

# LOVING MOMS CH. 02: IN THE DARK

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*A Mother helps her son through a troubling time.*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

11.8k words

*All characters are purely fictional. All parties in the story are 18 years or older.*

I would like to greatly thank MadamWhitewalker for taking the time to review my story.

Warning this story contains a couple of lesbian sex scenes. So if you're not into that please stop reading.

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So there I was, standing at the doorway to our bedroom with flowers in my hand, watching some total stranger fuck the living shit out of my wife.

It wasn't until she actually opened her eyes that she even considered stopping as this guy fucked her from behind.

"Oh My God! Glen!!!" I heard as my heart sank. Dropping the flowers to the floor, I turned around and slunk into the kitchen.

As I popped the top of a cold beer with my shaking hands, I could hear them frantically running around in the bedroom.

To say my head was spinning would be an understatement. Rochelle was truly the love of my life. I had no clue how to handle this. I wasn't even mad. I was hurt. The kind of hurt you can't ever put into words.

I sat down and took a big sip, trying to relieve my constricted throat as I heard them whispering at the front door before hearing it close quickly. Staring into space, I was on the verge of hyperventilating as my wife slowly made her way into the room saying, "I think we need to talk."

Setting my beer down, I fought back the tears I felt welling in my eyes and replied, "You think?"

Rochelle steadily approached me and gently placed her hands on top of mine, and as I watched her sorrowful appearance I heard her say, "Glen...I'm so sorry that you had to see that. But please understand. I don't love you anymore."

My entire world died at that exact moment. I actually went numb. It started slowly from my head and ran down to my feet. If it's possible for a heart to actually shatter, I swear mine did.

Devastated, I couldn't say anything so I just stood there, flabbergasted, as her words ate at my very soul.

"Please Glen, say something?" I heard her say as tears started to fall.

What could I say? Nothing was going to fix this and, sadly, we both knew it.

Clearing my throat, I coughed out, "I'm sorry too." And walked out the backdoor.

"Glen, where are you going?" I heard her yell as I got into my car.

Really, I had no idea. I just knew I had to leave. Not because I feared what I might have done if I'd stayed. God knows I'd never hurt her. I loved her way too much to ever even consider it. I just couldn't be next to her knowing I'd never kiss those wonderful lips or feel the warmth of her body against me again. So down the road I went.

And went, I did. I drove all night until my car finally ran out of gas. I abandoned it on the side of the road and just walked. It was morning before I made any effort to determine my whereabouts. Cold, tired, and depressed, I ventured into a convenience store and asked the clerk where I was.

Guess I can't blame him for giving me such a puzzled expression when he said, "Kansas City."

"You have a phone I can use?"

He shot me a pitiful look, pointing at a pay phone on the wall behind me.

Not having much cash in my wallet, I called my parents collect and heard my mother answer, sounding frantic.

Yeah...Rochelle had called them right after I left so they were fully aware of my situation. After 10 minutes of hearing about how worried she was, I interrupted her and asked, "Can you get me a ticket back home?"

So then, of course, she asked about my car and I explained that I really didn't care what happened to it. In reality, I didn't care about anything at the moment. My job, myself...nothing. Anyway, my dad got on the line and said he was on his way.

"Really, Dad, you don't have to. It's two states away."

"I'll make you a reservation at a hotel close by. Just wait for us there."

"Fine," I conceded.

I hoofed it up the road and crashed until the following day at a Best Western. At least, I thought it was the next day. I really wasn't think straight. Her words, "I don't love you anymore," kept rattling around in my shattered brain.

The drive back to my vehicle wasn't much better and I really wasn't paying attention to my parents at all.

Dad added some fuel from a gas can he carried, and Mom offered to drive since it was apparent that I wasn't in any kind of a condition to do so.

Unfortunately, that also meant that, after we filled the tank at the first gas station, I would be spending the next several hours in the car alone with her. Usually, that isn't a bad thing; under normal circumstances, I actually enjoyed her company.

Kerry, my mom, was a wonderful woman who would go out of her way to help anyone in need. Unfortunately, Rochelle wasn't one of those people. In fact, Mom downright despised her. Guess Mom knew something I didn't. Anyway, Mom had a dancing career which she gave up when she married my father, Dug, and they had me soon after.

Without getting into too much detail, I guess you can say that Mom was an attractive woman. Her light complexion and red hair balanced her facial features nicely. Along with her fit and slender figure, I found her very appealing. But I guess every son would say just about the same thing.

We followed my father back home, and it didn't take her long before she started with the 50 questions. You know the ones. "How did it happen? What did she say?" Blah blah blah blah.

"Mom!" I shouted. "I really don't want to discuss this," I barked, holding my head against my hand and the door window.

"It's not healthy to keep what you're feeling all bottled up. You have to let it out."

She just didn't understand the place I was in right now. In my eyes, there was no future. At least not one that I wanted to be a part of.

"Glen, please talk to me."

"Mom...I know you're trying to help. Even so, it's really not working."

Mom went quiet after that comment and left me to my own thoughts.

It wasn't until we were about an hour away from home when she spoke again and sighed, "You know you're not the only one to have had a broken heart. It happened to me too."

"You?" I asked.

"Yes, before I met your father, I was madly in love."

"So what happened?"

"They just didn't feel the same way, and we split up, so I know how you're feeling. And actually, if it hadn't happened I wouldn't have met your father."

"Sorry, Mom. But it's not the same. Whoever that person was didn't fuck a girl in front of you and then tell you he didn't love you," I fired back and once again felt my heart sink.

"No, not in front of me. However, they did get with a person I knew and got pregnant...that's when they came clean."

"Oh..." I said.

"Glen, it's going to be okay. You'll move on and find a better person."

I didn't want to get into it anymore with her so I just nodded.

That was six months ago. At that time, I lost my job, but I can't blame them for firing me. I signed the divorce papers Rochelle had sent to my parents' house since that was my residence now.

I gave her the house since I didn't want to see anything that would remind me of her.

My parents' house was a single-story quaint ranch with a small carriage house that I converted into a little apartment for myself. The property sat on a lake and had its own private dock and also a floating dock about fifty yards anchored offshore. The lake wasn't large by any means and only had

a few other houses on it. What was nice was that it was peaceful and, right now, that is what I felt I needed the most.

That was in spite of Mom's pestering to get my act together, even though I did find a steady job in town at the local drugstore. I emotionally couldn't find it in myself to move on.

Rochelle still had my heart and for some strange reason, I didn't want to get it back. It was my last grasp on what we shared.

My mom and I get along very well, but finally I'd had enough of her bitching and said calmly, "I'm going into town." I just had to find someplace to be alone.

Walking out of the house, I hopped into my car and drove towards town. But as I traveled down the road, I once again fell victim to my own mind. After six months of shock and sorrow, my thoughts changed from "why me" to "what if." I found myself wondering if somehow I was responsible for Rochelle's loss of love. *Maybe if I showed her more affection?* My mind went into overdrive and I remembered my most precious memories of her.

I was on the verge of tearing up and, even though I wasn't a drinker, I felt the need for one or two. I was just on the outskirts of town when I noticed some bar lights up ahead and quickly pulled in. Walking across the gravel lot, I was hit up by the bouncer for a cover charge.

"Cover for what?" I asked as I handed him five bucks.

Apparently, I should have read the name of the place. "Super TaTa's." *Damn place is a strip joint. Well, no turning back now, I really want that drink,* I thought as I entered the establishment.

I sat in a corner booth by myself and order a shot and a beer, which I slammed as soon as I got them.

*That's better,* I thought as a girl, barely dressed, brought me another beer. This time I sipped it and took in the scenery. Which wasn't half bad at all...there were three girls dancing on the stage, and I must say they all looked very sexy. However, one really caught my eye. I think she even smiled at me once.

But in reality, finding another woman was the last thing on my mind. I was here to drink Rochelle out of it.

I was ordering another beer when the girl who caught my eye came by dancing for tips and very cheerfully asked me my name.

"I'm nobody." I said.

"Oh okay, Mr. Nobody. I'm Rachel."

"You're who!" I kind of yelled over the crowd.

"Rachel."

"Oh...sorry. I thought you said another name."

"What name might that be?"

I handed her a twenty and replied, "Listen you seem to be a really nice girl, and I really don't want to talk about my troubles."

Rachel took the twenty and stuffed it between a thin strap at her waist which was attached to her little thong and smiled in a flirtatious way, saying, "Listen, for twenty you should be getting a lap dance."

Again, I spoke up and chuckled, "That's okay. I really just want to sit here and drink."

Rachel shrugged her shoulders and replied as she walked away, "If you ever change your mind just ask. You already paid for it."

"Thanks again," I waved as she went to another table.

I finished that last beer and figured that was enough. I still had to drive myself home. No way had I wanted my dad or mom picking my sorry ass up from here. Besides, it was after midnight and I was sure they'd be sleeping by now.

Taking my time, I carefully drove home until I reached the turn-off to the house. But instead of driving right up, I kicked off the lights and engine and let her coast the rest of the way in.

I really wasn't in the mood to deal with Mom if she was still awake, and I figured I just might be able to sneak into my little apartment undetected.

As I shuffled past the main house, I glanced into my parents' window and froze. My parents were in bed alright, but they were not sleeping. I don't know why but I couldn't look away as I saw my mother on top of my dad, riding him. As they enjoyed their sexual pleasure, I found myself thinking back to a time when my ex-wife and I were that passionate. Rochelle loved being on top, and I loved playing with her soft tits as she rode me.

But as I reminisced, something caught my eye and finally my brain kicked into gear.

Mom was looking right at me. And not just looking, but smiling. I felt so embarrassed, but I still couldn't move. I was frozen in that spot as Mom gave me this wicked smirk and started to play with her tits in a very seductive way. Then she increased her speed and rode Dad harder. Even though the windows were closed, I could hear her moaning as her eyes filled with lustful want, never breaking her gaze on me. I saw Dad grab at her waist, and Mom started to bounce on him yelling loudly, "Yes...yes...cum for me!" Finally, I found the strength to break off from my voyeuristic gawking and rushed away.

My mind went into overdrive. *Why couldn't I move? Why did Mom smile like that?* So many thoughts. I was so confused. So embarrassed. I headed down to the dock in a dreamlike state. I don't know why, but I stripped off my clothes and swam to the floating dock. Once there, I laid on my back and looked up at the stars, soaking up the stillness of the night.

*Jesus, how can I face Mom tomorrow? What could I say?* I thought worriedly, but suddenly I pictured her riding Dad and that look on her face. Her eyes...what had she been thinking?

I was in turmoil as I gazed up into the heavens for I don't know how long and didn't realize that I was no longer alone. Somehow Mom had already climbed onto the deck.

"MOM!!" I squealed as she stood under the moonlit sky. "You're naked!"

Mom chuckled as she sprawled her bare body out next to me, "Yeah and so are you."

"But!! But!!"

"Shhh. It's okay honey. It isn't like you didn't just see me more than nude."

She had a point, and I tried to come up with a way to apologize to her. However, she spoke again and shocked me when she asked, "So, did you enjoyed my little show?"

"What? Oh no Mom...I...I'm so sorry. I really didn't mean to stare like that. I had just seen you and Dad and well...it got me to thinking about Rochelle, and before I knew it I..."

I didn't get a chance to finish my apology when Mom very seductively cooed, "Is that why you were rubbing your crotch as you watched me?"

"Huh? I was what?" I said as I tried to recollect my actions.

"You were rubbing yourself. Very hard I might add as I was fucking your father. Didn't you hear me yell for you to cum?"

"What! Me! I... I thought you were talking to Dad?"

Mom leaned in closer, and I could feel her hot breath on my cheek as she gingerly ran her index finger across my chest and whispered, "No...I wanted you to enjoy yourself with us. Maybe that's what you need to forget about her. And I can see you're still all pent up."

"What are you talking about?"

I felt Mom's finger trailing down to my stomach. "You're still hard, silly."

I looked down and felt so ashamed. I really had no idea I was stiff. I searched for the words to say but found none. This was a side of my dear mother that I had never seen before. She was so open and forward. Not to mention naked. Finally, I croaked, "Mom, really, I don't know why I'm hard. I didn't even realize it."

I went to cover my groin, but Mom stopped me with her hand and uttered, "No need to be modest now. Besides maybe your body is telling you something."

"Telling me what?"

"That you need some sexual release," she murmured as she swiftly grasped my cock in her hand.

"Mommmm... m...m...m..." I tried to say but her free hand had covered my mouth as she feverishly jerked on my swollen tool.

I was in shock but also strangely stimulated as my body filled with this new illicit sensation. I've had hand jobs, but this was different. Something felt very mischievous and lewd about it, and it excited me greatly. My hips slightly lifted off of the deck, and I huffed into my mother's palm.

My hands stiffened as if someone was holding them as I mumbled again and heard Mom coo, "Shhh baby. Let Mommy help you."

I closed my eyes as my body succumbed to its sexual urges. Her hand was quickly bringing me to a climax. My own mother was going to make me cum, and I was sinfully letting her. I felt a rush of

pure pleasure fill me and shuddered.

Mom leaned up on her side as her hand left my mouth, and I just heaved, "Ha...ha...ha...oh fuck! Mom!!"

"That's it, baby, let yourself go. Just enjoy it."

I couldn't stop myself. It was so wrong for her to be doing this, but I was too far gone to stop her sexual assault on my throbbing cock.

My ass was now bucking upwards as my sperm raced up my shaft. I was so close. Grinding my teeth, my body stiffened up as I hissed, "Oh shit I'm gonna..."

I couldn't finish my sentence. Mom quickly lowered her head and sucked my entire cock down her warm throat.

"OH FFFUCK!!!" I grunted as my cock exploded. My legs shook rapidly as spurt after spurt of thick goo shot into my mother's sweet lips.

Mom bobbed and sucked while her fingers tugged at my nuts, milking all of my juices. I couldn't believe it; I felt another climax hit me, and I cried, "Oh Mom!!" as I grabbed her hair and thrust myself hard into her mouth.

My heart raced as Mom slowly released my dick from her lips with a slurp and very lovingly whispered, "How did that make you feel?"

Panting and drained, I nodded, "I never felt anything like that."

"Good. Now I think I had better get back to your father before he realizes I'm missing."

Stunned by what had taken place, I laid there in disbelief but also reveled in the after effects on how wonderful Mom's mouth was. It took a minute for Mom's words to process, and I thought. *Oh shit...Dad!*

I actually forgot about him and said, "Mom...what if Dad saw that?" but just as she'd suddenly appeared, she slipped away into the darkness.

I laid on the deck and just pondered my experience, not sure how to react. All I knew was that this was yet another major change in my life. It was about an hour before I swam back and walked into my little apartment and crashed on the bed.

I could feel my cock hardening again as I pictured my mother in a new light. Never had I felt these strange emotions and actual physical desire for my own mother. And so my incestuous side began to stir. Not to mention...it was also the first night I didn't think about Rochelle. I was totally fixated on Mom and how wonderful it felt to have her soft lips encompassing my hard shaft. I can't explain why, but I found myself jerking off and cumming two more times that night reminiscing about my first forbidden sexual encounter.

I have to say that, come the next morning, I did feel very refreshed and strangely happy. Both of which I hadn't felt in a long time.

Hopping out of bed, I dressed quickly and headed over to the main house where my parents were already eating breakfast.

"Hi son," I heard Dad say as I sat down.

Then it hit me. Yes, I felt revived, but now, after seeing my father, I kind of felt guilty.

"Hi Dad," I responded, trying not to make eye contact.

"So honey did you sleep well? I hope you didn't meet up with any loose women last night."

I shot Mom a startled look and she just smirked.

"No, I didn't meet up with any. And yes, I did have a very pleasant sleep."

"So going out and enjoying yourself did help," Mom said with a wink.

She was toying with me in front of Dad.

"Yes I guess it did."

"That's good to hear. Maybe you should do it more often."

I felt my brow begin to sweat and, thankfully, Dad spoke up, changing the subject.

"Oh honey. I hope you remembered that this is the week I go out of town."

"Yes. I remembered. How long will it be this time?"

"I should be able to close the deal quickly so only for about a week."

"Okay dear. Just remember to call when you get there."

"I will. You two going to get along while I'm away?"

I just nodded as Mom replied, "Oh I'm sure we'll be just fine in your absence."

"Great. Well, I had better get going," Dad said as he gulped down the last of his coffee.

I watched as he kissed Mom's cheek and said, "Love you, dear."

"Love you too," Mom replied as he walked towards the door.

Mom watched my father drive away and in a harsh voice said, "Like I don't know he's fucking his paralegal."

"Mom?" I shrugged.

Mom smiled at me and said, "You think you have time to take me shopping before work?"

"Um...yeah but what's this about Dad?"

Mom sat and sighed, "Listen, Glen, your father's been having an affair now for over a year."

I was stunned and then suddenly felt my own hurt come rushing back upon hearing those words of betrayal.

"Why...why didn't you tell me this beforehand? Better yet...why are you letting him? I don't understand. This is so confusing."



Mom reached over the table and took my hands and said, "Honey, calm down. Listen, I figured it was best not to tell you. You have enough on your mind. As for why I'm letting him? Well because it really doesn't bother me."

"What! How could it not? You're married? And...and...and...you love him, right?"

Mom sighed and tossed me for another loop when she said, "Not really."

I sunk in my chair as the room began to spin. I was so confused. So much in the dark about this entire thing. I just couldn't understand.

"I know this is confusing, but your father does make me feel good. It's just that I settled for him after I had my heart broken."

I couldn't speak as I tried to absorb all this information. First, my ex-wife cheating and now my parents. Not to even mention what Mom and I did last night. *Is this how the world really is?* I wondered.

If any good came of this, I actually didn't feel that guilty anymore, but that was just a small bit of gratification.

"Glen!" I heard my mother loudly say, snapping me out of my lost mind.

I looked at her worrisome gaze and replied, "Yeah?"

"You okay?" she asked, tapping her hands on top of mine.

I pulled my hands away, letting them fall on my lap and coughed, "Yes, I'm fine."

"You up for taking me to the store now?"

"Yeah Mom," I said, standing up.

The drive to the grocery store was quiet as I thought about Mom and Dad, even though Mom did try to engage me in a conversation.

At the store, I pushed the cart as I finally accepted my parent's lifestyle. *If Mom is happy and Dad is happy, who am I to judge?* I thought.

However, life sure has a way of making things more complicated. As I strolled behind my mother, out of the blue I heard someone yell, "Hey Mr. Nobody."

I turned and suddenly stopped as the girl from last night approached me.

"Oh...um hi," I softly spoke.

"So you shop here also?" she asked. I felt my face blushing as Mom walked up beside me.

"So, Glen, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?"

"Um...yeah..." I mumbled. "This is Rachel."

"Sorry, no. It's Stacey," she replied, shaking my mother's hand.

"Stacey?" I asked.

"Yes, Rachel is my stage name."

"Oh?" I heard my mother say.

I tried to interrupt, but Mom quickly followed with, "Well, Stacey, I'm Kerry, Glen's mother. So where do you dance?"

*Oh shit how did she guess that?*

"The bar just before town."

Well now Mom knew that I'd been there. But if that wasn't bad enough, what was said next just plain floored me.

Mom smiled and said, "Oh I know the place well. I danced there when I was younger."

"What!" I said feeling bewildered.

Apparently, I really never knew my mother at all.

"Oh Glen don't act so surprised. I told you I was a dancer."

"Yeah! But I figured a professional dancer for shows and stuff. Not a stripper!"

"Sorry if I started something..." Stacey said.

"No need, Stacey. My son is just overreacting, aren't you?" Mom fired back with a very stern look.

"Oh yeah. I'm sorry. I guess I'm just not coping well with news these days."

Mom lightheartedly chuckled and further startled me by telling this total stranger about my ex-marital problems.

I just wanted to crawl under a rock by the time Mom finished. The look of pity covered the girl's face as she said, "Well, I'm sure the right girl will come around. Who knows, you might have even met her already."

"I told him just about the same thing." Mom said. "So are you dancing tonight?"

"Mom!" I yelled.

"Shhh Glen." Mom replied, waiting for Stacey to answer.

Stacey looked at me and smiled, "Yes my shift starts at nine."

"Great maybe we'll see you there."

"We?" I huffed.

"Yes we. Or are you afraid to go with your mother?"

"No! It's just. Well..." I panicked and saw Mom's questioning look. Sighing I said, "It's fine."

"Okay then. I better get going, my mom is waiting for me to get back. Bye Glen," she said, smiling as she walked away.

Mom whispered in my ear, "I like that one. She's spunky."

"Oh Mom!" I huffed and started pushing the cart.

Of course as Mom finished her shopping, she wanted to know when and how I met Stacey, which I painfully confessed. However, it also gave me the chance to drill her as to why she led me to believe all these years that she was a professional dancer, which she explained fairly well, saying that she didn't want to explain her career to me at such a young age and thought I would figure it out when I got older. But then I asked about her lost love; Mom didn't want to discuss that with me at all.

I didn't fight her on it. Especially since, in reality, I now couldn't help but picture her on stage stripping, which I found strangely exciting.

I actually felt my cock twitch as I imagined her ass twerking in front of me.

I dropped Mom off at home and rushed into work. Needless to say, with all the news I'd just gotten my day was a blur. I still couldn't stop picturing Mom dancing seductively while stripping on a dimly lit stage.

That evening at home after Mom made supper, Dad finally called, and I listened as Mom ever so casually told him about Stacey. I was surprised when she mentioned how she and I were going to go see her.

"Your father wants to talk to you."

I swallowed hard and answered, "Yeah Dad?"

"Hey sport. Found a wild one did you?"

"No. Not really, we just met."

"Well, if she's anything like your mother, you'll have your hands full," he chuckled.

I looked at Mom who was just mischievously smiling.

"Okay Dad. Well, I got to get ready," I said, handing the phone back to Mom.

I walked back to my apartment as Mom finished her conversation.

Crashing on my bed, I thought, *What the hell is happening?*

So much, so quickly. I wasn't ready for this at all.

But I didn't get much time to dwell before Mom came over already dressed in a red mini skirt and a white button down top, which clearly showed that she wasn't wearing a bra under it, her nipples poking at the material.

"Shit Mom!" I yelped.

"What, don't you like it?"

"Well...yeah. It's just...a little short isn't it?"

"Compared to what the girls will be wearing I think I'm overdressed."

I just rolled my eyes and hopped out of bed.

"Aren't you changing?" Mom asked

"What's wrong with this?"

"You want to wear blue jeans and a tee shirt while I'm wearing this?"

I sighed and said, "Okay I'll put on a dress shirt and pants."

I stopped short of my closet and looked at Mom and asked, "You going to stand there?"

Mom laughed, "Why not. Did something change since last night?"

Again, I rolled my eyes and shook my head. I did feel kind of embarrassed as Mom watched me drop my pants. But as I looked at her facial expression, I felt something wicked stir inside me. My dick started to respond, and I quickly put on my dress pants. I turned to put on my shirt, trying to conceal my growing bulge. However, it was no use. By the time I swung back around it was fully hard and Mom commented,

"Pent up again, I see."

"Mom...please," I begged.

"Alright. Alright. We have to go anyways. Maybe I'll take care of that for you later."

"Jesus, Mom!"

She just laughed as we walked out the door.

Mom definitely seemed overly excited as we drove to the bar, and I couldn't believe I was actually doing this with her.

Mom held my arm as we approached the door, and I paid for both of our covers. We arrived just about the time Stacey was supposed to be working, but as we settled into a booth, she was nowhere to be seen. I order us a couple of beers, but Mom stopped me and said she wanted a Long Island Iced Tea instead.

"You sure? Those are kind of strong aren't they?"

"Yes. But it's been ages since I've had one."

"Okay," I replied, and had the waitress bring us two.

We sat and drank as different girls danced on the stage while Mom described how she would do similar moves.

At first, it was weird hearing how Mom would dance but truthfully, after a while, I wanted to hear her describe it. And it was easy to picture since Mom was very good at telling me her story.

We were on our second iced tea when Stacey made her appearance, and she immediately spotted us. Mom smiled and gave her a quick wave, but Stacey stuck to her routine. I don't know if it was the iced teas or my different mood, but somehow her dancing appeared to be more erotic.

Mom leaned into me and placed her hand on my lap and whispered, "She's really good."

I just nodded as I watched her twirl around the pole. Her body jittered and shook in perfect timing to the beat, and I felt myself almost hypnotized by her seductive sway.

Then I felt something. Something stimulating, and I looked in dismay. Mom's hand was slowly rubbing across my crotch.

"Mom..." I whispered as her hand tugged at my stiff wood.

"Shhh, honey, just watch her dance."

I began to jostle in the booth as my mother worked her hand up and down, bringing me closer to cumming in my trousers.

I started to sweat as I watched Stacey, who was now looking straight at me, smiling as she very seductively played with her breasts while kneeling with her legs spread, thrusting her hips outward.

"Please Mom," I begged and thankfully she eased her fingers away but kept her hand firmly planted on my thigh. Finally, Mom moved her hand when Stacey came by our table.

"So how did you like my show?" she asked, bending forward and propping her elbows on the table.

I nodded as Mom said, "Very nice Stacey. You have some great moves, I must say. You just looked so scrumptious up there."

I gasped and said, "Mom!"

"Well it's the truth. Don't you agree?" she replied, putting me on the spot.

I heard Stacey chuckle as I answered, "Yes she did a great job."

"Don't mind him, Stacey, I'm trying to get him to loosen up more."

Stacey lightly chuckled and replied, "Yes I know what you mean. He turned down my offer for a lap dance even though he tipped enough for it."

Mom perked up upon hearing that and quickly replied, "He did? Well, I think he should take you up on that offer now."

"That's okay, I'm good," I said, trying to get her off the subject. However, it was no use; she stayed focused on the idea. At least Stacy gave me a little hope when she said she couldn't right now since she had to do another three sets. But after that she was free.

Hopefully, I could get Mom to forget about it before that time and said, "That would be fine," handing Stacey another \$5 as a tip.

"Thanks Glen. I'll make sure I get you that dance."

We had another two iced teas by the time Stacey had finished her last set and, in my current condition, I actually forgot all about the lap dance.

Needless to say, I was struck when Stacey said she was ready.

*Shit...* I thought as Mom scooted herself out from the booth.

"Wait a minute. Where are you going?" I asked.

"With you," Mom replied.

"What...no I don't think I would be comfortable with that."

"Oh Glen, loosen up already," Mom chuckled.

"It's fine, Glen, couples go in together all the time," Stacey said as she took my hand and led me along.

"Maybe so, but we're not a couple," I softly whispered.

Stacey stopped and looked at me smiling. Quietly, she whispered in my ear, "That's even hotter," as she guided me into a back room.

The room had a black curtain instead of a door, and the walls were covered in red paint. It was filled with an extremely long crimson sofa that wrapped around two walls.

"Take a seat," Stacey instructed as she stood in front of us and started to dance.

Thankfully, Mom gave me some distance when she sat but little did I know as to why.

Looking again at Stacey, she had her back to me and was shaking her very firm ass about a foot in front of me. Slowly, she bent forward and looked at me between her spread legs, swaying her tush from left to right. Then she backed up and spread her legs over mine, placing her hands on my knees; she covered my crotch with her very nice *derrière*.

Slowly, she rocked to and fro, grinding her butt against my groin.

"You like that?" she asked as she gyrated to the music.

"Oh Stacey, I think he does. I can tell by his face," Mom yelled from her seat.

It was true. Her heaving and thrusting was most enjoyable. I tilted my head back and closed my eyes, enjoying her seductive rhythm. Her tempo picked up just a tad and I opened my eyes.

*OH FUCK!* I thought as I realized that Mom was rubbing her crotch over the top of her skirt.

I wasn't the only one who noticed and I heard Stacey tease, "Glen, I think your mom likes seeing you getting a lap dance."

"Yeah... oh... mmm... shit. She mmmight," I croaked, trying to control the growing climax that Stacey was ever so skillfully building inside of me.

Stacey suddenly stopped and looked over her shoulder and said, "Maybe she wants a lap dance also. What do you think Glen? You up for seeing your mom get a lap dance tonight?" she teased with a smile.

My heart raced in my chest as I hesitantly nodded.

Stacey got up and very sexily strutted over to my mother. Standing in front of her, she bent at the waist and planted a hard kiss on her lips.

"Holy fuck!" I said and heard them both giggle as they looked at me.

"I think your mom might like this as much as you, Glen," Stacey said as she straddled my mother, facing her. Putting both her hands around my mom's neck, she pulled them downwards as she rocked herself over my mother's skirt.

*Wow. Oh Wow. OH FUCKING WOW!* My brain screamed as Stacey worked on my mother. I watched as Mom leaned forward and sucked on Stacey's left breast and I heard her moan. My cock, extremely hard now, was begging to be released. I couldn't help but rub my hand over my crotch and I heard Stacey say, "I do think Glen is enjoying seeing this."

"Yes. It does appear he is," Mom said and then followed with, "Wouldn't you like to see that marvelous cock of his, Stacey?"

I looked on in amazement as I saw her smile and nod.

I don't know why. Maybe it was the iced teas or maybe it was because I was caught up in the moment. Whatever the reason, I unzipped my pants and released my cock.

Now in the open, I stroked it slowly and heard Stacey say, "That is a nice looking cock."

Stacey ground harder on Mom, causing her skirt to rise up a little. I watched as she took her left hand and tucked it under Mom's skirt, cupping her mound.

Mom moaned and tilted her head back while grabbing Stacey's sweet tush.

I stroked my dick a little harder as both girls appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the moment. But suddenly, Mom spoke and said, "I think Glen might like some of this."

Chuckling, Stacey said, "Yes I think he might. Maybe you should give him a lap dance."

"What! Wait!" I protested.

"You think?" I heard my Mom ask.

"Oh yes! Not to mention how hot that would be to see."

"I... I don't know girls..." I tried to interject but Mom had that same devilish grin I saw the night she fucked Dad.

"So you think that would be hot to see, Stacey?" Mom asked.

"Yes...extremely hot!" I heard her bark.

Slowly, Stacey stood up as I said under distress, "Wait Mom. I don't think you should be doing this."

But alas she ignored my words and quickly straddled my thighs, facing me.

"Mmmommm..." I huffed as she slowly started to grind her mound across my already hard cock.

"Oh sshhitt!!" I groaned as she moved a little faster while Stacey stood right beside us.

Mom purred in my ear, "What do you think, Glen? Is Mommy making you horny?"

"Jesus, Kerry, this is so fucking hot," I heard Stacey say before I unexpectedly felt her tugging at my mother skirt, pulling it up from the back until only her thin panties were raking across my bare cock.

"Oh... FFFUCK!!" I cringed as I felt the light fabric clinging to her pussy, causing my cock to slide between her lips. I could feel her wetness soaking through her panties as Mom vigorously dragged her pussy across my throbbing dick.

Mom's breath was as ragged as mine. Her body went to and fro extremely fast as my hands grasped at her sides. I couldn't hold back any longer. Her hot pussy was sending me on a forbidden ride that I could no longer control.

"Oh. Mom. Jesus. You're going to make me cum," I said. I was shocked when I felt a palm pushing my cock harder into my mom, almost pushing it past her panties and into her warm snatch.

I opened my eyes to see that it was Stacey, her hand was behind Mom's ass and was forcing my cock to grind hard against Mom's clit.

"Cum together," I heard her say as she pushed up harder. I want to see both of you cum. Cum for me."

"OH... OH... OH..." Mom wailed as she gyrated on me. I couldn't take it any longer, and my own body was lifting up off the sofa; I swear my cock slipped inside her a couple of times.

"Yes...baby!! I'm cumming. Mommy's cumming!"

"SHITTT!!" I croaked as my cock exploded.

I could feel Stacey's hand still holding my dick as it squirted its juices all over my mother's panties. Mom's body shook, and she grabbed my neck, pushing her breasts into my face, causing me to open my mouth and suck on her through her top.

I held Mom as I felt Stacey's hand move away and then I heard her say, "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen."

Mom sat upright and huffed, "Yes... I found it most thrilling myself."

I was still in a drunken haze after the fact and fought with the perplexity of the situation. Yes, I did enjoy this unthinkable sexual encounter. However, this was still my mother and I felt ashamed for feeling that way.

"What have we done, Mom?" I questioned as I tried to ease her off my body.

"Didn't you enjoy it Glen? You did cum."

"Jesus Mom!" I yelled, forcing her off of my lap and staggering to my feet.

As I fixed my trousers, I heard Stacey say, "Listen, I have to get back. You two can talk here for a bit if you like."

I watched as she handed something to Mom before leaving the room and in a loud tone I said, "Mom...really what just happened?"

"Calm down Glen. We just helped you feel better. Don't you feel better now?"

I really didn't know how to answer that. Yeah it felt good at the time. But now, I had this horrible feeling inside. I just crossed another line that normal mothers and sons never cross. What was really troubling was the fact that I didn't regret it and that scared me.



"I got to get out of here and think," I said as I exited the room with Mom in tow.

"Glen, you can't drive in this condition. We're both too drunk."

Shit. I knew she was right. So I made an effort to call a cab. My head was spinning and the last thing I remember was sitting in a booth with Mom by my side.

I awoke with a start, trying to get my bearings. Somehow I was in my own bed, and apparently, it was the next day since I focused on the clock and noticed that it was 8 a.m.

*What the fuck happened?* I thought as I pulled the covers off myself and realized that I was also naked.

For the life of me, I couldn't remember a thing, and as I got dressed, thinking, my door opened and Stacey walked in.

"You!" I said covering myself since I was still half naked.

"Oh sorry you're already up," I heard her say, setting my clothes from last night down on top of my dresser.

"What happened? Where's Mom? Why do you have my clothes?"

"Glen calm down. Your mom's in her bed. You passed out last night, and I helped both of you get home. On the way, you got sick and barfed all over yourself. So I helped you to bed and got you out of those clothes."

Puzzled I replied, "Thanks I guess. But why are you still here?"

Stacey smiled and teased, "I slept here after we fucked."

"What!"

She laughed loudly and said, "Take it easy Glen, I'm only joking with you. I just got back from my house and wanted to drop off your clothes. But seriously, would having sex with me be that shocking?"

"Oh...sorry...I didn't mean for it to sound that way. Truthfully I can't remember anything."

"Nothing?"

"Well, no. I mean I can't remember anything after. You know. Mom and I... errr."

Again, she laughed and said, "Dry humped to a climax."

I blushed and nodded, "Yeah that."

"I wasn't lying when I said that was the hottest thing I've seen. You and your mom must be very close."

I sat on my bed and hung my head low and replied, "I thought we were. But now...I really don't know. That was just too intense last night. I mean, she's my mother."

"Yeah and she must really love you a lot to please you like that."

"I don't know, maybe that's it."

"After what she told me about how depressed you've been after your divorce, I would have to say that is it exactly. You really loved her didn't you?"

I felt myself choke up when I replied, "With all my heart."

"Then it's time for someone else to have it."

Stacey sat next to me and gently lifted my chin until our eyes meet. I looked into them deeply and noticed something different in her gaze. She looked sincere, and I felt my grief slowly slipping away. I went to speak but when I opened my mouth, her lips crashed against mine. In that second, a peaceful feeling ran over me, as if this was meant to be. I wrapped my arms over her as she did the same. We fell backwards onto my bed and very passionately kissed. Her lips felt so tender, her mouth so sweet. Slowly, I was letting this girl into my heart. However, as we scooted ourselves up higher onto the bed and she wiggled her pants off, I found myself having second thoughts. For some reason, I felt like I was cheating on Rochelle.

Again, we embraced and our legs intertwined, our thighs rubbing intimately against each other, but that nagging feeling of betrayal still taunted me. I had to stop this before it went too far so I hesitated and broke away, temporarily ending our foreplay. That's when I saw Mom standing outside my window. Startled, I huffed loudly and heard Stacey say, "Something wrong?"

I heard her words but couldn't respond since a weird tingling entered my body as I looked at my mother. Mom wasn't just watching me. She was rubbing herself over the same little red skirt from the night before. My cock throbbed as a wickedness grew from my depths. Mom's expression of self-pleasure unleashed a hidden side of me that I hadn't known existed.

"Glen?" I heard and looked at Stacey.

"Huh? Oh yeah everything is fine," I quickly said, kissing her again but keeping my eyes fixated on Mom.

I felt Stacey's hand reach down and stroke my hard shaft while Mom lifted her little skirt and dug into her panties. I don't know why but her lewd actions were definitely affecting me.

I covered Stacey's mound with my palm as our mutual excitement built.

I watched as Mom tickled her little bud and followed suit,  
stimulating Stacey's.

She broke our kiss, panting hard as her body thrust upwards.

I went to kiss her again and felt her hand lightly push on my chest, stopping me mid-stream as she whispered, "Fuck me Glen."

I caught movement at the window and quickly stole a glance. Mom had her right hand braced on the glass as her fingers sank into her snatch. Then I read her lips, which very clearly said the words, "Fuck her."

That was it. I went nuts. Filled with raw lust, I rolled her onto her back and positioned myself between her thighs. Looking into her eyes, I gently nudged myself forward, feeling her soft labia

opening up to accept my stiff penis.

"Oh Glen..." she cooed as I eased myself further inside her warm canal.

Slowly and passionately I eased myself in and out. It felt so dirty. So exciting. I saw Mom's fingers slamming feverishly inside her snatch as Stacey wrapped her legs around my waist, motioning for me to go faster with her hands. I thrust hard and groaned as she moaned in pleasure. Faster and deeper, I drove my cock until both of us were fucking like wild animals. Mom's body tensed up and knowing that she was cumming only drove me further into a lustful rage. Grabbing Stacey's legs, I lifted them over my shoulders and heaved forward. Her back arched as her pussy tightened around my tool while I jack-hammered into her.

"Fuck Glen. I'm cumming!" she screamed as I plowed into her abyss. I felt my cum ready to explode. I looked at Mom. Her body was shaking, and her hand on the window was clenched in a fist. I noticed her eyes close as her mouth opened. She was obviously climaxing. My heart raced seeing her cum. It felt so taboo, so exhilarating, and, at that moment, I wished it was me slamming my cock into her making her cum like that.

"Shit!!" I croaked as my dick exploded still nestled inside Stacey.

"Glen!" She screamed, trying to wiggle her snatch away from my pumping cock.

Her moving only intensified the sensation. I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop, and I drove it even further in as my body quivered while looking at Mom.

"Glen pull out!"

*Shit*, I thought, realizing what I had just done and easing my already spent prick from her depths.

"Jesus. What were you thinking?" She shouted as she sat upright.

I glanced at the window, and noticed that Mom had left. I felt so ashamed. Truthfully, I wasn't aware, but in my state of excitement I couldn't help it.

"Stacey I'm so sorry. I...I don't know what came over me."

"Well I know what came in me!" she yelled. However, not in a mad way. More of a chuckling astonished way.

I saw her look of dismay turn into a light-hearted smile, and I again apologized for my actions.

"It's okay, Glen, I guess not being with a woman in such a long time got the best of you."

I just nodded in agreement as if to say yes...that's what it was.

We both got dressed, and I asked her if she wanted to have some breakfast before I had to leave for work.

"Thanks Glen, but I must be getting back. I told my mother I wouldn't be gone long."

"Oh okay."

Stacey reached into her purse and took out a pen; grabbing my hand, she jotted down her phone number while saying, "Give me a call later."

I happily replied, "You can count on it."

She just opened my door and standing there was Mom. Not in her red miniskirt but wrapped in a long pink bathrobe.

When did she have time to change? I wondered as I heard her say. "Oh Stacey, you're still here? I was just coming over to check on Glen."

"No. I just came back this morning."

"That's so sweet of you to do. Wasn't it Glen?" Mom said with a grin.

I just nodded since I was still amazed at how quickly she had changed.

"Well since you're here, why don't you stop by the house?"

"Sorry, Kerry, I really must be going," Stacey said as she stepped to the side of Mom.

"Okay dear. But you really must let me make it up to you. I don't think I could have managed Glen last night by myself."

"Really, it was nothing."

Mom smiled, looking at me, and said, "Nonsense. I insist. Why don't you come back for dinner?"

"Can I bring my mother? She's been asking all sort of questions about you and Glen. I really don't have a clue as to why."

"Why of course, dear. I'd like to meet your mother. Is seven o'clock okay?"

"It's my day off, so that should be fine. I'll tell Mom you'd like to meet her."

"Great, I'll let you get going then," Mom said, giving Stacey a quick peck.

Stacey ran off while Mom entered my room. She looked at me and with a big smile and said, "I really like her."

"Yeah I can tell."

I heard Stacey's car pull away and I sat on my bed and sighed, "Mom I think we should talk."

Mom sat next to me, placing her hand on my thigh, and replied, "Okay shoot."

"Listen Mom. What's going on with you?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, squeezing my thigh lightly.

"Like this. This stuff," I replied, pulling her hand away. "And like before at my window. Jesus!! I don't even know who you are anymore?"

Mom stood up and very seductively asked, "Didn't you like it?"

"Honestly...I don't know what I was feeling."

"Now Glen come on. I saw how excited you got when you saw me standing there. You were about to send Stacey away weren't you?"

Stunned, I stuttered, "H... h... how did you know?"

"Because Moms know their sons. Just like I knew what would make you change your mind."

"I'm so confused."

"I know Glen. That's why I'm here. To help you through this. Wasn't last night fun?"

"It was different, that's for sure."

"And how about before. Didn't that feel good?"

"Yeah, but don't you find it...I don't know...weird?"

Mom chuckled as she knelt in front of me. Placing her hands on both of my thighs, she rubbed them and whispered, "Didn't I get you excited seeing me like that?"

"Mmmom...what are you doing?"

"Shhhh..." she cooed as she unbuttoned my pants."

"Mom!" I protested and tried to stop her. But, alas, she had already tugged them down and exposed my penis.

Mom pushed me backwards as she quickly jerked on my cock, causing me to groan while she hissed, "Just relax and enjoy it, honey."

"Oh fuck Mom. It's wrong... to...oh shit!" I faded off saying.

Mom once again worked her magical touch on my tool, sending wave after wave of sinful pleasure throughout my body.

I closed my eyes as my incestuous side acceded to her touch. I felt my ass bucking up as I croaked, "Shit you're doing it again to me."

Mom's hand went faster as I heard her say, "Doing what, Glen?"

I blurted out loudly, "Making me like this."

"That's the idea," I heard her say before feeling her moist lips encompass my bulging head.

"OH...fuck!" I blurted out as she skillfully bobbed on my dick.

I clutched at the sheets as Mom brought me ever closer to another climax. No longer did I feel uncertain about what she was doing. I wanted it.

"Jesus, Mom. You're going to make me cum again!" I grunted.

Mom eased my cock out from her warm mouth and rose up. Smiling, she disrobed, saying, "Good, lets cum together then." I gasped as the robe puddled to the floor, revealing her nude sexy figure underneath.

"Mom!" I gulped as she straddled me, resting her warm mound upon my raging hard-on.

Slowly, Mom rocked back and forth, sliding her hot box across my rock-hard shaft.

"Mmmm Ohhh nnnnn," I groaned as she went faster. Her pussy juices flowed, slicking up my shaft even more. I was consumed by lust as the incestuous experience overtook me. Uncontrollably, I heaved upward, causing my cock to slightly ease inside, however Mom teasingly lifted up, denying me access to the place I wickedly wanted to explore.

"Not in me, Glen."

I nodded as Mom gyrated faster and harder until she was sending me over the edge. I couldn't take it. I wanted - no, needed - to fuck her. To send my cock deep into my mother's sex. I tried again to thrust my dick into her snatch, but once again she lifted up, only this time she held my cock against her mound and rocked her clit on it.

"Oh...oh...oh..." she moaned. Her legs stiffened, and she squeezed my dick hard.

I couldn't last and came again for the second time that day, spewing my seed into her hand as she climaxed herself.

Mom leaned forward as my breath raced and whispered, "Fucking Mommy would be crossing the line."

Panting, I replied, "Okay Mom. You're right."

Mom got off me and put her robe back on and with a smile said, "You better get ready for work now."

*Work?* Shit, I thought. I had completely forgotten about work. Hastily, I jumped up as Mom left my apartment. Rushing around, I tossed on some jeans and a shirt and mad-dashed to the car. Thankfully, my boss was an understanding fellow and wasn't too mad when I told him that I'd overslept.

That day at work was one of the best I'd ever had. Maybe Mom was right, since I actually did feel almost like myself again. Not to mention the fact that Rochelle wasn't on my mind. However, that day still had some surprises in store for me.

I went home that evening and got ready while Mom made dinner for our guests. Since this was the first time I would be meeting Stacey's mother, I dressed in somewhat formal attire consisting of a nice light blue dress shirt and black dress pants with a leather belt. I forwent a tie since I figured that might be overkill and headed over to the house.

Mom looked quite nice in a white floral dress that went down to her knees, and I must say the scooped neck showcased her bosom nicely.

It was just about six thirty when I set the table while Mom finished tossing the salad. I heard the doorbell and yelled to Mom that I got it.

I opened the door and was taken aback by how good looking Stacey's mom was, and I choked out a, "Hello."

"Hi Glen, this is my mom Ava."

"Nice to meet you," I said, shaking her hand while taking in her nice figure. Ava had on a dress similar in length to my mom's, except her dress was lightly colored pink. I did my best not to stare too long at her ample breasts, barely hidden behind the straining top of her dress.

"Please come in. Mom's just finishing in the kitchen," I said, extending my hand out to show them in.

We walked into the dining room and sat just as Mom came in. I'll never forget the expression on Mom's face when she saw Ava. I swear I thought she was going to drop the salad bowl when she paused suddenly and said in a very startled tone, "No...it can't be you?"

Ava smiled and replied, "Hi Kerry. Yes, it's me."

"Mom? You know her?" I questioned, and I could tell by Stacey's expression that she was just as lost as I was.

Mom steadied herself, holding the back of a chair as she sat down. I could tell Mom was still in a state of shock when she looked at me and nodded before saying, "I thought you moved away?"

"Yes I did. But after I divorced Frank, me and Stacey moved back here."

"How long ago was that?"

"Oh about a year now."

"So is anyone going to tell me what the hell is going on here!" I interrupted.

Mom looked at me and, in an unsteady voice, said, "Remember that lost love I told you about?"

"Yeah?" I replied, quite puzzled. "No...no way. It was a girl who broke your heart?"

Ava smiled and nodded just as Mom mumbled a barely audible, "Yes."

*Holy fuck! Mom was a lesbian!* my brain screamed in my head. I couldn't believe it. I refused to believe it. She was married to my father, a guy, not to mention everything she had done with me. Was it all an act? Does she really like girls? My mind went into overdrive as I tried to comprehend this twisted turn of events. I was just about to short circuit when I felt Stacey's hand lightly grab mine as she asked, "You okay, Glen?"

"No I'm not okay! This is insane!" I yelled, standing quickly and exiting the house.

I rushed over to my apartment and locked the door. "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" I screamed. *What the hell is happening to my life!* I thought and then came the light knock at my door.

"Glen...it's me. Can you open the door please?" I heard Stacey ask.

Really, I wasn't going to, but I figured she must have been as in the dark about this as I was.

I slowly opened the door, never looking up at her as I shuffled my sorry ass to my bed and sat.

"So I take it you're not happy about our mothers' past relationship."

I looked up at her and replied, "You are?"

"I don't know. She never mentioned your mom, or that she was bi."

"Bi?" I questioned, crossing my arms.

"Yeah, what else would you call it? Our mothers like both men and women."

"I guess. But still that doesn't excuse them from not telling us after all these years."

Stacey sat next to me and held my hand softly and said, "Really Glen. Did you tell your mother everything you've done? Even if it might have hurt her?"

"Of course not. But...okay I guess you might have a point."

"So...you going to stay here and pout or go back over and find out more about them?"

I shook my head and stood up. I paused as I gazed upon Stacey's sweet face and thought, *She really is a very smart woman.*

We walked back over to the house, and I apologized for my rude behavior. After sitting back down, Mom and Ava explained how they met back when they both were strippers and then went on to explain what caused the break-up even though I'd already gotten the...abridged...version from Mom. I looked at Stacey and really couldn't believe she was a year older than me since her complexion made her look much younger.

Things started to settled down as we ate our salads, followed by Mom's homemade spaghetti sauce and ziti noodles. I couldn't help but noticed how happy Mom seemed to be as she chatted up a storm with Ava over all their lost years.

When dinner was over, I told Mom that they should all go into the living room while I got us a bottle of wine, which of course she wholeheartedly agreed to.

What I didn't expect was, by the time I got back, Mom and Ava were in a lovers' embrace, kissing passionately.

Dumbfounded, I just stood there watching them until Stacey waved me over to her on the couch.

I sat down next to her and whispered, "What the hell is going on?"

Stacey giggled and softly replied, "What do you think?"

I opened the bottle and filled two glasses, handing one to Stacey while watching our mothers out of the corner of my eye. Okay, I have to admit it. Seeing Mom like that was getting me turned on. What I didn't realize was that it was also turning Stacey on just as much.

I sat back on the couch just as Stacey placed her hand on my thigh and hissed in my ear, "Isn't that so hot?"

I nodded as her hand gently strolled up and down my leg. I placed my hand on her leg and did the same as we both watched our mothers slowly caressing each other's breasts.

My cock was like a rock when I noticed Ava ease her hand under Mom's dress.

Shit this was so hot. My heart beat faster as I felt Stacey unzipping my pants and ease them down.

I looked at her, and she smiled devilishly as she worked my stiff pecker out from his hiding place.



In return, I fumbled my hand at her waistband until I wiggled my fingers inside. Digging my digits downward, I was greeted with her already very moist pussy, saying, "You're so wet girl."

"Oh course. They're making me horny," she replied as she lowered her head down to my solid cock.

"Fuck..." I groaned as she bobbed up and down while I watched as Ava dove under Mom's dress. Her legs dangled over Ava's shoulders as she wailed loudly, "Yes! God yes. I've so missed this!"

My cock juices raced upward as Mom rocked her pussy across Ava's face. I held Stacey's head as I thrust my manhood inside her hot little mouth.

I was just about to pop when Stacey sat up and whispered, "Want to see something really hot?"

I just looked at her, puzzled, as Stacey slipped off her pants and top and then leaned over and softly whispered, "I'm bi too."

She then very seductively sashayed over to our mothers and dropped to her knees. Lifting her mother's dress, she buried her face between her legs.

*Holy Fuck!* I thought. Ok that is hands down the hottest thing I've seen. She was licking her own mother's crotch, and she was letting her. I couldn't help but sit there in awe as I stroked myself. Stacy eased her mother's panties off and went right back to devouring her snatch while my mother bucked up and down on Ava's face chanting, "Yes, Ava, yes. I'm cumming. Christ I'm cumming!" It didn't take Ava long to follow suit, and she started to moan from Stacey's licking. Her mother's ass started to pivot up and down, and her legs spread wider. Stacey removed her face, and I stared as she sunk three fingers into her mother's pussy and rubbed her clit hard with her other hand saying, "Cum, Mama. Cum for me."

Mom wiggled herself out from in front of Ava as her daughter brought her ever closer to her climax. I could hear Ava wailing, "Oh god Stacey...I never knew you could do this."

Stacey fired back as her fingers feverishly worked on her mother's excited snatch, "I always wanted to make you cum Mama. Now I got the chance."

Mom stood in front of me and had that same wicked grin on her face when she said, "My poor boy is all alone. Let Mommy help you with that."

Mom straddled my legs as she did earlier and my throbbing cock nestled nicely between her outer lips. Like before, Mom rocked back and forth, sending me once again on my incestuous journey.

"Shit Mom..." I groaned as Ava screamed, "I'm cumming!"

Mom went faster, and she grabbed my shoulders, pushing her wonderful tits into my face. I sucked her left tit inside my mouth and lightly nibbled on it, causing her to moan.

My body involuntarily lifted up, trying to push my cock into the place it so desperately wanted to find. However, once again, I heard Mom hiss, "No fucking Mommy, Glen."

"Oh... Mom...God do I want to though...oh shit!" I groaned under my breath.

It was then that I felt a hand brush against my throbbing head as Mom heaved herself backwards. I looked up to see Stacey's fingers dabbling over Mom's clit, causing her to actually gyrate even

harder. As if that weren't enough, Ava was behind Mom and had both of her hands on Mom's breasts, pinching and kneading her already hard nipples while she sucked on her neck.

"Oh God..." Mom moaned as the girls quickly brought Mom to orgasm. I could feel her legs starting to buckle from the excitement while my own climax was rapidly approaching. I tilted my head back and croaked, "Shit, Mom, I can feel you quivering."

Suddenly, Stacey's hand grabbed my tool as Mom pushed forward, holding it in place just as Mom was sliding back, sending my cock head into her wet snatch.

"Oh Glen!" I heard Mom gasp as I lifted my ass up, quickly thrusting half of my length into her sopping wet pussy.

"Fuck, Mom..." I moaned, and I felt Mom come crashing down, burying my entire dick deep inside her.

I felt Mom trying to lift upwards, but saw Ava pushing on her shoulders, sending her pussy back down onto my cock.

"Fuck him...fuck your son!" I heard Ava command, and then I felt Mom start to grind back and forth. Slowly at first, but quickly picking up speed, she rested her hands on my knees while both girls chanted, "Fuck him Kerry. Make your baby boy cum."

"Oh God...we're really fucking!" I heard Mom coo as her pussy gripped onto my tool. I grabbed her waist as she slid herself back and forth, smashing her clit over me.

"Mom!" I yelled as I felt the onset of my climax.

Mom went faster while the girls played with her tits.

"Yes...oh fuck yes...I'm cumming, Glen. Mommy's cumming!" Mom screamed, pushing me over the edge. I shook as my cock exploded. I could feel her juices mixing with mine while both of our bodies quaked. Mom huffed loudly and rested her head on top of mine and said, "My God, Glen, I've never cum that hard."

"Never have I," I replied, thrusting myself upwards once more.

The girls helped Mom off of me just as my cell phone rang.

I felt like I had just been stabbed in the chest when I notice the name. It was Rochelle and, without even thinking, I answered it.

"Hello?" I said very shyly.

"Glen...I think I made a mistake."

"What...what do you mean?" I choked.

"Listen baby. I think we should try again."

I never got a chance to reply. Stacey grabbed the phone out of my hands and said, "Listen, bitch! He's with me now. So go find someone else's mind to fuck with!"

I could hear Rochelle protesting in the background, "Who's this?"

"This is the girl who will be fucking Glen from now on, and by the time we're done fucking him tonight you're going to be a distant memory."

"Who's we!" I heard her say just as Stacey hung up the phone and smiled, "You ready for round two?"

I looked at all the women as they slowly approached me and yelled, "Fuck yeah!"

Needless to say, I had one hell of a night. And I guess I owe it all to Mom.

Who, by the way, finally divorced my father and is living with Ava.

As for me...well it turns out the girl of my dreams had been right before my eyes and hopefully when I give her this ring we'll all be one big happy family.