both forbidden from bathing or showering or otherwise washing yourselves for seven days. Understood?"

"Yes," both women answers in unison, monotones returned.

"Good! Very good," our neighbour nodded his head in satisfaction. "Now, time for breakfast. Jack, be a good lad and go make me something to eat while I have a little chat with the girls."

My legs moved, walked me out of the dining room and into the kitchen.

Later, after he'd eaten and left, everything returned to normal. Save for the very distinct scent emanating from my mother and sister, they were the same as they always were. From what I could tell, they had no memories or recollection of what happened.

In that, I envied them.

The next morning, he came by and did the same thing.

I jacked off onto Mom and Ashley, shot load after load onto their faces and bodies for the man's entertainment. And, when it was done, I slipped away into the kitchen to make him breakfast.

I tried to resist, tried to fight it. But my body refused to obey.

For the first few weeks, that was all that happened.

He'd come over in the morning, make them strip and have me cum on them then make him breakfast. Then he'd leave.

For a brief time, I thought I could handle it.

Neither Mom or Ashley remembered anything. They had no idea what was happening. It was only me being tormented. And, really, all I was doing was ejaculating on them. No so bad, in the grand scheme of things.

That all changed one Sunday evening.

He'd come around in the morning, before church, and done his usual thing. Left as soon as he finished the breakfast I made him.

We'd gone to church, and I'd pretended everything was normal. Then we'd come

home, spent some time as a family. And, just as we were all getting ready to go to bed, the doorbell rang.

The sound of it sent a shiver down my spine.

Somehow, deep down, I knew it was him. Our neighbour.

Sure enough, Mom went to go answer the door and, moments later, returned with *him* at her side.

"Hello Jack," the man smiled. "Ready to take things a step further?"

I'd covered them in cum plenty, the man said. I'd climaxed on them a lot. But, he'd told me smiling, I'd never done it *inside* them before.

That night, for the first time, I did.

First was Mom, an experienced lover for my first time. A passionate, gentle lover. We did it on her bed, with the neighbour and my sister watching. She'd lain back on her bed, smiled at me as my body had drawn in close to her. And, when I'd penetrated her, she'd moaned my name.

I came inside her, just as I'd been instructed. My body obeying even while my mind screamed and thrashed in futile resistance.

And, within minutes, I was hard again.

Ashley's turn.

Tighter than my mother. Much tighter. Perhaps something to do with how much she worked out, how muscular she was. Or perhaps it was down to her youth. Either way, her tightness squeezed my cock hard. She wrapped her legs around me, fucked me as much as my body fucked hers. And, when it was time, I came inside her too.

"Excellent!" Our neighbour clapped. "Brilliant! What a wonderful show. And what a wonderful family!"

I stared at him, defeated.

There was no way I could win. No fighting what he was doing to me, to us. Not when he could move my body like a puppet, not when he could make me and my mother and sister feel and think whatever he wanted. He could shape us into anything he desired, and I was powerless to stop him.

There was nothing I could do but accept it.

"You know, this was so much fun, I think we should do it again. Same time tomorrow," the man grinned. "And the next day. And the day after that."

The neighbour stared at me, a twinkle in his eye.

"What do you think, Jack?" He asked, smiling. "I've been coming over here for breakfast for a little while now. Would you like me to come over everyday for supper too?"

My mouth moved by itself, the single word forming against my will.

"Yes," I answered.