



Home Shopping

Son discovers what his mother actually does at work

SUNBURYCD

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Incest | MS

'Well, how will I get to and from work each day?' I overheard Mom ask my father from the kitchen. Dad had been given an overnight shift at the plant for the next few months and it was already throwing out my parents' schedule.

Ever since I could remember, Dad had driven Mom to work, gone on to his own workplace, and picked her up on the way home. It had been practical and convenient, meaning they had only ever needed one car.

Mom worked at the local television station. It sounds glamorous I know, and when I was a kid, it was pretty cool seeing her on the news desk each day. She was a local celebrity in the community and by association I was pretty popular in grade school. Unfortunately, our town had been slowly dying over a number of years and with cutbacks, the local news was no longer being broadcast from the station, leaving the Home Shopping channel (thankfully being syndicated) the only production coming out of it.

Mom went from newsreader to salesperson pretty much overnight and I and most of my friends (teleshopping not being required viewing at our age) rarely saw her face on screen. There were still perks, however. The house was filled with unused exercise equipment; rarely used kitchen appliances and utensils; and Mom had a never-ending supply of cheap jewellery; all compliments of the advertisers.

I turned the volume down on the television and sunk into the couch in an effort to hide my presence. I had a feeling I knew what Dad was about to say, that she could use my car, or I could drive her, and I didn't like either prospect. I was enjoying the same free time my older

sister had taken between school and career, she had traveled; in my case, I was lazing around the house. I certainly didn't want my style cramped now by driving my mother around, or worse still, losing my car each day.

'What about Corey drives you?'

Fuck, I thought as Dad made the suggestion. Mom was quiet in response and Dad went on.

'We can't expect him to loan you his car, but he could at least give you a lift. Christ knows he does nothing else all day!'

I silently cursed him for the comment, obviously thinking I couldn't hear but I had to admit he was kind of right, and to be honest, I was admittedly even getting a little bored. There were worse things in the world than chauffeuring my mother around I supposed, right then I couldn't think of any, but I was sure they'd come to me eventually.

I waited for Mom to finally give him a response and when I heard a chair move and her approaching footsteps, I knew she'd gone along with him.

'Honey?' Mom asked over my shoulder.

'I'll do it!' I broke in before she had a chance to ask me the whole question.

She came around the couch and faced me. 'What, you overheard?'

'Yep.'

'And you don't mind? It'll only be for a couple of months or so. We'll... I'll, be ever so grateful!' She smiled in the light from the television.

'Oh yeah? Remember that when it's my birthday!' I grinned back at her.

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A few days in and it wasn't so bad. Dad told me not to pay my weekly board to cover the extra gas I was using, and it was even pleasant spending twenty minutes or so each day in the car with Mom. The station was well out of town on the interstate, atop the highest hill in the region, and as per usual, I'd taken to getting there a few minutes early each day to enjoy the sun setting over our picturesque Californian township.

6pm came and went and Mom hadn't appeared. I did an impatient lap of the parking lot to stretch my legs and spent a few more minutes sitting on the hood of my car listening to music. Come 6:30 I headed inside the station to find out what was the hold-up.

The reception area hadn't changed in at least the ten years since I'd been there. More amazing, nor had the woman behind the desk.

'Well look who it is! Little Corey Douglas,' the woman exclaimed.

Her name was totally lost to me, but I smiled as though it wasn't. 'You remember me?'

'Well of course Honey. Little Corey Douglas. You and your sister used to pretend you were newsreaders in the studio when we were off-air! Used to love playing on the kitchen set as well if I remember correctly. You here to see your mom, Love?'

'Yeah, to pick her up actually,' I replied.

The woman looked at the time behind her. 'She still has half an hour. You go on through Hon; they're recording so just keep it down now,' she lifted a finger to her mouth as if to emphasize the point and gestured me towards the studio doors.

I had been there countless times as a child. I recall I did enjoy playing on the kitchen set, fake oven and all. If they were cooking something on-air it would be done in the staff kitchen prior and made to look as if it was done right there and then. The wonders of television I suppose.

I walked through the double doors and as the receptionist whose name was on the tip of my tongue had advised, I kept it quiet. The studio itself was dark but the set for the home shopping was brightly lit. Before the two cameras, only one of which was operated by a human, three women were waxing lyrical about the product they were plugging. I didn't need a degree in advertising to know what that product was.

Standing before the others, the tallest of the three was dressed only in pink underwear, a bra, and panties. Even from where I stood, well back in the darkness, I could see she was beautiful. Probably about my age, maybe older. Long blonde hair and a body not out of place on the

cover of magazines. The other two were older, one with her back to me wearing a ridiculously tight mid-thigh dress that accentuated every curve, and the other in a business dress. I couldn't see Mom anywhere and just as I was about to head back out, I was taken by the elbow.

'Hey stranger,' the woman whispered as I turned. My mother's friend Delores, whom I hadn't seen in years as well, smiled brightly at me. Wearing a headset with a microphone, she was obviously producing. 'Your mom told me to look out for you.'

'Hey, Delores. Yeah, I'm meant to be picking her up. Have you seen her?' I whispered back.

A slightly confused expression came upon her face. 'Open your eyes silly, she's on set!' She remarked, then looked down at her watch. 'One more change and she's done.' Someone must have spoken in her ear, and she raised a finger to me as if to wait before shaking her head and leaving in a hurry.

My eyes were open! Or more to say, they were opened. I looked again at the three women and now not so fixated on the younger of the group, I realized the woman in the skin-tight dress, was my mother. Now facing me, her blonde hair up in a bun and face heavily made up, she was hardly recognizable as the woman I'd dropped off that morning. To be honest, she looked stunning. I moved in and took up one of two chairs behind the camera. Now closer and able to hear, she only looked better, and my initial fascination with the underwear model was forgotten.

'...that's right Gayle, no panty line!' My mother remarked. 'And also, as you'd know, women of our age,' she let out an endearing giggle, 'everything tends to sag. Not with the Wonder Panties. They tone the

booty. They cinch the tummy, and dare I say it, Gayle, with the added lace trim. Even provide a bit of sex appeal.'

Jesus, I thought. My mother was talking about "sex appeal."

'Well, now you mention it Angela, and we'll look here on our lovely model Sasha while you get changed. The lace trim...'

I tuned out as Mom turned and walked off the set, her legs long and high heels clicking. High heels! Mom never wore heels. The woman in the business suit, Gayle, was pawing at the underwear model, stretching her panties at the leg and running her hand almost seductively across her buttock. Ordinarily, I would be fascinated with the show, but my mind was elsewhere, backstage with my mother, wondering just what she was changing into. I didn't have to wait long.

She returned from stage left and for that one amazing instant, the flesh-colored underwear matching her skin tone perfectly, I thought she was naked. Walking forward to join the other women, Mom looked directly at me and squinted slightly, obviously finding it hard to make me out under the strong lighting. A look of recognition came across her face and smiling before turning her attention to the others, gave me the slightest wave of a hand.

She knew I was watching her. Watching her in her underwear. I wondered what went through her mind at that moment. Did she even consider it? Was I making too much of a deal over the fact this was the first time in my life, as far as I could remember, I'd ever seen her in bra and panties? In heels, bra, and panties no less. With another semi-naked woman!

Gayle turned her attention to my mother, molesting her in much the same fashion as the younger girl. I looked up to the monitor showing what was going to air and the cameraman had focused down on my mother's crotch, her groin taking up all the screen. Some moments stay with you for life, this was mine! Mom moved her leg slightly and above the smooth pale skin of her inner thighs, the twin bumps of her cameltoe came into view.

Gayle took her by the hips and turned my mother around as my eyes stayed glued to the screen. Her ass filled the monitor. A real woman's ass, not the skinny butt of the model beside her. Plump, meaty, and delectable. At the top of her crack, I could see the line of a thong beneath the so-called Wonder Panties, before finally, the camera panned out to release me from my spell. The damage was done, however. My dick left rock hard in my pants.

'...now we're getting low in the XXL in the pink. Is that right Delores?' Gayle spoke off-set and waited for a response in her earpiece. 'Uh huh, yes ladies and we've sold out in all sizes in the nude!' Gayle enthused.

Of course, they have! I thought. With my mom advertising them, even I was thinking of buying a pair! A tap again on my shoulder and Delores reappeared beside me. 'Sorry about that,' she whispered. 'My production assistant has gone AWOL; I'm having to do everything.'

'That's okay,' I was thinking of how obvious my erection may have been in the front of my track pants and needed to get out of there. 'I was just going to wait out the front, can you tell Mom I'll be in the car.'

'Oh sure, you can stay here though, you don't need to run off,' Delores suggested but I was already out of the chair, stooped forward a little so as not to reveal my secret.

'That's cool, good to see you again Delores,' I remarked as I made my way out of the studio without looking back. The receptionist had her attention on a phone call and casually waved as I hurriedly left.

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In the safety of my car, I finally relaxed. What the fuck had just happened? I had seen my mother in her underwear, gazed, focused on her pussy and ass and I'd got an erection. Was I sick? A pervert? I gripped the wheel and willed my cock to soften. Five minutes passed and it did. Just in time for Mom to hop into the passenger's seat.

'I'm so sorry. I couldn't text you, my phone died. Wonder Panties booked another slot, and we went into a second hour. You're not angry with me, are you?' Mom asked.

She'd changed into the clothing I knew her in, jeans and a t-shirt but somehow, she still looked sexy. Still wearing makeup, her hair remaining in the bun. I looked into her heavily mascaraed eyes, and her full red lips, and felt the desire to kiss her.

'I... I didn't know you did that, back there,' I stammered.

She looked confused. 'You know what I do! I've done this for years,' she opened her bag and took out makeup remover and some tissues. She stopped as I think she realized what I meant. 'Oh!' She turned to me, and a smile spread across her beautiful face. 'Did I embarrass you?'

I felt myself go red and diverted my eyes, putting the car in reverse.
'No!'

'You left in a hurry. I turned around and you were gone. Thought you would've hung around to meet Sasha.'

'Who?' I asked.

'Ah, the underwear model! She's from L.A.'

'Oh, I didn't even notice her!' I answered, and it was mostly true.

'Yeah right!' Mom laughed as she began to remove her makeup.

I looked across and wanted to tell her it was her I'd been watching. I wanted to tell her how amazing she had looked and the effect it had had on me. 'The makeup's nice on you. You looked pretty.'

Stopping at the turnoff to the station, Mom momentarily paused removing her makeup. She looked over at me seemingly stunned. 'Wow!' her expression softening, she touched me on the thigh for an instant. 'A compliment? Thank you, that's nice of you to say.'

I shrugged. 'No big deal,' I said, my face afire. 'Just remember it on my birthday.'

My cock was already beginning to re-harden.

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That night I watched the Home Shopping Network in my room in the hope of an encore screening. It didn't come. Instead, I saw Mom presenting the latest in food-slicing technology. The Slice-n-Dice. I knew the product; it sat unused in the cabinet under the sink. The appliance held no interest; my mother, however, captured my attention. She wore a black skirt and a red satin shirt. In one camera angle, I could see her black bra at her cleavage and even the bump of nipple poking out the satin. This woman on the screen, with her immaculate makeup, perfect fingernails, and styled hair, was two rooms away from me wearing a nightie and about to go to bed. I wondered if she was wearing her Wonder Panties and I dismissed it. Of course, she isn't, I told myself. You know she was wearing a thong underneath, the devil on my shoulder whispered. She has a thong on under her nightie. No, that would be uncomfortable, my thoughts rambled. She's wearing nothing! It wasn't long after I came into my hand and went to bed reliving the entire day's events, but one woman firmly in the front of my mind.

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With my PVR set up to record the day's programming on the Home Shopping channel, I left with Mom to drop her off at work. In the car with her dressed in old gray leggings (which I now noticed her legs looked so shapely in) and a blue sweater that sadly covered her impressive breasts, I tried small talk. 'How's Dad liking the new shift?'

'Oh, you know. We'll get used to it. It's strange sleeping alone though!' She yawned before taking a sip from her coffee mug.

I wanted to say I would be willing to keep her company but decided against it.

'So... What's on for today?'

'Oh, I don't know honey. I'll have to check the rundown.'

I glanced across at her while at an intersection. She wasn't wearing makeup, yet she looked beautiful. The natural lines of a middle-aged woman, her hair tied back, yet to be styled. I risked asking the question. 'No... what was it? Wonder Panties, today?'

She looked at me and smiled. 'Ah, I know what you're up to Mister!'

I looked ahead as I drove on, blushing. 'What?'

'You have to get up a little earlier to get one over your mother!'

'Mom, seriously I don't...' I began.

'You're hoping to see Sasha again!'

'What? No!' I admitted, relieved she hadn't seen through my facade.

'I don't blame you, she's beautiful. I wish I looked as good as her. It's a little intimidating standing next to that.'

I wanted to tell her how hot she looked, that I only had eyes for her.
'You looked good too!'

'Hah, yeah right. You didn't even notice me!' She laughed.

'No, I did. You looked really good actually!' I had said it, thrown in the "really" for added effect.

'Hmm. Okay. Two compliments in two days. You really are after a good birthday present this year, aren't you?'

'Ah... yeah. I guess,' I lied.

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At the station, Mom leaned across and kissed me on the cheek to thank me for the ride. She never did that! I watched her walk toward the doors, her ass swaying and waited until she was out of sight before I headed off more than a little disappointed. I brightened however, as I thought of seeing her on TV when I returned home, and the potential advertising slots she'd host throughout the day.

Nearing our house my phone began ringing and I put it on speaker.

'Honey sorry to bother you, but could you come back to the station?' Mom asked. 'Delores wants to talk to you!'

'What about?' I inquired.

'Um, probably better to discuss it in person.'

She was being vague, and I immediately wondered if my erection the day before hadn't gone unnoticed. I had visions of myself on video skulking from the studio, my cock tenting out my pants like a common pervert. I pulled up the car and headed back the way I'd come. 'Yeah, I'll be there in ten.' To face the music, I thought.

The same woman was still behind reception, and I wondered if she ever left. She greeted me as warmly as ever and directed me to the office directly behind her. Mom and Delores were seated, and I was instructed to join them.

'Why do you look so nervous?' Delores quizzed and I hadn't realized I was giving off such a vibe. She looked at my mom. 'He must have been like this on parent/teacher night!' She laughed and it gave me the impression this meeting thankfully wasn't about the "erection" incident.

Mom took a sip from her coffee, still wearing the clothes I'd last seen her in.

'No, he was always a good student,' she smiled at her friend.

'Well anyway Corey, I was talking to your mom, and she tells me you're currently unemployed,' Delores said.

I shifted in my seat as I realized what this may have been about. 'Yeah, I don't know what I want to do just yet.'

'Well as I may have mentioned to you yesterday before you ran off so quickly...' Did she know about my hard-on I wondered? 'The station's production assistant has quit and left us in the lurch so to speak. I, we...' she looked at Mom. '...were wondering if you might like to try out for the position?'

I couldn't hide my enthusiasm. I would be working with Mom. I wasn't thinking about the money or the experience right then and there. All I could think about was, I'd have the opportunity to see her in her bra and panties again. 'Yeah!' I blurted out.

'There'll be no favoritism though. Just because you're Angela's son doesn't mean you can slack off,' Delores stated.

'No, I won't!' I jumped up from the chair as if readying myself to get started.

'Whoa relax Corey. I was only joking,' Delores laughed.

'No, I'm just grateful,' I looked across at Mom who smiled back at me. 'How good is this, Mom? We'll be working together.'

She nodded and looked back at Delores. 'See, I told you he'd be enthusiastic.'

Delores glanced at her watch. 'Right, we're on air in twenty minutes. You have to get to makeup,' she looked at Mom, before focusing her attention on me. 'And you need to be shown the ropes.'

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Production assistant meant gopher. Go for this, go for that. I felt slightly important with my headset and microphone, but I was under no illusion I was on the bottom rung. I didn't care; I was now a part of television. Showbiz was in my blood. A semi-famous chef came in mid-morning to plug an air fryer and my job was to see to it his coffee was continually topped up for the whole two hours. Mom looked stunning in a white satin tank top and gray pencil skirt, and I couldn't believe I hadn't been watching her every day for the last ten years. She was funny and intelligent, her smile and her eyes brightened the room and lit up the screen. I loved her. No, more than that, I was falling in love with her.

No Wonder Panties! Funeral cover; pet insurance; throw rugs; and overpriced stuffed plush bears, filled the day. I was kept constantly busy; relaying stock levels to the hosts; preparing products for display and even cleaning and swapping sets between shoots. Never bored, the day flew by, and come 6pm, Mom came to find me to tell me it was time to go. 'You'll have to help me load some exercise equipment into the car,' she said as we walked from the studio to the back of the station.

'Oh yeah? More freebies!'

'Yep. I'm demonstrating tomorrow. I want to figure out how to use it, so I don't look a complete fool on air.'

'You never look like a fool!' I was quick to say.

'Hah, you've never seen me on exercise equipment!' She laughed.

No. But I was about to, I thought.

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It was probably the stupidest contraption I'd ever seen. All-In-One Exercise Machine it called itself but everything you did with it could be done without it, using your own body's resistance. Looking like a thick Pogo Stick with pads on either end, it could be separated to form two smaller versions of itself, thereby doubling its ineffectiveness. Mom and I laughed as we attempted to make each of its suggested exercises look presentable for television.

She had changed into workout wear I'd never seen her wearing before, light purple yoga pants with a matching tank, her feet remained bare. 'Okay, you place it under your butt and just do squats,' I fathomed from the manual.

Cautiously Mom did as I said. Balancing the contraption beneath her ass and attempting the squat. I knew what it was designed to do, take pressure off the knees and other joints for older people, but it was so awkward it would more than likely lead to imbalance, potential hip surgery, and eventual legal action.

'Oh!' I stated from my vantage point before her as she reached the bottom of her squat and repeated.

'What?' She asked, attempting not to laugh.

I didn't know how to say it, but it looked as if she were fucking the thing as it retracted and expanded beneath her, seemingly penetrating her ass. 'Um, it looks like you're... ahh.'

Mom re-positioned the device to be able to see in her bedroom mirror. It only took one squat before her mouth opened in horror and she climbed off. 'Corey!' She laughed, hitting me playfully as I defended myself.

'Hey, don't shoot the messenger.'

Mom looked back at the piece of exercise equipment. 'How am I going to do that on air?'

I flicked through the manual and stumbled upon another feature. 'Oh, hang on. Mom... it gets worse!'

'What?'

'It says here there's a vibration function!'

'It does not!'

I reached over to the contraption and found the switch, and sure enough the sound of the vibration filled the room, the padded end shaking on the carpet.

'It says it stimulates blood flow,' I read. With it placed directly beneath the user, there was no doubt as to what it would be stimulating, and Mom knew it too. With a hand over her mouth, I knew she wasn't going to get back on it with me in the room. 'Okay, well, I guess I'll leave you to it,' I added.

'Oh no wait, you have to check my pants!' Mom stated as I began to leave.

'What?'

'This active wear. It's a new line. We have to do the squat test,' Mom explained.

'The what test?' I asked.

'Remember a few years ago they were selling see-through yoga pants?' She continued. 'Well since then when we advertise new gym clothes we do a squat test, just to make sure. You know! Your father usually does it for me!'

If that was the case, I was happy to help out. 'Um, okay. What do I do?' I asked naively.

Mom stood up and turned her back to me. 'Just tell me if you can see my panties while I do a squat?'

On my knees, in my mother's bedroom, with her ass pointed at my face, she was telling me to look at her bottom to see if I could see her

panties through her clothes. Yes, this was happening! She performed the squat, followed by another, and kept going. I forgot what my job was as I dined on the beautiful image before me. Her rounded cheeks lowering, pushing out towards my face as they reached the base of the squat, then rising, the material disappearing into the crack, the lump of her pussy between her legs.

'Well?'

'Well, what?' I responded, mesmerized by her ass.

'Can you see them?'

'Oh,' I focused on my task. 'Um, no I don't think so.'

'Oh good,' she immediately stopped to my disappointment. 'Um, now's the weird bit.'

I had no idea what she was talking about or what was coming next.

'Just tell me if you think the front looks... okay?' She shyly stated.

"Okay" how?' I asked, guessing what she was hinting at.

'Ugh. Your dad would normally do this, um... that you can't see my, well... bits!' Her face went red as she said it. She was asking me to look directly at her pussy. Her son, to stare at her crotch and inform her if he saw a cameltoe. I gazed at her groin, at the rounded triangle of her

pussy bulge, my mother's pussy bulge, and saw no tell-tale bumps of labia.

Swallowing hard I looked up into her face. 'Um no, it looks nice, I mean good. I mean, I can't see your... um.'

She smiled as I stumbled over my words. 'Thanks. Just two more to go!'

I watched as she took other pairs of pants from a bag and walked into her bathroom, leaving me on the floor trying to hide my hard-on with the exercise machine manual. Quickly returning, she came out still pulling her leggings up high on her waist. This time in black, we repeated the previous process and again achieved a satisfactory outcome. 'One more and I'll let you go,' she told me and disappeared again.

I chanced a rub of my cock with her out of the room and for a moment thought I'd made myself cum in my pants, willing myself back from the precipice of orgasm as she left the bathroom. For the first time changing her top as well, she returned wearing a light pink ensemble. 'I love this color,' she remarked as she first admired herself in the mirror before taking up the aforementioned squat position in front of me. As her ass descended, the pink material stretched against her skin. My eyes focused on her ass crack and expected to see the line of underwear in the sheer fabric. Nothing. It was impossible; I could see her skin showing through on her buttocks. Surely, I would see her panties! Nothing. It was then I realized it. She wasn't wearing any!

The darkness I saw between her cheeks with each squat was her asshole, her pussy beneath. And yes. Even as I watched it, the appearance of dampness. Could it have been sweat? Of course. But what if it wasn't? She turned for me to perform the cameltoe test,

pulling up her pants tightly around her pussy. She needn't have worn them, so clearly was her vulva visible to me. The bumps of her labia, the clitoral hood. There was no sign of pubic hair and with all the underwear modeling she must have done; it didn't surprise me. Continuing to pull the pants against herself I was struggling to fathom what I was seeing was real, let alone answer the question.

I was about to cum. The pressure of my pants against my cock was all the stimulation needed. I had to get out of there. 'Um, maybe not these ones,' I managed to say, climbing to my feet. Turning, trying to conceal my erection, I headed to the door.

'Oh, you're going? Well, thank you for helping me out,' she seemed to giggle but I was already outside her room so I couldn't see her face to confirm the smile. I pulled the door closed behind me and leaned back onto it as I ejaculated, pressing my hand along my length to encourage and extend the orgasm. With my head against the door, I heard the sound of the vibration function being turned on on the exercise machine.

No! I thought to myself. She's not. Is she!?

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Sasha took the limelight. Whether it was the cameraman's doing or possibly my mother had expressed her concerns about the exercise machine and had a word to him. The focus of the hour was on the younger model. Mom was dressed in her gym gear along with the guest presenter, but only twice did she perform any of the exercises on air and they weren't the vibrating squats. I recorded the show at home of course and over the next few days made use of it, if you get what I mean.

Come Thursday of the following week I was sitting in Delores' office with my mother and Gayle. Gayle had another ten years on my mom and (as she constantly reminded us) her time in front of the camera was coming to an end. I also resented her for rubbing her hands all over Mom's body the first day I'd dropped by. Something I had yet to do.

'Good news girls,' Delores smiled, hanging up the phone. 'Wonder Panties have booked another slot for tomorrow and Monday.' It was definitely "good news" as far as I was concerned, and Delores turned her attention to me. 'They're sending new designs by courier, so Corey if you could keep an eye out for them that would be great. Um. I think that's just about it for now ladies, oh... and gentleman. We're on in ten, so have a great day.'

'Ooh you've got a ladder in your stockings, Angela,' Gayle noticed as we began to leave. Mom and I both looked down at her tan pantyhose and sure enough a long rip had appeared. It would definitely be noticeable on air.

'Oh Honey,' Mom asked. 'Would you be a dear and run to wardrobe for another pair of hose? I'll be in makeup.'

Wanting her to look her best for the diamantes and zircon showcase, I hurried off with a nod to find a pair of new pantyhose.

When I returned backstage, the girl from the local beauty school was putting the finishing touches to my already beautiful mother, blotting her lipstick on a tissue. 'You have such good skin for a woman your age Angela,' the girl stated, obviously not thinking it could have been a backhanded slap. 'What's your secret?'

Mom looked at me and smiled as I entered, carrying her new pantyhose. 'Plenty of facials!' She bluntly stated and I wondered if she had in fact wanted me to think of the double entendre?

'I've got the stockings; I think they're the same color.'

Mom stood as the makeup girl packed away her brushes and left the room. 'Thank you, Darling. Oh, I probably shouldn't call you that at work, should I? Not very professional.'

Something else that may or may not have been professional proceeded to happen. Mom began raising her skirt. I immediately made to turn my back and leave but she stopped me. 'No wait, there's not enough time. I need you to open the pack.'

I didn't dally; turning back to my mother I lifted the pack of pantyhose off the desk as in the corner of my eye she raised her cream mid-thigh skirt up over her hips. I felt the heat rising on my face and I fumbled with the plastic wrapping on the cardboard box of the pantyhose.

For a moment she stood there as if posing for me and I allowed my eyes to stray across and take her in completely. She was looking at her makeup in the mirror, but it wasn't her face I was staring at. She wore black panties beneath her tan pantyhose. Even through the nylon, I could see they were lacy. As I watched she placed her fingers in the waistband of her hosiery and began to lower them over her hips. Once mid-thigh she sat back on her seat and kicked off her heels. I finally tore through the plastic and opened the box just as she was pulling them off her feet.

Mom looked up and instead of discarding her handful of delicate nylon, handed them to me in exchange for the new pair. 'You know what to do with them.' She remarked and I noticed she didn't say throw them away. I did know what to do with the special gift. As soon as I was out of her sight, ladder or not, they went straight into my pocket for safekeeping, sitting snugly beside my hardening cock.

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'Before you go, Angela,' Delores shouted out to us as we crossed the lobby. Catching up she handed Mom a folder. 'Can you run through these show notes for the advertisers before tomorrow if possible?'

'Tonight? Late notice Delores!' Mom remarked.

'I know Sweetie, sorry. They only just emailed them through.' Delores fixed her eyes on me. 'Corey, did the Wonder Panties get delivered?'

I shook my head and Delores looked concerned. 'But don't worry Delores. I called and they promised to have them expressed in the morning.'

It was true, I'd grown concerned myself when they hadn't arrived and with less than altruistic thoughts in mind, had contacted the suppliers unprompted.

'Oh, you are wonderful,' Delores exclaimed and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me to her ample breast in the process. I looked at Mom mid-embrace and she seemed less than impressed her friend was all over her son. Was it possible she was jealous?

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Mom headed off to bed early with her folder and a glass of wine. More than a little annoyed we weren't spending the night together, I turned off the television in the family room and pottered around the house. As Mom noticed me passing her bedroom for the third time, she called me in. 'Come and help me study about Australian opals if you don't have anything else to do. We may as well be bored together!'

I jumped at the chance of being invited again into her room. The scene of our first real incestuous encounter. Yes, I may have been reading too much into it, she may not have even been aware of what her workout gear had done to me, but I thought better.

'Ah, before you get in,' she began. "Get in", I wondered, as I was climbing onto her bed. 'Would you be a dear and top up my glass?'

I took her empty glass to the kitchen. "Get in", she had said. I was planning on sitting above the sheets. Did she want me to get in with her? I took a chance and dropped by my room. Rarely did I wear pajamas, usually sleeping in just my boxer shorts, but I changed into a pair of long pajama bottoms and a fresh t-shirt just in case and made my way back to her room.

'Oh, in your pj's! Good idea, much more comfy,' Mom remarked as I placed her glass of white wine down on her bedside table. Again, sitting down on Dad's side of the bed I rested back against the pillows. 'Jump under the sheets Honey, it'll be much cozier!'

Yes!

Two hours later, Mom was an expert in precious mineraloids; knew all there was to know about Persian rugs; and was second to none when it came to alpaca wool blankets. I yawned and Mom looked at the time. 'Oh goodness, it's after eleven; we've got to get up soon!' She was being overly dramatic. We got up at seven and Dad usually arrived home about then as well. I began to get out of her bed, and she stopped me. 'Just sleep here, your bed will be freezing.'

'What? I can't sleep in your bed.'

'Why not?' Mom exclaimed, more than a little tipsy. 'Come on, do it for me. I find it so hard to get to sleep without your father beside me.'

'Well,' I tried to sound as if I was reluctant or under duress. 'Alright, I guess I could.'

Mom was quick to turn off the light and darkness filled the room. I lay there for a moment in the quiet before letting out a chuckle. I felt her roll over towards me. 'What is it?'

'Oh, I was just thinking. What if Dad came home early?'

'And what?' She asked.

'Ah, found us in bed together!' I nervously laughed again.

'Oh, don't be silly. You're our son. It's perfectly harmless.'

We lay together in silence for a moment longer and I began to feel ashamed at the suggestion. Of course, it was harmless. We were mother and son. She had no sexual thoughts for me at all. Mom rolled over again in bed, her face turned away from me and once more she spoke. 'Actually, maybe we should just keep this between us. Your father doesn't need to know.' I took her comment as final and in the quiet of the room I didn't feel the need to respond. I wondered what she'd been thinking in those few minutes of silence to come up with her conclusion, and all pointed towards sex. We were now sharing a secret, who knew what would come next?

I would like to say we began fucking then and there, but so warm and comfortable was her bed I felt myself lulling into sleep. During the night I woke and remembered where I was. Her breathing was heavy beside me, and I could feel the heat of her body across the sheet. I didn't dare try anything sexual for fear of ruining what we'd developed thus far but laying on my stomach I casually bent my leg so that my knee made contact with her body. She didn't stir and I satisfied myself with this limited access as my cock hardened against the mattress.

The next thing I knew was an alarm was going off and Mom, climbing out of bed. 'Time to get up,' she remarked as I watched her through squinted eyes walk across the room. Her nightie had risen over her right buttock and revealed half her ass. The black satin and lace panties I'd seen the day before, themselves caught in her crack to display the pale skin of her butt. My morning erection already in full flight, I ground my hand down on my length beneath the blanket as she opened her dresser and removed a pair of white panties and a bra. She looked back at me as she made her way towards her bathroom. 'Come on lazy bones. Up. We'll be late.'

I contemplated jumping out of bed to reveal my hardon but thought better of it. 'Yeah yeah. I'm coming.' I replied and waited for her to

close her door before getting up myself. I slept with my mother! I joked with myself as I made my way to my bedroom. The day couldn't have started any better.

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'It's a disaster,' Delores raved as we sat in her office. 'Sasha has gone back to L.A. which means you have to do all the modeling Ang; we've lost our makeup girl, and two crew have called in sick.'

'Relax Delores,' Gayle calmly stated. 'We've been in this situation before.'

'Exactly Hon,' Mom added. 'We just have to run more graphics and still shots during Wonder Panties, and Corey can help out backstage.'

Delores looked at me. 'Oh God. Tell me we got the Wonder Panties delivery?'

I assured her we had. It had been my priority when I arrived that morning. Come hell or high water, I would make sure I'd be seeing my mother in underwear. I was curious what Mom had meant by me helping out backstage and as we left the meeting I asked her.

'Well, with only one model we'll have to do quick transitions. I'll need support with garment order, and panty fitting,' she smiled at me. 'You might even have to do my makeup!'

She must have felt my horror.

'Oh, don't worry. I'm joking. I can do my own makeup!' She laughed.
'So, what are the new designs for Wonder Panties?'

My mother constantly repeating the word "panties" was becoming just another fringe benefit of my job. I told her I hadn't opened the package yet, and excitedly she led us backstage to where I'd left them.

'It's like Christmas,' Mom remarked as she opened the box. Among sheets of tissue paper were multiple sizes of several underwear items. I recognized the original Wonder Panties from last week, along with its matching bra. The other items we removed from the box were new to me and it seemed by her reaction, Mom as well.

'Oh,' Mom held up a flimsy white bodysuit before herself. Although shapewear, the predominant material on the item was lace. There would be no doubt it was see-through. 'This is nice. Make sure we have pasties, Corey,' Mom added before exploring the box further.

'What?' I asked.

'Pasties. Oh um, nipple covers.'

'Oh,' I felt myself go red and Mom noticed.

'You're just disappointed you won't get to see Sasha wearing this stuff, aren't you?' She smiled, seemingly enjoying my embarrassment. I didn't get to answer in the negative before she pulled out another item,

holding the thong up between us. 'Hmm. Don't know how these can be defined as shapewear!'

I ached as I looked at the tiny panties and ached more when I remembered I hadn't set my PVR to record the upcoming show. Fuck, I thought. I'd been too busy jerking off in the shower that morning and rushed my preparation for work, completely forgetting about it. In my despair, I debated calling Dad and asking him to record it but thought he may not have welcomed the strange request from his son.

Our time together was cut short when I heard Delores speaking into my headpiece that the overnight encores were about to end, and Mom had to get on set. The morning was taken up with the Australian Opals followed by the alpaca blankets. I had to admit the throw rugs were nice and made a mental note if we didn't get one gratis, I'd buy one for Mom on Mother's Day.

Come early afternoon, Delores was more frantic than ever. The air conditioning in the building had failed and the heat was making everyone's job more difficult. I had to feel for the onscreen talent under the set lights. Menopausal Gayle was finding it especially difficult with her hot flushes, but Mom soldiered on like a trooper, taking over Gayle's Magic Vegetable Spiralizer slot to give the woman some respite. It meant that Mom would be going back-to-back presenting and modeling, and as the hour drew to a close, she was noticeably heat-affected onscreen.

Delores screamed in my ear to have the Wonder Panties attire ready to go backstage, but I was well ahead of her, having studied the show's rundown. Each item sat beside the other on the desk in running order. Mom had told me her size but had left it up to me to decide on which colors she'd wear. I had her pasties ready to go and a bottle of water for her when she came off set.

The Spiralizer hour ended and Delores, as frantic as ever, began counting down the time before the next segment. I was a little annoyed that I had to deal with a delivery at the very time Mom finished hosting, so I missed her first outfit change. I caught up with the show as the now familiar on-screen molestation of my mother by Gayle began. I could see the method in the madness of course. Gayle's sixty-plus-year-old fingers caressed the curve of my mother's breast to show the lift of the bra. Her digits slid into the leg band of Mom's panties just northeast of her pussy to highlight the lace edging. I admit, when Gayle knelt down beside her and clasped both of Mom's ass cheeks, I struggled to find a reason, but it was hot all the same.

'Corey, what are you doing out here?' Delores whispered in my ear and having become used to her yelling through the headset, it came as more of a shock. 'You should be backstage!'

I turned to face her, and she seemed a little calmer now the day was almost over. 'Yeah, I'm on my way. Any word about the air conditioning?'

She shook her head and pulled her shirt at her breast, fanning herself. Whether I was just super turned on by my mother or I'd developed an attraction for older women, I had to admit something else. Delores was hot! And not just in temperature.

'Thank goodness for your mother Corey,' Delores began as I was just about to head backstage.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Doing the whole show; covering for Sasha. If she hadn't, I would've had to go out there!' She looked at me and I picked up a definite flirty vibe. 'And no one would want to see me parading around in my underwear,' she added, and I knew she was fishing for a compliment.

'I don't know Delores; I think you could pull it off!' I offered and she slapped me playfully on the arm.

'Don't be silly Corey. I'll leave that to your mom. Ooh speaking of whom, she's about done. You'd better get going.'

I didn't know what my role was going to be backstage but as Gayle began to describe the other items coming up on the show and Mom did a final runway walk, I ducked behind the cameras and left the studio.

Backstage, Mom's clothes from the previous segment were sitting on the back of a chair. The panties I'd witnessed her take from her dresser that very morning lay with her bra on the seat, and it took all my willpower not to scoop them up and devour them. Luckily, I hadn't succumbed, as the hurried click of Mom's heels preceded her appearing behind me. She rushed into the room, and I now had the fortune of seeing her up close. She looked better than from a distance.

'Oh, thank god you're here Corey,' she said, dashing to the mirror to check her makeup. 'The heat's gone to Gayle's head, she's started introducing the leggings, not the bodysuit!' She sat down on the swivel chair whilst reapplying foundation to her face. 'Quick Sweetie, undo Mommy's shoes.'

She pointed her feet out towards me, and I knelt before her. At the time I did feel her use of the word "Mommy" was out of character, but I put it down to the stress of the moment. Deftly unbuckling the sling of her heels, I removed them from her feet. As with her panties, it took all my strength not to kiss her sweet little toes or for that matter, suck on each individually.

'Ugh I'm sweating like a whore in church,' Mom remarkably complained as she stood up and before my eyes grabbed at the high waist of her black Wonder Panties and began to lower them. I did the chivalrous thing and turned my face away as it happened but fortunately, the mirror allowed me to see the entire reveal. Of course, she wasn't completely disrobing in front of me, I'd forgotten about the modesty thong she wore beneath. Flesh in color however, she might as well have been pants-less anyway.

I reached for the leggings and handed them to her as she in turn threw me her panties. The leggings rose up to her navel and clung fast around her pussy. So tight they might have been stockings. Helping her back into her heels she took one look in the mirror and rushed back to the stage entrance before casually striding onto set. So professional, I thought.

Delores was ranting again, her momentary calm broken by Gayle going off script. 'Make sure the bodysuit is next!' She yelled in my ear. 'It's the launch, we're meant to be showcasing it.'

I told her I'd make sure of it, and she complimented me by saying. 'Thank God someone around here knows what they're doing.'

I wanted to mention I was looking forward to seeing Mom wearing it as much as the advertisers but thought I'd keep that to myself.

Even from where I stood off-stage, the heat of the lights was oppressive. Mom finished the leggings run-through and casually strode towards me. When off camera she quickened her pace and as before fell back into the chair. 'Shoes Baby,' she ordered, and I was quick to respond. Barefoot and without a thought of her son being in the same room as her, she lifted the hook-less bra up over her head. Covering her breasts with her hands, she looked down at me. 'Where are the pasties, Honey? Oh, never mind,' she added as she located them on the desk. 'Leggings!' She stated, and reading between the lines I guessed she wanted me to remove her leggings as she applied the pasties to her nipples.

It was all happening so fast that I had little chance to admire my mother's partly exposed boobs as I took hold of her pants and lowered them. Down over her ass, I pulled them, making sure to not remove her thong in the process. My face was inches from her butt. I could have leaned in and kissed, inhaled her asshole if I'd seen fit. Would she have allowed it, I wondered?

'Shit I'm too sweaty,' Mom exclaimed as I pulled her pants to her ankles. She lifted each foot in turn as I removed the leggings and stood beside her. She turned to me and now completely unabashed presented her naked breasts as she demonstrated her problem. 'Look, they won't stick!' Her skin was sweaty from being under the lights and the adhesive on the rear of the nipple covers wouldn't stick to her.

I remained remarkably composed in the face of such a momentous reveal. My mother's bare breasts rounded and firm, her nipples pink and pointed, all within arms, kissing distance from me! Thinking quickly, I grabbed a towel and took it upon myself to wipe her chest. In effect drying my mom's body. She tried again but the damage was done, they wouldn't adhere. 'Stuff it, I'll go without,' she decided and cast the pasties aside as I gave her the white lace bodysuit.

Delores was agitated in my headset. 'Corey, what's the delay? She should be out there!'

'Yeah, we're going as fast as we can,' I abruptly replied, her interference not helping matters.

Mom stepped into the bodysuit and lifted it up her body. I couldn't help but take in her beauty. It looked like bridal lingerie and could only have been made better by white stay-up stockings. Placing the straps over her shoulders, she slumped back in the chair, and we combined putting her shoes back on.

Finished, she stood and looked in the mirror and we both saw the problem immediately. Not the fact her nipples were clearly visible through the sheer lace but that the legs of the bodysuit came up so high on her hips that the band of her modesty thong was showing. She tried to tug on and pull up the underwear, but it wouldn't stretch to the height of the bodysuit.

'Where is she? Gayle's having a conniption out here!' Delores shouted.

'I can't go out there like this!' Mom shrieked about as frantic as Delores. 'It looks ridiculous!' There wasn't time for her to remove the bodysuit and thong and re-dress. I saw a pair of scissors on the desk and realized it was the only option.

'Good thinking,' Mom complimented me as I cut the string of her thong on one and then the other leg. Mom took over and pulled the panty out from her crotch and handed it to me. She kissed me quickly on the

cheek. 'What would I do without you?' She remarked and hastened to the set, leaving me alone with her ruined underwear.

This time I relented to my desire. I raised the flesh-colored panty to my face and inhaled my mother's scent left upon the fabric, the sweet odor of a woman's sex. Not any woman, my mom's! I watched on the monitor as she joined Gayle who seemed as taken by her as I was. The cameraman did a fine job of zooming in on my mother's breasts and I couldn't blame him, her nipples obvious behind the lace. Gayle was enjoying stroking my mother and it dawned on me that she may in fact have been a lesbian. No one had said anything to hint at it but the way she enthusiastically groped my mother's curves, it would explain a lot.

'She looks great Corey, well done,' Delores encouraged through the headset and I had to agree. More than that, she looked stunning. My cock was about as hard as it got as I realized I was still smelling her panties, quickly putting them in my pocket for safekeeping. Onscreen Mom paraded the bodysuit, walking the small catwalk and again allowing Gayle a good feel. The screen went to graphics and sizing options, and I opened a bottle of water and readied the next underwear. Thinking ahead I grabbed the towel in case she needed wiping down again. Mom joined me presently, this time not so hurried.

'How did it look out there?' She asked as she saw the water and took a sip. Seeing me holding the towel she held up her arms and I moved in immediately to wipe the sweat from her body.

'It looked beautiful. You look beautiful!' I freely admitted. I was wearing jeans, and I knew they did nothing to hide my erection; I was hoping she'd look down and see it but was more than content for her to remain looking into my eyes.

'Next! Quickly,' Delores yammered, having moved on from her temporary praise and the moment between us was broken. I reached for the Wonder Thong and matching bralette and handed them to Mom.

'Delores is yelling at us!' I explained, and Mom smiled.

'Okay. I'll do the top; you do the bottom!' She offered the thong back to me and it dawned on me what she was expecting me to do.

Trying to remain professional I went to my knees as she pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered the bodysuit. I looked up as she revealed her breasts, slowly followed by her stomach, and then released her hold on the lingerie. I took it as my cue to take over. Noticeably shaking I grabbed the garment and pulled it down over her hips. Her hairless pussy came into view, and I did nothing to disguise the fact I was looking directly at it. I was now in no doubt something was happening between us. This wasn't how a mother would act in front of her son, none of it was. There was no way this interplay would've even happened between her and the usual backstage staff, I was sure of it.

An admitted devout student of the pussy, her lack of pubic hair was a welcome thrill. I'd had the suspicion she'd be in this state, (what with all the modeling) but seeing her bald mound in the flesh was a wet dream come true. I allowed her bodysuit to drop down her legs to her ankles and as she stepped out of it, with each leg rising, noticed the glistening of moisture on her inner thighs.

I looked up and noted she'd made no move to put on the bralette, seemingly enjoying standing completely naked before me. I felt each of us was waiting for the other to make a move. To finally act on the obvious attraction between us. Mom reached out and as if soothing

me, ran her fingers through my hair, her hand ending up holding the back of my head. Our eyes still locked; she so softly began to pull my head into her crotch.

'What's the hold-up?' Delores once again questioned our progress and with my face inches away from my mother's pussy I was about to lie to her in the headset when I realized she wasn't in my ear, she was behind me. 'Oh!' Came her next observation.

I stood up immediately and try as I might, I couldn't not act like a naughty schoolboy caught "up to no good" by his teacher. Mom seemed less concerned as her friend took in the scene. A mother now standing naked beside her son. It wasn't too outlandish I supposed. I was working backstage at an underwear show where my mother was starring. Nudity was obviously a possibility.

'We're almost done, Delores. Gayle's covering!' Mom was quick to respond to her question. She handed me the bralette. 'I have to step into this one as well Honey,' she explained, and I casually dropped to my knees again as she did so. When I raised it to her hips she took over and positioned the pink bra over her breasts. Lifting each foot delicately into the thong I slid it too up her legs until I had it sitting snugly over her pussy.

The job complete, I looked back up at Mom who was staring at Delores with a smug smile on her face. Was this a game she was playing with her, I wondered? Getting back at her friend for hugging me the day before? Staking her claim, so to speak. I didn't care. I was loving it.

Now that it was on her I could see the thong's shapewear credentials, the waist rising high and holding in any excess around the middle. It was still sexy though, and when she turned to show me her rear, if

Delores hadn't been there, I felt for sure I would've gone ahead and buried my face between her glorious cheeks.

Mom strode toward Delores and ran a hand down her arm as she passed. Delores joined me in admiring her rear and then my boss' eyes turned back to me. If I hadn't thought my mother and I were on the verge of incest I would've acted on the vibe I picked up from Delores right then and there. Her eyes strayed from my obvious hard-on up to my face. She was flushed and I knew it wasn't just from the heat. Her purple satin shirt clung to her body, her nipples protruding seductively. I'd known her most of my life, had fantasized about her as a teenager and here she was, obviously about as horny as I.

'I think we pulled it off!' I stated, referring to the hour of television.

Her eyes strayed again down to my erection. 'Hmm. There's something I'd like to pull off!' She declared before regaining her faculties. 'Oh my God Corey, I apologize. That was completely unprofessional.'

I smiled as she entered further into the room, seeing the honest regret in her face and probably going through sexual harassment laws in her head.

'That's alright Delores. I won't hold it against you. Not unless you want me to!'

She dropped her jaw in mock outrage and slapped my arm. 'You're just as bad as I am!'

'Worse,' I grinned.

Delores left me to watch the rest of the show on my own and sitting back in my mother's chair, her underwear scattered around me, I wondered if I may have just found the dream job. Without sound on the screen to explain Gayle's fondling I might have been watching softcore lesbian porn, more so when she raised her own dress up her leg to reveal she was wearing her Wonder Panties as well. How I hadn't been watching the Home Shopping Network for years, was beyond me!

The hour ended and I was joined backstage by the onscreen talent. 'I wouldn't have lasted another minute out there. Look I've sweated through!' Gayle pointed to a hardly visible damp patch under her arm, and it prompted me to admire the mature woman's breasts, so large, so attractive. Mom passed her co-host a water bottle and Gayle carried her on-screen persona off-screen, by embracing Mom in a gesture of thanks. To me it was more fodder for my fantasies, my semi-naked Mom pressing her body against an older woman.

Mom sadly didn't perform another costume change, preferring to wear home her now-new underwear under her own clothing. My final task of the day was packing Mom's belongings away as she met with Delores for their Friday debrief. 'Don't forget my panties,' she'd said to me as she left the room.

'As if I would?' I ventured and she winked back at me, dare I say, seductively.

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The next time I saw her she walked towards my car carrying a bottle of champagne. How had I not seen her beauty before this week? Her blonde hair, up in a ponytail and swinging behind her as she moved.

The curve of her breasts beneath the white blouse; her hourglass hips swaying inside the gray knee-length pleated skirt. Her black high heels clicked across the parking lot. She was drop-dead gorgeous. As she neared the car, she shook the bottle and wiggled her hips with her mouth wide open in a smile.

'What's that about?' I asked, nodding towards the bottle as she sat across from me in the passenger seat.

'It's from Delores. A thank you to us both for today and a hugely successful week,' Mom unexpectedly leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

'And what was THAT about?'

'That, my son, was congratulations. Delores said I can tell you the trial is over, and you've got the job!' Mom beamed.

'Serious? That's awesome!' I gushed.

'Uh Huh! Your father is going to be so happy,' Mom added and it tempered my celebration. Dad. I hadn't been thinking about him. He'd be home when we got there. His presence would be enough to dampen any potential for a continuation of our backstage antics. He'd be around all weekend and apart from the kiss, her current demeanor didn't hint at any romance between us, and I reflected my mood by slumping in my seat.

Like the perfect mother, she must have sensed my frustration and without coming out and saying it (something we were both struggling

with) she threw me an incestuous bone. 'Come on let's get home. I want to open this bubbly! I feel like getting drunk and you know what I'm like when I'm drunk!'

I did know! It was a family joke that Mom got flirty when she drank. She would prey on my sister's and my embarrassment when we were young, being overly affectionate with us and especially my father. I drove home in a slightly better frame of mind.

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Dad had made dinner, which was usually his breakfast. He greeted Mom with warmth and was ecstatic about my job. It was hard for me to feel bad towards him and I realized it was just as hard for my mother. It was then it dawned on me. We were such a happy unit. There was no way my mother was going to cheat on my father, not even if it was kept within the family. If she was going to sleep with me, it wouldn't be some dirty secret between us. It would be with my father's knowledge. My hope in my mother and I fucking was ebbing away as I ate dinner with them. Mom attempted to set a record for finishing a bottle and seemingly showing my father more attention than usual.

They joked about the news; local gossip; and the new toilets outside the Town Hall, which seemed to be the talk of the town for some reason. I missed the crux of the discussion, only paying attention when I thought I must have misheard my father mention something about a glory hole. Their conversation had moved on by the time I was involved, and I wasn't going to ask them to repeat it.

Mom got up and began clearing the table and Dad joined her in the kitchen. They were laughing and Dad even spun my mother in a dance move. The act lifted her skirt up and teased me with a glimpse of the

panties I'd seen only hours before. I was miserable. I picked up my own half-finished meal and entered their love-in, emptying my plate into the rubbish. 'Well, fun's over. I'd better get going!' My father stated.

Had I misheard? I was under the impression he was home for the weekend. 'What?' I asked, suddenly interested in what they had to say. 'You're going to work?'

Dad had an arm around my mother's waist and smiled at me. 'Well, yeah, you're not the only one that works around here you know!'

It was fantastic news. Not only was Mom in one of her more amorous moods (thank you alcohol), but Dad also wouldn't be here.

'Oh, by the way, Buddy. I saw the show this afternoon. Your Mom says you were a great help backstage,' Dad added.

I felt myself go red. How much had she told him?

'Ah... yeah, I did my best,' I coyly replied.

Mom was smiling brightly, her face flushed from the wine.

'Oh, look at you guys. My two favorite men. Come on. Family hug!'

Dad groaned and I would've too if I hadn't been willing to do anything my mother said. Family hugs had disappeared with my sister's and my childhood but now, with Mom overtly gesturing to me to come to her, I was glad they were back. She held out her arm as I approached and

wrapped it around me as I nestled into her side. Her breast against my chest, I did nothing to prevent my groin pressing into her hip. Mom looked first at me then at my father standing in roughly the same posture as I. 'This is nice, isn't it?' She cooed, and Dad in response leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. Mom turned to me, and I felt it was as if I should do the same, but how could I in front of Dad?

There was a brief pause before Dad broke the silence. 'Well, I can't stay here all night, much as I'd like to,' he admitted. He looked at me along with Mom and his face hardened. 'Corey, I just want you to know I'm proud of you.' his gaze broke from me, and he again kissed my mother. His words were so out of character, even his mannerisms were off, different somehow, I noted, before he took his keys and left for work.

Mom had retained her hold on me and although I could've stayed there forever, I still held my plate. I broke her embrace and placed my dishes in the dishwasher. Upon turning, my miserable mood from earlier was but a distant memory. Mom sat up on the bench. Leaning back on her hands, her legs were spread, the skirt falling between them. Her feet swung beneath her and the look on her face behind the smile was one of wickedness.

'So, Mister. What are your plans for the rest of the night?' She asked, and I swallowed nervously.

'Um just go to bed I guess,' I admitted.

'Oh. Why don't you come over here?'

'What for?'

'Find out!'

This was it! I was sure of it. My mother had never behaved like this before. Everything that had happened during the week had led to this moment. I knew some of our interaction was incidental to the job but surely neither of us could deny there had been something sexual going on, far more so than normal mother/son byplay. I advanced and only stopped when my groin touched the bench between her spread knees. I lifted my hands as her inner thighs pressed to my hips and then I didn't know where to put them. Mom solved my problem when she leaned forward and took hold of my arms, placing my hands down on her skirt-covered thighs.

Leaning back into her initial position I noticed she'd undone the two top buttons on her white shirt, the pink bralette I'd helped her put on, visible at her cleavage. She saw where my eyes had settled and didn't let it go unnoticed. 'They're pretty, aren't they?'

'What?' I asked snapping out of my momentary hypnosis.

'The new designs.' She used a hand to grab the hem of her skirt from beneath mine and pulled it up to her waist, revealing the pink thong. I didn't know what to do. I thought of waking up beside her that morning. The bravado I'd felt in bed, ready to reveal my erection. The opposite now. I felt like a boy before this woman I was only just meeting. The mother I'd had all my life, yet never really known.

'You don't like them?' She posed the question, possibly surprised by my inaction at what was being offered to me. 'You picked the color!'

My hands were on her bare thighs. From my position, I could see her pussy mound pressed hard into the pink nylon, elastane, or whatever material her panties were made from. Lower, and the damp that had seeped through, turning them a darker pink.

'No,' I managed. 'I love them,' my response seemed to make her happy, the wicked smile returning to her face. Although shaking and still nervous I knew it was real. My mother and I shared the same desire. My erection pressing hard into the bench emboldened me. 'In fact, I love them so much, I have to kiss them!'

Looking into her eyes as I leaned down, I pressed my lips to the mound of pussy right where I presumed her clitoris would be hiding. Her smile vanished, replaced with an intense look of concentration. Her mouth dropped open and she held her breath with a sigh. I kissed her panties again, this time lower, pressing my lips into the wetness seeping through. Casually she unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and allowed it to fall open and off her shoulders. I was loathe to remove my mouth from between her legs but the chance to kiss her breasts, her mouth, was too much to refuse.

She must have been thinking the same thing as she sat up and our faces became level. For just that single moment we looked in each other's eyes and saw only love. The unequalled love of a mother and son. Our lips came together, and I tasted champagne and lipstick. Her tongue entered my mouth as I wrapped my arms around her now exposed back, pulling her into me. 'I love you so much, Mom,' I panted into her open mouth before kissing my way over her jaw and down her neck. She pushed my head into her cleavage and my lips decorated her breasts with kisses.

'Take them off me, Baby,' she demanded. 'You put them on me, you can take them off!'

I needed no further prompting, taking hold of her bralette on either side of her breasts and with her shirt now off behind her, lifted it up over her head. I'd seen her topless at work but now she looked even more beautiful, more real. Here was my mother in the family home, in the kitchen where I'd seen her every day of my life. Where she'd made my lunch and sent me off to school, where she'd cooked Sunday roasts and helped me with my homework. Now bare-breasted and begging me to remove the rest of her clothing. 'Now my panties Honey. Take off Mommy's panties!'

The words didn't seem real and yet I made them flesh as I took hold of the high waistband of her thong and slid them down her legs. Off over her heels, I didn't let go as if dropping them would dissolve the wonderful dream I was having. I feasted my eyes again on her bald pussy. Now spread before me, glistening, dew dripping from her exposed labia. I didn't wait for instructions, wrapping my arms under her thighs and pulling her groin into my face as my tongue penetrated her slit. 'Oh yes Baby, lick Mommy's pussy. Fuck me with your tongue, Corey.'

So deep I plunged my tongue. Digging inside her, drinking in her delicious flavor. And drink I did, her pussy dripping like a tap onto my cheeks, my jaw slick. I licked my way up her lips to her clit and sucked on her as I aimed two fingers at her entrance, looking into her eyes as I penetrated my mother. Finger fucking her as she pinched her own nipple, her mouth wide open as if mouthing a silent scream. Faster and faster, I stabbed at her pussy as I licked and kissed her clitoris and finally, she began to cum. Her groin grinding obscenely into my face, now vocalizing her pleasure. 'Oh, fucking fuck, Corey. I'm cumming. I'm cumming Baby. You're making me cum!' Again, she went quiet, holding her breath as she released her tit, using both hands to pull my head into her pussy, her legs wrapping around me.

She held me like this for at least a minute, but it could've lasted forever. I needed to be nowhere else but between her legs, my face in her vagina, cumming into my mouth.

She let me up for air only to press her mouth to mine. To taste her own cum, the flavor of her own pussy. 'I want to see you cum,' she whispered, and it was only then I thought of my own pleasure, my erection yearning to be out of my pants.

I still held her panties and I used this hand to lift my t-shirt as my mother worked on my pants. My cock sprang out and it took her by surprise. 'Oh my god! You're bigger than your father!' She declared (something every boy wants to hear one day from his mother's lips), and I took it as a compliment, but it also raised concerns in my mind,

'Mom, what about Dad?' I tentatively asked.

She slid off the bench and undoing her skirt allowed it to fall to the floor. We stood in front of each other fully naked, her shoes her only attire. My cock pointed out towards her as if signaling the direction it wanted to go. She took hold of it and kissed me on the lips. 'Don't worry about it, Baby. He knows!'

My head swirled and so many questions came to mind. My mouth opened to ask her to explain when she dropped to a crouching position and her mouth was around me. All else seemed irrelevant as my mother's lips slid along the length of my cock. Her tongue formed a bed for the base of my dick as it found the back of her throat and would go no further. She pulled out with a choking sound and saliva ran from her lips. Her hand was quick to scoop up the spit and coat it along my hard-on, jerking me off with the lubricant.

With her mouth around the head and sucking she looked up into my eyes as her hand expertly pulled me. Her cheeks puckered with the force of her sucking, her tongue licking around the head. She looked so beautiful, and I thought of the week. My mind flicked through the images of her parading in her underwear on live television; lifting her dress to show me her pantyhose; exercising in front of me and demanding I stare at her ass and cameltoe. Dressing and undressing her backstage and seeing my mother topless, naked. My face between her legs; my tongue inside her body; my lips against hers and now... my cock in her mouth. She had wanted to see me cum and now, it was about to happen.

She held me beneath my balls as she continued to jack me off into her mouth. I ran my fingers across her hair and reached the ponytail on the back of her head. Taking it in my hand I gently pulled her head from my cock in a signal I was about to cum. She leaned back against the cabinet, her legs spread and breasts ready for coating. It began. I couldn't speak, didn't breathe as I began to cum. She continued to pull me as I began spraying her with semen, directing my flow as much as she could onto her tits. I spurted into her face, hitting her jaw, her tongue immediately poking out to catch the gift. Cum drenched her neck and ran down between her breasts. My flow waned and she squeezed hard around my length to draw every ounce of sperm from my cock, finally wrapping her mouth again around the head to catch the last drops.

I finally breathed out. 'Mom,' I whispered as I raised her to her feet. 'That was beautiful.'

'Was it worth the wait?' She asked as she scooped semen from her neck and breasts and brought it up to her mouth. The act of a mother eating her son's cum was seemingly made normal by her before me.

'It's the best thing that's ever happened to me!' I admitted. 'What do we do now?'

Her hands wet with cum and saliva she reached back down and took hold of my still-hard cock. 'I think we can use our imaginations.'

Amazingly I grew harder in her grip. 'I mean about us, Dad?'

'Oh. Well, we have a lot to talk about,' her hand began stroking me up and down. 'Should we do it in your bed, or mine?'

I didn't care either way as she led me out of the kitchen by the penis. Whichever room she took me to, wherever we were headed, I would follow. She was my leader, my goddess, my mother. I would do whatever she asked. Twenty years after she'd given birth to me, my life had only just begun.

When we were kids and had misbehaved, my older sister Theresa and I would be forced to wait for our sentence on the leather couch in my parents' study. They would drag it out, letting us sit in there alone thinking about what we'd done and we deduced early on that the anticipation of the punishment was part of the punishment itself. I say we, but it was Theresa who saw through their plan. We ended up just quietly playing I spy with the countless ephemera my father had collected while we waited for the inevitable soft consequences.

I sat on that same couch now, waiting for my father to return from the kitchen with the beer he'd offered. So many years later and playing I spy, was the farthest thing from my mind. I'd had sex with his wife! My mother. Sure she had hinted he was aware but I had no idea of his reaction to the new reality.

He walked back into the study and passed me an open bottle before taking a seat in his high backed leather office chair. He stayed silent and my heart raced faster than it ever had as a child. It wasn't lost on me that my parents strategy all those years ago was now working better on me than it ever had as I waited for Dad to say something, anything.

"You can relax Corey, you're not in trouble," Dad proclaimed and it eased my pulse somewhat.

We both took a swig at the same time and the antique clock on the bookshelf chimed midday.

"I want to tell you a story. It'll go a long way to explaining a few things, will you hear me out?"

I nodded my agreement and he took another drink of beer before sitting back in his chair and beginning his tale, my ears pricking at his words.

"How well do you remember you grandfather, my dad?" He asked me.

I looked up to the picture frames on the walls and saw Grandpa and me together in many. He had died when I was about six and although the photos were evidence of our meeting, the memory of the man was long gone.

"Not really," I freely admitted, not sure where he was taking me.

"Well he was a good man. The best I've ever known. When I was about, oh eighteen I suppose, we first shared a beer together. I remember it was during a long hot summer and I was still working out at the old Westin gas station on the edge of town. Well, one afternoon I came home early and Dad offered me that first beer out on the back porch. Mom was out there shelling peas in preparation for dinner and I remembered looked especially beautiful in a white linen summer dress. Her hair was tied up and was wet around her neck where she'd splashed water on herself to keep cool."

"She had the bowl of peas between her thighs, her dress pulled up beneath and when she finished she placed the full bowl down on the table beside her. I wouldn't have thought of doing it but it was my father who raised his eyebrows to me and nodded his head in my mother's direction. I of course followed his gaze and saw it. Saw what

he was alluding to. My mom's thighs were parted as if she still held the bowl. The dress was raised high enough that I, we, could see what I thought were her panties. It wasn't. It was my mother's pussy I could see Corey. My mom's thick dark thatch of pubic hair."

I listened intently to my father's words. He was talking about my grandmother, a woman who was still alive and lived only houses away. She was nearly seventy and the woman he spoke of seemed so far removed from the grandmother I knew. He went on.

"I can admit to you Corey if anyone had told me I would be sexually attracted to my mother a day before, I would have punched them in the nose, but seeing her then, that furry mound between her legs, I felt a lust I'd not experienced with another girl. I couldn't look away and didn't care if I was caught. In fact I wanted her to see me. To see me looking at her pussy. When Dad rose from his chair and stood beside me, his hand on my shoulder didn't even register. It was only when Mom spread her legs further, lifting a foot onto the porch rail did I realize they had been conspiring together. Dad tapped his bottle against mine and I tore my eyes from Mom to look up into his. 'You're hers now son!' He smiled back at me and entered the house to leave us alone."

"Jesus Dad, are you serious? Nana?" I remarked.

He nodded. "Yes, your grandmother. When I looked back at her she'd unbuttoned the top of her dress and I could see a nipple. She didn't need to say a word to me, nor I to her. Dad had given me his blessing and I took advantage of it. Without a second thought as to whether it was wrong or right I dove in Corey. I pushed my face into that hairy pussy and buried my tongue so far inside my mother my jaw ached for days. And what a pussy it was. So wet, so sweet. If they bottled the dew that dripped from her I'd drink nothing else. She brought me up for air

after I'd made her cum and I kissed her on the mouth as she fumbled with my pants."

"She was my first Corey. When I came inside her I pledged I'd never be with another woman. Why would I want to when the woman I loved most in the world was also letting me fuck her? But she wouldn't allow it. She said I could always have her love but encouraged me to be with others. And of course I met the second love of my life, your mother. And with her I was blessed when along came your sister and eventually you."

I had to admit I was floored by my father's story. We'd never had 'the sex talk' when I was a kid; we learnt about it at school and my parents were smart enough to realise we had the internet. This was the first time he'd ever openly talked about such a personal subject and I felt closer to him than I ever had.

"Did you sleep with Nana again?" I asked.

He smiled. "That's what I'm telling you, I never stopped."

"And Mom knows?" I added.

He nodded. "She knows." He stood up and approached me, placing a hand on my shoulder. Lowering his bottle to mine he tapped the two necks together. "And that's what I'm here to say to you now my boy. As my father once said to me. You're hers now son!"

* * * * *

Seventeen hours, twenty one minutes earlier.

Mom led me down the hall by my erection. Her small fist wrapped around my length and prevented from sliding off by my engorged head. The closest bedroom was mine and that's where she turned, entering my room and proceeding to the bed. She turned and sat before me, her face level with my cock and she again took me in her mouth. My mother's lips lavishing my length with kisses. She looked up into my eyes as her tongue circled the head. "I want you to cum inside me Corey. Will you do that for Mommy?"

I didn't need to answer her and she didn't wait for a response as she slinked backwards onto my bed, her legs spread and waiting. I climbed between them and eased my body down onto hers. My cock found its home without guidance and pressed its head between her smooth labia. She felt so tight and accommodating. As I slowly entered her our mouths came together, her tongue mimicking the penetration below. And there it was, my dick buried to its limit inside my mother on my own bed. I could have just stayed there, my groin pressed to hers, glued at the pelvis but Mom wanted more, her hands on my ass coaxing me to fuck her. "Fuck me baby," she begged and I vowed to do as she said.

That I had already cum was a godsend. There would have been no way I'd have lasted more than a few thrusts had I not. I wrapped my arms beneath her and hugged her body to mine as I furiously fucked her, our mouths never separating. The first woman I ever made cum from sex was my mother! She had climbed atop me, her hands on my chest as she slapped her ass up and down on my crotch. I held her breasts in my hands and squeezed her nipples as I recognized the same facial expression from the kitchen. She lifted her knees up alongside me and collapsed down onto my chest, her mouth on mine as the orgasm swept over her. She shuddered above me and breathed out into my mouth. "Oh baby yes! Now you," she ordered.

I clasped her back and squeezed her body against mine. I barely had to move as her pussy gripped around my dick and willed my orgasm. Kissing her neck I released inside her and later she would tell me she felt every spurt as I finally returned to her womb.

We lay together in my bed for hours.

I never once pulled from her.

I came twice more.

* * * * *

In the morning my mother lay face down naked on the mattress. Goosebumps appeared on her flesh as I ran my fingers across her back. The sheets lay in a mess at the base of the bed. "Mmm that feels nice," she purred and I ran my fingers up into her hair, massaging her scalp.

"What did you mean by, Dad knows?" I asked her and she rolled her head over on the pillow to face me.

"Oh that's right, I said we had a lot to talk about, didn't I?" she smiled. "I must have gotten distracted!" She pulled a hand out from underneath herself and reached for my penis.

Hardening in her grip I continued to stroke her hair. "You're beautiful," I confessed.

"You're only saying that because I have your balls in my hand!" She laughed.

"No. I saw it that day!" I continued. "The day I came to pick you up. You thought it was that skinny model I was looking at, it wasn't. It was you Mom."

"You know I loved that you were watching me!" She admitted and my cock fully hardened in her hand. "And in my bedroom, with my exercise gear. We could've done this then you know!"

I was shocked but not completely. Her display had been nothing short of open flirtation. I rued the fact I'd not acted on it then and there. "You're kidding? When you were wearing those pants? The leggings! Fuck Mom you looked so hot."

She smiled broadly. "You know, I wasn't wearing panties!"

That didn't come as a shock. "Ah no shit!"

Again she laughed, her hand now slowly masturbating me.

"But seriously, what about Dad?" I asked again.

Mom rolled onto her side and I again feasted my eyes on her bald pubis. "He'll be home in a few hours. It's probably best you hear it from him. Anyway, it's rude to talk with your mouth full!"

She leaned in and wrapped her lips around the swollen head of my cock and I fell back on the pillow in ecstasy.

* * * * *

Monday morning and I sat in Delores' office with Mom, Gayle and Bertrand, one of the other male presenters.

"It's that time of year again ladies," Delores began; obviously only referring to the women in the room. "Wet Waves have their new line and they've booked a one hour promotion."

"Oh lord is it summer already?" Gayle complained. "I haven't had time to get to the solarium. When is the slot?"

Delores looked at her computer screen. "Nor will you have. 2pm to 3!"

"Today?" Gayle shrieked. "Oh, good thing I didn't eat those extra yams at dinner last night," she added rubbing her stomach.

I had no idea what they were talking about. "What's Wet Waves?" I coyly asked.

Mom turned to me with a wicked smile on her face. "Swimwear darling. You're going to have to put up with watching your mother modelling swimwear!"

I couldn't have been happier.

* * * * *

Massage chairs, foot spas and Bertrand hosting male grooming products took up the morning programming. In the lunchroom I sat across from Gayle and the subject of last Friday's Wonder Panties hour came up.

"Angela told me you were a wonderful help backstage Corey, are you rostered on for the Wet Waves shoot?" Gayle asked as she sucked on a smoothie.

"Um I'm not sure, Delores hasn't said anything."

"Oh, well I'll have a word to her then. Lord knows I always need help fitting into those things and we're so short staffed at the moment."

"What, so you're modelling? Along with Mom," I asked, the realization Gayle wanted me backstage with her in varying stages of undress slowly registering.

"Of course. Wet Waves have suits for the older woman as well, unfortunately that means me. I do it every year; I suppose you were hoping Sasha would be here."

"No not at all."

"Well either way, I know your eyes won't be on these old bones during the hour."

I wondered what she meant by that. Was she aware of the special relationship that had developed between Mom and I? Or was she hoping for me to dispute her assertion. I looked at her mouth sucking on the straw, the fine wrinkles around her deep red painted lips. The table allowed me to only see her torso but it didn't disappoint. The red wrap dress hugging her large breasts. Her hair dyed strawberry blonde to hide the possible gray. I knew she was at least sixty but she looked fine for her age. I opted to dispute.

"I don't know Gayle; I think you'd look great in swimwear!" I offered.

Her face openly brightened and but for the makeup, I think she may have been blushing. "Oh Corey, stop it!" She laughed and looked down at her magazine. I kept my eyes on her breasts, her nipples visibly hardening through her dress.

About an hour later and Delores passed me as I carried a delivery from the loading bay.

"Are you fine to help backstage with Wet Waves?"

Stupid question I thought but I played it cool. "Yeah I guess. Don't know what I'm supposed to do though."

"Just what you did during Wonder Panties, you were great," Delores complimented me and ran her hand down my arm. Electricity flowed

through us and if I wasn't holding a box I felt I may have returned the physical contact.

"So when are you going to get up on stage and model?" I asked, "I thought it was all hands on deck at the moment."

She laughed and we continued our workplace flirtation. "Maybe we should go out there and host together?" She offered. "We might be a good onscreen couple."

"I'm sure we would be. But maybe we should do a test run privately beforehand; I've got a camera in my bedroom at home!" I proposed.

"Oh Corey you are so naughty aren't you!?" She laughed, slapping my arm. I watched her ass as she walked away, her cheeks swaying inside her tight pants. When she reached the doorway she looked back and was still smiling. I doubted life could get any better.

Oh but it could!

With Gayle and Mom modelling, Bertrand was hosting the Wet Waves hour. As gay as a Christmas sweater, I warmed to him (possibly as I saw him as no threat) pre-show as he hovered backstage with the women and I. "Oh pet, these are going to fly off the shelves," he gushed over a floral patterned two piece bikini, handing the tiny item to my mother.

"Tell Bertrand to get out here Corey, his earpiece mustn't be working!" Delores screamed in my headset. Mom had already begun undressing and my eyes were fixed on her as she removed her black blouse. The

flesh colored bra came into sight and I felt the urge to take her from behind in front of everyone.

"Corey! Did you hear me? Oh Jesus does anything work around here?" Delores panicked and I woke from my incestuous daydream.

"Oh yeah, I hear you," I replied into my microphone. "Bertrand. Delores wants you on set."

He placed back a white one-piece he'd been stroking and rolled his eyes at me. "Tell the dragon I'm on my way love," he conceded before heading out of the room.

Mom was in the process of removing her jeans and I got to see the panties she was wearing. We hadn't slept in the same bed since Friday night, her and Dad spending the weekend together. An unspoken deal had been made it seemed where I would be with Mom weekdays and Dad had the weekend. However this relationship was going to work was fine by me; it was all Moms' call. As Dad said, I was hers now.

Her pink cotton panties didn't match her bra but it did nothing to lessen her beauty. "It's the floral bikini first, is that right Corey?" Mom asked, lowering her underwear. I reached for her flesh colored modesty thong and passed it to her as she in turn handed me her warm panties which I quickly tucked into my pocket.

"Yep," I looked at the rundown and found Gayle's clothing order. "And Gayle, you're in the vintage two piece."

Looking up, Gayle was in the process of herself undressing. "Thank you sweetheart, would you bring it over?" She replied.

If Gayle had any inhibitions about disrobing before me they didn't show. She unwrapped her dress, allowing it to fall open to reveal a matching red lace bra. With her back to me, her dress came off and was thrown over the back of a chair. I lay my eyes upon her rear. A larger woman than my mother, her legs were clad in tan pantyhose and I realized she wore nothing underneath.

Gayle reached behind and unclasped her bra; pulling it over her shoulders she turned to me keeping it in place to cover her breasts. She cared little about revealing the delights below however. Her pantyhose pulled up high around her waist did nothing to obscure the thick patch of pubic hair at her crotch. Mesmerized I passed her the swimsuit and she used it to replace her bra at shielding her breasts before realizing the absurdity and uncovering her boobs completely. I tried not to ogle of course but I did take in the size and the large areola surrounding her erect nipples. For a sixty plus year old woman, she looked gorgeous.

My cock was already hard from watching my mother undress and with now another woman near naked, it wasn't going down any time soon. Rendered speechless myself, I turned back to Mom now with the bikini bottoms on and in the process of placing pasties over her erect nipples. "Still not traveling to Brazil I see Gayle!" Mom laughed.

"The solarium wasn't the only appointment I've missed darling," Gayle chirped.

"A little help honey?" Mom asked and I moved to tie the back of her bikini, the cups tight over her large breasts.

"A man's perspective Corey, manicured or natural?" Gayle asked and I turned back to see she'd donned the tankini but her bottom half remained exposed, her hairy crotch on open display.

"I...ah," I stumbled over my answer and Mom moved her ass back onto my groin, pressing hard against my erection. I thought of my father's story. Burying his face between my grandmother's legs. Eating out her hairy bush. Gayle looked equally as delicious and thankfully my necessity to decide between a bald or hirsute pussy was taken from me.

"Two minutes Corey," Delores shouted in my ear. "Tell the girls to get ready."

It was a lifeline, how could I choose between the two? "Um, that'll have to wait. Delores wants you out there." I stated and Gayle, smiling, lifted the boy shorts to take her sex from my view. The two women examined themselves in the mirror a final time before heading towards the set and now alone I took a moment to catch my breath. Falling back on a chair and looking up at the monitor I watched Mom and Gayle join Bertrand. They looked beautiful on live television and it was hard to rationale I had just seen these two women completely naked.

Taking Mom's panties from my pocket, I treated myself with a brief smell of her scent and was on the verge of pulling my hard-on from my pants before Delores again interrupted.

"Get the next suits ready Corey. We'll be introducing them individually from now on," she advised in my earpiece as I reluctantly lowered the underwear from my face and tucked them away.

"On it!" I replied and consulted the rundown. Mom would be wearing the yellow bikini next and Gayle the plus-size alternative. On-screen Bertrand was less hands on than when Gayle hosted but the camera operator was just as enthusiastic as ever with his close-ups on my mother's crotch. No cameltoe unfortunately but her mound looked delicious all the same, her ass especially so, the only detriment the visible line of the modesty thong. I made a mental note to see what I could do about that.

They came backstage together and I had laid out their respective swimsuits over the backs of each chair. Mom went to the mirror to fix something she felt was wrong with her hair and I went to assist Gayle if needed. Again I delighted at the sight of her thick brown bush and she was now in no way apprehensive about me looking. I took the vintage suit from her as naked, she picked up the new one.

"You know Angela; your son didn't give us an answer!" Gayle proclaimed, in no hurry to clothe herself.

I sensed my mother turning around to watch us. "You're right Gayle. Well Corey, have you been thinking about it?" She added.

"What? I, um. I don't know." I stammered, still gorging on her hairy crotch.

"Here, will this help?" Gayle stated and reached out for my hand, using my fingers to comb through her pubic hair from the top to her labia. "See, doesn't that feel nice?"

I felt giddy as my palm was pressed against her pussy. I looked over my shoulder at Mom, smiling and shaking her head as she removed her bikini top.

"One minute Corey! Send Gayle first." Delores piped up.

"Ah Gayle, Delores says you have one minute," I reluctantly advised her, my hand remaining pressed hard between her legs, my cock harder in my pants.

"Oh spoilsport," Gayle giggled allowing my hand to fall away as she put on her suit. It was unflattering and Gayle knew it. Designed for larger women than her, it contained a skirt that covered all the alluring curves of the ass. "Ugh," Gayle complained as she pulled the straps up over her arms. "You can't even see my best feature in this thing!" As if to accentuate her point she raised the rear of the skirt to Mom and me as she headed back on-set and I had to admit she did have a great ass.

Mom and I alone. She lowered the floral bikini bottoms and prepared to step into the yellow pair.

"Hey, you know you can see the thong through the bikini!" I quickly interrupted her.

"Oh really?" She coyly smiled. "What do you suggest I do?"

I moved to her and stopped as we were face to face. "If I may?" I boldly stated and took hold of the thong at her waist. Kneeling as I did so, I pulled her underwear slowly down her legs and off over her heels. My face inches from her smooth pussy I looked up into her eyes. "I think this will be better!"

She grinned back at me and taking me by the hand pulled me up to my feet. "I do too baby," she whispered as she kept hold of the hand that had only seconds before been on another woman's pussy. Raising it to her face she smelled then kissed my fingers. "Are you going to fuck Gayle?" She bluntly stated before lowering my hand to her own vagina.

The difference between the two was stark and I had to admit to myself, I preferred it smooth. My fingers delved between her folds and found her dripping wet. I slid my middle finger inside her and her breath rushed out against my neck. "I thought she was a lesbian!" I whispered back, kissing her on the cheek, moving across to her mouth.

Mom pushed her tongue between my lips. "She is! And that's why I'm going to be there when you fuck her."

How was this woman my mother? I thought to myself. Her vagina was saturating my palm as I fingered her, spreading her wet all over her groin.

"Two minutes Corey!" Delores butted in, managing to always find the worst time to interrupt.

"We've got to stop Mom," I breathed into her mouth, her pussy squeezing around my finger.

Her face showed her displeasure as I pointed to my headphones. "I love you so much Corey," she confided as she understood the gesture.

"I love you too," I admitted as I pulled my finger out of her, my hand from my crotch. The area it left was smeared with moisture and quickly

finding a solution I eased my leg between hers, wiping her off against my jeans. The feeling must have been pleasurable as she joined in, grinding herself obscenely along my thigh.

Gayle came into the room already undressing, her breasts on show just as Mom pulled up her bikini bottoms. She looked down to my pants leg immediately and grinned as if she knew where the dampness had come from. Nothing would get past this wily old vixen I reasoned. Mom made a final check in the mirror but nothing would hide her flushed cheeks, satisfied enough she made her way to the set entrance.

"Please tell me my next one is remotely attractive Corey," Gayle inquired.

I looked at the rundown, my unexpected sojourn with Mom putting me behind schedule. "Um yeah, it's the white one!" I reached across to the clothes hanger and found her size. Turning back Gayle was more than ready to receive her new suit. Totally naked her ass pointed in my direction as she bent forward slightly, checking her lipstick in the mirror. Wearing high heels her legs looked longer and it tightened her ass, the crack between her cheeks beckoning for me to examine further. Her eyes in the mirror again looked down at my wet pants leg, my groin, then up at the swimsuit.

She turned and took the one-piece from me and unfazed by her nudity and our close proximity, stepped into the swimsuit. As it rose up her legs and over her pussy I could see it would be tight on her. Finally as she raised the straps over her shoulders she returned to the mirror and we both took in her appearance.

The suit cut tight across her large buttocks and the racer style dropped low on her back leaving a lot of flesh exposed. It looked good as far as

I was concerned and better from the front as she turned to show me her boobs stuffed into the material.

"Oh no, no no!" Delores declared as she entered backstage approaching Gayle and I quickly. "What's this Gayle?" She added looking down at the other woman's crotch. "We're selling swimwear. Not Persian rugs!"

I too gazed down to Gayle's groin and could clearly see what Delores was alluding too. Gayle's pubic hair protruded either side of the white swimsuit and the darkness was even clearly visible through the material.

"Well I'm sorry Delores, I told you I wasn't prepared for this," Gayle defended herself. "Maybe if you gave me a little more notice next time."

"Well you can't go out there like that," Delores continued before looking at me. "Corey, you're managing backstage. You take care of it!"

"What do I do?" I asked.

"I don't care, just fix it!" She stated before heading back the way she'd come speaking into her microphone as she left the room. "You have five minutes!"

I looked at Gayle who seemed less fazed by the situation than Delores or I. "O.k. Let me think," I said, dropping to my knees in front of her. With my face level with her crotch I took in her pussy from a different angle. It wasn't that bad, I looked up at Gayle. "May I?" I asked.

She smiled wickedly down at me. "Of course!"

I raised my hands and placing my fingers inside the leg-band beside her vulva I tried combing the stray pubes underneath before replacing the swimsuit. It didn't work, the high cut of the legs revealing the roots of the hairs. It then came to me. Bertrand's male grooming segment from earlier in the day. The wet and dry shaver he'd threatened to demonstrate on my designer stubble on air.

"Don't move Gayle, I'll be right back," I stated before adding to my orders. "Actually. Get undressed!"

As I ran to the storeroom to retrieve the razor it didn't go unnoticed I'd just told a woman over sixty to get naked. The power felt good. I found what I was looking for and made it back to where Gayle was waiting. Totally naked except for her heels she leaned back against the desk in expectation of my return. Up on the screen Mom was doing what looked to be her final run on the small catwalk. "Three minutes Corey," Delores added to the tension.

Gayle, upon seeing the razor in my hand parted her legs in preparation. I had it turned on even as I knelt down between her spread feet and without waiting for her approval pressed it to the top of her pubic hair and shaved downwards. The razor worked better than I had expected, removing the hair down to smooth skin. Three more downward strokes and the majority of Gayle's pubic hair was removed. I placed a finger over her now exposed slit to protect her clitoral hood and outer labia as I tidied up the area and Gayle helped by spreading her legs further, displaying obscenely her mature vagina.

Satisfied with my work I took my finger from her and it came away wet; the pussy it left, literally dripping. I switched off the razor and the silence

in the room was overwhelming as our eyes connected, Gayle biting her bottom lip. My erection lay along my pants leg and as I rose from between her legs, Gayle's eyes remained cast downwards.

"Thirty seconds Corey," Delores reminded me.

Finally Gayle's eyes met mine, the desire between us palpable. I reached for her swimsuit without breaking our stare and passed it to her. "It's time Gayle," I informed her and again dropped to my knees to help her into the costume.

Combining to pull it up over her body, the swimsuit sat snugly over her now smooth crotch. "How do I look?" Gayle asked me, my hands remaining on her hips. Surely my erection was answer enough but I wanted to show more, to let her know how sexy a woman of her age could be.

"You look..." What was the word? What was the word? "Fucking hot!"

She blushed! Even after baring all to me, allowing me to touch her vagina, a couple of words could make her embarrassed. I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to do more but ever reliable Delores ingratiated herself into the situation. "Right Corey, your Mom's done, send Gayle out."

"Time to go," I turned her and eased her towards the set entrance. Mom walked around the corner and I smacked Gayle on the bottom to send her off, to which she giggled like a schoolgirl.

Mom saw my erection immediately and the pile of pubic hair at my feet. "Well you've been busy!" she smiled.

Delores entered the room behind Mom. "She looks fantastic Corey. Whatever you did, well done."

Mom turned her back to me and I undid her bikini with Delores' eyes on us both before lowering it below my mother's breasts.

"Just a bit of maintenance, Delores. All part of the job," I offered and her eyes strayed down to the mess of pubes.

Mom took off her bikini bottoms and waited for the next suit. "So what's next?"

Having browsed the rundown I knew exactly what was next and was looking forward to it. Delores' presence made me wonder if she as well was anticipating the private show. I held up the material and it weighed nothing in my hand. Fluorescent yellow, the bathing suit consisted of a couple of strings linked by small patches of nylon lycra. Mom took the offering from me, her hand caressing mine as she did so. "Delores while you're out here, could you help me with this one?" Mom asked her and I wondered what now she was up to.

I didn't have to wait long as Mom handed the micro bikini to her friend, holding onto the thong for herself. I found Gayle's next bathing suit and it wasn't dissimilar in size, my cock throbbing at the thought of her wearing it. Refocusing my attention on the women, Mom had pulled the thong up into position and Delores stood behind her tying the top before spinning her around to face us both.

Delores and I both saw the first of the problems. Mom looked down and saw it too. The pasties covering her nipples protruded either side of the tiny triangle supposed to act as a cup. "Well I won't be needing these," Mom acknowledged, tearing them from her skin and readjusting the straps. Her nipples stood erect and proud through the material, their pink hue clearly visible beneath the almost entirely transparent fabric.

Mom followed mine and Delores' gaze downwards and the bikini bottom pulled up tightly between the lips of her pussy, exposing herself to us. "Who wants to fix this one?" She asked us and Delores jumped at the opportunity before I even had a chance to answer.

Dropping to her knees before my mother she took hold of the thong. "I'll take care of it Ang."

I watched as her fingers slid beneath the string and pulled it out from the folds of my mother's vulva. She adjusted the thong downwards slightly and with her fingers brushing across my mom's bare pussy, fit it over the lips. Delores looked around and up to where I stood. "Does that look good Corey?" She asked, her hand stroking the inside of my mother's thigh.

As with her nipples, her labia were clearly visible through the material. "It looks beautiful!" I freely admitted. For the briefest of seconds I wondered if she was dressed appropriately for live television but the thought was cast aside as Mom continued.

"I think my son might need a hand down there too Delores, would you mind?"

My mom's eyes were focused squarely on my hard-on straining against my pants and Delores followed her gaze down.

"Oh! I'll see what I can do!" She proclaimed, shuffling across on her knees. Her hands went to my fly and slowly unzipped. Reaching inside she pulled my erection out through the opening and even I was impressed with how large I looked.

"Ah, I see the problem," Delores giggled and lifted my cock vertical before opening her mouth, poking out her tongue and licking me from the base to the head in one action.

My mouth fell open and I released a long held breath. "Oh Jesus!" I exhaled as her lips sealed over the head of my cock, her hand squeezing the length. I felt her tongue swirling around, licking me all over and entering the eye, finally pulling the length of my dick into her mouth to hit the back of her throat. I looked up to Mom, her eyes fixed on Delores. Reaching out I took her arm and pulled her to me, our mouths meeting as I ran a hand down her back to her buttocks.

Delores was making gagging sounds with my cock deep in her mouth. Cupping my mother's ass I slid my index finger under the thong between her cheeks and pressed it against her asshole, the rubbery sphincter twitching at the touch. Our tongues entwined as I pressed harder, Mom releasing a moan as I stimulated her anus.

"So how long was I supposed to stay out ther...Oh good lord!" Gayle exclaimed as she rounded the corner and laid her eyes upon the goings on. Delores slurped off my cock and realizing the show must go on, looked up at Mom.

"I hate to ask this now Ang but would you?"

Mom stroked the back of Delores' head and smiled. "Of course, I'll leave you to it." Mom winked at me and my hand reluctantly fell from her ass as she left to do her stint, her hand touching Gayle's as she passed as if tagging in the older woman.

"I'm sorry Gayle, something came up!" Delores tried to explain, still on her knees, my drool covered erection in her hand.

Gayle didn't take her eyes from my cock. "Well not yet it hasn't! But I want to be there when it does." She declared and moved towards us.

"Wait," I stopped her, handing her the next swimsuit and seemingly the only one still thinking about work. "Put this on first."

Gayle took the bathing suit without complaint and hurriedly began to undress as Delores wasted no time in getting back to sucking me off, the area around my fly now saturated with saliva. My eyes were trained on Gayle as she became naked then fumbled with the string that was her swimsuit.

Finally figuring out how it went on, she pulled it up her body. She might as well have been naked. The design was a V, a one-piece that supposedly covered the crotch and flowed up across the breasts and over the shoulders. Gayle seemed less concerned in fitting the swimsuit properly than getting to my cock and with her nipples exposed, the string sitting one side of her pussy; she joined Delores on her knees.

Pulling my cock from Delores' mouth, Gayle wrapped her lips around me, her tongue sliding along my already lubricated length.

"I thought you were a lesbian!" Delores stated, miffed she'd lost control of her toy. I placated her by caressing her hair and aiming her head alongside my cock. I did the same to Gayle, easing her off my penis and repositioning her so my cock was between the two women's mouths. They seemed to relish the new position, sharing my cock, their mouths and tongues sliding back and forth along my length as though playing a harmonica.

The feeling was unlike I'd ever experienced, so soft and wet. Their tongues found each other and kissed above my cock, saliva dripping onto me as Delores masturbated me and Gayle cradled my balls. I looked up at Mom on the monitor. The camera man zoomed in on her breasts, the nipples protruding through the material. He panned down as she turned and her ass came into view, the thong disappearing between her luscious cheeks, the lump of her pussy visible for a second between her thighs before she again spun. And there it was, the triangle of fluoro yellow lycra doing nothing to hide her outer labia. Just the vision of which could have made me cum, the combined actions of the women below me, merely icing on the cake.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. Gayle was squeezing my balls, pressing up beneath my sack. Delores was furiously masturbating me and their mouths alternated between kissing each other, my cock and sucking the head. I was surprised I'd lasted this long. "I've got to cum!" I admitted to the ladies and as one they opened their mouths, looking up to me obediently. I took over from Delores, and gripped my saliva slickened dick, a mere stroke away from orgasm.

Aiming as best I could I found Delores' mouth and spurted deep inside her, quickly directing my flow to Gayle, this time not so accurate, my

cum landing beside her nose and down onto her chin. Delores reached for my cock and took possession once more, her hand over mine as I looked up to Mom, wishing she was back here with us.

When I again looked down at the women the last of my orgasm flowed from me onto Gayle's tongue. Her mouth quick to wrap around my head and drain the remnants. Both their chins coated in semen they kissed and I saw cum exchanged between them. I looked up to the monitor and the camera was on Bertrand, his hand on his ear looking confused. Mom stood beside him in a pose, now and then turning for the camera. It was then I realized my headphones had slipped off around my neck, looking down, Delores' also.

My cock softening I pulled the headset up and immediately heard the angst in Bertrand's voice. "Do we have the next swimsuit back there?"

"Fuck, Gayle you're on!" I gasped and helped her to her feet. Delores herself regaining her professionalism.

"Oh God fix it up!" She stated as she noticed Gayle's nipples and pussy exposed.

I took care of adjusting her crotch, my fingers delighting in rubbing across her dripping slit while Delores and Gayle covered her nipples. One final check of the suit and we sent her on her way.

"Was that the last?" Delores looked to me, her face and neck flushed. I nodded and noticed she still had cum on her chin and I reached up to wipe it from her before she took my hand and licked the semen off my finger.

We must have thought it at the same time; we certainly said it at the same time.

"Oh shit!" We cried in unison and looked up at the screen.

The camera panned up Gayle's body as she entered. Her long legs looked pale under the studio lights, her full ass, delicious. She turned as the camera pulled back somewhat but Delores and I saw it immediately. The light reflecting off the cum glistening her chin. There was no mistaking what it was. To have two near naked women on live television was one thing. To have one of them with a cum facial was an entirely different level of controversy.

My mother completed another run of the catwalk and facing Gayle must have noticed. Ever the professional she leaned into the older woman as they passed, Mom hugging Gayle and stealing a kiss. To the viewing public it would have come across as theater, playing up faux lesbianism possibly. Delores and I, holding hands were in no doubt of the action and when Mom's face came away from Gayle's, to our combined relief the cum was gone. Mom having licked it from her face.

"Corey!" The voice came from the backstage entrance.

I looked down from the monitor towards its source and the girl standing in the doorway.

"The receptionist, um what's-her-name, said you were back here!" Her eyes strayed down my body to settle on my semi erect cock still protruding from my pants.

The blood drained from my face as I looked upon the girl I'd known my entire life.

My sister, Theresa had returned.

* * * * *

I'm acutely aware of high expectations after the unexpected success of chapter one. Hope I didn't fuck it up. Thank you for reading and those giving considered comments.

CHAPTER 3

Two Years Ago

I lay on the floor of the living room, my neck against the sofa and PS4 controller in hand as I guided Nathan Drake through wave after wave of enemies. A cut scene eventuated and absently I looked to my right to see Theresa reading a foodie magazine upon the couch, bare feet up on the coffee table. It was not the magazine which captured my attention.

Legs crossed as she flicked the pages, from my vantage I had a clear view of the back of her thighs. At eighteen years of age, it wasn't my brain in charge and instead of taking a quick peek and moving on (the perfect crime), my eyes fastened upon the vision. And sister or not, it was beautiful.

Her white linen dress caught beneath her bottom, nothing covered the bulge of pussy and the orange panties clinging to her lump like a second skin. It was mesmerizing, and captivated I stared for God knows

how long, making out the line of labia, even a stray pube. If only I had my phone at hand, I thought. I could easily take a photo...

"Why don't you take a photo? It'll last longer!" Theresa peered around her magazine and had caught me red handed; red faced.

"What!?" I dismissed and immediately concentrated on my game, my prowess clearly effected as I died onscreen, and in the real world, of embarrassment.

She made a mocking sound but out of the corner of my eye went back to reading her magazine and after a few more minutes I surreptitiously took another peek. If anything, her pose was more provocative. Legs thrown to the side to bare her entire ass, the panties disappearing between her cheeks to even reveal the darker skin around her barely obscured asshole and once more an enticing bulge of pussy.

The phone ringing in the background, quickly followed by the sound of Mom's footsteps approaching drew me out of my hypnotism and when she passed the hands free to my sister excitedly, I was concentrating solely on my game.

*

The call had been the job at a restaurant in L.A. Theresa had applied for. Confirmation of her success. It would see her departing the very next day. Leaving our house, our town and me. Mom and I waved her goodbye as Dad drove her out of our lives for the foreseeable future and toward a hopeful career in the city.

Heading back into the house, Mom could sense my mood and placed an arm around my waist in comfort. "You're going to miss her, aren't you?" She noted and I had to admit, I would. Once inside we went our separate ways and it was as I entered my bedroom that I heard my phone beep a text message.

It was from Theresa and all it said was, 'Check under your pillow.'

*

Present Day

"Are you fucking serious?" Theresa blared as she approached Delores and I. At first, I thought she was talking to me but as she moved between us, Delores was where her eyes and her question were directed. "Delores! You're like our Auntie!" She continued.

"Theresa, I can explain..." I tried to intervene as I tucked my now flaccid cock back into my pants but my sister would have none of it.

"No Corey, you're the victim here," she threw her arm back and her hand came to rest on my chest and even under the circumstances of the contact, I had to admit, her touch felt nice.

Delores, over her initial shock at Theresa's appearance began to defend herself. "No, Theresa it's not like that, really..."

Before she could go further, the giggling conversation of our mother and Gayle entered the room directly followed by the women themselves, holding hands and smiling.

"Oh good, Mom do you know what's been..." Theresa stopped her question short as she turned to see what the women were wearing, changing her statement completely. "Mom! What the fuck have you got on?"

All eyes were now on my mother and the micro bikini she hardly wore. Gayle dressed similarly (if not more provocatively) stared as well and was first to answer my sister's question. "Come to think of it Angela, we do look like a couple of sluts!"

"Oh totally!" Mom laughed and approached Theresa as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "Honey, what are you doing in town? When did you get here?"

Theresa was left with nothing to do but accept my mother's embrace, her moral indignation cast aside momentarily with the family reunion. I however was put in the unusual predicament of seeing my near naked mother with her body pressed to my older sister, something I had never envisioned and until this moment hadn't even fantasized about. Theresa's torso leaning into my mother's, her dress inched up the rear of her thighs disappointingly stopping below her buttocks. Ridiculously my cock began to stir.

Did my mother's hand venture a little lower on my sister's back than would be considered normal? Possibly. Or more likely my erotically charged mind was projecting. What I couldn't deny however were Mom's eyes on my crotch, slowly straying up to my own as she looked

over her daughter's shoulder. "Gayle," Mom broke the embrace. "You remember Theresa, don't you?"

As if presenting Theresa to the older woman, Mom held my sister by the arm and reacquainted the two. Gayle was more than enthusiastic to lean in for the obligatory peck on the cheek, her breast pressing momentarily to my sister's. That did it. My hard-on returned.

After the pleasantries, Theresa was keen to get back to her initial gripe. "Mom you need to talk to your friend. What I saw out here was entirely inappropriate," she leaned into Mom and whispered in her ear before looking back in Delores' direction with scorn on her face.

"Honey," Mom began. "Your brother is twenty years old. I don't think anyone is taking advantage of him."

Theresa looked as if she were about to refute her assertion but her eyes were distracted by Gayle. The sixty plus year old had moved to the other side of the room and was in the process of removing her swimsuit. The little skin not already exposed came into view and I again gorged on her large white ass and as she turned, her freshly shaved pussy.

Theresa seemed equally as taken by the older woman, her eyes I noticed straying down from her breasts to (dare I say it) enjoy Gayle's exposed sex.

"Has anyone seen my panties?" Gayle asked the room, looking around completely unashamed by her nudity. "Oh, never mind. Silly me, I wasn't wearing any!"

My sister's incredulity at the casual nudity and sexual activity she was witnessing, I thought couldn't have increased. Our mother however found a way. As eyes had been on Gayle, she herself had removed her top and with a hand resting on Theresa's shoulder for balance was in the process of taking off her thong. Fully naked she threw her bikini onto the chair behind her and looked around. "Now where are MY panties?"

All of a sudden, the small piece of material weighed a lot more in my pocket. Mom knew damn well where they were and was challenging me in front of my sister. With Theresa inspecting every move I reached down beside my swollen fly and retrieved my mother's underwear, handing the pink panties to her right under my sister's nose.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Theresa searched our faces. "Have you all lost your minds?"

"It's not that bad..." I attempted to say but Theresa threw up a hand to silence me.

"I'm going. We'll talk about this later. Corey, I have my suitcase in reception, can I put it in your car?"

I felt my back pocket for my keys and nodded. "Yeah, yeah sure."

*

In the two years since Theresa had taken up the job in one of L.A's finest restaurants, her visits home had been infrequent, welcomed, and never long lasting. That she had mentioned a suitcase and not her overnight bag, hadn't gone unnoticed.

I caught her as we reached the foyer and the long serving station receptionist beamed when she saw us together. "Well look at you two, all grown up and still as thick as thieves. You'll be back playing on the kitchen set in no time, won't you?"

"Ha, you might be right Vivienne," I replied and saw the look of recognition on my sister's face. I couldn't blame her; it had taken me a week to remember her name after seeing her again.

I was right about the suitcase. It was the big one, and reached for it before Theresa had a chance.

"Thank you, Corey. Just be careful with the latch, it pops open," Theresa warned.

She opened the doors and I followed pulling the case. The wind had picked up outside and caught her hair and I admired her as she pulled it off her face and behind her ear. "So, are you going to tell me, or what?" I asked.

"Why I'm back?"

Nodding at her we walked side by side across the parking lot towards my car.

"The restaurant went broke. They were trading insolvent for months, weren't paying us for weeks," she explained.

"Fuck. What have you been doing for money?" I asked.

"I have savings but they're running low. I thought I could come back here, find a part time job and see what happens."

"Did Mom and Dad know?"

We stopped at the trunk of my car and Theresa shook her head. "They would've just worried. Sent money. I didn't want to trouble them what with Dad's new shift and the station's problems."

"What problems?" I inquired. If the station was in trouble, it was news to me. Yes, we were running on an oily rag and I knew sales and ratings were low, but I hadn't heard anything further.

"Jesus. You work here, don't you talk about it? They're thinking of shutting you down and moving the production to L.A." Theresa informed me. "It was on the socials."

I had probably been more focused on other things of late and now she raised it I had overheard some strange conversations among the staff. "I guess I've just been too busy to pay attention," I offered.

"Yeah, I saw what you've been paying attention to!" She tried to hide the smile that wanted to appear on her face as she alluded to what she'd walked in on.

"Yeah, about that, I..." I began.

"Agh," she held up a hand. "I don't want to hear about it."

I pulled my keys out and unlocked the trunk. Lifting up her case the edge tapped the bumper and sure enough as she'd warned, the bottom fell open spilling the contents onto the asphalt.

"Oh fuck, Corey!" Theresa exclaimed as her clothing spread out at our feet.

"Shit sorry," I begged as I deposited the now empty case in the back and dropped to my knees to retrieve her possessions. The wind caught the smaller items and I chased after what I could see was a red thong. I caught it half way across the parking lot and the satin felt nice to the touch and nicer still when I realized they weren't fresh.

Thinking she'd been watching my pursuit I spun around holding it up victoriously but her back was turned. Bent forward she lifted clothing up into the trunk as another gust of wind blew through. Her dress, a spotty mid-thigh skater, flew up around her hips giving me the most beautiful view of the half of her buttocks bulging below her lavender colored panties. Dumping her clothes, her hands went down to cover herself and she turned to face me, a coy look on her face.

Approaching I held out her underwear and as she looked down at my hand, she struggled to contain her grin. "So why exactly did you have Mom's panties in your pocket?" She asked, her fingers momentarily touching mine as she took back her briefs.

I felt my face redden as I searched for a reasonable explanation and none came.

"Um. It's a long story!" I declared.

"I've got time," she countered, closing the suit case and the trunk.

A thick noise of static came through my headphones causing me to jump. "Corey are you online?" Delores interrupted our conversation.

I frowned at Theresa and pointed to my headset. "On my way Delores!"

"Meet me in my office," she explained in a shower of crackle, the radio struggling to cover the distance.

I focused again on my sister, handing her the car keys. "Pick me and Mom up at six, can you? Dad should still be home now, actually why didn't you go there first?"

"The bus stopped just down the road. Thought I'd surprise you and Mom."

"Well, that you did," I admitted and thought if she'd been there any time sooner, she would have caught Mom and I together. How would that have gone down I wondered? I looked down at her legs when she'd taken her position in the driver's seat, the short dress laying across her thighs, before quickly seeking her eyes.

"So, have you still got them?" She smirked, and just as I was understanding to what she was referring, she placed the car in reverse,

delighting in my dumbfounded expression and without waiting for a reply, backed out of the car space and was gone.

*

Two Years Ago

I frowned at my phone, and without replying, looked across to my bed. Still unmade from the morning I saw no obvious sign of what in fact she was talking about before lifting a pillow, then the other.

There they were. Orange, delicate, and as I picked them up with a shaking hand, still slightly warm. My sister's panties. The very ones that had captured my attention on the couch the night before. I could feel myself blush as I sent her a simple text back.

'Wtf?'

The answer came within seconds. 'Something to remember me by,' followed by an 'x.'

I didn't know how to respond, flippantly sending a smile emoji. What did it mean? How was I supposed to take my sister leaving me her unwashed panties as a goodbye gift? We never spoke of it again.

*

Present day

Mom and Gayle were seated within the office, and as I entered, Delores asked me to close the door behind me. "Who's on air? Bertrand?" I asked, surprised he would be presenting back-to-back.

"Uh huh," Delores looked up over the rim of her glasses as she turned from her computer screen. "He's covering Gayle's solar garden lights," Delores explained. For a moment I felt like something was wrong, had we gone too far backstage? Delores was involved so surely it couldn't be that.

"Well," Mom asked Delores, obviously thinking along the same lines as me. "What's going on?"

"Nothing!" Delores began, a broad smile spreading across her face. "I just wanted to hold a meeting with my stars!"

"Stars!" Gayle exclaimed. "I've been here 25 years, never been considered a star before."

"Well, you are; you all are!" Delores enthused, looking around at us. "I just received an email from Wet Waves," Delores continued. "Sales are through the roof. The big thing though, management are thrilled. The last quarter hour was the highest ratings we've registered in years. They said we were trending!"

"You know I'm not surprised about that," I stated. "To be honest, being the only male here. If I was at home, I'd be watching!" I felt Mom's eyes on me and even after all we'd been through together, I still blushed at my confession.

"Well management love what we're doing," Delores continued. "They want more! More sex appeal. More gorgeous women on set."

"I guess that means Sasha will be on her way back," Mom bluntly stated.

"I've already emailed her agent," Delores confirmed. "We have the new Skin-Tightz line scheduled for Wednesday. Sasha'll be perfect."

"Well, she has the legs," Gayle added and I felt I had to speak up.

"The 'legs' for what?" I asked.

"Hosiery," Delores dropped her glasses down her nose. "Pantyhose."

"And why do we need her?" I inquired, my mind racing.

"Well, she's the professional model Darling, Skin-Tightz are an exclusive brand," Mom explained and when I countered with a sigh, the three women looked at me to expound.

"Look, I know I'm new here," I began. "But you said so yourself Delores, ratings have picked up in the last week."

"Yes?" Delores agreed.

"Well, that's post Sasha," I stated.

"So?" She questioned.

"Well, that tells me people want to see 'real' women on their screens advertising stuff. Not supermodels. Especially when it's underwear and swimwear. They want to see what it'll look like on them, not some stick insect. No offense to Sasha," I added.

I could see the cogs in Delores' head turning.

"Bertrand's on leave from Wednesday. If Gayle modeled again, who'd host?" Delores grimaced. "I can't ask him to put off his trip to Napa now."

"Gayle hosts," I affirmed.

"Then who models Corey?" Delores removed her glasses completely. Seemingly genuinely interested in my thoughts. "Your mother can't do it alone. And I'm certainly not doing it!"

"Theresa," I stated and there was silence from the women as they processed my idea.

"She's got a job Honey," Mom advanced.

"No, she hasn't, the restaurant closed," I countered.

"She's never modeled," Delores seemed equally as dismissing.

"So?" I rebuffed. "Don't take this the wrong way, but it's not exactly rocket science. You just walk out there and do a few turns while Gayle feels you up."

"I love the idea!" Gayle enthused at the mention of her and Mom sniggered.

Delores turned to her and questioned. "She's your daughter, Angela. Do you think she'd do it?"

*

"I'll do it," Theresa declared as she drove us from the station.

"Really?" Mom taking off her makeup in the passenger seat turned to her.

"Yeah, why not? It'll be fun," Theresa laughed. "It's just like when we were kids, hey Corey? I'll have to practice walking in heels again I suppose," she added. "What are we modelling? Kaftans?"

Mom biting her lip, turned fully to look at me in the back seat, I guess expecting me to break the news.

*

Mom walked into the living room to greet her awaiting audience of two and my cock immediately began to rise.

"Pantyhose," I finally answered my sister's question, her shocked face looking to me momentarily before back at our mother. Dressed in a black crotchless bodystocking, Mom did a turn for good measure, her bare ass cheeks pale under the light, the black string of a thong lost between her voluptuous globes.

"Well, hosiery," Mom corrected. "We don't have the products yet, but it'll be something like this."

The bodystocking was sheer, and bra-less, Mom's nipples were on full display, the sight causing the need for me to adjust my erection, right as Theresa looked back in my direction as well.

Her eyes were caught by the indiscretion and lingered for a moment before she got back on subject. "It's lingerie!?" She exclaimed. "I don't even wear it myself."

"Well, it's not just lingerie," Mom countered as I dined on the vision of near nudity, the tiny black thong barely covering her pubic mound. "As your brother said, they make pantyhose and thigh-high stockings..."

"Yeah, ah Mom. I don't think you're helping," I quickly inserted and Theresa looked back at me, a concerned expression on her face. "What are you worried about? You've got a great body. You'd look awesome in this stuff," I assured her.

To this, she blushed. "You think?"

"Oh, of course Honey," Mom added enthusiastically. "Here, try it on."

Both my sister and I panned our heads back toward Mom well into the act of lowering the bodystocking from her shoulder, a breast exposed.

"No!" Theresa leaped from the couch aghast, quick to prevent Mom going any further. "Mom. Seriously?" She tilted her head in my direction and Mom was quick to dismiss.

"Oh Darling, your brother's seen me naked at the studio plenty of times. It's no big deal."

"Well, it is to me," Theresa declared almost fighting with Mom to get the bodystocking back over her shoulder. The sight of the struggle was more than arousing and my cock twitched its agreement. "Maybe I'll just try walking in the heels," Theresa added to change the subject.

Mom seemed about as despondent as I that Theresa wasn't going to model for us. Or was it that she'd lost the opportunity to be naked before her children? The whole thing began to raise issues for me. Was Theresa aware of the family tradition? I knew Mom and her talked often. Had she not mentioned we were, to put it bluntly, fucking? If that was the case, would I even be able to spend the night in Mom's bed?

I watched as Theresa walked in Mom's stilettos, no evidence they posed a problem. Her pale bare legs stretched, her calf muscles became pronounced as she presented them with her turn and again my penis expressed its admiration.

*

It was meant to be an orientation day. Theresa just following me around, learning the ropes and the day to day running of the station. That was until all hell broke loose.

"Bertrand's gone to Napa a day early!" Delores screamed into my earpiece as I was guiding Theresa around the loading dock. "What color panties is your sister wearing?"

Taken aback by the question, I felt myself blush as I looked at Theresa, wondering how or even why I'd ask her?

"Ah, I'm not sure wh..." I began to question Delores before she cut me off.

"Tan Lines are booked for 10a.m. Your mom has to host!"

I still couldn't make the connection to my sister's underwear and asked what it had to do with Theresa?

"Bertrand was meant to present with their rep. Angela was going to model but with Gayle not starting until midday, your mom will have to host and someone else model."

"Can't you just call in Gayle early?" I looked at my watch, still half an hour until showtime.

"Have you ever woken Gayle on her morning off?" Delores asked sarcastically and I read between the lines. "Theresa has to step up earlier than expected. Just find out if she's wearing white panties."

I looked at Theresa and cleared my throat as I tried to prevent a smile appearing.

"Um, Delores wants to know what color panties you've got on?"

Obviously just as confused, Theresa smirked. "What?"

"It's something to do with the fake tan promo in the next hour. You might have to model."

A look of horror replaced the smile.

"Don't worry, you'll be out there with Mom," I eased her concern. "Soo, ah. Your panties?"

"Oh, um."

Whether it was because she'd genuinely forgotten or just wanted to show me, I watched as my sister slowly lifted the front of her dress to expose her groin, both our gaze aimed downwards as her pink knickers came into view.

Tightly hugging her mound, the sight had my cock enthusiastic, blood flowing into its length.

"Ah, they're pink," I spoke directly to Delores, hearing her sigh. "Is that a problem?"

"They have to be white. It's to do with the contrast. Look, just come to my office. Both of you."

Delores' statement was final and with Theresa still holding her dress up for me, I reached out and took her hand. "Come on, we've got to go."

*

I knocked once and entered to find Delores standing, on the phone, and undressed down to her bra and panties.

"Whoa!" I began to back out when she threw up a finger to wait, before gesturing we both enter.

"Yes, we're doing all we can," she spoke to whomever was on the other end before hanging up with a curt thank you. "Come in, come in," she welcomed. "Management. Just checking up on us."

Despite the fact this woman had no less than sucked my dick only a day previous, it was still uncomfortable being in her office with her partial nudity, though as she made to unclasp her white satin bra behind her back, I felt I was getting used to it!

"So," Delores continued as her boobs dropped from her bra, placing it upon the table and reaching down to her matching panties. "I'm sorry to do this to you Theresa. Throw you in at the deep end so to speak. But we need you." She, without qualm tucked her thumbs into her panties and lowered them down her legs, stepping her bare feet through the holes and clutching them in her hand. My eyes remained on her manicured thatch of pubic hair and only lazily rose when she again started speaking.

"I'm just guessing you aren't wearing a white bra, so..." she looked down at the table.

It was then Theresa and I realized what was happening.

"Oh!" Theresa exclaimed. "You want us to swap!?"

Seemingly less amazed at how bizarre the scene was than me, Theresa immediately made to lift her dress up her body. Once more her pink panties came into view, quickly followed by a matching bra. See-through, I feasted on her nipples as they hardened before my eyes, only to be doubly delighted as she removed her bra as easily as Delores had before holding it out to the older woman.

Any animosity between the two after their initial reconnecting a day earlier seemed to have dissolved along with their clothing and Delores reached out to accept my sister's bra.

"Oh, I didn't mean we had to swap as such," Delores remarked, shrugging as she examined the bra and passed her own panties to my sister. "But, well. I suppose, why not?"

In the process of threading her arms through my sister's bra, Delores and I looked down at Theresa as she pulled her own panties down her legs. I immediately knew what the producer's reaction would be. My sister presented to us a surprisingly well grassed patch, her dark brown pubic hair clearly not waxed, nor trimmed for that matter, in some time. "Oh goodness!" Delores exclaimed. "Oh well, we'll see how it looks behind the panties."

Embarrassed, Theresa pulled the white satin panties up tight over her mound and looked up expectantly waiting for our appraisal.

"Actually, that's not too bad," Delores affirmed, looking to me for another perspective. "What do you think Corey?"

Granted license to look even closer at my sister's crotch, I dropped to my knees and moved in to search for stray pubes, disappointed when none presented.

"It looks good," I gave a thumbs up and reluctantly rose as Theresa accepted Delores' bra.

"The model would normally wear cotton panties and usually a tank top," Delores explained as she stepped into my sister's pink panties, the underwear swap complete. "But as head office wants us to be racier, I think we can get away with this."

"What do I have to do out there?" Theresa, looking nervous brought the conversation back to reality and Delores, in no hurry to clothe herself approached.

"Oh Honey, nothing really," she took Theresa's hand and held it for reassurance. "The rep will do all the work applying the tan, your mom's hosting. All you have to do is stand there and look good." Delores' eyes panned down to my crotch and embarrassingly Theresa's followed, both alighting on my bold erection. "And by the looks of the audience, you're doing a wonderful job already!"

*

"Sorry about that," I apologized to Theresa as we walked to the changing room behind set. If she was having any problem being partially naked in the workplace it wasn't apparent as we strode by a sound guy whose eyes didn't hide his own appreciation of my sister's body. "I didn't mean for you to see it," I alluded to my erection and she turned to me as we approached the green room door.

"I know what boys are like Corey," she did a fine job of not smirking. "You can't help yourselves. Even it seems, when it's your own family."

"Oh good, you're here," Mom reached around the corner and drew Theresa into the backstage area, leaving me to ponder my sister's slightly cryptic comment. Did she know about Mom and me? Or was it purely my erection at her own nudity to which she referred? I followed the two into the room and found a third party, an attractive middle-aged woman dressed all in white.

"Oh, you're wearing that!?" She reacted to my sister's attire, her eyes straying from the satin and lace bra clearly a size too small, Theresa's breasts bulging around the cups, down to the satin panties closely hugging her buttocks and pussy mound.

"They're white, aren't they?" Mom was quick to defend her daughter, hugging one of Theresa's arms to her own. The sight had my cock once more hardening and I pictured Theresa naked beside our mother. Was there a possibility?

The Tan-Lines rep made no more mention and as I pondered another detail, the make-up girl entered to get to work on Theresa. Mom was meant to model! Didn't that surely mean she would have been wearing the white underwear? Where was it? Why wasn't it her that swapped with Theresa and not Delores? They were all roughly the same size. My train of thought was interrupted by a voice in my headpiece informing me of a delivery and feeling like a third wheel backstage anyway, excused myself quietly from the proceedings.

*

It was well into the hour that I even managed a peek at one of the monitors to see how Theresa was doing. One leg bronzed, the rep applying tan high on her thigh, the camera was zoomed in on her pubic mound and yes, a pube had escaped the cage. I watched fascinated, disbelieving that right there on public television was my sister's pussy bulge, the slight hint of labial bumps behind the satin and above the distinct shadow of concealed pubic hair.

"Management are loving it," I jumped at Delores' voice, momentarily believing it from the headpiece before feeling her presence beside me. "Sales are up ten percent on usual. Is this the Skin-Tightz range?"

I looked from Delores back down at the hosiery delivery I'd been reconciling with the invoice, my cock hard in anticipation of Mom and my sister wearing the items.

"Yeah, it's all there ready for tomorrow," I acknowledged.

Delores moved in closer and a hand reached down and pressed my fly.

"Looks like you're ready for tomorrow as well!" Delores stated and I laughed at the corniness of the line.

"Did you plan it?" I asked and she frowned before I elaborated. "Getting Theresa to undress like that. Swapping her underwear?"

To this she smiled. "Well, Angela and I might have had a discussion," she began to blush. "But Bertrand going to Napa early was definitely not expected. We just improvised. Oh, that reminds me," she lifted her other hand, holding Theresa's bra and panties. "You can hold onto these for her, can't you?"

It was now me that grinned, Delores rubbing my hard-on more deliberately. I dropped my invoice and reached out for my sister's underwear, discarding the bra but keeping the panties. Still warm, Delores must have only minutes before removed them and sure enough, dampness covered the gusset.

"Oh fuck," I sighed as Delores unbuttoned my pants, the unzipping of my fly following. Knowing she was naked beneath her dress had me harder and when she pulled me from my underpants, I stood like a tower of granite.

"Smell them," Delores whispered as she dropped to her knees, taking my cock in hand and then mouth, her lips enclosing around the head.

"What?" I nervously replied, admittedly the desire to do just that, overpowering.

"Sniff your sister's panties," she ordered, her lips popping from my cock before wrapping once more, eyes upon me.

I managed to take my eyes from the sight to look up at the screen, my semi-naked big sister smiling at the camera. Mom beside her in a tight pencil skirt, noticing then the white tank top beneath her blazer. Mom had wanted this as well, planned it I thought, as I raised Theresa's pink panties to my face, pressing the damp gusset into my nose and mouth and inhaling the combined scent of my sister and Delores.

"Is it good?" Delores slurped off the end of my cock. "Can you smell her pussy? Can you smell MY pussy Corey?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I gasped as she continued to beat off my cock.

"You like it?" Delores sighed.

"Oh yeah."

"You want the real thing?"

"Oh, fuck yeah!" I groaned, wasting no time in reaching down to raise her to her feet.

The press studs down the front of her dress came away as I navigated Delores back onto the bench. The manicured pussy I'd spied an hour earlier once more coming into view, now the pink below as she spread her legs. Burying my face into her crotch I made sure to coat my nose and jaw in pussy, inhaling the alluring scent of an aroused woman and then, my tongue inserted. Delving as deep into her vagina as possible, my jaw hurting as my mouth spread around her sex.

"Fuck me Corey," Delores sighed from above and I wasted not another second. Rising, shuffling a step forward as my pants dropped to my ankles, my cock found its own way between her legs and as Delores pulled me atop her, I slid inside her body like a hot knife through butter.

An almost guttural sound emanated from her as my pelvic bone met hers, pulling out completely, my length slick with her juices before plunging back inside.

"Yes, fucking yes," Delores gasped as I began a steady rhythm, my balls slapping her buttocks as we fucked. "Give me those panties Corey," she hissed and her hand wrapped around my own, drawing the underwear up to her face. As if chloroforming her in a movie, my hand covered her nose and mouth with the panties, my other clutching an exposed boob as I increased my penetration. "I can smell her," Delores almost screamed through her mask of panty. "I can smell her pussy."

It was perverted. It was a betrayal of my sister's privacy. It was also as hot as fuck. My cock slammed into Delores who'd sucked the panties into her mouth, holding them in her jaw like a dog with a bone. Intermittent glances at the monitor to see my sister, turning as the rep

massaged her thigh with the fake tan, her ass bulging out of Delores' white panties. Holding both breasts, squeezing her nipples between my fingers I managed to fuck her harder, feeling it in my abs, my buttocks, the greatest of workouts. An almost pained expression came to her face before her head lolled back, mouth agape and the panties falling away.

"Oh God," she gasped. "I'm, I'm cumming," she needlessly informed me, the evidence all over her face, in her cunt where her vaginal walls were squeezing my girth, tensing with each wave of her orgasm.

It was enough to have me following, every thrust bringing me closer to my own climax as Delores reached out for my neck, dragging my body closer to hers to meet my mouth. With her tongue licking my lips, seeking out my own, she managed to mumble an order.

"Cum on me Corey," she sighed. "I want it all over my tits!"

She didn't have long to wait.

Another thrust and I was there. Gasping as I pulled my face from hers, my cock from inside her body as cum was already blasting from the eye. I sprayed her pubic bone before I'd even grasped my length, a long thread laying atop her pubes. And then, with control of my direction, up onto her stomach, upon my toes to aim at her chest, jet after jet of molten lava upon her awaiting and upturned boobs.

"How will I even get this off?" Theresa's voice came from the entrance to the set, followed by that of my mother as the three women entered the backstage area.

"I usually just scrub it off in the ba..." she paused mid word as I stood upright and Delores dropped down off the bench. I caught the sight of Mom smirking, a look of horror upon the faces of both the Tan-Lines rep, and more so Theresa when she saw Delores using her panties to quickly wipe the cum up from the front of her torso.

"What the fu..." Theresa began as I clumsily pulled my pants up over my erection, the second time in two days she'd caught me with my pants down, so to speak.

"My apologies Francine," Delores was concentrating on the rep (and the 'rep' of the station I supposed) as she re-attached the studs at the front of her dress to cover her nudity, the still shocked woman holding up a hand in dismissal.

"It's none of my business," a similar smirk to my mother's began to appear on her face. "As we've discussed, it's the way you operate that made me come out from L.A. to begin with."

Delores turned her attention to my sister, one arm, one leg tanned, holding out her now cum saturated panties for my sister to retrieve.

To my amazement she did. A slight frown as my semen made contact with her fingers but the initial shock of once more finding me in congress with Delores seeming to slip away.

"So," Gayle came around the corner and entered backstage. "What have I missed?"

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The remainder of the day was nowhere near as eventful. A Slice 'n' Dice cooking segment capturing Theresa's attention for much of the afternoon, her assistance utilized with off-screen food prep. It wasn't until the car ride home that I spent any quality time with her and Mom and even then, I could sense tension between my sister and I.

Dad at home for the evening seemed to conspire further towards another night in bed alone. Nearly two days since I'd last had sex with Mom being far too long and with them hugging and kissing post dinner in the kitchen, I doubted it'd happen any time soon. Generally moping around the house, (admittedly for no good reason) I came upon the open door of the bathroom and the filling bath, Theresa with a towel wrapped around her body, entering.

"You come to help?" She allowed herself to smile and relieved she was actually talking to me, I questioned what she meant. "This fucking fake tan," she held out her one bronzed arm. "I tried to scrub it off over the sink and it did nothing."

"Oh, yeah," I nodded. "Mom says you have to do it in the bath."

"Hence," she made a sweeping motion toward the bath and I leaned against the door frame as she crossed the bathroom to turn off the water.

The towel rode up clear to her buttocks as she leaned over the tub, no panties there, and I immediately pictured her back at the studio. Once again, she'd had no problem undressing before me, or Gayle for that matter who'd suspiciously hung around in the backstage area. Theresa handing me Delores' white bra and panties before donning once more her own dress, cum soaked underwear disposed of in her handbag.

From there I wasn't aware of their journey but I hadn't seen them in the laundry basket when I'd deposited some of my own clothing, my face blushing with the recollection just as Theresa rose from the bath, satisfied with the water level and temperature.

"Soo, you coming in?"

The question caught me off guard.

"What?"

"Well, are you going to help or not?" She reached her hands up and unwrapped the towel from around her breasts, my eyes immediately dropping to that lustrous thatch of dark pubic hair.

"You were serious?"

"Why not? You can do my leg while I take care of my arm."

She was already climbing into the bath as I closed the door behind me and as I approached, she slid beneath the heavily bubbled surface. I sat down on the edge of the bath and reached over to grab a sponge from around the faucet when Theresa sniggered. "What are you doing?"

"What?"

"Aren't you getting in?"

I'd misunderstood. She'd been inviting me into the bath with her, not just the room. Not since toddlers had we bathed together. The realization I was about to be naked with my sister setting my already rapidly beating heart aflutter. Casual, as if what was happening was an everyday event, I removed my shirt and then fumbled with the button of my pants.

"You don't seem to have as much trouble when Delores is around!" Theresa jokingly mocked but I noticed more than a little truth behind her mirth. "Or Mom for that matter."

Did she know?

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," she took a loofah from the shelf and dropped it below the surface, all the while looking under her eyebrows at my progress.

My semi erect cock bounced out of my pants as I dropped them to my feet and stepped into the warm water, a smile coming to Theresa's mouth as I quickly hid my affection below the surface.

"So. Do you still have them?" She cryptically inquired as I once again took up the sponge, my face revealing my confusion to the question. "My panties?" She elaborated.

"Delores gave them back to you!" I frowned, focusing on my reason for actually being there and lifting her leg out of the water beside me.

"Not those ones Corey," she whispered. "You know what I'm talking about."

Her slippery skin in my hand, my fingers pressing into the soft flesh of her calf, I thought of that day two years prior. The day she left. Her orange panties found under my pillow. My cock reacting now much as it had done then. And Theresa noticed. Her eyes dropping to the foamy surface of the water as the head of my dick rose like a shark's fin through the bubbles. A smile turning the corners of her mouth. She began casually scrubbing at the fake tan on her arm as I felt her free leg shift position in the bath, her toes sliding below my balls.

"Oh shit," I sighed as my back straightened with the contact, lifting my pelvis and my cock rising from the foam like a submarine's periscope. "Ah, yeah. I kept them. They're secret; they're safe," I realized I'd paraphrased Gandalf and hoped she hadn't noticed, the words sounding cool at the time.

Silent for a moment, my erection a lighthouse between us, Theresa dropped her hands below the water and I noticed her loofah rise to the surface a moment before she clasped my cock between them. Once more I sighed, lost for words as my sister touched my penis for the first time in our lives, expecting her mouth to follow.

"What's the deal with Delores?" She surprised me with the question as her hand began to slowly slide up my length.

"What? Nothing," I insisted. "I'm not with her."

"No, you're with Mom," she immediately retaliated and caught me off guard with her knowledge.

"You know?" I asked and her eyes climbed up to mine as she nodded.

"Corey, I know about the family tradition," she admitted as she began milking my hardness. "It should've been me!" She declared as her mouth finally wrapped the head of my awaiting cock.

"Oh shit," I repeated my exclamation, raising my hips to accept her, the head of my cock meeting the roof of her mouth. She slid off with a trail of drool, her hand smearing the saliva back down my length as lubricant as her eyes once more found mine. "I wanted it to be you," I admitted and it made her smile. "But you went away."

For a moment I thought I'd said the wrong thing, her smile dissolving though her hand continued to stroke me.

"I'm back now," she studied my eyes as the rate of her jerking increased.

"I know."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," I declared with all conviction.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"Oh yes," I sighed, my cock hardening further in her grip in anticipation of being inside her.

The movement was swift. Theresa's leg that had been in my possession was dragged away as she changed position in the bath. In a wave of water, she made it to her knees and descended forward atop my body, my arms embracing her as she climbed upon my hips. Her dripping and soapy boobs made contact with my chest the same moment my cock found its way between her legs, Theresa's hand there to guide it inside. And we were one. Brother and sister connected at the sex. Her mouth descended upon my own and as my cock plunged further into her, to its zenith, her tongue slid between my lips.

This was perfect. So tight was her vagina it gripped me like her fist. So slippery her skin as my hands caressed her back, down to her buttocks.

"Say it," Theresa gasped as we kissed.

"I love you," I immediately replied, sliding a finger along the crack of her ass to press against her anus. "I love you so much," my tongue entwining with hers.

Her ass crashing down in the water with every thrust caused waves to splash the edge of the bath, onto the floor. Ignoring it, I grasped a breast and found her nipple, tweaking it between thumb and forefinger before deciding I needed to taste and leaving her mouth for tit.

More than a mouthful she gave me. Perched in my lap, Theresa fed me boob and greedily I sucked at her nipple. One then the other. Lavishing her chest with kisses before moving on to her neck. Her head fell back,

pussy still bucking on my cock as I nibbled her flesh, biting and kissing my way across jaw back to her mouth.

"I wanna cum on you," she groaned as I matched her descent, lifting my groin up into every penetration. "I want to cum on your face," she followed, almost embarrassed at her honesty.

"Fuck yeah," I kissed her. "Give me that pussy Sis," I declared, embarrassed myself for using the term 'Sis,' one that I'd never. "Let me taste you."

Wasting no time, Theresa rose from my tower of love and bowlegged, thrust her hirsute and dripping pussy into my face. Water and her own lubricant flowed into my mouth as I wrapped my lips around her lips. My tongue delving between her labia to enter her body then back up to her clit as she ground herself into my jaw. Hands were pressed to the back of my head, fingers through my hair as I licked and sucked her little aroused button, my hands gripping her buttocks for support.

And then the squeal of delight from above, her fingers forcing my mouth back onto her vagina as I accepted her increased lube. No squirting, just a steady stream of her sweetness which I swallowed with relish, poking my tongue once more into her pussy to feel the shudder of her orgasm. "I'm on the pill," she whispered through stifled breath as she slid down my chest, my cock finding its home and filling her once more. Mouths again bonded. Her tongue seeking the taste of her cunt as her pussy clasped my dick, her pelvic floor doing the work and bringing me ever closer.

"I fucking love you Theresa," I gasped as I released a held breath and my ejaculation inside her, the earlier admission giving me permission to

cum within her body. And what a release. Twenty years of brotherly love flowing from my heart to hers by way of the sex.

"I feel it," she almost cried and I wondered if she meant my love or my cum as I spurted countless times inside her. "I can feel your cum Corey," she promptly answered my question, her arms embracing my body, kisses of affection upon my lips. "It's beautiful," she declared.

*

There were giggles when I pulled from her minutes later and we set to actually removing the tan from her body. There were kisses and more than the occasional touch of cock or pussy. We were just having fun and it felt as innocent as when we were kids. When Mom opened the door on us however there was that initial feeling of being sprung, an instant instinct to disguise any inappropriate behavior that might be taking place. The look on her face told us it was unwarranted.

"Are you two still in here?" She smirked, Dad taking a peek over her shoulder with a similar expression on his face. "You'd better get some sleep. Delores texted me and they've moved Skin-Tightz forward. We're on first thing tomorrow morning," she managed to relay before Dad wrapped his hands around her waist and dragged her squealing away toward their bedroom.

Theresa and I looked at each other and shared a laugh before her hand reached for the hot faucet.

"I think we can stay a little longer, don't you?" She cheekily smiled as her other hand reached for my rapidly hardening cock.

I was in total agreement.

CHAPTER 4

It had annoyed me from the day I started working at the station. No sound coming through the monitor backstage. I climbed up onto the bench and ignoring occupational health and safety, reached across to the edge of the screen and found a control panel. Success. Gayle's voice increasing in volume as I pushed the appropriate button. Finding a suitable medium, I leaned back to watch the screen itself, an encore of a recent Suck U Dry steam vacuum segment. It wasn't the vacuum that caught my attention.

Gayle's pants looked to be painted on. Flesh colored they clung to her like skin, her large ass looking naked as she pushed the vacuum across the intentionally littered floor. And then standing upright. Facing forward as the camera panned up the length of the vacuum and her legs in the one shot. Stopping as it reached the handle and respectively, her groin. The cameltoe must have been intentional. Her pants disappearing between her feminine folds to perfectly trace the outline of upper labia and clitoral hood. She was surely not wearing panties.

My cock twitching within my pants, I dropped back down as the woman herself entered the changing room and looked up at her own image. "Ooh, I hate the sound of my own voice," she waved dismissively at the screen before looking back down at me, her eyes dropping further as she noticed the increasing bulge in my pants. "Oh goodness Corey," she smiled. "Someone's looking forward to the next hour!"

I felt myself blush and a little self-conscious, I was relieved when she turned her attention to the hosiery.

"So, which should I wear?" She cast her eyes over the arrangement upon the bench.

"You? Aren't you hosting?"

"Oh, I'll always wear a pair under my dress while presenting. A quick lift for the audience," she added, taking the front of her skirt and pulling it up her leg as a demonstration. She stopped just shy of her groin, her thick thigh and pale skin, smooth and longing to be kissed. My cock strained against my fly and I ached to know what underwear she wore?

The screech of the radio in my ear cut short our conversation as I indicated to Gayle, Delores was on line.

"Say again," I asked.

"Theresa and your mother are on their way," she informed me. "Has Gayle arrived? We've got twenty minutes 'til air. I want this to be one of our best, so Corey... do your thing. Management is watching!" She ended on an ominous note and I immediately turned my attention back to Gayle.

"Are you wearing panties?" I shamelessly asked the sixty-plus year old woman and despite her demonstrated casual attitude to nudity and sex I'd witnessed over the last two weeks, she blushed.

"Of course I am Honey," I noticed her nipples harden in her tightly wound satin wrap dress. "Why?"

I walked across to the box of excess stock and removed a pair of flesh colored pantyhose and turned back towards her.

"Well take them off!"

*

Gayle didn't need convincing. As if it was a regular day to day routine, she casually tucked her hands under her dress and sought out her underwear, her eyes on me as she lowered the orange satin and lace panties down her legs. Off over her heeled feet, she stood back to attention and held them out.

"I trust you can hold onto these for me?" She smiled; her coyness long gone.

My dick now begging to be released from my fly, I took Gayle's panties and feeling their warmth, tucked them beside my hardness in my front pocket for later perusal, handing her the hose in return.

"Oh, you might have to help me Sweetie," she held up her nails. "Just had them done. Don't want to cause a run."

Her smile gave away the fact she was perfectly capable of putting them on herself without incident, but ever the gentleman, I took back the packet.

Gayle took it upon herself to raise her dress in preparation, lifting the skirt well above her groin before backing onto a director's chair and resting her ass. She made sure my gaze was on her as she raised her leg, crossing it over the other as a man would sit as she undid the sling of her heels. Fumbling with the plastic packet, my eyes zeroed in on her slit. The shaving job I'd done two days earlier holding up, her pubic mound perfectly smooth.

"Fuck you're hot!" I hastened to compliment the mature woman before me as the packet ripped open and I dropped to help remove her second shoe.

"And you're quite the gentleman," Gayle praised me, taking her now bare foot and placing it upon my shoulder. I cocked my neck to brush my cheek against her, my eyes struggling to rise from between her legs as I kissed her ankle. It seemed to delight her and her now bare other foot left my hand and planted square upon my bulging fly. "Why don't you get that out and I'll show you what a lady does for a gentleman?"

The pantyhose in my hand, I wasted no time in unzipping my fly and unleashing my erection, standing proud as Gayle ran her toes up my length.

"Oh, for goodness' sake Gayle," my mother's voice entered the fray and we looked as one as Mom and Theresa entered backstage hand in hand. "We can't leave you alone for a minute."

"What?" Gayle once more acted coy. "He was helping me put on my pantyhose!"

"Is that what we're calling it now?" Mom laughed. "You can put on your own pantyhose woman," she grinned and I rose blushing, my cock still protruding from my pants. Theresa was sharing the mirth, a smile on her face as her eyes locked onto my cock.

"Yes Gayle," Theresa stuck her tongue firmly in her cheek. "Not very professional."

Indignant, Gayle took the pantyhose from my grasp and rolled them in preparation.

"Well, I'm going to be out front for the next hour," she defended herself. "It's alright for you two," she looked down at my cock. "You'll have access to it for most of the show."

Feeling suddenly self-conscious, I made to put my dick back in my pants only for Mom to stop me.

"Oh, Corey wait," she hummed. "I think you can leave that out."

I didn't need to be told twice.

"Ten minutes Corey," Delores spoke in my ear and it caused me to jump, reacting immediately to her reminder.

"Got it," I answered and with all eyes in the room still focused on my incredibly erect penis, clicked my fingers to get their combined attention. "Okay. Ten minutes 'til we're on. Mom, Theresa. Get undressed."

The power of the comment had me ridiculously getting harder and the desire to touch it was almost overwhelming, resisting as I made toward the bench-top and the organized Skin-Tightz range. Having studied the rundown forensically, I lifted two pair of the black opaque pantyhose and turned back to the room. Gayle with her tan pantyhose around her knees, Mom already down to bra and panties and my sister bottomless, in the act of removing her shirt.

"So usually you wear a tank top, right?" I asked Mom, nodding her agreement, her nipples clearly visible through her black mesh bra. "Not today. Go with the bra."

I handed her a pair of pantyhose just as Gayle finished pulling hers up. The ungraceful last movement as she pulled them high on her waist, her pussy smushed against the nylon and gusset.

"And Gayle," the woman crept her eyes up from my cock. "That thing you showed me before, where you flash a bit of leg," I reminded her. "Don't be afraid to go a little higher."

A wicked smile came to her lips. "Oh, you naughty boy. Can we get away with that?"

"You don't remember what you were wearing the other day?" I reminded her of the swimsuits and she winked her acceptance.

Theresa, like Mom, was down to her bra and panties and was thankfully wearing black, Mom handing her the opaques to put on.

"Five minutes Corey," Delores radioed in. "Why isn't Gayle on set?"

I turned back to her and took her arms in hand, her dress silky to the touch. "Okay, you're on. And that other thing you do," I began and she frowned. "Where you feel up the models," I elaborated and she smiled knowingly. "Do more of it!"

"Get Gayle out there," Delores once more yelled in my ear and I turned the host in the direction of the set.

"Good luck," I patted her on the ass and she giggled like a schoolgirl before pausing and turning back.

"At least let me have something before I go," she asked and without warning, reached down to grasp my dick. I looked on as she tightly stroked up my length, drawing out a large dribble of clear pre-cum and scooping it onto her thumb. As Mom, Theresa and I watched, she grinned as she raised her hand to her face and ran the moisture across her already painted lips, an added gloss for the awaiting camera as she once more turned tail for the studio.

"Okay, Delores," I reported back. "Gayle's on set."

Turning back to my family, I found Mom and Theresa pretty much ready to go, in the final act of putting on the matching black heels. With Mom in a thong, the black opaques hid everything, but Theresa's full panties, though black as well, left a panty-line.

"Get the girls ready," Delores called and I decided the panty-line would have to stand, its presence irrelevant in the next change anyway. Side

by side they stood for me awaiting my approval and I took a moment to be grateful for the position I was in.

"So, how do we look?" Mom smiled and placed her hand in Theresa's as they'd first appeared.

What could I say? Matching apparel. Their hair up showing their necks. The resemblance between mother and daughter now striking to me, their beauty and the love I had for them was overpowering in the moment and it almost brought a tear to my eye.

"You look beautiful," I shrugged and it drew sympathetic sighs from my women, kisses to my cheek.

Gayle was announcing the Skin-Tightz hour on the monitor and Delores once more reminded me of the time. "Okay, you've got to go," I composed myself and turned them toward the set entrance, watching their asses as they walked away.

Delores entered as they exited, Mom shaking her head and breathing "unbelievable," as they went their separate ways.

"What!?" Delores grinned as she passed by the women before her eyes clearly searched the room for me or more pointedly, what was poking out of my pants. "Just thought I'd keep you company out here," she smiled, making straight for my erection. "I see the show's already started without me."

With a good ten minutes until the next scheduled change, I slunk back onto a director's chair as Delores moved in beside, our eyes up on the monitor as her hand wrapped around my cock.

"I love going with the bras instead of tank tops," Delores praised, her hand working slowly up and down my shaft. "It's more natural."

On set, Mom and Theresa entered and Gayle once again introduced Theresa to the audience as our newest model, the words making me wonder what Sasha would be thinking, being replaced by an amateur? The camera zoomed in on my sister's face. Not a model. The 'girl next door,' and in my mind and eye, one of the two most beautiful women on Earth. No prizes for guessing the other as Mom, parading the catwalk, was captured by the camera operator.

I was wrong. The lights of the studio could make out her thong under the opaque tights, and as she turned, there was the string diving between her luscious cheeks.

"What do you think about the visible panties?" I looked up at Delores momentarily then back at the screen, not wanting to miss a second.

"Hmm," Delores pondered as the camera scanned back toward Gayle and Theresa, the older woman in the act of tucking her hand into the waist of my sister's pantyhose to demonstrate the opacity or lack thereof of the high-waisted tights. "I don't mind it actually. Leaves something to the imagination."

Just as she said it, Gayle demonstrated the effect on herself, taking my suggestion to the extreme.

"...though that certainly doesn't!" Delores gasped as Gayle lifted her dress. Showing the tan pantyhose on her hip at first, she turned with the skirt still raised and presented her crotch to the audience. The camera zoomed in on the sight, the gusset protecting a little of her modesty, but the top of her slit clearly visible behind the thin nylon. "Oh my God!" Delores sighed, expressing her shock though her hand began moving quicker up and down on my shaft.

"It was my idea," I was quick to defend Gayle to any possible backlash from exposing her pussy on live television.

"She's not wearing any... where are her panties!?" Delores' eyes locked on the screen and hand rapidly moving on my cock. Pre-cum was lubricating the underside of my dick and I reached into my pocket beside to retrieve said item.

"Here!" I proudly presented Gayle's orange underwear and Delores' eyes slowly tailed down from the screen.

"Well let's put them to use, shall we?" Delores plotted, taking them from my hand and wrapping them around my cock to use as stimulus. The silky nature of the undergarment, along with the very thought of what was happening had me edging, more so when Gayle began talking about Theresa's ass.

"...and let's not forget about the tush ladies," Gayle said, turning Theresa around to present her rear to the camera. "The Skin-Tightz lift and shape the booty... not that Theresa here needs help, do you Sweetie?" She remarked, her hand caressing Theresa's cheeks, constantly moving sensually over my sister's ass, even between her thighs. "And another thing," Gayle continued, her fingers clearly pressing, almost cupping

Theresa's asshole. "...the moisture wicking gusset. Now we all get a little wet now and then don't we girls?"

"Jesus Christ!" Delores exclaimed.

"Yeah, that might be me as well," I admitted. "I may've told her to go a little further with feeling up the models. The gusset thing was all her though," I quickly added.

"Delores, are you on line?" The voice of Vivienne the receptionist came over the radio and caused Delores to stop jerking me off. In time too. I actually didn't want to cum so soon and it was getting to the point of no return.

"Yes," Delores answered.

"Ah, we've got multiple complaints and I've got management on hold for you," her voice was suitably anxious and my heart began rapidly beating.

What had we done?

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I'd just tucked my cock back into my pants and secreted Gayle's panties back in my pocket when Theresa came striding backstage.

"Did you see me out there Corey?" She beamed. "How did I look?" When she saw the look on my own face, her demeanor changed dramatically. "What's wrong?"

"I think we've gone too far?" I grimaced and explained further when I saw her look of confusion. "Gayle had her hand around your asshole!" I exclaimed. "And I don't think the bare pussy was a good idea."

"What? Why? It just seemed so natural out there at the time. I thought management wanted us to be sexier."

"Well, yeah they did but they're talking to Delores right now. And there've been complaints."

"What?" Theresa seemed incredulous. "Who'd complain? I watched the encore screening of that Wet Waves show the other day. We haven't done much worse."

She was right. Were they real complaints or just prudes looking to be offended? Maybe head office wanted to compliment us!? My train of thought was derailed anyway as Theresa made to remove her pantyhose.

"So, what am I wearing next?"

I tried to focus, concentrating on the rest of the show as opposed to outside influence, hurrying to the bench to get Theresa's next outfit. It was then Delores came back into the room.

"Oh, you put it away!?" Her eyes were firmly planted upon my groin and I was amazed she was still thinking of sex in the circumstances.

"What? Forget about that; what happened?"

"Hm?" Her eyes strayed onto Theresa down to her panties and bra and only lazily drifted back to me. "Oh, management? Yeah. They love it," she waved a hand dismissively.

"And the complaints?" I asked.

"Oh, don't worry about them. We get complaints during scented candles. What's next?" She looked at the array of hosiery before me and relieved, I turned back to the two women, holding stockings.

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"You can't wear those panties," Delores observed when Theresa had donned the thigh-high stay-ups. Tan in color with lace hem, they clashed with her black underwear and I was quick to agree.

"Which is where this comes in," I held up the tiny modesty thong, its sandy color matching the stockings.

As she'd done in Delores' office a day before, Theresa had no problem removing her panties, sliding them down her legs and once again passing them to our boss. Her lush thatch of pubic hair drawing our eyes, I could sense the cogs turning in Delores' head and attempted to allay her doubts before they were voiced.

"The thong'll cover it!" I assuredly stated as I handed my sister the minuscule g-string, my own doubts rising as she stepped into the item. "Okay, maybe not!" I relented as Theresa pulled it up tight on her mound.

Though manicured into a perfect triangle, Theresa's pubic hair still showed above the hem of the thong, an unmissable fringe of dark locks.

"Fix it," Delores demanded of me. "She can't go out there like that!"

Immediately I dropped to my knees and slipping my fingers into the string sides of my sister's panty, pulled it up higher on her pussy. A familiar conundrum appearing. The front managed to obscure her pubes, but it caused the gusset to slide between her labia, creating a whole new set of problems.

Theresa managed to find it amusing, laughing at the situation and possibly the feeling of the string obviously pressing her clit. Pubic hair and labia bulging around the cotton, it was clear she couldn't go on tv like this.

"You know what you have to do," Delores stated, absently caressing Theresa's black panties as she watched on intently. "It's just like Gayle all over again. There's time."

I looked up at my sister and then back down at her crotch, pulling the thong back down to its initial position. I knew I had to do it. Shave her as I'd done Gayle. But it felt so wrong. I'd loved every second of burying

my face in her crotch the night before. Kissing her mound and feeling the tickle of pubes; breathing in their perfume. I couldn't do it!

"I can't!" I stood and looked at Delores.

"What!?" She seemed shocked.

"Look at this," I exclaimed as I reached out and pulled my sister's thong down mid-thigh. "It's beautiful." I ran my fingers down through her pubic hair, the strands between my digits like a comb. "It'd be a crime to remove it."

Delores moved in and placed a hand upon mine and I allowed her access, her fingers replacing my own and massaging Theresa's pubes. It seemed to do the trick and I sidled in beside Theresa, her hand dropping to my fly and unzipping. As Delores slid her fingers lower, cupping my sister's pussy, my cock was drawn from its housing and Theresa began to jerk my length.

"It is natural, I suppose," Delores whispered as she clearly began fingering Theresa, the muscles in her arm tensing as she worked. I reached around and grabbed Delores' ass, caressing her buttock as I drew her in ever closer.

Pressing up against Theresa, her chest met my sister's and Theresa exhaled loudly at the connection. It was then I deftly undid her bra.

The straps of Theresa's bra fell from her shoulders and Delores noticed, moving her chest back slightly to allow the bra to fall away altogether, Theresa's upturned breasts and erect nipples once more pressing into

Delores' awaiting bust. I could smell my sister's pussy below and with one hand kneading Delores' ass through her dress, I dropped the other to do the same on Theresa. Two asses in hand. I slid a finger between Theresa's cheeks and found her asshole, wet from her spreading lubricant. Further and my fingers met Delores' and we tangled in my sister's pubes and dripping labia.

With their face's inches apart, it was Theresa who leaned in to close the distance, her lips meeting Delores' and greeted with the older woman's tongue. Another hand joined Theresa's around my cock and the two women worked perfectly together, sharing my length as they squeezed and tugged. I wanted in on the kiss but a voice from over my shoulder alerted me of the time, Gayle foreshadowing the change of hosiery. "...so, I'll let you go and get changed Angie darling and I'll run through the sizing and availability ladies..."

I looked at the monitor just in time to see Mom leave the set, back at my sister and Delores locked in the most intimate of kisses and then Mom enter the backstage area behind them, reluctantly drawing my cock away from the combined grasp to get back to work.

"Oh, don't let me stop you," Mom laughed as Delores and Theresa as well paused their lovemaking, their saliva slickened lips parting and heads turning toward my mother.

"Ah, Angela," Delores drew her hand from Theresa's pussy. "We were just discussing the next segment."

I made my way to the bench and found Mom's stockings, matching thigh-highs as Theresa's yet in black, heading right back to my sister.

"What do you think Mom?" I once more dropped to pull up Theresa's thong, snugly sitting it over her now sopping pubic hair. "Can we get away with this?"

Delores moved back to allow us all a good look at my sister, her lubricant causing the lower half of her thong to darken.

"The wet panties or the pubic hair?" Mom asked before waving a hand in dismissal. "Let's just go with it," she giggled before commenting on Theresa's lack of bra, now fallen to the floor. "Are we going topless too?"

It was a joke. We all knew it, and as Gayle began to run through the forthcoming hosiery lines on the monitor, Mom began hurriedly removing her pantyhose and Theresa made for the tan tank top to match her thong. It was then I thought about it.

"Wait a second," I stated to the room as Mom took the stay-ups from my hand. "What are we selling here?"

"Hosiery," Delores immediately replied.

"Exactly. Not some other brand's bras," I looked at Mom. "Or some unflattering tank top," I caused Theresa to pause. I walked behind Mom and unclasped her bra, goosebumps rising on her skin as I delicately removed it from her body. "Let's go topless!"

"Impossible!" Delores declared.

"Honey we can't. Not in this time slot," Mom added.

"Not in any time slot," Delores seemed adamantly opposed.

"Wait, hear me out," I argued. "I don't mean have the boobs out. Covered!" I lifted up Mom's hands to press to her breasts and immediately saw Delores soften.

"It could work," she brightened, looking to Theresa who in turn lifted her hands in demonstration, her breasts bulging around her pressed palms. "It's risqué though."

"No more than Gayle flashing her snatch on TV just ten minutes ago!" I countered. As if on cue, Gayle announced the thigh-highs and it was now or never.

"Okay, do it," Delores bit her bottom lip as Mom and Theresa made for the exit.

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Delores' hand still holding my sister's panties, reached out to mine as we looked up at the monitor. On screen, Mom entered first and the camera operator was clearly taken off guard, the shot of my mother topless, blurry as he hurriedly zoomed in on her appearance. If Gayle was taken aback, it wasn't evident as she professionally called the play.

"...and here we have Angela again and might I say looking gorgeous in the coal-black thigh highs."

Mom, smiling, walked the length of the catwalk toward the camera, the one arm and adjoined hand obscuring her nipples, the rest of her boobs heaving around the limb. She turned and presented her bare bottom. The black thong disappearing between her cheeks and the camera sure to zoom in on two of her best features in the act of filming the stockings.

Theresa entered and walked smiling and clearly slightly embarrassed towards Mom, both hands used to cup her large boobs and the camera forgot all about the stockings, framing my sister's torso in the shot from her pubic hair bursting over the hem of her thong to her breasts bouncing as she walked.

My hand left Delores' and made its way back onto her ass, instantly setting the woman into action. "I need to be fucked Corey," she desperately sighed, moving in front of me and bending forward over the back of the director's chair. Her ass presented to me; I wasted no time in lifting her dress up over her hips to reveal her black lace panties. These I ripped down her thighs, leaving them rolled at her knees as I dropped to my own. With eyes looking up over her exposed ass to the television, I spread her cheeks and dove in face first.

If she was surprised at where my tongue entered, much like Gayle's reaction to the models topless, she didn't show it as I slid myself inside her asshole. Poking herself out for me, her sphincter welcomed my penetration as I stabbed at her most intimate of crevices like a madman, all the while dining on my mother and sister's near nudity.

"Oh, fucking yes, eat my ass you dirty fuck," Delores showed a whole new side to her personality as I grabbed my cock and beat myself below, even more turned on by her filthy tongue. Rising I lifted my t-shirt and ripped it from my body before undoing my pants. Delores, sensing

my undressing undid the front of her dress and had her boobs out, my hands quick to find them as I pressed into her body.

Clothes and my radio scattered on the floor; my dick entered her effortlessly. With tits in hand, I used them as leverage as I pulled myself into her body, my cock fully inserted and pelvic bone pressed hard up against her buttocks. "Fucking, fuck me," Delores demanded and a good employee, I did as told. Slamming into her we watched the screen as Gayle dropped to her haunches, her knees parting to allow the camera a peek up her skirt as she ran her hands up and down Mom's inner calf and thigh. She moved to Theresa as I held Delores' hips, my groin slapping her ass as I drilled her pussy.

The smell of sex filled the room as Gayle once more had Theresa bending forward. For what reason, I had no idea. But the effect was ridiculously hot as the camera zoomed in to film the lace tops of the stockings on her upper thighs. Above and the darker skin around my sister's asshole was visible behind the string of the thong and the very sight had me on the brink of cumming. Onscreen Theresa straightened and turned, the camera remaining focused squarely on the triangle of her thong, the dampness seeming to have spread and the tuft of pubic hair peeking over the rim even more pronounced. This was no Home Shopping network. We were a sex channel. Undeniable. It was then, amid her panting and begging me not to stop, that Delores began to cum.

Her vagina squeezed my cock, her body shuddering below me and stifled breaths leaving her lungs. So tight she hugged me it was all I could do to keep fucking, the increased lube flowing from her the saving grace, allowing movement and lessening the friction. "Jesus Christ," Delores puffed as she straightened and turned her head to me. "Kiss me."

Managing to find her mouth I immediately thought of her kissing Theresa, possibly my sister's saliva I tasted as our tongues entwined. That and the sight of her walking the catwalk once again had me about to cum and I pulled out, apologizing when I saw Delores' expression.

"No need Corey," she smiled. "Your mother would kill me anyway. She said she wants it today!"

Naked, I reached down and pulled Delores' panties back up her legs and she allowed her dress to fall back down her body.

"Don't worry about that," Delores remarked when she saw me make to retrieve my clothes. "You're just fine the way you are."

Full of testosterone; an erection composed of solid granite and a mind totally focused on sex, I agreed it only natural I remain naked and as Delores, satisfied, departed with a kiss to her office, I set about preparing the next change.

Whom should wear what? Two bodystockings lay before me. White and black. Completely sheer; pasties for their nipples lay beside the lingerie but since Mom's had been visible the entire show through her bra and not the slightest mention had been made, I pushed them aside. Theresa had to wear the white I decided. More virginal and just the thought of her bush having nowhere to hide behind the tiny white modesty thong, it was a no-brainer. But then another thought invaded my brain. Just as with the bras. We weren't advertising thongs. My cock swelled at the very idea. Could we do it?

Not concentrating on what was happening on the monitor, the sudden sound of voices behind me had me startled and I turned to see all

three of the onscreen talent. With Gayle between my mom and sister, they had arms locked and could have been casually walking along a street. If not for the lack of clothing. With all eyes on my nudity and Gayle's in particular aimed square at my cock, it was she that spoke first. "You see, I miss everything being out there!"

"Who IS out there!?" I fired back, confused at her appearance.

"Oh, they're just running the promo," Mom answered, first to break and approach, her hand reaching out for my cock. Still slick with Delores' juices and pre-cum flowing from my eye, Mom gently stroked her hand up and down my length before lifting it to her mouth and tasting. "Let me guess, Delores? You'd better not have..."

"I haven't," I admitted I was yet to cum and she smiled.

"Gayle," Mom signaled out to the older woman. "Maybe you'd like to keep Corey hard while we change?"

My sister already sliding her modesty thong down her legs and revealing that heavenly bush, and Mom about to do same, I needed nothing to 'keep me hard,' but Gayle hungrily aiming toward me, I was willing to take one for the team.

An experienced mouth, Gayle wrapped her lips around my cock and lavished me with affection as I watched Theresa remove her stay-ups. Completely naked, she joined me in admiring our mother as she too rose from a chair and it was then I fathomed we were all three of us naked at once. The first time in our lives for certain. Surely not the last.

"So, who's wearing which?" Mom looked at the remaining hosiery, the differing bodystockings.

"Yeah," I managed to voice as Gayle deep-throated herself on my dick, gagging and retching from my length in a flood of saliva, all eyes upon her.

"Sorry," she looked around self-consciously, collecting the drool in her hand and slathering it back onto my cock. "Got a little carried away."

"So, yeah I was saying," I continued as Mom lifted the white thong from the bench. "You're already in black so I thought Theresa should go with the white."

"Theresa in the showstopper," Gayle broke into the conversation, her hand still jerking my lubricated length. "I love it."

Mom immediately passed the thong to Theresa but I was quick to remonstrate.

"Ah actually," I remarked as their hands made contact via panty and heads turned in my direction. "Why don't we go without?"

"What?" Mom questioned.

"Are you serious?" Theresa doubted.

"I love it," Gayle repeated, rubbing my cock against her slick chin and cheeks.

"Well, it's just like the bras," I defended. "Were not selling panties; it's the bodystocking everyone's looking at."

With mischievous eyes, Mom smiled cheekily. "Have you run this by Delores?"

"Ah, no. But I'm sure she'd agree," I stood by my suggestion.

"Promo's ending, where's Gayle?" Delores voice managed to rise from the radio upon the floor and it was then I could've sought her approval, deciding against.

"Let's just do it!" Gayle reluctantly rose from her knees with my help and eventually took a hand from my cock. "What's the worst that can happen? We get taken off air? The station'll probably be closed in a month anyway."

It was the first time I'd heard anyone acknowledge the rumors and it made me doubly sure we were doing the right thing. As Gayle checked her face in the mirror, I walked toward Mom and my sister and reached out for the thong.

"We can do this," I confidently stated and took possession of the g-string.

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I couldn't help myself. Theresa modeling the crotchless bodystocking for me, nipples hard, her dark bush perfectly framed by the surrounding transparent nylon, I moved in and embraced her. My cock slid between her accepting thighs, easing along her lubricated labia as she in turn wrapped her arms around me. With cheeks touching, we looked at the monitor as Gayle introduced our mother onto the set.

"...and here we go ladies... oh Angela you look divine," Gayle laid eyes upon her for the first time along with the audience. No modesty thong to obscure her bare sex. No pasties to conceal her aroused nipples through the see-through black nylon. The one-time local newsreader my friends and I had grown up watching on television was now essentially naked before the viewing public. She paraded the length of the catwalk as the camera devoured her appearance, a pan up her body from heels to smiling face and kudos to the operator for delaying on her bald snatch and poking nipples.

"She looks amazing," Theresa whispered and turned her eyes back to mine, her pelvis slowly grinding upon my erection, using my cock as a balance beam.

"You look amazing," I admitted and our mouths met.

"...and as you can see you can wear it without panties," Gayle spoke through the monitor and my closed eyes opened to peek at the screen to see Gayle place her hand between Mom's legs. Live to air, Gayle cupped Mom's pussy, a casual movement as she clearly fingered her colleague. I thrust my groin into Theresa, fucking her thighs as the lube from her pussy coated my length.

I could hear the phone lines ringing from reception, a constant chorus of what? Disapproval? Controversy creates conversation. Was any press, even negative, better than none? Mom turned onscreen and presented her ass, the cheeks half covered by the stocking, Gayle quick to place a hand upon her, tracing the line of the nylon, caressing Mom's buttocks. Theresa was watching the screen with me. Our tongues licking the others, her pussy now rapidly sliding the rigid pole between her thighs.

"Touch my ass," she demanded between kisses and ever so quickly I complied, my hand sliding down her back to squeeze a buttock before slipping my middle finger between her cheeks. "Poke it," she strangely breathed as I found her asshole. The tip of my finger inside her tightest of holes; my sister came on me.

Her mouth encircled mine as she gasped her pleasure. She pulled her body against me. A leg raised, she seemed to desire to mount me and amenable, I cupped her ass with my other hand and lifted her into my arms. My cock slid inside her body effortlessly and with legs wrapped around me, I felt her pussy quiver its orgasm around my erection.

"...and it comes in two colors girls," Gayle's voice filtered into our lovemaking and Theresa lazily opened her eyes to me.

"I'm on," she acknowledged, although she could've been referring to my cock inside her. "I have to go, don't I?" She reluctantly unwrapped her legs from my hips as I nodded and I allowed her body to slip from mine, my cock last to relinquish the hold.

"Do we have the lovely Theresa ready to go?" Gayle questioned as Mom did one final walk of the stage.

My dick had never looked bigger. Maybe it was the light glistening off the saliva and pussy juice lubed length but as it popped from Theresa's hirsute pussy, I felt my hardness alone could've supported her weight if she chose to stay.

Onscreen, Theresa entered. Mother and daughter exchanged the most intimate of handovers, no casual kiss upon cheeks, a sensual kiss. A, without doubt incestuous meeting of lips and tongue before going their separate ways. I looked to the entrance of backstage and she appeared. My mother. My goddess. Her face was bright. Cheeks flushed that weren't apparent on the television, color to her neck.

"How's it going?" She asked as her hands held out to greet me. "Any complaints?"

"Not from me," I joked as I took her in my arms. The phone lines were still ringing constantly and the fact Delores had been silent for the last ten minutes was either a very good sign or the opposite.

"Then fuck me," Mom insisted as my wet cock met her belly. "It's been too long Baby," her mouth met mine and tongue forced between my lips. "Momma needs her boy's cock!"

The camera was focused squarely on Theresa's hairy snatch as I lifted Mom back onto the bench-top. Her legs parted to allow me into her and as nature intended, I was back inside my mother. Deep I delved. My pubic bone meeting hers. So perfect was her grip around me; so long I'd waited to be back within her, my orgasm was unstoppable. Her laughter was surprising, without malice and completely beautiful.

"I can feel it," she giggled as I came inside her, no ridicule at my premature ejaculation. Was it though? For near an hour, I'd been hard. My dick had been inside four different women in some form. Brought two to orgasm. I was amazed I'd lasted this long.

"I'm sorry," I gasped as I felt my cock pulsing inside her, an immeasurable amount of cum gifted within.

"Don't be Baby," she cupped my face in her hands, bringing me closer to her as she squeezed her pelvic floor around me, milking my cock. "Just don't get soft."

It was the simplest of orders and the easiest with which to comply. As I renewed (more rightly began) my thrusting, I doubted I'd ever lose my erection again around such beauty.

"...and you can just make out the nipples," Gayle caressed Theresa's breast, misrepresenting the product in that my sister's nipples were entirely visible through the white nylon. "So that gives a certain mystery to your special someone. Leaves something to the imagination..." she continued as Mom and I fucked.

"Yes, look at her Honey," Mom panted, her back against the mirrored wall behind the bench. "Look at your sister's tits Baby." As she said it, Mom pulled the bodysuit down below her own, essentially hinting I lavish some attention. And lavish I did. Dropping my head, I in turn lifted a boob and brought my lips around her, her nipple filling my mouth before I sucked. "Oh, fuck yes Baby," Mom purred. "Suck on my tits you good boy."

The other. To take it in my mouth as my hand took up the duty. Grasping her boob, kneading the nipple between my fingers. Back onto her mouth and our kiss as intense as expected of the still new lovers we'd become. Had it only been two weeks? It felt like years. So right was our love. So perfect was the feeling of my cock inside my mother.

I was puffing. Covered in sweat as I hammered myself into her. My buttocks ached from thrusting; my abs just as exhausted. But thankfully, mothers know their sons. "Sit back Baby," she whispered, and ready for rest I lifted her from the bench, cock still deep, and shuffled back onto an awaiting chair.

With a sigh, I reclined and she took up the task. Insatiable, Mom slammed her ass down onto my thighs. My dick catching the light as she rose up along its length, her pussy greedily devouring me over and again. "Grab my ass," she gasped into my mouth. Like mother, like daughter I observed as I complied with her wishes. Two handfuls of ample buttock. Squeezing and assisting with the fucking as I pulled her ass down into my lap. "You're going to make me..." her words were lost as her mouth fell upon my own and boobs pressed to my chest. Again, and again, she bombarded me with her pussy, my cum, her own juices flowing freely between my thighs. "I'm cumm... I'm cumming," Mom managed to gasp into my mouth and I took it upon myself to test her asshole with a finger.

She squeezed around the tip of my digit as she came. Her teeth biting into my tongue in much the same manner as her pussy in turn gripped my cock. She owned me. I was hers forever and would be there to please her every whim. Again, I came. Like turning a faucet, I released inside her and our orgasms were one. Mother and son locked together in cum, in love.

With the sound of Gayle describing how gorgeous Theresa looked in her bodystocking, Mom and I kissed and caressed in post orgasm haze. It was only when Delores entered the room and tut-tutted, did we acknowledge where we were, our eyes opening sleepily as one. "Well, I hope there's still some in there for me," she had her eyes aimed at our groins and, as Mom slowly climbed off me to reveal the slick and frothy evidence of cum, at my dick.

"Be my guest," Mom smiled, leaning in to kiss me once more as Delores amazingly made for my cock. The action was surprising, wantonly obscene and ridiculously arousing. Delores grasped my cock at the base and pressed her lips to my underside, her tongue to follow. Greedily she licked the lubed length of my erection, wrapping her mouth around the head and sucking the remaining cum from me like a straw. A grin on her wet lips when she looked back at Mom's face.

"Your son has the best tasting cum," she complimented my mother and in turn me. "You should be so proud."

"Oh, I am," Mom caressed the back of my head, kissing me before she moved into the rising Delores, their mouths coming together to share a cummy kiss. I'd clearly died and gone to heaven.

"I told you I'm always missing out!" The voice of Gayle woke me from my spell and I turned to see her enter, hand in hand with Theresa.

"Oh good, were all together," Delores reluctantly broke from making out with my mother. "Don't worry Gayle, you'll have plenty of opportunity in the future," her face could barely disguise her excitement at whatever she was hinting at.

"What does that mean?" Mom began removing her bodystocking and I rose from my chair, Theresa quick to come to my side and I wrapped an arm around her waist.

"We've had a record number of complaints," Delores seemingly conveyed bad news though her smile remained and Gayle waved it away dismissively.

"I've had complaints during non-stick frying pans," she stated. "It means people are watching."

"Exactly," Delores continued. "A lot of people!" She beamed. "Head office is impressed. Skin-Tightz have had record sales and it's all because of you four," she included me and admittedly I felt a little insignificant. I'd just been playing the role of a horny sex obsessed viewer. My direction for the women to display more of their bodies was completely self-serving.

"So, what does it mean for the future of the station?" Mom asked, now totally naked and my still erect cock twitched at the sight.

"We've been renewed!" Delores grinned. "Management have taken bookings from new brands. Even Lauren Brooks' Fashion would you believe!?" She conveyed and the significance of the name went over my head.

"So, they're not closing us down?" Gayle questioned.

"Not if we keep doing what we're doing," Delores smiled and came to stand beside me, a hand lowered to take my cock once more in her

grasp. "Do you think you can keep it up Corey?" She asked and all eyes were cast upon my erection as they awaited my response.

And of the answer; I was certain.

The End.