

MOM'S TANTRIC MASSAGE

silkstockingslover

Kids give their Mom a THC infused lubricant massage.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Kids give their Mom a THC infused lubricant massage.

Note 1: This story is dedicated to **Breezy** and **Tx** who suggested this very unique and kinky tale

Note 2: This is a [Literotica 2021 Winter Holidays Story Contest Story](#) so please vote.

Note 3: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

Important Additional Note: This story features people using cannabis derivatives as aphrodisiacs in women's pussies and asses... so if such drug use bothers you, please stop reading this now. I should also note that I did a fair amount of research, and I also discussed the power of the pleasure drugs used in this story with my dear friend **Breezy**, and I believe the story I have written is quite accurate as regards the power of this drug for a woman. (On the other hand, I'm certainly not a doctor, so don't go trying out this approach to sex before researching it with some far more learned sources than I am. I'm writing fiction, so I have a guaranteed safety net against anything untoward happening, but you wouldn't!)

Mom's Tantric Massage

1. Introduction

Jeremy Hernandez and his twin sister Christy had been running a unique, highly discrete business for the past two years. After an extremely slow first six months, which was only to be expected for any start-up business, during the past eighteen months the business had taken off to a degree that even they with all their optimism could never have imagined.

It had now become so popular they couldn't take on any new clients unless they hired some more employees, which for reasons that will become obvious, they weren't comfortable doing.

For one thing (but not the only thing), this was a family business, and they planned to keep it exclusive to just the two of them.

Their business was called Tantric High (no, not like a school), and it focused on cannabis-infused lubricated full body massages.

Both of the twins were licensed massage therapists, and they were highly proficient in a wide range of massage techniques, even though they now specialized in their own unique niche.

Their company didn't have a physical location since their services were mobile, and just like physicians used to do, they personally drove themselves to their high-end clients' locations anytime and anywhere.

Their massages couldn't remotely be considered ordinary ones. They were unabashedly sensual, deep penetrating massages, which employed their own homemade cannabis-infused oils and lotions. (And no, they were most definitely *not* driving around and smoking pot with people!)

The twins offered a wide range of massage options, but over eighty percent of their massages utilized their top tier: Tranquility™, and Euphoria™. (No, they're not really trademarked, or at least not by me nor by anyone else I'm aware of; this is fiction.)

Their Tranquility massage used a high CBD-based sex lubricant that promoted bodily relaxation while decreasing musculature inflammation. They charged \$400 for an hour-long session.

The Euphoria massage used a high THC-infused lubricant that also promoted bodily relaxation while decreasing musculature inflammation, and in addition it provided a euphoric high to the genitals. Or in plain language, clients receiving this unique massage would, within about fifteen minutes of the lubricant starting to be rubbed in, would experience their pussy or asshole entering a sexual high... so imagine an edible narcotic being consumed by your erogenous orifices instead of orally. Once the high began, the woman (or a man participating as a bottom) would begin experiencing a long series of the most intense orgasms ever. They charged \$500 for these hour-long sessions.

Their extensive and until recently ever-growing clientele list included lawyers, politicians, doctors, CEOs, and a few A-list celebrities.

Everything they did was upscale and first class. They arrived at their clients' requested rendezvous location with Jeremy dressed in high-end tailored suits, and Christy wearing expensive name brand pants suits or other business attire. They looked more like lawyers than massage therapists. Also, they always arrived twenty minutes early... to offer their clients one last opportunity to make any amendments to their requested hour and so they could answer any questions. They used the remainder of the lead time to make any requested changes in their outfits, hair etc.... and of course usually to strip almost naked (or perhaps would strip completely... see below).

Their rates, just like the fixed location massage parlors, might double or even triple depending upon any 'special requests' (which is what they called kinks) their clients might request for a specific session.

Each of the twins had his or her own set of rules to follow. The two sets were basically identical, and were only adapted slightly to accommodate the practitioner's gender.

1. They worked wearing only underwear (or more specifically, Jeremy wore boxers that didn't leave much to the imagination, and Christy typically wore sexy lingerie; her outfit always included stockings, since she was well aware of the sexual aura they always created, and that they made her look sexy as fuck).
2. For an extra fee, the twins performed their massages in the nude, or alternatively the client might purchase an outfit for one of them to wear (although typically that only occurred with Christy's clients... and she was allowed to keep the outfit).
3. They didn't do penetration. Ever. They were *not* prostitutes. They used their hands (principally, but occasionally also an elbow or a knee or some other body part) to rub and massage an orgasm or two or three (or even more) from their clients. Christy once provided a woman with eleven orgasms during her hour... two more than the most Jeremy had ever given a woman within an equal period of time).

4. They always worked as a team, sometimes applying their skills to a client together, or at other times the unengaged twin was present as no more than an observer. Upon rare occasions, they performed their skills upon both members of a couple simultaneously.

They had addressed quite a few unique requests from their clients:

- a woman (a politician's wife) wished to wear a diaper, and to suck on a pacifier the entire time

- a man (a movie star) always requested one or the other twin to dress in a full body bunny suit

- a man (a physician) paid extra to have a 'specimen' peed upon him at the end of his massage

- an extremely successful singer (a woman) who had an album rated in the top three at the time, requested both of them to call her horrific names throughout her massage

- a couple (a judge and a teacher) wished to be spanked until their bottoms were bright red (and strongly resembling severe sunburns, although without the blistering) while they each had a vibrating butt plug in their ass

- a man (a famous online personality) was ass fucked with a dildo if Jeremy was his masseur, or a strap-on if Christy was his masseuse (penetration only classified as sex if either of the twins' sex organs were employed)

- a man (a television personality) wished to be securely bound throughout his massage, and while one twin performed his sensual massage, the other tickled him while the man laughed and screamed the entire time (for his second and subsequent sessions, the twins wore small and undetectable yet effective earplugs to protect their eardrums)

- a man (a Silicon Valley billionaire) dressed himself in a crotchless bodystocking and a wig, and required them to address him like he was female

- a gay couple (a movie director and his husband) wished to roleplay where a babysitter, always played by Jeremy, dominated them both... insisting they both be ass fucked simultaneously and that they both reached their orgasms simultaneously

- a woman (married to a huge male celebrity but secretly a lesbian) watched lesbian porn throughout her massages, and had once offered \$50,000 to eat Christy out, but Christy, although she was fully bisexual, refused the easy money because of their work ethic, but she returned to the woman's hotel room later that night and refusing any payment, shared a wild lesbian night with her including a 69, strap-on fucking, and they even ordered room service, then invited the delivery woman to join them in a wicked threesome

- a young man (the son of a woman from a southern state who was adamantly opposed to gay rights) hadn't come out, but he utilized his sessions to be sodomized... each time using a larger dildo he supplied, the most recent one twelve inches long and fat

- a man wished Christy to place her nylon-clad feet on his face and to leave them there throughout his entire session

- a couple, after receiving only forty-minute massages, gave the twins two cameras, and fucked each other like crazy while being filmed

There were many other variations... some even weirder... some less weird... and almost every one of them concluded with intense orgasms unlike any the clients had previously experienced... which is why they always signed up for more. Which in turn was why Tantric High, even though it was wildly successful, had now reached its ceiling in the number of clients it could accommodate with any regularity.

Yet the twins' strangest accommodation, and one they both weren't overly comfortable with, but at five times their normal hourly rate they reluctantly agreed to do on a regular basis, was for two CEOs who lived in a penthouse suite the size of a mall, who paid them \$2500 every two weeks for their Tranquility Massage, which in their case concluded with a twenty-minute mommy-son and daddy-daughter roleplay.

Christy, dressed in a cheerleader's outfit, was massaging Mr. Green's prostate while his very small four-inch penis dangled through the hole in the massage table.

Right next to her on an adjacent table Jeremy, wearing a football jersey along with the black smudges under his eyes, was fingering Mrs. Green, a chubby woman, and tapping her g-spot (both twins masters at finding a woman's g-spot or a man's prostate trigger).

"Come for me, Daddy, your baby girl wants your big load," Christy said in a sexy, sultry voice.

As the man moaned, his prostate orgasm being one where he'd come without having his cock ever touched, Jeremy asked obsequiously yet imperiously (yes, that combo is possible to achieve... I wish I could demonstrate to you how it sounds...), "Are you going to be a good slut and come for me, Mommy?"

"Yes, my big boy, I'll be a good Mommy slut for you," the 'Mom' moaned, her orgasm rising rapidly... her third of the hour... the drug-laden massage oil having really made her sensitive... and Jeremy's ability to find her g-spot unerringly, her ultimate sexual rush.

"Come Daddy, come all over your baby girl's face," Christy crooned, the facial portion of that request a physical impossibility as she gazed down at her 'sire' with a look of distaste... her eager voice of course not betraying that distaste in the least. Although she fucked the odd guy during her leisure hours, she greatly preferred women. She loved the taste of pussy... she loved seducing older women... and she loved fucking them with any of the thirty-three strap-ons she owned (it's what she collected).

"Now, Mommy, come for your son, come all over his fat cock like the nasty incestuous cum slut you are," Jeremy demanded/begged, knowing the more verbally abusive he was, the sooner and harder she came.

"Yesssssss!" the chubby woman came, as her fourth and final orgasm of the session overwhelmed her like a tornado.

"Fuck," the man grunted as he spewed his third load of the evening into a convenient (and concealed) receptacle suspended directly beneath the hole in his table.

Fifteen minutes later, the married couple still recovering from their respective orgasms... the twins driving away in their SUV... Christy remarked, "I still can't believe those two have children."

"Yeah, and they'll be legal in a couple of years," Jeremy laughed, no longer fazed by much.

Everyone had a fetish, present company included. His sister had a thing for turning older straight women and fucking them... he had a thing for women in nylons, and especially for big-boned older women... not fat... maybe chubby... maybe not... but definitely big-boned. Big tits. Big asses.

Each to their own.

It being the Christmas season... as well as nearing their Mom's birthday, which happened also to be on God's birthday... they were taking a week off and flying out of the land of the rich and famous and back to small-town Indiana.

They weren't particularly looking forward to this visit, which would be the first time they'd seen their mother in almost two years... what with COVID and their successful business overwhelming their lives. Always doing their best to put a good face upon what in truth was a broken relationship with their mother, they had skyped with her regularly, and they'd sent her money... their mother living all alone... their Dad having died six years ago in a tragic automobile accident he'd suffered while driving home after an evening meeting. Losing him had broken their Mom, and their final year of living with her before leaving home had been far from pleasant. But in spite of how trying she still could be, they could tell how broken she was inside and so they both wished to do the best they could for her, even though that was seldom easy.

Although they missed their mother, they hadn't missed her overbearing personality, which was one of the reasons they'd moved away; that and her constant harping about her opinion they should become doctors. Their Mom's view of their mutual decision to become 'only' massage therapists had annoyed them both, plus her constant queries about when either or both of them were going to make her a grandmother were equally exhausting. But still, she was the only mother they had.

So wishing to demonstrate to her during this visit home how successful their business had become, and hoping their mother might finally get off their backs about her insistence about their becoming doctors, they'd purchased for her a very expensive china dinnerware set, identical to the one their great grandmother had once gifted to their Mom.

2. ARRIVING HOME: A SURPRISE OR TWO

They arrived home, and as it happened, were just in time for dinner in their childhood home, both of them experiencing little chills up their spines as various memories of their childhood... some of them pleasant, actually... flashed back to them.

As they let themselves into the house through the front door, the smell of homemade cooking wafted to their noses and Jeremy said, "*This* I have missed."

"Yes, takeout food, and even five star restaurants, can never compare to our Mom's homemade cooking," Christy agreed.

"You got that right," the mother said, walking into the living room to join them.

"Mom!" Jeremy gasped, as his mother rushed over to him and gave him a big hug.

"Hey, honey," the mother greeted, squeezing her son tight... her 40DD tits squishing against her beloved (but in some respects such as his career choice, misguided) son.

"Um, I'm here too," Christy pointed out, examining her Mom and trying to process what she was wearing.

"I know you are, dearest," Diane, the mother said lovingly, and she went to her daughter and hugged her too.

Jeremy also checked out the puzzling apparel of his devoutly Christian mother, who unlike he and Christy, attended church every Sunday, ran a Bible study for women in the community every Wednesday evening, and who back in the past had scolded Christy on a plethora of occasions for dressing inappropriately when she'd still been in high school. Which was puzzling, because this evening she was dressed in a rather tight and short red and green dress, with a portion of her white lace bra clearly visible above the dress's bodice, which was scarcely able to contain her huge tits! She was also wearing white nylons... her toenails painted ruby red... which she'd never worn in the past. Well to be perfectly accurate, her dressing in red and green at this time of year wasn't at all surprising, nor was her being shoeless inside her home... but all the rest of it was astonishing!

"Mom. Do you think you're wearing appropriate attire for a Christmas Eve dinner?" Christy asked her mother archly, employing almost the exact same tone and phrasing her mother had used against her so many times in the past.

"I *have* made some changes recently," Diane admitted.

"To say the least," Christy replied, glancing down at her Mom's feet. "And red painted toenails. Haven't you always said 'such painted frippery is the Devil's work'?"

"Well... I may have been a little hard on you in the past," Diane admitted.

"Are you *admitting* you were hard on me?" Christy asked, this latter detail more shocking to her than any of the kinky fetishes she'd witnessed (and taken part in) during the past two years.

"Yes, honey," the mother nodded. "I thought I was doing the right thing at the time. I thought if I followed the Lord's Word I could guide you two to Him... but now I've realized I was wrong. Cruel, even."

"Is this an episode of *Candid Camera* then?" Christy asked, her relationship with her Mom having seriously deteriorated during her last year of high school, which was the principal reason she'd moved out (along with her supportive twin brother) the very next day following their high school graduation. So this apology was difficult to trust, to say the very least!

"No, it isn't," Diane said. "I'm being completely honest with you. I finally got tired of feeling miserable all the time, so I've been seeing a counselor in recent months, and she's helped me to face some very hard truths. High on the list is that I was so lost after your Dad died that I took it out on you two, and particularly on you, Christy. I'm so terribly sorry for ruining your life!"

"No, Mom," Christy said, tears beginning to form in her eyes... this being a conversation she'd never imagined *ever* happening. "As you well know, I was *furious* with you at the time, and I often told you so during our screaming matches, but you certainly didn't ruin my life. I can truly say I have no lasting traumas and I'm doing very well, so your accusing yourself like that is being too hard on yourself. And during my rational moments, even back then I could tell how much you were suffering, and you were doing the best that you could. *I'm* so sorry for never telling you any of that until now."

"Yes Mom, you were so strong through your pain," Jeremy added.

"Thanks, honey... both of you honeys," Diane said, really appreciating their surprising support right now... she'd really struggled with empty nest syndrome, and with her guilt for driving her kids away.

"I love you, Mom," Christy said, this time saying it with great warmth, totally unlike the usual tokenism with which she'd always before spoken those same words on Skype or over the phone.

"I love you, too, honey," the Mom said, feeling a sense of connection with her children those online conversations had never ever come *close* to creating.

"So Mom, it appears our family is... astonishingly to put it mildly... now becoming a far more loving and mutually understanding one! But before we allow this conversation to become *too* maudlin, I'd like to point out... and very admiringly, actually... this is a *very* new look for you," Christy said, expressing what her brother was also thinking.

"You noticed?" Diane asked, actually posing and twirling a little, which had her short dress flying up high enough to allow both of her children to see that underneath her dress her nylons weren't the typical pantyhose she'd worn every day of their childhood, but were a sexy pair of old-school Cuban stockings, with even a seam down the back and held up by garters.

"It's hard not to," Christy grinned, extremely happy to see her Mom looking so different from the 'church puppy' she'd always presented herself as before.

Jeremy's cock was even hardening in his pants. He (just now was realizing) had no doubt that his nylon fetish had begun with his Mom, who'd worn them every day of his at-home life... while she was at home, in public... everywhere and always. His Mom, who'd always been big-boned, with big tits and a big ass, all part of her Latina blood, was also his most recurring stroke fantasy. And now seeing his mother in stockings and a garter-belt had his cock throbbing and almost ready to burst.

"Yeah, well I've been cooped up in this house by myself for far too long," the mother explained, noticing her son checking her out. Since she'd totally revised her wardrobe and her personality, allowing the inner Diane to come out of the closet after almost fifty years of hiding in it, primarily from herself, and her fiftieth birthday being tomorrow, she'd become a new woman. She no longer cared what other people thought about her, and she refused to do things just to please the judgemental ones any longer. She was also no longer following a Bible that contradicted itself more often than a politician did while making promises to various factions at election time. She was living for herself... she was living for the now.

At (a day shy of) fifty, she'd fucked exactly one man during her entire life. She'd explored her bisexuality (which had always been lurking there in the foreground of her subconscious and making her feel guilty as hell anytime a hint of it peeked out) exactly once less than one time. But at her very first opportunity, she planned to change that. With COVID restrictions basically over, she planned to reclaim her sexuality, or more accurately to *claim* it as her own for the first time... to explore it... to discover who she truly was as a sexual being.

The COVID lockdowns could take at least some credit for this revelation. Home alone all the time... bored... unable to connect with anyone at church or in her community... her children living three time zones away from where she lived in Indiana... she'd realized her life had no purpose.

She'd also realized she'd been using her involvement with her church to distract herself from... or actually to live in denial of... her husband being gone. Yet it hit her hard when she was forced to be alone that nobody... except for her kids in a few small ways... and her counselor... was there for her. She struggled through... but actually faced for the first time... all the stages of grief, and once she

had journeyed through them during her months of struggle... even contemplating suicide at times, not seeing any point to remaining in this world... she finally emerged as a stronger woman.

A woman who was going to live her life to the fullest.

A woman who, while stuck living alone for so long, had discovered porn. After having absolutely zero sex for six years... and having previously never watched pornography even once in her life... it suddenly became part of her daily routine... sometimes multiple times... and truth be told, almost *always* multiple times recently.

She found Literotica, and began reading sexy stories of many kinds. At first she gravitated to romantic male and female stories... but those quickly became boring to her though she didn't know why.

Curiosity driving her, she looked into lesbian porn, and discovered a whole new universe (except for those earlier glimpses she'd felt so guilty about harbouring, and had quickly shied away from at the time). There were literally thousands of stories out there about women having sex with other women. Her favourites she discovered, were stories about women who were older (like herself), and straight (like herself) who were in various ways drawn into the world of lesbianism. The first story she read, an interracial story (even though she wasn't one to objectify someone because of their race, nor did this story do that very much, since it was more about the protagonist responding to the perceptive and dominant personalities of the black couple living next door), was 'A Perfect Fall', which was about a married woman being slowly seduced into the world of lesbianism by her younger black neighbour (and interestingly in Diane's case, the neighbour herself was a counselor, in some ways similar to the one who'd helped Diane come to terms with her own life). The story was so raw, and it felt so real, that Diane felt tingling sensations inside her pussy and soothing warmth flow through her body for the first time since that tragic day she'd gotten the phone call saying her husband had died in an auto accident.

After that, she couldn't get enough of those lesbian stories. She'd read two or three of them without touching herself... resisting the growing temptation... while she imagined herself as the central character, usually being inexorably summoned to her destiny in whichever of those stories she was reading at the time.

Then she'd slowly rub her pussy as she read another story. Then *really* finger herself. Then cum.

As time went on, she found one finger wasn't enough. Eventually two weren't either. Having read some stories where inanimate objects were utilized as pleasure devices, she tried using the handle of a brush, then a wine bottle, and then a rolling pin, but none of those quite satisfied her the way she wanted. Then she read a story where a woman used a zucchini for the penetration. At first she resisted the idea of sticking a vegetable in her orifice, but with everything else frustrating her, and wishing to be filled by something that would go deep inside her and spread her lips just wide enough (once she'd inserted the tiny end of that rolling pin inside herself, progressing any further would just be *insane*), she succumbed to the temptation.

Eventually, although not on purpose, she came across and read some incest lesbian porn through to the end. To her surprise, not only didn't it gross her out... it actually turned her on! Now it didn't instantly make her want to have sex with her daughter (or with her son, where her musings strayed to eventually as well)... but the stories where a daughter turned her mother into her lesbian pet really got her revved up. To her, the illustrated series 'Cheerleader Mom' was the ultimate saga. A youngish daughter took control of her Mom... the Mom soon indulging lots of lesbian sex... with a

variety of hot partners... and since it was illustrated, that made the story even more vivid, since Diane had always been a visual person.

Before she knew it she was reading *mostly* lesbian incest stories, and then incest stories with sons taking part... and whether the action was lesbo or hetero... in these stories the Mom was often called a pet... or a Mommy-slut... and she was treated like trash by being insulted and ordered around.

Now it should be acknowledged that this mother of two didn't see herself ever committing any such incest in real life... nor did she look at her adult children in that way... but the taboo aspect of these fictional adventures really turned her on.

Like almost every woman who starts by reading erotica and progresses to watching porn, so Diane started playing porn in the background on her laptop while she read hot stories on her iPad... multi-tasking at its finest. Mostly it was lesbian porn... although often once her orgasm was rising, she switched it to man on woman porn, and sometimes even to anal porn, wanting to watch a big dick slamming into a mouth, pussy or ass. Her deceased husband had sported a great seven-inch cock that had always kept her satisfied, and he'd always been more than willing to go down on her... God, did she miss him!

Lastly, she also discovered online shopping. At first only for items she needed for the house. A new spatula, some wineglasses, towels for the bathroom, and even bamboo sheets (which she found heavenly). Eventually she came across an online adult store, where she purchased some new stockings, lingerie and sex toys... quite a few sex toys, actually. Vibrators, anal beads, and a large suction cup dildo that she now kept handy in her bathroom, and more.

None of the toys she purchased had completely duplicated the feeling of a real cock of course, but *damn* did she begin having some amazing orgasms!

But where were we in the narrative? Oh yes... Christy had just pointed out how her mother was dressed inappropriately even though she didn't appear to mind all that much, upon which Diane had obviously *astonished* her kids when she began apologizing for her past behaviour. And perhaps it was mentioned how her son Jeremy was getting a boner from checking out his Mom's hot new look, and she'd noticed it.

"Now back to your painted toenails," Christy recapped. "If I recall correctly, aren't red toenails the devil's work?"

"I may have been a little overbearing," the mother admitted.

"A little?" Christy drilled down.

"Okay, a *lot*," the mother said. "I'm so sorry! I wasn't a great mother after your father died."

"Oh Mom, you did the best you could," Christy said, pulling her in for a hug.

Jeremy having been speechless and even immobile for a bit while he was lost in a sexual daze of confusion, now came forward and hugged both women, his hard cock inadvertently pressing against his mother's leg.

Diane felt the hard steel of her son's cock against her leg, and she couldn't help but smile at the impact she was having on him... as far as she knew for the first time ever (she was wrong), just like in many of the stories she'd been reading lately.

The Mom said as she backed away from the hug, and for reasons unknown even to herself, she glanced down at her son's cock in a knowing (and obvious) way for a moment, before looking back up and saying, "After years of being alone, it's time for your momma to step up and find a nice young man to give me what I need."

Once again her two kids were astonished!

Christy rebounded first and asked, loving to see this unbridled side of her mother for the first time ever, "And what *is it* that you need, mother?"

Diane again glanced briefly at her son, at his crotch to be specific, all those wicked incest stories having planted some wicked ideas in her head, which were now germinating and sprouting, before she asked, "truth?"

"Yes, and some *plain* truth if you please," Christy replied encouragingly, Jeremy once again speechless from the obvious attention his Mom was paying to his erection, making it flinch in his pants.

Diane looked down for a *third* time at her son's impressive salute inside his pants, then back up into his dazed eyes, realizing how much he looked like his father back when his father had been twenty-three, "The *truth* is that your momma needs to get laid."

Jeremy gasped, feeling like she was asking *him* to do it for her, "Mom!"

Diane shrugged, "What? We're all grownups here, aren't we?"

"Well," Christy said, "then perhaps we'll need to find a way to make that happen."

"Christy!" Jeremy gasped, this entire conversation suddenly tumbling into the surreal.

"There must be any number of eligible men in this town," Christy added.

"Oh, yeah, right," Jeremy sighed in relief.

"What did you *think* I meant, brother dear?" Christy asked innocently, even though it was obvious exactly what he was thinking... he was *such* a momma's boy, for one thing it was obvious whenever they roleplayed incest scenes with their clients, he always took a really active part, and he obviously imagined each woman being their Mom.

Diane having read enough incest porn by now, and had even done some research into real life incest between adults, had also caught on to what Jeremy had thought, so she was both flattered and having a great time teasing him, "Yes Jeremy, what *did* you think your sister meant?"

"I literally don't know what *on earth* is going on," Jeremy said, and meaning it.

"We're just teasing you, dear," Diane said, leaning in and kissing his cheek. "Supper will be ready in fifteen, so why don't you two go and put your stuff away?"

The Mom walked away, allowing her son, and perhaps her daughter, to take in the seams going down the backs of her stockings.

"I thought you were about to bend her over and fuck her right here!" Christy smirked.

"What?"

"You were drooling, and your dick is *still* poking against your pants," Christy accused, reaching down and playfully squeezing his dick. The two twins had never had sex together, but for \$10,000 they'd made out once. And for fifteen grand, she'd stroked him off and gotten him to come on her face. He'd also sucked on her tits a couple times to entertain some guy.

"I was not," Jeremy denied, although he knew it was likely obvious that he was.

"Sure, sure," Christy smirked, as she headed off to a bedroom she hadn't been inside for years.

3. The Truth

They ate dinner... chatted about everything... had some wine... enough of it for Diane to loosen up a bit further. They were finishing their desserts when she said, "I hope your presence here means my babies are home for good this time. You must be sick and tired of struggling to make ends meet all the way out there in Hollyweird."

"Mom, don't start," Christy said, having heard this intro too many times.

"Yeah Mom, we're doing very well," Jeremy pointed out.

"And we aren't struggling by any means," Christy added, wishing her Mom would take her head out of her ass and give her stamp of approval to their unique business, and to their canny business sense during such challenging times.

"How much do you two bring in then? It must be expensive to live out there," Diane asked for the first time ever, realizing she'd briefly shifted back into the old Diane... the overbearing Diane who never listened and just spouted her opinion.

"Over 300K this past year," Christy said proudly.

"A 150K each? That sounds impressive, but is that a lot of money in Los Angeles?" Diane asked, a little impressed, yet still concerned.

"No, 300K *each*," Christy clarified.

"Oh my," Diane said, processing that figure. It was about 50% more than many of the highest paid physicians in the U.S. made over the course of a year. And in order to *become* doctors, they'd first need to spend five or six years in medical school, and even after they graduated, their lives would be no picnic for at least a year or two more.

Christy summarized, "So no, we're not struggling by any means."

"Our business has really taken off this year," Jeremy added. "Right now we're needing to turn away prospective new clients because there just aren't enough hours in a day."

Diane said, still processing how much money they were talking about. "So to be clear, you two made over half a million dollars by simply giving people *massages*?"

"Actually it was almost three-quarters of a million, to be more accurate," Christy said, really reveling in this opportunity to prove her mother wrong while she *listened* for a change... even following her surprise apology of an hour ago.

"And that doesn't include any of December," Jeremy added.

"Which was a very productive month for us," Christy also added.

"Mom, we're very good at what we do," Jeremy said.

"But still, three-quarters of a mill plus December? What's so special about your massages then?" Diane asked, trying to figure out how her two children, both of them only twenty-three, could possibly make that much money just by giving people massages... and she was beginning to wonder whether they were legal.

"You promise not to judge us?" Christy asked.

"Yes," Diane said. But then smiled, "Although you know from long and painful experience how judging is in my DNA."

"Okay, then will you promise not to judge us overly?" Christy amended her request, smiling back.

"Yes, I promise not to judge you two overly," the mother agreed. "So long as what you're doing is legal."

"It's legal, Mom," Jeremy assured her.

Christy explained, falling back on her traditional introductory blurb, "We offer a wide variety of tantric massages, where we employ our own unique blend of natural oils, that contain cannabis, among other ingredients."

Diane's eyes went wide, and her motherly judgemental overreaction sprang to the fore! "Cannabis? Or in other words, you're giving people massages using *reefer oil*?"

Christy did a sigh/laugh, a strange-sounding mix, "No one calls them reefers anymore, mother. And besides, reefers are joints, which are used for smoking. What *we* use are cannabis derivatives."

"And any way you slice it... reefers, joints, derivative oils or whatever, marijuana in any form is legal in California and in many other states, even though it still isn't in Indiana," Jeremy added, having longed for his Mom's approval *forever*, and knowing although Christy hid her emotions well... she too wanted that same approval.

There was a lengthy pause... or at least it seemed lengthy to the twins... "I see," the mother said finally.

Neither twin could figure out what their mother meant by those two simple words. Christy waited for an extrapolation which wasn't forthcoming before she asked, "What exactly do you see?"

Diane looked at Christy and then at Jeremy, before she answered, "That my children have become wildly successful in a very unorthodox way."

"And do you approve?" Christy asked.

"I do," Diane nodded. "It will be a little more awkward to brag about on coffee row than my grown children have become doctors or lawyers, but...."

"But what?" Christy asked, still unsure of where her mother was going with this vague approval.

"But who the fuck cares!" Diane finished boisterously, cussing in front of her children *for the very first time ever!*

"Mom!" Jeremy gasped.

"Agreed," Christy said jubilantly. "Who the fuck cares?"

They chatted about the business, not going into details about any of the kinky ass shit, but about the different types of massages, and how the oil worked.

"I have to tell you I really *am* so proud of you," Diane said. "Both of you!"

"Thank you, Mom," Christy said, finally receiving the approval she'd always craved... especially after her Dad's death, since she'd always been a Daddy's girl, and he'd never stinted in his praise for her whenever he felt it was warranted.

"Yes, thank you, Mom," Jeremy added, happy to receive the approval, but even happier to see his sister finally getting some joy out of the uneasy relationship she'd had with her Mom ever since moving out and taking Jeremy with her a single day after she and her twin had graduated from high school. She hadn't particularly wished her mother any ill will, she was just desperate to escape a toxic relationship, but her (along with his) leaving had resulted in the unavoidable side effect of their mother suddenly living alone in her house and feeling like she hadn't a friend in the world.

"Well Christy, pour us some eggnog and Jeremy, get the movie ready," Diane ordered.

"We're going to do this *again*?" Christy asked semi-complainingly.

"We need to maintain our traditions," Diane said. "But this year maybe we can create some new ones, too."

"Awesome," Jeremy said, having never felt like it was really Christmas when they were in LA. The apartment he and Christy shared had only a boring fake tree, and of course there wasn't any snow outside. But here there was an *abundance* of snow on the ground, the house was completely decorated, actually the whole *town* was completely decorated, with the freshly cut fir tree in the living room wafting the aromas of Christmas to him. And now they were about to watch the same movie they'd watched together as a family every Christmas since he was a young child... Home Alone. Admittedly there wasn't much that was Christmas-y about the movie, except for some decorations, and those lovely Carols John Williams had composed and orchestrated, but still.

During the movie... they all sat on the big couch, Mom in the middle... the only distraction for Jeremy his Mom's nylon-clad feet and pretty painted red toenails constantly in view... which kept his cock hard throughout the entire movie.

The movie finished, the Mom hugged her daughter and then her son, feeling his hard cock once again pressing against her leg...as she realized that just like his father, he obviously had a nylon fetish... since she'd noticed his constant preoccupation with her legs and feet throughout the movie... she'd periodically tested her theory by wiggling her toes, using one foot to scratch an itch on the other, and just generally moved her feet around enough to see how her son reacted. The result? Guilty as charged and case closed.

4. Mom's Curiosity and Research

In her bed alone that night, Diane opened her laptop and clicked on a favourite sex scene where a sexy Mom seduces and uses her son's friend... one of Diane's favourite fantasies.

As she played it on low volume, her favourite vibrator set on low as well, she closed her legs so the toy was steadily teasing her pussy and clit, but it wouldn't get her off.

Diane googled cannabis massage oil and found quite a few sites. So it was real... although she'd believed her kids... it just seemed too weird to be true.

After glancing at a few generic ones, she clicked on one entitled Every Single Thing My Vagina Went Through When I Used a Cannabis Spray Down There, by a woman named Hilary White.

First, the woman didn't smoke weed at all, just like Diane, who had no interest in smoking it... but the woman said her vagina loved the THC, which she called weed lube, and she also called it glorious.

Second, the woman mentioned the spray began increasing her arousal almost immediately, but more important was the length and intensity of her subsequent orgasm. The woman described her orgasms variously as 'what the actual fuck?' and 'holy shit is this still happening?'.

As the Mom read this, her pussy tingling with the slow burn of her toy on low, she couldn't help but wonder what something like that would feel like to her own pussy.

Third, it worked by spraying four-to-eight sprays directly onto the clitoris, the inner and outer labia and a fair way inside the vagina, stressing that the internal applications provided the highest absorption levels, and hence the highest receptivity to stimuli. This worked because the tissue of the vulva and vagina is not only sensitive, but also highly absorbent.

Fourth, while the initial effects were immediate, they mostly began externally, and then they gradually progressed to enhancing much deeper and more internal sensations.

Fifth, the spray took some noticeable time to reach its full effects, between fifteen minutes and an hour, so the best way to enhance the full experience was to take one's time, since the purpose wasn't to lubricate the vagina, but to enhance the pleasure in all the relevant locations as listed above.

Diane loved the thought of that. After more than half a decade of having no orgasms at all, she'd been making up for lost time in the past year, and so this 'weed lube' was striking her as very, very intriguing.

Sixth, the lube didn't work like regular pot in that a woman didn't get high from it. Instead, the various facets of her pussy got high, which enabled even women who struggled to have any orgasms at all to successfully achieve amazing, toe tingling ones.

Seventh were the following testimonials from various users: it will make you horny; it made me feel stimulated; it will give you super sensations; it will give you deeper orgasms than you have ever had; the orgasm is all consuming.

Diane pondered to herself, *Who wouldn't want that? Plus, How much does all consuming actually include?*

Eighth, it sexually empowered women. A woman could enjoy it either on her own or with a partner... and either way it could engender life-altering orgasms in her. And describing an orgasm as 'life altering' seemed to be really saying something!

Although Diane had experienced some good orgasms while her husband was still alive, with some of them *very* good, and her various toys each did various things to provide her with various pleasures and a variety of different orgasms... this 'weed lube experience' if she could call it that, was looking like an entirely different *level* of euphoric releases!

As the article concluded, Diane turned her vibrator up to Speed 3 and altered the pattern to one with a little more intensity as she scrolled down through the google search results, and lingered at one called, 'I Tried Anal Weed Lube so You Don't Have To'. The subtitle was equally curious: 'It got me stoned, relaxed, and warm. I'm willing to do it again.' And following that, there was no article at all. All in all, since it didn't contain any superlatives it wasn't the most enthusiastic of endorsements, but neither was it remotely negative. Go figure.

A quote from the creator of one of the cannabis-infused pleasure lines stated, making Diane laugh out loud, "We're changing the world one asshole at a time," --Mathew Gerson. "Our product's purpose is to induce relaxation and to enhance pleasure without the psychotropic effects that usually result from consumption of cannabis."

Which intrigued Diane greatly.

Anal sex was something she'd been fascinated about revisiting for over a year, except she was rather hesitant because when she and her husband had explored it she'd found the experience quite painful at first, and now she'd need to start conditioning her rectum all over again... so the idea of there being a substance that could relax her sufficiently that she could *easily* cross the line and resume doing it painlessly, looked pretty damn inviting to her.

Diane wondered how it worked, and upon some minimal investigation she learned it was inserted anally, and after it was administered, similar to any suppository, the body absorbed 70% of it locally, with the remainder dissipating into the overall bloodstream... with only a small portion of users reporting some very slight psychotropic effects.

The THC increased a person's blood flow and sensitivity, while the CBD reduced inflammation and relaxed their muscles.

"Although the product was initially designed and produced to attract gay men to the sexual cannabis market, the feedback from the hetero community has also been very positive." And then this next quote really stirred Diane's curiosity, "We've had a lot of feedback from heterosexual women who report they've never enjoyed anal sex because of their discomfort and unavoidable tension; they couldn't force themselves to relax. But when they employed Explore, the induced relaxation and euphoria in their pelvic region allowed them to open up freely and to enjoy the experience for the first time."

The woman then explained the power the drug had over her. After about twenty minutes, she felt warm relief in her pelvic region... as her lower body felt relaxed and warm. The woman explained how it enhanced her pleasure from anal sex... which Diane was particularly intrigued by. She was a little annoyed however that the article didn't go into any further detail about the sensations the woman had experienced while being ass fucked... she said only that her husband was happy, and that it was 'good', which didn't really tell Diane all that much.

But nonetheless, Diane was intrigued; very, *very* intrigued. Spreading her legs wide, she dialed her vibrator up to high, slid it into her by now very needy pussy, and fucked herself furiously. And then in seemingly no time at all, an orgasm was erupting from her and she screamed, momentarily forgetting she wasn't alone in the house, "*Oh my God, fuck!*"

And in the next room over, Christy smiled. Her Mom had quite obviously just come.

Down in the basement Jeremy didn't hear his Mom's orgasm, but he'd already come himself while imagining he was fucking her.

5. Christmas Morning Surprises

The next morning, Christmas morning, Diane, dressed herself in a fun Christmas sweater, a skirt, and mismatched thigh high stockings... one green, one red... which she'd purchased a pair of each colour for just this purpose... she had already prepared breakfast when she made the rounds to wake up each of her children.

She first went downstairs to Jeremy, and unannounced, she opened his door and walked in. But just as she was about to say something, she noticed his dick must be standing straight up, since she saw a very impressive tent in the sheet.

She paused. She wondered how big he was. When he was wearing pants it was hard to tell... but now it was clear he was very well endowed,

The mother knew her immediate inclination was wrong, but she was curious. Maybe it was her imagined visual of his hard cock. Maybe it was because she hadn't been fucked in over six years. Maybe it was all that porn and erotica she'd been indulging in... much of it featuring incest... but she really needed to take a peek at his cock.

So instead of waking him up by turning on the lights and saying something rather loudly, like she'd done pretty much every day of his life when he still lived at home... he'd never been a morning person... she walked over to his bed... the light from the hallway enough to give her a good view... and she grabbed the sheets and pulled them completely off of him while crying out brightly, "Wake up, sleepyhead!"

Jeremy felt a sudden chill as he briefly continued dreaming about his mother sucking his cock... and his actual surroundings took a moment to register and to draw him out of this very compelling dream.

Diane stared at the fully revealed cock, which was indeed hard, about eight inches long, and quite fat. Her pussy was instantly tingling from the sight, since this was the first real cock she'd seen in years... an actual cock being so much more appealing than any of her toys!

Jeremy's subconscious finally woke up and told him this was no dream... and then that a certain part of him was feeling a sudden draft... and *then* as he opened his eyes, that his Mom... the very same Mom he'd just been dreaming about fucking... was *actually* in his room and staring at his *actual* cock!

"M-M-Mom!" Jeremy stammered, shocked by the not-yet-fully-processed reality of all of the above.

"Good morning, my darling son," Diane said, reluctantly ripping her stare away from her son's undeniably amazing cock. "Merry Christmas, honey."

"Merry Christmas, Mom," Jeremy returned, yanking the sheet back over him.

"By the way," she said with a huge smile on her face, "you have a very nice cock."

Jeremy's eyes went wide at his Mom's shocking compliment, and his 'very nice' cock flinched under the sheet as she sauntered away, and he noticed her hot red and green nylons.

Diane went upstairs, leaving her son confused, and woke up her daughter in a more typical way, e.g. *without* any voyeurism.

Ten minutes later both children were dressed and sitting at the kitchen table, eating a breakfast with enough food for six, with Jeremy's cock still hard.

"Wow, Mom, *that* is a festive and sexy outfit," Christy said, glancing at her brother, who obviously wasn't fully awake yet, since he was staring fixedly at his mother's enormous tits.

"Thank you honey," Diane said. "I figured I should celebrate God's birthday and still feel good about myself at the same time."

"Well, you definitely look like you *should* feel good about yourself, you sexy lady," Christy said.

"Thank you honey," the mother repeated, appreciating the compliment after years of getting none at all from anyone.

"What you think, Jeremy?" Christy asked, dying to embarrass her brother. "Doesn't Mom look hot?"

"She looks very nice," Jeremy said, overwhelmed by the recent sight of his mother staring at his boner down in his bedroom and her dressed so sexily.

"Nice?" Christy asked with mock aghast. "No one wants to be told they look *nice*."

"Yes, son," Diane said, joining her daughter in teasing her son, "no woman wants to be told she looks *nice*."

"I mean, you look... pretty," Jeremy said, literally overwhelmed.

"Just pretty?" Diane asked, giving him a slight pout.

"Yeah, you're still being way too lukewarm. Doesn't our Mom look *hot*?" Christy continued laying it on thick, really enjoying to embarrass her younger brother, who usually wasn't fazed by anything.

"Yes," Jeremy said, looking down to avoid any eye contact, but then finding himself staring at his Mom's legs and feet, which only made his cock ache even more!

"Yes, what?" Christy asked insistently.

Diane was really enjoying the attention, "Yes son, yes what?"

"Yes Mom, you look really, *really* sexy," Jeremy finally blurted out.

"Ohhhh, you just not just called Mom sexy, but really, *really* sexy," Christy teased, doing a sudden backflip from her prior encouragement. "Jesus, Jeremy, she's your *own mother*, for Christ's sake!"

"You *made* me say it," Jeremy said, now on the defensive.

"Oh? So you just said that without meaning it?" she asked, taking her teasing ball and running with it.

"No, of *course* I didn't, I meant every *word*! What do you *want* from me?" he asked desperately, fully flustered.

"Only the truth, and I believe you've just given your mother an honest compliment, so thank you, sweetheart," Diane said, bending down to kiss her son on the cheek and rest her hand on the table... and then forgetting she was a mother for just a moment, the temptation too great not to take the risk, she 'accidentally' let her hand slip and fall directly onto his cock.

Jeremy groaned-moaned.

"Oops, sorry," Diane said, allowing her hand to rest on her son's cock for a moment longer than she would have if it really had been an accident... but resisting the very real temptation to give it a squeeze as well.

"Should I give you two lovebirds some alone time?" Christy joked.

Diane stood back up and went along with the joke, replying, "Not just now thanks, but perhaps later. Finish eating, you two; it's just about present-opening time."

"Okay. Mom," Christy said.

"Okay," Jeremy said, his head spinning from his surreal first fifteen minutes of Christmas Morning.

"You okay?" Christy asked him, smirking.

"Yeah," Jeremy said, as he tried to resume eating his pancakes and to ignore the throbbing in his pants.

Ten minutes later they were in the living room in front of the tree, Jeremy's cock still hard, as they opened their presents.

Christy and Jeremy watched with excitement as their Mom opened the unique present they'd hunted down and gotten for her.

When Diane saw what it was, she gasped. "Oh my! How did you two manage *this*?"

"It wasn't easy," Christy said.

"Yeah, but it turned out Harrods in London was offering it online. This was the last one they had available," Jeremy added.

"This is such a *thoughtful* gift," Diane said, gazing in wonder upon the very same China set she'd been gifted by her grandmother early in her marriage. It had been broken into countless pieces during a nasty storm more than a decade ago. "I can't believe you even remembered my *having* this!"

"We both did, actually. Particularly how devastated you were when it got all smashed up," Christy said.

"This is just so thoughtful of you two," Diane said, very moved by her children's obviously caringly selected gift.

"We love you, Mom," Christy said with sincere warmth, having found these last twelve plus hours very therapeutic, to the point she felt that she and her mother could now move forward from their

years of tense and insincere 'politeness' to each other.

"Yes, Mom, we love you," Jeremy added with equal warmth.

"We know that *you* do," Christy whispered teasingly, just loud enough that her Mom could hear.

"I love you both," Diane said, making it unanimous, then getting up and hugging each of her children.

They followed their gift opening by tidying up and then going for a walk, like they always did on their Christmas mornings together.

Along the walk, Diane mentioned, "You know, I did some research last night."

"Yeah, I heard one of the results of your sexy research," Christy smiled.

"Yeah, well... I guess I *wasn't* all that quiet when I came," Diane admitted freely, not at all ashamed, and even letting her son in on the secret, all of it totally unlike she would have behaved in prior years, except of course she wouldn't have done that *at all* back then, "I wanted to see what the big deal was, and as you heard Christy, I found at least the marijuana part, which is all I could find anything about, pretty exciting. So I want another Christmas present from my children, whom I can once again call my *loving* children, thank God... one of your reefer massages."

Christy coughed. This wasn't *at all* what she was expecting her mother to say *ever*, "Don't be silly, mother. We offer very unique... and very expensive... massages for our high-end clients."

"I still want one," Diane insisted. "I'll pay you whatever you want."

"No, it's not the money, we'd never charge you a dime for anything. It's just that I'm not sure you could handle it," Christy explained.

"Well, dammit! It's my birthday, and I want one, and I'm not taking no for an answer," Diane said, determined to talk them into it... her curiosity about the pleasures described in the articles and testimonials she'd read really making her want one.

"Then Merry Christmas and happy birthday to you," Jane, a woman from down the street said, thereby interrupting the conversation, as Jeremy and Christy looked at each other with 'what the fuck?' looks.

"Oh, thank you Jane," Diane said, shifting back into community glad hand woman, instead of the one demanding a reefer massage from her children.

The two women chatted for a couple minutes, including the children in the conversation. Diane seized the occasion to brag about their booming business in Los Angeles, although she didn't go into any details, of course.

When the three resumed their walk, the conversation shifted to New Years Eve, where neither Christy or Jeremy wanted to let on they'd been hired by a rich client of theirs who happened to have a second family home in Indiana just two towns over, to offer their special massages to all comers throughout a swingers' party he and his wife were hosting. At \$50,000 for the night and all expenses (for instance their being ferried over in a limo), they couldn't say no. So they just told their Mom they were being picked up to attend a friend's party... which wasn't really a lie.

Back home, warming up in front of the fireplace, Diane returned the conversation to the topic interrupted by Jane during their walk.

6. Mom's Tantric Massage

Diane asked, after a quick lunch and with tonight's turkey now in the oven, "So, where are we doing this?"

"Doing what?" Christy asked, as she turned on the television. The entire family loved basketball, and the first game of a daylong NBA marathon was already underway.

"My birthday reefer oil massage," Diane said, deliberately using the term 'reefer'.

"Mom!" Christy sighed, more annoyed by her usage of the term 'reefer' than her request for such a scandalous massage.

"What? I loved my Christmas present," Diane said. "But you two skinflints have been ripping me off by bundling my Christmas and birthday presents as only one present for your entire lives."

"I guess that's true," Jeremy agreed.

"Yeah, and everyone else has even been doing it to me for *my* whole life," Diane added, which was also true.

"We just gave you a 1200-dollar Christmas present," Christy pointed out.

"And you made well over half a *million* this year," the mother pointed out. "Plus, I don't want you to *buy* me anything, I just want to learn first hand what you two do for a living."

"I'm not sure that you do," Christy said, more than a little concerned about demonstrating to their mother what they did... even as open-minded as she'd recently become... they'd very deliberately given her a generic explanation of their professional services.

"Then let *me* decide that," Diane said doggedly. "Like I said, I did some reading about the marijuana part, and a reefer massage sounds very relaxing."

"Mother, would you *please* stop calling it a reefer massage, for the love of God!" Christy pleaded.

"Give me the massage, and I'll never use that word again," Diane promised. As Christy helplessly looked to her brother, the Mom reiterated, "It *is* my birthday, after all."

Jeremy finally offered, "Could we give her a toned-down version of the Tranquility?"

"Maybe," Christy said doubtfully.

Diane interjected, "No, I want your most popular massage, I believe you call it the Euphoria. AND I want the *full* experience. Not any toned-down crap!"

Jeremy explained rather desperately, "Mom, those ones are extremely intense," even as his cock once again grew in his pants while he pictured he and Christy driving their naked Mom wild with lust.

"I've just turned fifty, honey," the Mom said. "And I haven't really done much living, so I want to start living each day like it might be the last. I don't want to live in regret anymore."

Christy couldn't help feeling a little sympathy for her Mom, yet she still wasn't at all certain her mother understood what such a massage entailed, so trying to shock her mother into backing away from her demand, she said bluntly, "Okay, Mom, fine! But are you aware you'll have to be totally naked for this massage? In front of us *both*?"

Diane shrugged, calling her daughter's bluff, "That's just fine with me. I already saw Jeremy's naked boner this morning, and nobody died."

Christy added, although this next part wasn't always true, "And we'll be naked as well."

"I've seen you both naked hundreds of times," Diane said, not at all fazed. Maybe she'd get lucky and Jeremy would have another erection!

"That was years ago," Christy objected, "I think the last time was when we were *twelve*!" looking to Jeremy for help, but only saw his look of immobilized indecision and shock.

Diane shrugged, "So where are we doing this?"

Christy looked over to Jeremy again; he was still in a stunned state of disbelief, super stressed about being naked in front of his mother, even though she'd deliberately unveiled and looked at his morning wood earlier, wondering why his sister had needed to offer to do the massage with their being naked too. They often did them that way, but this was their *mother*!

So she caved and told him with a defeated sigh, "Go and get the massage table from the car."

"You brought a massage table along?" Diane asked.

"Like MasterCard, we never leave home without it," Christy joked, although it was true. They always had two tables in the SUV they drove around Los Angeles in, but they'd only brought one for this trip, as their client had mentioned he had one at home already.

"Makes sense," Diane said.

"Hey! Go get it," Christy repeated herself, since her brother was still standing in place, paralyzed by indecision.

"I'm still not sure this is a good idea," Jeremy said stubbornly.

"Just go," Christy said briskly, at least *her* mind now made up. "If this is what our newly open-minded Mom wants for her birthday, then she should have it."

"Exactly," Diane said.

Jeremy finally pulled himself together and left, in awe of what was happening, while Christy went to her bedroom and returned with a questionnaire. "Here's a detailed list of everything we might include in your massage. Just place a checkmark next to whatever you think should be off limits."

Diane looked through the items and was a little surprised by some of them, but then she had to smile when reaching the requests section that listed various choices of attire for the masseuse and masseur. "How long are you two expecting to be completely naked?"

"It's usually about half the time," the daughter answered. "But sometimes we are for the entire time; it depends upon the client's preference and how the session progresses."

"And in costume if at all?"

"Almost the other half," Christy said. "I've gained quite a wardrobe this way."

"So they pay extra for you to wear it, and they've even purchased it?" Diane asked, seeing a list of ten optional costumes.

"If it's on the list, we provide it; if it's not, then they do," Christy answered.

"I'm impressed," Diane smiled. "You're quite the businesswoman."

"Thank you," Christy said, as Jeremy returned, lugging the table.

"Now I get to find out what all the buzz is about," the mother smiled. "Vibrators, get it?"

"That's the worst pun ever," Christy smiled as she pointed to an open space in front of the Christmas tree and said to Jeremy, "set it up right there."

"How seasonal," Diane smiled, her pussy already getting a little tingly in anticipation of what was about to happen.

"You still need to fill out the form," Christy instructed.

Diane shrugged, "I don't think there's anything for me *to* fill out, because fuck it! I haven't been touched by anyone in over half a decade, so I don't want *anything* to be off limits. Knock yourselves out, you two. Or maybe it's *me* you'll be knocking out!" she added with a laugh.

"Well, I guess it's 'fuck it' indeed then," Christy said, almost as shocked at what they were going forward with as her brother was... since not in a million years had she been prepared for such a remarkable rebirth of her over-religious mother!

"So what's next?" The Mom asked, as she looked around to see her son finish setting up the table. It looked extremely sturdy, which she found reassuring.

"Next you get undressed," Christy said.

"That won't be a problem. But since it's my birthday, I think the two of you should undress me," the mother said, having seen that on the survey as one of the options.

"Fine!" Christy sighed.

"Watch your tone, young lady. I'm still your mother," Diane reminded her daughter, but with a sly smile on her face.

Christy said, "Yes ma'am. But come to think of it, wait here for a minute. We need to set up some ambiance for you."

"Okay," Diane said, and her daughter returned to her room.

Jeremy turned down the lights, Christy returned with a dozen scented candles, lit them, and then they both approached their mother and Christy asked, "Last chance to back out before we begin. But of course you can stop us from doing anything you don't like anytime you want. So here goes: are you quite sure about this?"

"No, but I want to do it anyway," Diane said, a nervous chill coursing through her body from her excitement.

"Then let's do it," Christy said.

"Okay," Jeremy agreed, praying his cock would go down before he had to get undressed... still shocked that *any* of this was happening.

Christy unzipped her Mom's dress and slid it down her body.

Jeremy stared at his Mom, who was now wearing only a black lace bra, a surprising g-string instead of anything like grannie panties, and those fun red and green stockings.

"Get over here and help your sister strip me down," Diane told him, loving the sight of her son staring at her body, which was definitely some validation... that at fifty she could still render a young guy speechless.

"Yeah, stop staring at your mother like some perv," Christy teased, as her Mom braced a hand on her shoulder and stepped out of her dress.

"Uh... yeah... right," he said.

"Come and pull down your Mom's panties," Diane offered.

"You mean your thong," Christy said, pulling at the g-string for a moment and playfully letting it snap back.

"Hey, your Mom can wear sexy things too," Diane said, as her son came up to her while her daughter unclasped her bra.

Jeremy reached his mother just as her bra fell away, and he froze once again when he found himself standing right in front of his mother and her massive... and suddenly *naked*... breasts.

Dianne joked, "I see you still love Mommy's tits."

"I-I-I..." Jeremy stammered, staring at his Mom's breasts.

"Jesus, do I have to do *everything*?" Christy asked the universe, seeing her brother continuing to be rendered useless, and so she pulled her Mom's thong down from behind.

"S-s-sorry," he apologized, unable to break his stare.

"I'll keep the stockings on, since I can tell how much you like them, son," the mother smiled, looked down at his crotch, and winked.

"What? I-um-...." Jeremy said completely nonsensibly. He was usually smooth and suave, completely at home in these situations, and he'd massaged, anally fingered, fisted and gone to other extremes, sometimes with some very famous people... but somehow just the *sight* of his mother like this was an entirely different ballgame.

"Lie down Mom, before you give your twenty-three-year-old son a premature heart attack," Christy joked.

Diane smiled and walked over to the massage table and pointed questioningly at the small hole in it.

"Sorry, we only brought along our male table," Christy said.

"I see," she said, as she sauntered towards the table and her son stared at her big booty. As she did, she turned around and teased, "why are you two still dressed?"

"Okay, you're right. Just lie down, on your stomach at first," Christy said, as she began getting undressed. "You need to strip too, drooling boy."

"Are we *really* doing this?" Jeremy asked.

"Obviously," Christy said, pulling her shirt over her head.

"Okay," he said, shaking his head. He'd seen his sister naked almost every day during the past two years... so that wasn't a big deal... although it had been pretty weird at first... but somehow seeing his Mom naked, and her about to see him too, was completely different.

"Hurry up, you two, I wanna see some skin," the mother said, excited for this to get started.

Once Christy was completely naked and Jeremy was dawdling while still in his boxers, the sister said, "Boxers too, big boy."

"Yes, I paid for *completely* naked," Diane said, "or I *didn't* pay for it, but I still want my money's worth," looking up to admire her youngish daughter's very fit and sexy body.

"Okay, okay," Jeremy said, as he removed his boxers to reveal his eight-inch hard cock, and then added, "But this is so *weird*."

"Yeah, yeah, she's your sexy naked mother, and she can see your erection," Christy said dismissively.

"I'll start with the feet this time," Jeremy said, not wanting to do her shoulders where he'd usually start, because then his hard dick would be waving around too close to his Mom's face.

"What, you want to fuck her nylon-feet, you pervert?" Christy asked wickedly.

"W-w-what? N-n-no!" he stammered, having once fucked a woman's nylon feet and came all over her soles for an extra fee... although he would have done it for free, since it was such a fun experience.

"We'll stick to the same way we'd massage anyone else," Christy said firmly.

"Fine," Jeremy sighed.

Christy then said to her Mom, "Although these nylons *are* sexy, and your wearing them certainly has your son throbbing quite nicely, the massage oil will sink into your pores a lot better with them off."

"Whatever you say, honey," Diane agreed. "You're in charge."

Christy rolled the stockings off, and then while she massaged the feet, Jeremy started with the arms and shoulders... which meant, if Diane raised her head from face down in the comfy pillow hole, she'd be presented with an amazing closeup view of her son's cock... which she took advantage of a few minutes into the massage... the oils already relaxing her.

Feeling wicked and already feeling a little horny, even though she still didn't really have any intent except to tease her son, she said, "Jeremy, honey."

"Yes, mother?" he asked as he massaged her left shoulder and arm.

"Has anyone ever told you that you have a nice... big... fat... cock?" Diane asked wickedly, while she stared at his massive member from... as has been said... extremely close up.

"Mom!" Jeremy gasped, while his telltale cock flinched excitedly because of his Mom's wicked words.

"*Many* women, and even some men have *indeed* told him that," Christy answered, as she worked her way up her Mom's legs.

Diane acting all innocent, shrugged and said, "What? I'm just saying! It's quite impressive, dear."

"Thanks, I guess," Jeremy said, trying to act casual, when in truth his balls were boiling. God, did he want to fuck his mother!

"He liked the compliment, Mom," Christy added. "His hard cock bobbed to tell me so."

"You're not helping," Jeremy said.

"Am I wrong?"

Finally deciding to stop behaving like the stunned son and to show off some of the confident stud he always was in California, he said, "No, I love a woman seeing my big cock and getting all revved up because of it."

"You do, do you?" Diane asked.

"Yes, most women *love* my cock, and they tell me so," Jeremy said, restoring his usual confidence a bit more with each word.

"I just *bet* they do," Diane said, still admiring it, and now getting turned on from seeing her son showing some mojo... her late husband had used to just fuck her... anytime he wanted... in any hole he wanted... and she'd fucking *loved* it! This was something no one else knew... that behind the fierce exterior of this prudish God-fearing woman was a randy slut who loved getting face fucked, who loved getting pounded hard who always enjoyed a good ass drilling), and who thrilled to being called nasty names and taking loads all over her face.

"Yeah," Jeremy said, not sure of what to say next.

"I want you to really relax now, Mom," Christy said, "the good stuff is just about to start."

"It hasn't already?" she asked, before looking back admiringly at her son's cock and wondering what it would be like to commit the ultimate sin of incest with it, like in all those stories.

"Okay, then if you've been having fun so far, then it's *really* about to get good," Christy said, as she walked over and gently guided her Mom's head back into the open-face pillow. "I know you're enjoying the view, but you'll want to be *totally* relaxed as you enter this next stage. You'll probably even want to close your eyes for a while."

As Jeremy began to work on the back, Christy returned to the midsection, and gently parted her mother's legs wider to begin applying the soothing sexual mix of their homemade creation Euphoria to her Mom's inner thighs.

"Oh, does that feel good," Diane moaned, her body feeling so relaxed and yet somehow equally on fire... an oxymoron that didn't make much sense, but it was definitely what she was feeling. She could easily fall asleep right now, or get fucked.

"Just relax," Christy reminded her, as she generously lotioned her Mom's big ass cheeks.

"I've never been more relaxed in my life," the mother said, feeling like her body was as light as air and floating onto a different plane.

"Good Mommy," Christy said, just like she'd said many times before during her incest roleplaying massages... where in the past they'd just been roleplaying... and thus she was just doing her job... it had never turned her on... yet as she brought her fingers to her Mom's asshole to generously apply some magic lube there, she felt her own pussy start tingling... so much so that she impulsively brought her other hand into play, and for the first time ever while giving a massage, she rubbed the magical concoction into her *own* pussy.

Jeremy glanced over just in time to see his sister doing this. He looked up at her, perplexed, and she just shrugged.

"Are you going to do Mommy's asshole next?" Diane asked.

"It is part of the full treatment," Christy answered.

"Then I guess you are," Diane said contentedly, lying on her belly and just enjoying the four-hands soothing massage... unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

As her daughter's heavenly fingers stroked their way closer to her pussy and asshole, she asked, having seen it on the survey sheet, "So what exactly does incest roleplay entail? You two don't actually... you know... have sex with each other, do you?"

"No, Mom," Jeremy gasped, while his cock flinched again at the question.

"No, Mom," Christy parroted. "We just sometimes pretend to be a client's son or daughter while they play our Mom or Dad, or occasionally a sibling, or maybe we're even their granddaughter or grandson."

"I see," Diane moaned, as her daughter's fingers advanced between her ass cheeks.

"Are you ready to become immersed in the full body sensation?" Christy asked soothingly.

"Yes honey, just treat me like any other client," Diane said.

"Okay, then relax; the next few minutes will be intense, and we'll need to really take our time so we can take you through a slow burn," Christy explained.

"Okay," Diane said as she felt her daughter's well-oiled fingers slowly rubbing her long ignored asshole... that hadn't been penetrated in years.

"Just relax, Mommy," Christy reminded, *enjoying* herself calling someone that for the first time ever while performing a massage.

"Okay honey," Diane moaned softly, her son's hands doing her back and her daughter's fingers only teasing her rosebud so far, but already beginning to relax and stimulate her.

Christy, her index finger very generously lubed, then easily slipped inside her Mom's ass.

"Oh my *Gawd!*" Diane moaned loudly when she felt her ass penetrated.

"Relax, Mommy, relax," Christy reminded her Mom again, as she slowly fingered her asshole.

"That feels so *weird*, after all this time," Diane reported, although she wasn't complaining.

"It'll get better," Christy said, incorrectly assuming her mother hadn't ever been anally penetrated before.

"I know, your Daddy used to really ream my asshole with his big cock," Diane said, going into a sexual trance where she might say *anything!*

"No way," Christy said, that news really turning her on!

"Although your father wasn't as big as Jeremy here," Diane said, waving her left hand around blindly, trying to find her son... but he was standing on her other side.

"Jesus," Jeremy gasped, as he watched his sister fingering his Mom's ass. He'd previously had seen her fingering hundreds of women's, and even some men's assholes... including some very famous people's... but he'd never found any of those times as surreally erotic as this was.

"I always *loved* getting my asshole fucked," Diane moaned.

"So all those times when you scolded me for the way I was dressed, you were being a three-hole slut for Dad?" Christy asked, a little annoyed at her mother's hypocrisy.

"I know, I'm sorry, I was being *very* hypocritical," Diane admitted.

"Well, you're a *bad girl*," Christy scolded.

"Really? I've always *loved* being a bad girl," Diane smiled drunkenly, although she hadn't touched a drop; it was just the Euphoria talking.

"You were a *very* bad girl, and especially a *bad, bad Mommy*," Christy scolded overdramatically while she slowly finger fucked her Mom's ass with the narcotic lotion.

"I know," the Mom said, her pleasure increasing quickly... pleasure with an intensity she couldn't have fathomed existing. "*Such* a bad Mommy I was!"

"Yes Mommy, and even your son you give hard ons to agrees you're a *very bad girl*," Jeremy added, deciding to jump in and play along in this surreal situation... having already done this 'bad Mommy' roleplay with a dozen women he'd pretended were his mother.

"You don't know the half of it," Diane moaned, as her ass was fingered and she thought she might even come without having her pussy touched. She'd been ass fucked many times by her husband, but she'd never actually come just from being sodomized. She was also experiencing a strange liberating sensation from confessing to her children how she hadn't always been the prim and proper woman she'd always presented herself as.

"Oh, but we're learning," Christy said as she fingered her Mom's ass.

Diane, the anal pleasure consuming her, moaned, "Ahhh, oh my God!"

"You like that, Mommy? Do you like your daughter fingering your tight little shitter like this?"

Diane moaned, her body now just giving into the pleasure completely, "Yes, Babygirl! Finger Mommy's tight asshole."

Christy fingered her Mom's asshole for a few more seconds... bringing her Mom's orgasm to *almost there*... but then she pulled out just before she came.

The mother whined, the pleasure still burning inside her, yet now it was lingering just below the surface, "Shove it back in my asshole, *right fucking now!*"

"Turn over," Christy ordered, ignoring her Mom's plea while secretly enjoying the lustful desperation in her voice.

"But I was *so fucking close!*" Diane whined like a bitch in heat.

"I know. Now be a good girl and let's continue," Diane ordered placidly, slapping her mother on the butt and winking at her brother.

"Fine," Diane sighed in a way that made it *perfectly clear* she wasn't fine *at all*, but she did obediently roll onto her back, rewarding herself unexpectedly with a great look at her son's hard cock. "Hey there! I can see you're still excited about rubbing your mother."

"You bet I am, and I can that see *you're* excited about being rubbed *by* your hot children," Jeremy said, gazing down upon his Mom's very hard nipples and even giving them a playful pinch. His previous embarrassment was long gone, and now he felt fully in his element and ready for anything! *Embarrassed* about his hardon for her? Not any more!

"Guilty as charged," the mother admitted... her desire to come overriding any sense of moral dignity or motherly responsibility.

Jeremy stood next to his Mom, uncaring this time about how his rock-hard dick was now actually resting against the side of her face, and he lotioned up her huge tits lavishly, while her daughter applied excessive amounts of the happy lotion both onto and into her mother's pussy.

"Oh my God," Diane moaned, "that feels so good!"

"Yeah? Then wait about ten minutes until the THC *really* kicks in, Mom," Christy said, as she began massaging her Mom's legs again... now totally ignoring her pussy for a while.

"I don't think I can *possibly* last that long," Diane moaned while her son massaged her tits, obviously enjoying himself thoroughly, simultaneous with making her feel *so good!*

"Oh trust me, you haven't even *begun* to feel the extreme pleasures our magic oil is about to start giving you," Christy told her excitedly. "Just you wait!"

"Yeah Mom, we're taking you to nirvana," Jeremy forewarned. He always enjoyed women of all manner of personality types morphing into pleasure sluts as the twins' magic formula seeped into their bodies and transformed their breasts, pussies and assholes into oversensitive pleasure zones.

A few more minutes... which seemed like an hour but also like a minute... passed for Diane.

Christy asked, "Ready to reach nirvana, Mommy?"

"Yes, Babygirl, *please* get Mommy off," the mother moaned desperately.

As Jeremy swirled his fingers over her nipples, and Diane's pussy was throbbing, and her ass was throbbing, and her head was spinning around and around in a euphoric daze, her daughter *finally!* slipped two fingers inside her pussy and rubbed her clit with her other hand.

"Mother fucker!!" Diane yelled from her instant frenzy.

"I guess I really *am* one now," Christy laughed, as she finger fucked her mother, now vigorously.

"Oh God, Jeremy, Jeremy my boy," Diane moaned, looking up at him helplessly while she thrashed around.

"Yes Mom?" he asked, his cock throbbing at what he was witnessing... the ultimate fantasy... one he'd imagined many, many times but had never expected to see in the flesh.

"Come here," she said. "Stand next to my head and face me."

He walked around to stand beside her... his cock now directly in front of her mouth and her luscious lips.

"Jeremy... son," Diane gasped, and she stared at her son's big cock while her daughter was still finger-banging her, "please... please... please...."

"Please what?" he asked. "What do you want, mother?"

"Please feed me your big fat cock!" she blurted out.

"*What?*" Jeremy expostulated, hearing his Mom's words, words he'd imagined hearing her say so many times, yet he still couldn't believe it when she *actually* said them.

"Please, baby, I'm begging you," the mother pleaded while staring lustfully at her son's big cock, "shove that big cock in your Mommy's mouth!"

Christy too was *so fucking horny, dying* to eat her Mom's pussy, god it looked so delicious, while the magical lotion she'd applied to her *own* pussy working wonders by now, and making her a sopping mess, she was right on board with her mother's wishes, and she said so. "Give it to her, little brother!" she called out to him even though he was only two feet away. "Give our Mommy your big, fat cock!"

"You're *serious?*" Jeremy shouted back. He wouldn't ever dare to do that with an *actual* client, he'd be stepping right across a serious legal barrier. But this was only his mother, and no money was changing hands, so he wouldn't go to jail even if the cops were videotaping all of this. And right! She was *only* his mother!

"Right now son, *face fuck* Mommy, *pleeease?*" Diane pleaded, as she reached her hand towards his waist and tried to pull him to her.

"Do it! Do it *now*, big brother," Christy ordered, looking down at her brother's big, hard cock that she'd seen almost every day for the past two years.

Feeling his Mom spastically trying to pull him to herself while she continued thrashing around in one long *almost there, but I'm not... quite... cumming!!* he decided just to go with it, and he slid his cock into his Mom's mouth.

"Oh fuck, you nasty mother fucker," Christy *groaned*, since watching her brother sliding his cock into their Mom had her own pussy *on fire*, while she dove down and sucked on her Mom's clit while she slid three fingers in her mother's twat and really finger banged her.

It took seconds... maybe ten... Jeremy had pumped four inches of his cock into her mouth only three times... before Diane's pussy *finally* erupted, and she screamed, possibly loud enough to alert the neighbours, "Oh my God, I am *sooo* coming!" as her mouth slipped off of her son's fat cock, but her daughter continued eating her pussy.

"*Cum*, Mommy-slut," Christy ordered, even while her Mom was doing so, flooding her face with her first orgasm of the massage... while Jeremy thrilled to the hottest act he'd ever seen in his *life*, and he'd seen a lot of hot women performing lots of very hot acts, with all the best ones happening on Tantric High's massage tables.

As Diane just came and came, the intensity so extreme and so unlike any other orgasm she'd ever experienced before, she responded... well... *bellowed* really, just like sometimes in the erotica she'd read, "Yes, Babygirl! Your Mommy is your slut!"

"Keep coming, you nasty slut!" Christy bellowed back, while she kept licking up the cum leaking out of her mother, and while she kept fingering her... knowing that although the magical lotion on or inside a pussy didn't give *the pussy* a real high like imbibing drugs could... she knew that *licking* that pussy while it was soaked with the drug would give someone potentially large amounts of the drug and could get them *very* high... but she didn't care, as she hungrily licked her Mom's delicious 'reefer' pussy.

"Jeremy, baby. I want you *really* to fuck Mommy's slut mouth, just use me as your Mommy-slut! Fuck it hard, baby! I want to feel your balls bouncing off my chin," Diane babbled away, the hottest thing Jeremy had ever heard.

He obliged, his cock throbbing as he slid it back into his Mom's mouth.

"Straddle her tits and face fuck her from there!" Christy urged him, looking up from her Mom's pussy to watch her brother face fucking her.

"Yes son, please do me that way," Diane agreed, after Jeremy pulled out.

"You really want my cock slamming your throat, Mommy?" Jeremy asked doubtfully, as he climbed on top of the massage table and on top of his Mom.

"Yes son, I want you to fuck Mommy's mouth as hard as you can with your huge fat cock," Diane said, the big cock now waving around not far above her.

"All right, you asked for it," Jeremy warned, his masculinity welling up in him as he slid his cock into his Mom's mouth and began face fucking her with mighty strokes!

Diane moaned on the cock, and Christy stood up and said, after watching the wicked act for a good thirty seconds, her Euphoria-laden pussy still on fire, "Pull on her arms, and *really* give it to her mouth!"

"Good idea, sis," Jeremy said, grabbing both arms, and by doing so he was able to pull his Mom's head and shoulders up, which made it easy to face fuck her really deeply... easily sliding all eight inches of his cock into her welcoming mouth over and over again.

"Oh *fuck*, you nasty mother-face-fucker," Christy berated playfully, rubbing herself like crazy while she watched the wicked incestuous act... so much hotter than *any* roleplaying she'd ever done in the past... although now she understood why some of her clients wanted this particular roleplay... it was far out kinky, and hot as fuck.

"Oh yeah, this mouth is mine," Jeremy said, a massive adrenaline rush coursing through him as he face fucked his Mom, smoothly bouncing his full-to-bursting balls against her chin.

Christy went back to their Mom's pussy and slid two fingers into it and a thumb into her rectum, making Diane cum again instantly... her holes so sensitive by now it took almost nothing to get her off.

"Ooooooooooh," Diane moaned, and she came again while her son roughly fucked her face and her daughter double penetrated her.

For a couple minutes, Christy lapped up her mother's cunt cum again, before she stood upright and watched her brother face-fuck her Mom while she rubbed herself.

This wild act, the smooth angle, and the ongoing sight of his cock at work inside his Mom's mouth had Jeremy ready to unload in just a couple of minutes.

And Christy, having seen her brother's pre-cum face many times before, urged him, "Come down Mommy's *throat*, big brother, fill her belly with your big load!"

Diane answered with an encouraging moan, just before her son unloaded a massive load down her throat!

Once he was spent, Jeremy pulled out and Diane exclaimed, "Wow, that was fucking intense!"

"It still is, so get *off* of her," Christy said urgently, even trying to push him off. As soon as he'd hopped down to his feet, she replaced him, straddled her Mom's face, dropped her wet, stoned pussy onto her Mom's lips, and ordered succinctly, "Eat."

Diane, still in her lustful daze, didn't hesitate, her natural submissiveness and her horny buzz driving her to begin licking her first-ever pussy... her very own daughter's.

"Oh fuck," Jeremy said as he watched his Mom eating out his twin sister.

"That's it, Mommy, here's your birthday pie," Christy moaned, reaching down, pulling her Mom's head up and deeper into her oasis of wetness... her mother, along with her homemade weed oil getting her off in no time at all!

Diane eagerly licked her daughter, loving this nasty act, loving the subtle taste, and after only a minute, she was rewarded with a gush of girl cum all over her face.

Christy, having used this top-of-the-line lotion on her pussy many times, knew she wasn't only going to come once, as she trembled while coming for only the first time. *Without* a pot pussy high, she'd *never* come more than once, but *with* it, she'd never *failed* to have multiple orgasms, since it always got her pussy so damn sensitive!

Diane kept licking... her face plastered to her daughter's pussy... completely engulfed in the womanly scent and taste... completely mesmerized by throwing herself into this sinful and taboo act.

Jeremy's cock never even remotely began shrinking while he watched this lesbian act... this lesbian *incestuous* act... his cock ready for more... even though the druggy lotion did almost nothing for him or for other men (unless it was administered anally, and then it did absolute *wonders* for an experience as a bottom)... but it always turned the women around him unto downright nymphomaniacs, and this time he couldn't help but respond to that!

"Fuuuuuck," Christy screamed, as her orgasm number two arrived, thanks to the lips and tongue of her mother.

Jeremy went around the table to checkout his Mom's pussy and ass. God, did they look inviting.

"Do the drumroll to her," Christy ordered, looking back at her brother staring between their Mom's legs.

"You think I should?" Jeremy asked.

"Just do it," she said brusquely, while she pushed her Mom's head back onto the massage table's headrest and began to grind her hips back and forth, so she could reach her third straight intense orgasm.

"Okay, here goes," Jeremy said, crawling between his Mom's legs and resting his cock against her clit.

"Now," Christy ordered, as she ground her cunt against her Mom's face.

"Okay," he repeated, as he did something he'd done to women dozens of times by now... he gave his Mom a *cock clit drumroll orgasm!*

Jeremy tapped his fat dick head against her clit repeatedly... and every time, his Mom's legs twitched uncontrollably.

Diane kept moaning, her sounds mostly muffled by her daughter's pussy, and she kept her tongue extended while her daughter used her face freely for her own personal pleasure.

As Jeremy kept his drumroll going, it drove his mother wild, and her third orgasm roared through her, as she resumed licking her daughter's pussy.

While her mother came again, so too did Christy, and her oversensitive pussy erupted a third gush of pussy juice all over her coming mother's face.

As Christy got off of her Diane's pussy was still burning, but more importantly, the lubricant infesting her anus was driving her *crazy*, and she couldn't even *believe* the words tumbling out of her mouth as she begged with a desperation only a woman whose pussy and ass were high on pleasure could summon, "Oh my God, Jeremy, my ass! Fuck my ass, son. I need it so bad!"

Christy, her own wetness leaking down her legs, her own pussy still on fire, perhaps she'd given herself too much lubricant, reinforced the plea, "You heard our Mommy. Fuck this MILF slut in her ass!"

"I can do that," Jeremy agreed with utter willingness, removing his cock from the clit and flipping his mother easily from her back to her stomach. He pulled her hips up until she was on all fours, and he slid his cock easily into his mother's warm, lubricated ass.

In spite of her prior trepidation about this happening to her long-unused asshole, all Diane felt about this was *wonderful!* And she screamed, "Ooooooooooh, yes, fill my ass with your huge fat cock!" now feeling intense and warm pleasure surging through her body as her son's cock went deep into her anus... her pussy high seeming to be migrating through her whole body while she licked her lips, still tasting her daughter's pussy on them.

"So tight," Jeremy moaned, still in disbelief about his cock was being in his Mom's ass.

"*Fuck Mommy's ass, pound that asshole,*" Christy cheer-leaded, and she grabbed some lube and slid a well-coated finger into her own asshole... since she too wanted to get her ass fucked eventually... maybe by her Mom?... her strap-on stored conveniently nearby in her suitcase.

"Yes son, hammer my asshole," Diane said, as she began bouncing back to meet the deep thrusts from her son...wanting to feel every inch of her son's cock going as deep as possible into her oversensitive asshole.

"You're saying you're now my ass slut?" Jeremy extrapolated, his hands clutching her hips as he slammed deep into his Mom as hard as he could.

"Yes son, I'll be your Mommy ass slut anytime you want," Diane moaned, before turning to her daughter, who still had a finger in her own ass, "And daughter, I'll be your cunt-licking slut anytime *you* want."

"Yes you will," Christy agreed, so fucking horny.

"Then from now on, whenever we come to visit, I'll be using all *three* of your holes, Mommy slut," Jeremy staked his claim, his confidence brimming over as he ass fucked his Mom.

"Yes, you literal mother fucker, you *do* own all my holes, but now *please* come in your Mommy's dirty shit hole," Diane begged as she furiously bounced back on her son's dick.

"Oh fuck, you nasty slut," Jeremy grunted a few strokes later, and he exploded a load in his Mom's asshole.

"Yes!!!" Diane screamed, as yet another orgasm erupted through her the very moment she felt her son unloading his massive load in her bowels.

"Fucking hot," Christy said, as she kept rubbing herself.

"Fuck," Jeremy groaned, as his second load filled his Mom.

After a minute, both women still horny as fuck on their sexual highs, engaged each other in a 69, side by side, with Christy lapping up and swallowing some of her brother's cum that was leaking out of her Mom's ass and into her pussy.

They achieved two more orgasms each, both women now sexually high, but also high as kites with *normal* highs, from imbibing on the potent edible lingering in each other's THC-laced pussies.

Christy barked through her never-ending orgasm rush, "I *really* need to get fucked. All three of us into my bedroom... *now!*"

"I'm not sure I can even *walk*," Diane said, kind of joking, kind of not. Her entire body was feeling high.

Jeremy picked his Mom up as if she was his bride and carried her into his sister's room.

"God, do you remind me of your father," she said.

"I do?" he asked, still missing his Dad every day.

"Yeah, except now with a new and improved cock," Diane said, as Jeremy tossed her onto the bed.

"Put this on, Mom," Christy ordered, tossing her Mom her strap-on harness.

"*No way*," Diane said, not meaning she wasn't going to do it, but meaning 'Wow, that's so fucking cool!' She fastened it on while Christy climbed onto her bed and onto all fours.

"Once you have it on, come and fuck my ass, Mommy; and Jeremy, you can fuck whichever one of Mommy's holes you like," Christy offered, doling out her Mom's holes as if she owned them, and perhaps she did, since Diane didn't object at all.

"Well, she's still got *one* I haven't filled yet," Jeremy said.

"But first go wash your cock, son, for sanitary purposes," Diane said. "Mommy may now be a nasty three-hole slut for her son and a cunt-licking, strap-on wearing submissive for her daughter, but ass to pussy is pushing it no matter *who or what* anyone might be."

"Good call," Jeremy agreed, as he watched his Mom finish tightening the strap-on.

"Fuck, this tool equals power," Diane said as she stroked her fake cock as if jacking it off.

"Then come and show me your power by destroying your daughter's asshole," Christy said, her well-lotioned ass dying to be filled.

Jeremy hurried off as the mother said, "Today just continues to get wilder. Do you do this for *all* your clients?"

"Oh, we've already gone *way* past what we've *ever* done for any of our clients! We've elevated you into your very own classification! Our Mommy-slut will *always* outrank a mere movie star or whatever. AND we'll be here for another *week*," Christy pointed out, as her Mom got onto the bed.

"I've never gotten to fuck someone before," Diane said, knee-walking up behind her daughter.

"Then Merry Christmas and Happy Birthday," Christy wished her cheerily while her Mom brought the cock to her ass. "Now just slide that cock in my ass."

"Okay," Diane said, as she positioned the cock at the small puckered asshole, and pushed it forward.

"Yes Mommy, fill your daughter's asshole," Christy moaned, as she felt the cock sliding inside and filling her.

"So fucking hot," Diane said in wonderment, as she watched 'her' cock disappearing between her daughter's ass cheeks.

"Indeed it *is* hot," Jeremy agreed, as he returned in time to watch his Mom do something he never had... fuck his sister.

"Come and fuck my pussy, honey," Diane said. "I want to be the meat in the middle of our very own incestuous fuck sandwich."

"Fucking crazy," Jeremy said, as he got onto the bed and knelt behind his mother to complete his trifecta... fucking all three of his Mom's holes in a single day... and how many sons in the history of the world could say they'd ever accomplished that?

"Fuck me, Mommy," Christy moaned, since her Mom was all the way inside her ass, but she wasn't moving.

"Just wait a minute, while your brother gets himself into my pussy," Diane said.

"Then hurry up, Jeremy," Christy demanded with urgent lust.

Jeremy did, sliding into his Mom's pussy in one quick thrust.

"Yesssss," Diane moaned as her pussy was filled.

"Now let's all fuck!" Christy demanded.

And they did... following a rough start... Jeremy and his mother soon working in perfect unison within this small train of incestuous lust.

Christy came three more times.

Diane twice more.

And finally Jeremy came once more, which triggered Diane's third orgasm in this bedroom alone, as soon as she felt her son filling her pussy, this time with his cum.

All three were still locked together in a tangled mess, Diane still inside her daughter's ass... Jeremy still balls deep inside his mother, with his cum deep inside her... when suddenly they all just collapsed onto the bed in utter exhaustion.

A few minutes later, as each woman's high began to fade... they ended lying up in bed together *untangled*, now side by side... all of them still naked... Mom in the middle, with a child nestled in each arm.

"Well, that *was* life-altering," the mother said. "As advertised!"

"Merry Christmas, Mom," Jeremy said.

"Happy birthday, Mommy-slut," Christy added.

"You kids *do* know I'm going to want another massage after supper, don't you?" Diane asked.

"I guess we do owe you a lot of birthday presents to make up for all those Christmases we bundled your presents together into one," Christy rationalized.

"But is it weird I actually feel high?" Diane asked, "I mean in my head?" the burning in her loins fading away now, but her head still in a mushroom cloud.

"Yeah, that's Christy's fault," Jeremy said.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, Mom," Christy said, "while I was finger banging you and watching Jeremy face fuck you I got horny, so I rubbed some of our lotion into my pussy."

"That's okay honey, fair's fair," Diane said, figuring there was no reason her daughter shouldn't have gotten the same pleasure she had.

"Yeah, but while the lotion in your pussy won't give you a natural high in the traditional sense," Jeremy explained, "it becomes a potent edible if it's consumed."

"Or in other words, eating my pussy got you high," Christy summarized.

"I see," Diane said.

"So I'm sorry," Christy said.

"No worries," Diane said, "I'll happily get high on your pussy anytime!"

"Aaaah," Christy said, leaning over and kissing her Mom.

"Plus, what a great new way to consume the drug," Diane joked.

"A whole new presentation for serving up an edible drug," Jeremy joked.

"That isn't a *terrible* idea," Christy said, thinking of the money they could make by allowing women, and maybe the occasional man, to get high from eating her pussy.

"I want to see the business plan," Diane teased.

"We could advertise it as a 'pie high'," Christy said, still somewhat high herself, since she too had been eating Euphoria-laden pussy... although she wasn't as high as her Mom.

Jeremy just shook his head.

"As naughty as I now know you two are, you've never fucked *each other*, have you?"

"No, we haven't," the kids replied in unison.

"And Christy, you're on The Pill, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then that too is on the agenda for after supper. I want to watch my naughty incestuous kids fucking each other for the first time. Deal?"

The twins looked the question at each other, both unsure of this as it may change the dynamics of their work relationship, as Christy shrugged, "We'll see. I much prefer pussy."

"Oh, you'll be having a lot of that the rest of this holiday season," Diane assured.

"And once you've had my cock you will enjoy cock and pussy," Jeremy said.

"Oh yes, big brother," she smiled, glancing at his impressive cock.

"Always a sibling rivalry," Diane shook her head. "But first, I need a nap."

THE END

Or perhaps not. Do you want a part two? Or even more?

Part 2:

A three-way THC-enhanced family orgy, where the twins finally fuck each other for the first time under their loving mother's supervision.

Part 3

While sharing another wicked, lustful, cannabis-charged family fuck fest, the trio is interrupted by Diane's younger sister (and thus the twins' aunt) walking in on them, and....)

And any other ideas???