

Son of A Beach

Chapter 1

Both Mom and my sister's excitement had been noticeably building all week. A weekend at a secluded beach house up the coast. Just the two couples; my parents, and Mia with her new boyfriend. They'd met through my father, a trusted colleague of his at the Institute, and three months in, it seemed their relationship was flourishing. Their first weekend away together, I'd overheard she was hoping to make it 'special.'

I didn't quite understand what THAT had meant, but the few shopping trips she'd taken mid-week with Mom had seen them both return home with bags full of new clothing, and I'd noticed some of them from noted lingerie retailers.

I had my own reasons to look forward to the weekend. A newly turned eighteen-year-old with the house to myself, I was planning on making use of the time alone. A raid of Dad's liquor cabinet on my schedule. A LOT of porn to watch. And even the phone number of the new girl that had moved in a

few houses down the street. All going well, it'd be a weekend to remember.

It was just after lunch Friday afternoon, and taking it upon myself to clean up the dishes from said lunch, I was wrists deep in the sink when my sister squeezed my shoulders from behind and requested my attention.

"Which looks better?" She asked as I turned and wiped the suds from my hands. "The dress with these sandals..." She twirled for me, the already short floral dress rising up her thighs. "...or this?"

My breath was caught momentarily as she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up her body, only to be relieved (or possibly disappointed) when she revealed an admittedly tiny pair of denim shorts beneath, a white bikini hugging her ample breasts. She kicked off the brown sandals and slipped her feet into a pair of flip-flops and once more spun to parade her outfit.

Though my older sister, I wasn't above ogling her impressive ass as it literally bulged out of the cut-off shorts and managed to not linger on the mound of pussy (with a hint of camel-toe I noted) as she trained her eyes expectantly upon me.

"Ah, why are you asking me?" I inquired, admittedly surprised she was seeking my perspective.

"Mom said to get a male's opinion," she flatly responded.

"I'm your brother."

"But you're still a guy. Come on, don't be weird about it. I want to look good for Toby," she looked down at her smart watch. "They'll be home soon, just tell me. Which is hotter?"

"Ah..." I could feel myself beginning to blush. "Just go with what you've got on."

The sound of Dad's car pulling up in the drive saved me from any further embarrassment and set Mia on her toes. "Thanks Lukey," she said as she turned tail with her sandals and ran from the kitchen. Admittedly I took another peek of her ass as she scampered away and was suitably impressed. Hey, as she said, I was 'still a guy.'

Dad called out for my mother when he finally entered the house and I heard them meet in the hallway. What happened then wasn't what any of us had expected.

"...but Jim, we're fully packed. All the food's already in the car," Mom was trying not to raise her voice and I strolled out into the hallway to partake in the conversation.

"I know Honey but it can't be put off, there's millions of dollars riding on this," Dad was attempting to explain something and I got a pretty good idea of what that might have been. The trip was off!

"Seriously, the whole weekend?" Mia was attempting to salvage the vacation. "Why does Toby have to be there? Can't he at least come?" She added, to which Dad scoffed.

"We can't just find a genetic particle physicist of his caliber at the drop of a hat," Dad countered almost laughing and really didn't read the room.

"This is bullshit! I'm calling him," she stated and marched off toward her bedroom. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I watched her leave intently, my eyes firmly on that swaying bottom.

"What's going on?" I finally inquired now there was a lull in the conversation, and Mom turned towards me.

"The trip's cancelled," she conveyed what I'd already ascertained. "Your father's running some test at the facility and heaven forbid, he and Toby aren't there to oversee."

"It's not like that Darl," Dad tried to mitigate, turning to me. "It's the chromosome raiment synthesizer. They've brought the test forward a week. Everything we've worked towards is hinging on this."

"And it just happens to fall on this weekend. You know I don't think they'll even refund the beach house," Mom fired at Dad. "All the food we've bought..." Mom trailed off.

It looked like Dad finally understood how much disappointment he'd wrought on the family, (me included) and reached out to touch Mom's arm. "Well, the food will still get eaten and...well, why do you have to cancel the trip? You and Mia could still go," it was then he turned to me. "And what about Luke? You could go along. How does a free weekend at the beach sound?"

Admittedly, considering Dad would now be home with me, putting an end to most of my plans, it sounded pretty good, and I felt Mom's eyes train upon me. She still conveyed

disappointment when I looked to her for guidance. "Are you still gonna go?"

It was then Mia slumped back along the hallway.

"It's final, weekend's off," she looked at her phone dismissively. "Toby says he has to be there."

"Your father thinks we should still go," Mom looked to Mia. "What do you think? Luke can come."

Mia shrugged and didn't seem enthusiastic either way. "Whatever, if y'all want."

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An hour later and with a bag hastily packed I was sitting alongside Mom in the front seat as we drove up the highway. I turned to offer Mia sitting in the rear some chips and with

her perched in the middle with feet either side of the drive-train, caught a sneaky peek up her skirt.

She hadn't gone with the denim shorts. An equally-as-tiny denim skirt the replacement for some reason, and as I'd noticed when we left the house and I helped her load her suitcase into the trunk, if she'd been trying to look 'hot' for her boyfriend, then with the skirt riding up so high on her thighs that I could see her panties peek out below, she should've gone with that to begin with.

The denim shorts were on Mom! But that's a story for later. Right then I was captivated by my sister's impromptu upskirt. With headphones over her ears, and her gaze captured by something out the window, I was free to look for slightly longer than expected, the previously spied white panties hugging her mound. I once more felt myself blush and the realization I probably needed a girlfriend woke me from my trance, managing to divert my eyes and get her attention with the snack and she took them gratefully.

Half an hour later and we had found the turnoff and after another twenty minutes along a sandy track, eventually pulled up at the beach house. The car unpacked and eager to get to the sand, I lost some of my enthusiasm when I looked at the stretch of empty coastline a shell's throw from the house. As I said, it was empty. Beautiful to be sure. But empty. My expectation was the opportunity to swim alongside other girls my own age. Admire some bodies of sunbathing beauties. There was no one else here. The entire length of the coastline, stretching for miles either way left to right was vacant. They didn't lie when they said 'secluded' on the website.

I headed back through the dunes to the house, relishing the cool lawn beneath my feet as it transitioned from the hot sand. Finding Mom on the deck, she was in the process of leaning into a hot tub to test the water and it was then I acknowledged my sister's shorts, now sitting around Mom's hips. If they'd been tight on my sister's admittedly healthy ass, they were like a second skin on my mother. I gazed at her bottom for a troublingly extended amount of time and came

away with an equally as dubious impression. Mom had a great ass!

"It's warm," Mom enthusiastically divulged as she felt my presence. "They must have come by and turned everything on for us."

"Nice," I agreed and felt my comment may've also applied to my mother's butt. "Where's Mia?"

Mom didn't need to answer, finding her upon the couch reading one of the magazines on the coffee table, drinks already poured beside the literature. I could smell alcohol and there being three glasses of what looked to be cola, I wondered whose was whose? Asking my sister.

"They're all bourbon," Mia casually remarked and I frowned, my sister immediately addressing my surprise. "Mom says you can drink this weekend!"

"Serious!?" I looked to Mom as she came back into the house.

"Why not?" She smiled as she passed by, squeezing my shoulder. "You're an adult now," she matter-of-factly explained. "I'm going to unpack if anyone needs me."

Mystified, and my enthusiasm for the weekend somewhat restored, I once more found my eyes staring at Mom's bottom as she stooped to retrieve a glass and made her way into one of the two bedrooms. It WAS a great ass.

I picked up one of the glasses myself and took a sip, finding it stronger than I expected, and much pleased, relaxed back onto the couch. "Oh shit," I exclaimed looking at the blank wall before me. "There's no tv!"

"I know," Mia lowered her magazine and rolled her eyes. "And try getting a signal."

I brought out my phone and saw no bars, thankful I had a few offline games preloaded if I grew bored. Flicking through my apps, I casually glanced at Mia as she shifted position at the other end of the couch, her bare feet up on the cushions providing an unobscured view up her skirt.

To be honest there wasn't much skirt to look up, so high it sat on her thighs. With the magazine fortuitously blocking her face from mine, I was able to stare directly without consequence at her aforementioned white panties. Time seemed frozen as I took in the splendor. Yes, she was my sister, but for a testosterone filled 18-year-old, she was also a living, breathing female, and that was currently the only thing on my mind.

"Mm, drink's just right Mia," Mom called from the other room to compliment her mixing skills and it frustratingly caused Mia to change position, reaching for her own glass and taking an extended sip. I feigned concentrating on my phone as she settled back upon the couch and to my delight, possibly an even better position. With feet towards me, she seemed unaware (or unconcerned) as to how much she was revealing

as the magazine once more obscured her eyes from mine and I again paid tribute to her crotch.

Her leg, casually swaying as she read, caused her panties to grow taut over her mound, leading to the outline of her labia to press through the material with each movement. It was too beautiful to ignore and surreptitiously I ground the side of my hand against my rapidly growing cock, before, as I watched awestruck, she went all out and parted her legs completely.

It must have been more comfortable for her. For me however, it was excruciating. A full on hardon lined my inner thigh, encouraged by my kneading. My head was full of sexual thoughts. Images of my sister removing her dress in the kitchen, my mom's ass as she leaned over the hot tub, and this, right before me. A real-life vagina right there, an arm's distance away. If I leaned in, I could press my face to it. Smell my sister's pussy. Kiss, suck on her clit...

It was too much. I felt the orgasm approach rapidly and panicked. No way was I going to cum in the one pair of shorts

I'd brought along, and in the little time afforded to me, I struggled to come up with the best solution. I rose suddenly from the couch and felt Mia's eyes upon me, turning my body immediately to hide my erection, I skirted the high back of the couch, willing away the orgasm yet aware it was useless. I'd crossed the threshold and there was no turning back. The doors to outside were out of the question, glass, Mia would see everything and I doubted I'd manage to open them in time anyway. The only option was right there.

She was slumped low in the couch and momentarily out of sight, I just managed to pull down the front of my shorts and cover the head of my cock as I let loose.

"What are you doing?" Mia questioned over the top of the couch as I released a ridiculous amount of cum into my palm.

"Nothing! Just a cramp," I lied as my cupped hand filled with semen and I gained what pleasure I could from the ultimately ruined orgasm. A moment of relief as I realized I'd pulled off the perfect crime, (literally) behind her back.

It was then, horror of all horrors. I saw the shadow of Mom re-entering the living room.

Mia sat up in the couch and throwing the magazine upon the coffee table, looked back over the headrest to further ascertain why I'd risen so quickly, a skeptical look on her face, just as I managed to tuck my cock back into my shorts.

"Oh good, someone's thinking," Mom crossed the room to stand beside the couch not two feet from me and with face burning, I struggled to hide my laden hand at my side.

"What?" I managed to respond, hoping she didn't notice my hardon still tenting my shorts.

"Sunscreen," she motioned down at my left hand. "Come on, lather me up!"

I was mortified and it must have shown on my face. Mia climbed up on the couch and held onto the backrest as she surveyed the action, strangely an equally as shocked expression coming to her visage. Did she know?

"Mom I don't think you should..." She began before Mom cut her off.

"What? He's my son, I think it's okay if he rubs me with sunscreen," she turned and presented her bare back only covered by the straps of her one-piece swimsuit.

"Mom I...I can't," I stammered and she turned before reaching out and taking up my hand in her own.

Before I could stop her, she'd dipped two fingers into the cum actually dripping from my clutch, amazed she didn't recognize its consistency, before she lifted her hand to her face.

"Oh goodness, what's gotten into you two?" She questioned.
"I'll just do it myself."

"Mom don't," I finally managed to voice.

"Oh Jesus!" Mia herself exclaimed, admitting so much, her hand rising up to cover her mouth in shock.

"What?" Mom asked as she pressed her fingers against her forehead and smeared.

I felt my jaw drop as I watched my mother spread my cum from her hairline to her eyebrows.

"Ooh, it's a watery one," she remarked as it ran between her eyes and down the edge of her nose, a finger dropping down to scoop the excess before she drew her hand back to examine the cream. "What brand is this?" She turned up her nose, spreading the semen between her fingers before sniffing at the substance.

"Jesus, Mom! Lucas!" Mia leaped from her position as I stood transfixed, unable to act, let alone speak. She rounded the couch and reached out to grab Mom's hand just as the look of realization came to her face.

"This smells like..." Mom paused, her wrist held by Mia as she raised her other to her forehead and wiped at the remaining globs before slowly looking up at me. "...like semen," she whispered, dumbfounded.

"Okay Mom," Mia calmly stated as she dragged Mom toward the bathroom.

"...but it's cum!" Mom reiterated; confusion still evident in her voice.

"Let's just get you cleaned up," Mia soothed as she whisked our mother from the room, looking back over her shoulder at me with wide eyes, shaking her head.

Alone, aghast, I looked down at my hand and felt the earth spinning faster than usual beneath my feet. What had I done?

"It's not that bad," I heard Mia consoling Mom.

"Not that bad?" Mom rebutted "He's cum on my face!" She immediately replied and with an all-encompassing shame, I ran from the house.

The beach beckoned and I found myself slumped against a dune staring out into the ocean contemplating what I'd done, flippantly considering disappearing into the surf to never be seen again. It'd be better than this. How could I ever look in Mom's eyes again? Even Mia's. What about when Dad finds out? He'd kill me. And even Mia's boyfriend. How would he feel about someone looking up her skirt and jerking off? Essentially what I'd done.

The sight of my sister's panties came back to me immediately, her pussy pressed hard against the white cotton. It was then I thought of her reaction to Mom. She'd known! She'd known from the minute Mom reached out to touch my hand that it contained cum. She knew I'd cum. She must have known I was looking up her skirt to begin with. Why hadn't she said anything? Put an end to it. At least closed her legs.

The thought had my cock hardening and again I felt a surge of shame, cursing it for getting me in trouble to begin with. How long I sat watching the waves, I wasn't sure, but when dark clouds began rolling in from the sea and the smell of rain came on the breeze, I knew I had to head back to face the repercussions.

Nearing the house, I came upon Mia walking towards me. Again, my libido let me down and I found my eyes drifting across her chest, the tight t-shirt hugging her boobs, clearly unsupported by a bra. The cool breeze had her nipples standing to attention and remarkably my cock stirred. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"There you are," she said. "We were worried about you."

She stopped before me I could see compassion in her eyes.

"How's Mom?" I tentatively broached the subject.

"Fine, she's making dinner. Why?"

"Ah, you know why," I declared, incredulous, and Mia smiled.

"She's good. She got over it. Even managed to laugh," she divulged.

"Seriously?"

"Uh huh. I reminded her it wasn't far from what she'd been expecting this weekend in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I've seen what she bought to wear for Dad," Mia herself laughed. "Trust me, she's not so innocent."

I relaxed somewhat as we began walking back to the house and becoming comfortable discussing the matter with her, I broached another subject. "So, ah, you knew?" I cryptically inquired and again she chuckled.

"What, that you were looking up my skirt and jerking off?" She bluntly questioned and I rapidly blushed.

"I thought I was being inconspicuous," I defended myself.

"What like when you were looking at my boobs just then?" She laughed and I stopped to look at her.

"Shit, I'm sorry," I genuinely apologized.

To this Mia reached out her hand and took mine, leading us again along the trail.

"You're a guy Lucas," she giggled. "I know what guys are like."

"You're not creeped out?" I asked and she took a moment to reply, her hand so small and pleasant to hold, only answering when we met the grass and the house came into view.

"Actually, it was kinda flattering!"

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Mom was predictably in the kitchen and was finishing a glass of bourbon and Coke when we entered. "Here he is!" She remarked as she set about pouring another, her tone belying the discontent she surely felt. When her eye caught mine, her facade cracked somewhat and a smile came to the corner of her mouth.

"Mom," I felt my face redden. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, she knows," Mia patted my shoulder as she made for the bottle of Jim Beam and I immediately thought of her last words. 'Kinda flattering,' she'd admitted. What did that mean? "We can just forget it even happened," Mia continued, pouring two glasses, filling them half way with bourbon before tipping more into Mom's. "What happens at the beach, stays at the beach," she concluded, handing me a glass. "Cheers."

Mom joined us in the toast and again her eyes met mine and this time we shared the smile. Like the shore I'd stared at half an hour earlier, a wave of relief washed over me and it felt like a reset on the weekend. And with Mia's words, it was possible no one outside the three of us would ever learn of what had happened. I hoped so.

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I'd done little drinking in my life before then and though the meal sobered me somewhat, I could still feel the effects of the alcohol overtaking me. Inhibitions loosened, I again found myself taking sneaky peeks up Mia's skirt as we played a game of Monopoly. In my defense, she wasn't making it hard, at one point spreading her legs obscenely as she reached for the dice. I even noticed Mom looking at her display on more than one occasion and I was surprised she didn't hint at Mia doing more to protect her modesty.

Over an hour we played and as the game was want to do, devolved into no real winner, our enthusiasm waning. Mia connected her phone's Bluetooth to a speaker and soon had music playing, snacks and alcohol making the atmosphere more party like and the game was eventually forgotten. Mom and I were talking like nothing had happened and Mia noted, becoming overly affectionate with each of us.

"See, isn't this better," she insisted as she hugged us both, her body between me and Mom on the couch. She was even more drunk than I, slurring her words, but it didn't stop her rising to fill all of our glasses, turning up the music in the process.

"Do you think it's okay?" Mom questioned over the volume.

"The music."

"There's no one around to hear," I countered.

"I suppose that's true," Mom agreed, leaning back into the couch. "It's what attracted us to it in the first place." She took another sip of her bourbon and casually undid the button on her shorts. It was clearly just for relief but I darted my eyes away when her own caught me looking and once more I felt like I was injecting unwarranted sexuality into the occasion.

"Thank God," Mia distracted us, referring to the seclusion. "I need some place to wear my new bikinis. There's no way I'd get away with it back in L.A."

Her words 'new bikinis' captured my attention, Mom's also it seemed.

"You're not really going to wear them?" Mom seemed surprised, her eyes flicking across to me before back to Mia. "I thought they were for Toby's benefit."

Mia shrugged. "I bought them for me. I'm not letting them go to waste."

"But what about...?" Again, Mom's eyes darted to and from me and I knew she was hinting at my earlier compulsion, to which Mia once more shrugged.

"Tell me you weren't looking forward to wearing your new clothes Mom," she challenged to which Mom seemed embarrassed, my mind reeling at what they were discussing.

"Well, I was," for the umpteenth Mom's eyes darted in my direction. "But obviously I can't, now."

"Why not?" Mia rose to cross to the bourbon and found it empty, twisting the cap on a bottle of wine. "We're all family here. Wear what you want..."

She returned and seeing Mom's glass almost empty, made to pour on top of the bourbon, Mom holding up a hand and finishing before surprisingly accepting the top up. No wine glasses needed it seemed; I'd also never seen Mom drink so much so quickly. Mia slumped into an armchair and inebriated, cared not her legs spread widely, her bulge of pussy on open display. Drunk also, I allowed myself a lasting stare before slowly raising my gaze to her eyes which looked back lazily.

"...Lucas won't mind!" She finished her earlier point.

I sheepishly looked over my half-filled glass as the music played, awaiting the next move. It came from Mom. "It WOULD be nice to wear something pretty," she pondered.

"And you would've worn them in front of Toby anyway," Mia added, now seemingly determined to get Mom to dress up, or down, or whatever they were discussing.

Mom took the bait and swallowing another mouthful of wine, rose beside me, her hand actually unzipping her shorts as she stepped over my feet.

"You won't be embarrassed Honey?" Mom asked, standing unsteadily above me and without any idea as to why I should, innocently shook my head. "Okay," she seemed excited. "I'll slip into something more comfortable," she laughed as she headed to her room.

"What's going on?" I whispered to Mia through the music, her head swaying with the beat.

"Nothing. Mom just bought new clothes for the weekend. Well, for Dad really," she closed her eyes and waved her hand in the air enjoying the melody playing. "You'll see," she added.

I didn't have to wait long. I'd just returned from filling my own glass with the wine and upon sitting back on the couch, Mom exited the bedroom. It was her heels that I noted first. The clicking as she admittedly unsteadily traversed the room. But it was her outfit that caught my attention.

A 'dress' I suppose it could be called, it looked to be made of transparent pantyhose nylon, certainly the same material as the attached thigh high stockings. She wore no bra to support her large breasts and the fact I could see my mother's nipples was not lost on me.

"Woohoo!" Mia cheered our mother's return, whereas I remained mute. "I love that color," she enthused at the iridescent yellow and Mom did a full turn for her (for us) to model the outfit. I was looking nowhere else but at her yet she seemed loathe to catch my eye as she proudly crossed the room and as before stepped over my outstretched feet. Her glass upon the table, she chose that very moment to lean forward and retrieve it.

My mom's ass presented to me not two feet from my face, it was the first time I noticed she was at least wearing some underwear. The string of a thong was buried between her cheeks and as she leaned ever further, the dress rose ever higher on her thighs. Her body blocking Mia from view, I had no more than five seconds of impunity where I was free to stare to my heart's content. It was enough. The string that had disappeared between her cheeks reappeared as it attempted to cover her pussy, smooth puffy outer labia embracing the thin strip.

Too soon she moved away and with legs demurely together lowered herself into the couch beside me.

"You can pick your jaw up Lukey," Mia laughed without mockery and I felt myself blush.

"What? I wasn't looking," I lied, though indeed my jaw HAD dropped.

"It's okay Honey," Mom leaned back and crossed her legs, sipping her wine, and I again took a sneaky peek of her breasts, her nipples hard. "It was designed to stand out. How do I look?"

Both her and Mia's eyes were on me and my face burned as I struggled to admit my feelings to not only her, but myself. Was it okay to confess she looked awesome? That my own mother looked...fuckable? It was so wrong that I was even contemplating it to begin with. Sneaky peeks up my sister's skirt were one thing, lusting after my mom was a whole new incestuous ballgame. I went with a diplomatic response.

"You look..." I paused. "Pretty."

"I don't think 'pretty' was what she's going for to be honest Lucas," Mia laughed but Mom would have none of it.

"Oh, stop it Mia," she scolded her before reaching out and touching my arm momentarily. "Thank you Darling," she smiled. "Do you think your father would've liked it?"

All I could do was nod.

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We attempted to finish the game but none of us were too interested, Mia more occupied with the music playlist and I was admittedly too drunk to concentrate. And, how could I? Across the table I was given a permanent up skirt by my sister. To my left, my essentially naked mother. The board game was the least important thing in my life right then.

The wine was emptied, and it was Mom that sought more, her heel turning as she stepped over me and I raised my hands to stop her fall. Her hand clamped down on my shoulder as I leaned forward and my own grabbed her at the waist. The nylon was so silky to the touch, her flesh so warm and supple. I managed with her aid to get her back on her feet and as thanks she ran her hand across my cheek.

"Hang on Mom," Mia leaned across the table with monopoly dollars in her hand. "This is for you," she laughed as she tucked fifties into the hem of her stocking.

"Oh, don't Mia," Mom giggled though awkwardly swayed her hips in time with the music, playing along.

"How much for a lap dance?" Mia continued on with the joke and I squirmed in my seat.

"You can't afford it," Mom stated, continuing to seductively dance right before me.

"Lucas can," Mia divulged. "He was winning I think."

What were they doing? I wondered. Was it possible they were both conspiring to embarrass me? I detected no malice and dismissed the notion. Mia was drunk, Mom was drunk. The room was even spinning for me, so inhibitions were bound to be thrown out the window by all of us. I looked at the piles of

money on my side of the board and wondered if I should follow suit and go along with Mia's joke.

"Oh, stop it Mia, Lucas doesn't want a lap dance from his mother," Mom declared and once more tripped on her heel and began to stumble. It wasn't in my direction this time but she managed to right herself and lay back on the couch where she'd begun. "I think someone else might have to get my drink," she hiccupped.

I rose immediately and Mia directed me toward the brandy as she left her own seat. "That'd be a nice nightcap," she said as I looked at the time myself, closing in on 11:30 pm. "Gotta pee," she informed me as I found fresh glasses and began to pour us each a drink. I thought about how much I'd drunk and knowing how I'd likely feel in the morning remembered to have a big drink of water, filling a large supplementary glass for later. Collecting the brandies, I began to head back into the lounge as Mia left the bathroom. "Ah, I think you can forget about Mom's," she stated, nodding her head in the direction of the couch.

I looked down at Mom to see she'd clearly fallen asleep, upturned arms slumped either side of her body. No real surprise considering the hour and the amount of alcohol she, all of us, had ingested. But it was the position she was in that caused the most contention. With feet firmly planted on the floor, her legs were well parted, the area from mid-thigh to groin exposed. With Mia by my side essentially giving me license to stare, I was privy to the sight of my mother's barely covered pussy beneath her dress.

The tiny fluorescent thong had slid down most of the way over her mound, revealing a small tuft of pubic hair above her upper labia, the rest of her pussy clearly waxed smooth. The remainder of the thong was wedged between her folds, disappearing into the crack of her ass. For the second time that night I felt my jaw drop, righting the situation before I turned to Mia.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"What?" She seemed uninterested.

"Ah, Mom! How's she's dressed. This isn't normal."

"Women just like to feel sexy once in a while Lucas," she rationalized. "That includes Mom."

"Yeah but..." I nodded toward Mom's attire, her posture.

"She was really looking forward to this weekend. I was too. It was meant to be romantic," she detailed. "You know all the clothes we bought. She maybe got a bit carried away with all the alcohol but she just wanted to wear something pretty. I do too," Mia ended on a cryptic note and I wondered if it wasn't just her new bikinis she'd brought along to parade.

"So, what do we do now?"

"Well, I need sleep," Mia answered, taking her glass of brandy from my hand and downing it in one gulp.

"I mean about..." I once more looked at Mom.

"Oh...help me out would you."

Following her lead, I grabbed one of Mom's legs, Mia the other and we lifted her fully onto the couch.

"Take off her heels," Mia directed. "I'll get a blanket."

Left alone with my near naked mother, I took the opportunity to look a little closer at her body, not just the cautionary fleeting glances but a long stare at her flesh. Yeah, there was cellulite on her upper thighs. Maybe her belly wasn't as flat as a twenty-year old's. But fuck me. She was beautiful. I felt my cock finally begin to harden, no more than a semi-erection but not even the alcohol could prevent my arousal for her right then, passed out and snoring as she was!

I was removing her second high heel when Mia returned with the blanket and took the temptation from my eyes. I left my

glass of water on the table beside Mom and with Mia turning off the lights made my own way to our shared bedroom.

The internet had shown the room to have a king size bed but when we arrived it was two singles (most likely pushed together for the photo) which worked out for a sharing brother and sister. As I climbed into mine before once more Mia turned off the light, I wondered what could've happened if it was a double? Would we have fucked? As the room began to spin, having sex with my sister was the last thing on my mind as I welcomed the sleep.

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Was I dreaming? The moon's illumination steamed through the thin curtains filling the room with light, yet it was a rustling that caused my eyes to open. She lay on her back with legs akimbo, the sheet down to her knees it was clear she was naked. Clearer still, she was masturbating. Her breath came in fits before she dramatically rolled and buried her face in the

pillow, her ass moving up and down, thrusting as though she were in fact fucking the bed itself.

I felt my cock hard, and laying on my stomach, I ground myself into the mattress before I closed my eyes and it was morning.

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It was the smell of bacon that led me from my slumber and immediately looking to my right at the remembrance of the moonlight masturbation, I was disheartened to see Mia's bed empty. Climbing out, apart from a slight headache I was feeling relatively healthy and slipping into my shorts but remaining topless, I ventured out to face what the day would bring.

For the second time in a minute, I was disappointed. Compared to what I'd last seen her wearing, Mom's clothing was, well, Mom-like. Cooking breakfast, she wore a t-shirt. An admittedly tight t-shirt that gave away the fact she was bra-

less granted, but far more conservative than the previous night's apparel. It was only as I approached the bench and climbed up on a stool, did I notice however, she was pants-less.

"I knew the smell of bacon would get you up!" She smiled before turning and heading to the fridge. It wasn't the only thing to 'get me up.' White lace panties barely covered her ass, disappearing into the crack of her buttocks just as the thong had done. Already swollen from my morning erection, a full-blown hard-on tented my shorts and I was thankful I was hidden behind the bench-top. Or was I? Maybe it was time to declare my affection?

Mom came away from the fridge with juice and caught my eyes slow to raise from her pelvis, looking down at her crotch along with me. "Oh, yeah. Sorry," she apologized for nothing, the patterned lace front creeping between her folds and accentuating her mound. "Didn't want to spatter my clothes."

The best response I could come up with was a smile before changing the subject.

"Where's Mia?" I asked, looking around.

"Went for a run," Mom explained, filling a plate with bacon and eggs and passing it across to me. "She'll be back soon."

As if conjured, I heard the screen door to the outside open and with a mouthful of bacon I tuned to see Mia enter, sweaty and beautiful. The smallest pair of running shorts and merely a sports bra to hold her boobs, she stretched her arms as she crossed to stand beside me.

My dick already to attention, it was given a treat as she unexpectedly wrapped an arm around my shoulder, her breast pressing hard into my arm and a hand on my upper thigh. It was overtly sexual and with how sweaty her body was, extremely intimate. It wasn't until she came away with a piece of bacon stolen from my plate, did I realize it was a joke, and I thanked god I hadn't reciprocated her affection.

"Having a shower," she said as she waved the bacon at me and headed to the bathroom, my eyes trained on her bottom and the shorts delving between her cheeks. Why this weekend? I wondered. Eighteen years I'd lived under the same roof as these two and apart from some juvenile experimentation with panty sniffing (something I was sure all boys went through) I'd never been so incestuously attracted to them. Why now?

I concentrated on my breakfast as I debated who had the better ass, watching Mom as she refilled my glass of juice, cleaning up the kitchen. There was no contest. Mom's was bigger, had the dimples of a mature woman. I thought of Mia. Bulging out of her athletic shorts. What was the word 'they' used? Thicc! That was it. Maybe pawg! Whatever. It was ultimately clear to me. There was no separating the two. It was a tie!

Happy with myself, I concentrated on my breakfast and with the grease doing a fine job of soaking up the alcohol, finished just as my sister re-entered the frame.

"Oh, you're wearing that one," Mom looked over my shoulder disheartened and I turned to look at Mia and just what was the fuss? "I thought you said I could?" Mom questioned.

Mia wasn't wearing much of anything! I'd seen similar on the home shopping channel recently but never expected to see one so close up. On my sister no less. It was an extreme bikini. Small patches of red material covering the appropriate areas, namely nipples and labia but leaving the entire rest of the body exposed. It was ridiculously arousing and that Mom had wanted to wear it herself was insane.

"Oh, okay. Yeah, sorry I forgot," Mia excused herself as Mom walked around the bench and joined my sister before me. "Come on, we'll get changed. You're coming down the beach aren't you, Lucas?" Mia spoke directly to me to which I meekly nodded. "Okay, we'll go in your room Mom," she concluded and after a quick trip to our room, Mia followed Mom into the bedroom.

I had to remind myself to blink as I stared at the closed door wondering how I'd managed to fall into this parallel universe. These weren't my mom and sister. They'd been cloned surely. I came to my senses as I heard laughter from behind the door and hastened to my room myself to change for the beach.

It was as I opened my bag and pulled out the only swimsuit I'd thought to bring along, did I question its appropriateness. My small black Speedos. They were fine for the school swim team. Had been my only choice as I'd packed, thinking about impressing any girls I happened to come by on the beach. The problem was the only girls on the beach were Mom and Mia, and their appearance and the way I'd been feeling towards them, I doubted whether I'd be able to secret away any potential erection.

Yes, I was still thinking like a rational human. Despite how they'd dressed and acted in front of me, I still didn't expect it to lead to any breaking of taboos. In fact, now that I thought of it, neither of them had showed much desire toward me to begin with. Maybe I wouldn't get an erection anyway and none of this worrying was needed.

I quickly disrobed and jumped into my Speedos, their silky material immediately arousing to the touch, my dick swelling. Yeah, this didn't bode well.

When I finally made it back out into the living room, it was still deserted and I used the time to head to the bathroom to brush my teeth and do some push-ups. Satisfied with the swelling in my arms and thankful the exercise had made my dick soften, I ventured back into the house proper.

And there they were.

Like some stars of my own personal porn shoot, Mom and my sister stood before me casually awaiting my arrival. I wanted to look at Mom. To admire her appearance in Mia's red bikini, but it was my sister whom I had to admit dominated the proceedings. What little material she had on was blue but it was just window dressing for her body. More to the point, her boobs and pussy. The string bikini didn't attempt to hide the regions of contention, leaving nipples and

vulva exposed. Just framing the area. I stared into my sisters waxed smooth sex and gradually forced my eyes to rise, making it only as far as her breasts before, as if from some distant land, I heard Mom's voice.

"You ready?" She casually remarked. "We thought you'd fallen in!" To which Mia laughed.

"I think he may've been doing something else in there Mom," she scoffed as her pussy was taken from my sight, reaching for a towel and just as sexy, her bare bottom coming into view. It was not what I expected. Assuming it was a thong, I was instead met with two strings either side of her buttocks like a jock strap, nothing in her crack but shadow.

It was too much and I felt my cock surge into life, hurrying to my room to get my own towel.

"Grab the umbrella Lukey," Mom called as they exited the house and I was right on their tail, lugging the big beach umbrella from the deck beside the hot tub.

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I had a reason to be behind them but fate couldn't have conspired to have me anywhere better. Watching their asses as we walked the few hundred yards to the beach. Mia's bare. Moms' essentially just as exposed. Two more beautiful creatures had never walked the earth. My dick was a proud beacon. A lighthouse of desire if they chose to turn and look. No more would I attempt to hide it I decided. No man on the planet, be he hetero or not, wouldn't be turned on by this. And they surely knew it! So what if I was son and brother. They could see my flattery and I'd be proud.

So I told myself. But after setting down the towels and planting the umbrella right up near the dunes, I once more felt uneasy flaunting my hard-on, pushing it horizontally across my pelvis so as not to be too conspicuous.

All three of us waded into the water and found it deathly cold. The waves and obvious rip had swimming out of the picture

for Mom and Mia but confident, I dove forth. Invigorated by the exercise, while my beauties journeyed back to the shore.

Treading past the waves, I could see them way off. Mia sunbathing. Mom sitting up keeping an eye on me in the water. I loved her. I loved Mia. Did that love extend to lust? I mean yeah, it had. But to actual sex? Incestuous sex with my mother and sister? Even in the cold water. Even as I tread to keep afloat, my dick twitched. "You win Buddy," I mused as I made my way back into shore.

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"Finally!" Mia complained as I stopped, still dripping above her, her eyes fleetingly scanning my crotch as I squatted to retrieve my towel.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"We're both busting," she just as confusingly elaborated.

"Busting for what?"

"Ah...to go!"

I literally scratched my head. "What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, we need someone to keep watch Honey," Mom joined in on the intriguing conversation, not really explaining much.

"The house is just back that way," I remarked, not really getting what was going on.

"But we're comfortable here," Mia countered.

"Then just go in the dunes," I replied, now pretty sure I was missing something.

"But what if someone came along?" Mom was quick to propose and Mia was right on her tail.

"Yeah, we'd be more comfortable if you were there to keep a lookout!"

Still confused and my cock beginning to react once more to their appearance, I shook my head. "Okay, what do you want me to do?"

Immediately, the two women rose and taking my hands led me up the nearest dune and down into a sheltered sandy clearing. Out of the breeze, it was stiflingly hot and barely any sound but insects could be heard.

"Just keep watch," Mia said before they both went on down into the middle of the grotto, leaving me remaining on the slope.

'Watch' what? I wondered, my ability to see anyone approaching removed completely now we were off the beach and before I could even begin to voice my concern, they began to pee.

It was Mia that released first. Not even pausing to squat, she spread her legs and released a stream right through her bikini bottom, its style perfect for the act. I was ridiculously just beginning to wonder if that was the initial purpose of the design when Mom dropped to her haunches.

From the height and angle I stood, I could essentially watch the proceedings with impunity. Mia's piss rained down between her legs creating a little stream that seeped into the sand, whilst Mom leaned back on one hand for balance, before shooting out a fountain of her own. She raised her hips up as if enjoying herself and her torrent arced in the air before splattering down to become one with the landscape. It was raw, it was an intimate view into the forbidden, and as the two women in my life relieved themselves before me, it was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

My dick standing to attention, it towered out the front of my already tight Speedos and it was then I realized how little I as well was wearing. Mia did a little shimmy as her pee slowed to a trickle just as Mom began to rise, turning unexpectedly and seeing my gaze frozen upon her. "Oh, Lucas!" She feigned indignation. "You naughty boy. Were you watching us pee?"

"I...I..." I struggled to deny as she and Mia walked back toward me. Mom had failed to return the bikini over her pussy and her labia visibly glistened with dew, reflecting the sunlight.

"It's alright," Mom saved me. "We're family. I suppose it's okay to peek."

I struggled to swallow, let alone thank her for granting me permission and then I caught sight of where Mia was looking. Her eyes making no apologies for staring straight at my cock, she finally looked me in the eye as we came face to face, a mischievous expression on her face before she passed by with Mom, leaning into her ear and whispering before they both giggled.

We lay upon the beach towels for I don't know how long; Mom and I under the umbrella, Mia sunning herself. On my side I could look across their bodies, two pronounced mounds, sizeable breasts. Mia's nipples exposed through her bikini and I noticed, one of Mom's slipped from its feeble confines. I wasn't even meant to be here, I thought to myself as I risked a subtle rub of the front of my briefs, my hand coming away damp with the amount of pre-cum leaking through the silky material. They would've been wearing the same swimsuits for Dad and Toby, I realized and the thought was somewhat depressing. They weren't dressing like this for me. Maybe they weren't even sharing my incestuous desires?

The shock of the fact had me panicked and I sat up to hide my erection once more. Despite all that I'd seen in the last day, all that had happened, I had serious doubts. I stood up, guarding my still frustratingly erect cock from view and stepped out from under the umbrella. I looked down upon Mia who chose that moment to roll onto her stomach. Her legs spread on the beach towel; the full effect of her bikini bottoms came into play. Nothing obscured the crack of her

ass. The sun in the perfect position, I could see her asshole. My sister's asshole. And below, the clearly slick folds of her sex.

Mom's book covered her face and freely I gazed down at her exposed pussy. And then, as if she knew exactly where my eyes were trained and she threw me an incestuous crumb, she pulled her knees up and spread her legs. It was the most overtly sexual pose so far. The clearest indication she was amenable to an advance on my behalf.

I looked from her vulva to her boobs, across to my sister's exposed anus and dripping pussy. Now was the time. I'd pull my cock out and see what happened.

"I'm hungry," Mia lifted onto her elbows and looked at Mom.

"Same, shall we head back?" Mom replied.

With my thumb tucked into my swimsuit, about to pull it down and expose my aroused penis, I halted. Idiot. I thought to myself. And again, came the doubts.

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Resigned once again to porter, I followed them back to the beach house. They showed no signs of interest in me, let alone my cock. But I stayed hard. And as I stared at their asses swaying as they walked, how could I not?

Mia offered to make lunch and I slumped on the couch, looking down defeated at my unused cock. And then Mom joined me. She sat where she had the night before and I casually panned across to see her staring back, her lips pursed. "What?" I questioned her demeanor and she brought her feet up onto the couch, turning fully towards me.

"You know what," she said and admittedly I thought I did, feigning ignorance.

"No."

She raised her eyebrows and stretched out a leg, her toe pressing into the underside of my cock. I thought I could've cum there and then, sheer will power preventing an embarrassingly premature ejaculation.

"Oh? So, what's this about then?" Her foot ran the length of my penis, from moist tip to my balls.

"I don't know," I stopped myself from smiling. The sound of Mia preparing lunch had stopped altogether and I felt her presence approach from behind.

"You don't know," Mom quoted me, shaking her head. "What do you think Mia?" Mom looked up over my shoulder and Mia passed by the couch to take up position in the armchair.

"It's been like that for hours," she smirked. "At least from when he watched us pee! didn't want to say anything."

"Hmm," Mom pondered. "Is that right Lucas? Did you get an erection from watching us pee?"

My head spun. I felt myself turn red but not from embarrassment, more excitement. This was happening. Mom's foot continually stroked the length of my cock and the way Mia sat back in the couch I could see her pussy, once more dripping with lube.

"Maybe," I offered.

"We'll get it out then," Mom matter-of-factly demanded. "Show us what all the fuss is about."

Instantly I grabbed the front of my Speedos and pulled them down below my balls. Seemingly the size of golf balls and

almost as hard, they held my swimsuit in place as Mom returned her foot, joined by the other.

A sharp intake of air as my lungs responded to the soft encompassing touch of her soles, gently massaging from base to dripping eye. I looked across to Mia, fervently watching as she casually lowered a hand to her pussy and began to touch herself. Too much was happening at once. My sister masturbating openly. Mom with legs spread, her vagina on display and using her feet to jerk me off. Just one of those things could've fueled a year's worth of masturbatory fantasies for me. All three, and the inevitable was bound to happen.

I tried to prevent it. In my mind we moved on from the foot job to hours' worth of incestuous sex. But this was real life, and inexperienced as I was, the climax was abrupt.

"Oh, my goodness!" Mom raised a hand to her mouth as an explosion of cum surged from me. She quickened the pace of her feet along my column and I rewarded her with gush after

gush of hot jizz, coating my stomach and her feet in turn. It was more than I expected. Far more. And looking to Mia whose expression changed from seeming momentarily disappointed that the show was over so quickly, to fascination as I rained cum both upon myself and Mom.

"My god, he's a cummer!" She exclaimed and I wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing.

"Mm, it's so hot too Mia," Mom expounded. "Come feel."

Now seemingly unperturbed her masturbation had been abruptly suspended, Mia climbed off the chair and dove toward my cock. Mom removing her feet to provide access, Mia took possession of my fully lubricated shaft and tugged the last of my orgasm from me, squeezing me tight as she milked my urethra dry. I was covered in cum. Mom's feet were covered in cum, but my sister seemed determined to see more. Her jerking didn't stop when no more semen leaked from my eye, only quickened.

My cum as lube, the muscles of her arm clenched, my sister furiously pumped my cock. Expertly, she pulled. Little doubt she'd done this before. I thought of Toby. Would he have been receiving of such treatment if he'd come along? Certainly not from my mother. Would any of this have happened in the first place if I hadn't essentially made the first move by masturbating to my sisters up-skirt? All valid questions, but right then, Mom scooping cum from her foot to press to her outer labia and coating them like lipstick and my very own sister determined to get me to cum again, they could wait.

I gripped the couch beside me as I thrust up into her manipulation. My dick just as hard as when we'd started, I could feel the second orgasm approach and held my breath as I brought on my sister's personal trophy. A reward for her hard work. And there it was. Her fist rapidly hammering my swollen appendage as I let loose a second torrent. A mere stream versus the original flood, but clear evidence of my affection for not only her but equally, our mother.

Cum ran down over her knuckles as her action eased, a satisfied smile on the corners of her mouth. "Fuck you cum a lot," Mia whispered, her eyes fixated on the head of my cock as she once more milked the remainder.

"Is that a good thing?" I inquired, my breathing slowly returning to normal.

"Oh, it's a good thing Baby," Mom crawled across the couch and leaned into me, her breath so warm as her lips moved toward mine. "It's just what we needed."

Her kiss was...forgive me, I don't know how to describe it. With my eyes wide to not miss a thing, my mother, the woman that gave birth to me eighteen years prior; that breast fed me and took me to my first day of school; that put band-aids on my grazed knee and was a shoulder to cry on when I was dumped by my first girlfriend, kissed me upon the mouth, before ever so tentatively, delved her tongue between my lips.

Mia must surely have felt my cock once more harden as we kissed, must surely have been envious. It must have been the reason she rose before me, leaned over my body and so deftly worked her way into our union, her tongue finding my own, our mother's. Enough of clenching the couch for support, I raised a hand and found my sister's pussy, not waiting for approval before effortlessly sliding my fingers between her folds.

She breathed out into our mouths, Mom quick to kiss her, biting at her lips, sucking her tongue into her own mouth. Two fingers I curled inside her slick vagina, feeling around with my thumb for her clit and believing I found it when she moaned her approval.

A hand found my dick and knowing it must have been Mom's, returned the favor and reached out for her pussy. Mimicking my work on Mia, I plunged two fingers into my mother's body, her pussy so hot, so accommodating as I wriggled my digits, hopefully giving her the pleasure she deserved.

Mia took hold of my wrist and began humping my hand, thrusting my fingers inside her. In response I gave her another, adding one more to the mix which filled her greedy clasp vagina. Mom closed her thighs around my hand, my fingers unable to move as I felt her walls squeeze around me. Again, we shared a kiss, Mia slipping her tongue deep into my mouth, Mom licking my lips, my chin.

Her hand tugged at my dick and with aching abs from thrusting into my women's grips, I came a third time just as Mia squirted around my fingers. She squealed her delight into my mouth, her eyes rolling back as Mom kissed her, as I kissed her. Whether she was peeing or it really was squirt (I understood there was some contention) it ran over my wrist and splashed onto the couch, Mom reaching across to place a hand under her daughter's body, to feel her orgasm.

It was an awkward position and my own hand slipped from her pussy, my fingers sliding out and delving further between her legs. I knew it was her asshole I cupped and that my ring finger slid so easily inside. Its sphincter wrapping my digit like a wedding band. She moaned as I found her clit with my

thumb and though it ached my hand, I fucked and fingered her holes with gusto.

Overbalanced Mom fell upon my belly wholly, across my lap like a disobedient schoolgirl accepting a spanking. Consequently, my hand fell from between her legs and for an instant I was unsure of what to do. Mother knows best however, and taking my wrist she guided my hand to her ass and directed my fingers once more to her asshole. I found no resistance as I penetrated. Two fingers sliding into her welcoming anus, the silky walls of her butt embracing my intrusion. "Finger bang my ass," Mom managed to gasp as Mia shifted to push her cunt against our mother's face.

Stabbing Mom's asshole with one hand, Mia grabbed my other and sucked on the fingers that had moments before been showered upon, been inside her body, her tongue licking between each, dining on her own flavor.

With Mom's mouth locked around her daughter's pussy, she had Mia cumming once more, the mental stimulation no

doubt the catalyst for her own orgasm. My mom came from having her ass fingered! It was a revelation. To me, possibly to my sister as she grabbed at Mom's hair and buried her face into her pussy, smothering Mom's cries of ecstasy until she released her gasping and dripping with girl cum.

I was spent. I slid my fingers out of Mom's ass and she slowly climbed from my lap, slumping beside me as Mia herself slid from the couch. She returned with a tea towel, unceremoniously wiping her inner thighs before sitting back down and continuing with the clean-up on me.

"Ooh, just a second," Mom leaned over and scooped a thread of my cum from beside my cock, slipping her fingers into her mouth. Mia and I stared on incredulous. "What?" Mom cheekily grinned, licking her fingers clean. "I didn't get to taste it yesterday!"

"Jesus," I sighed, finding religion. "What's happened here?" I questioned the room as Mia took to wiping up my remaining smeared semen. Mom was making herself comfortable,

returning her thong back over her pussy, but so wet was her labia the string just slid between her lips, and content, she left as was. Clearly not answering, it was left to Mia.

"We talked; me and Mom," she took my now flaccid cock in hand and wiped its length with the tea towel, ridiculously encouraging growth once more which made her smile. "After you came in your pants," she looked up into my eyes.

"I didn't cum in my pants!" I refuted, blushing. "I NEARLY came in my pants!"

"Whatever," she giggled. "And obviously after Mom used your cum as moisturizer."

"I thought it was sunscreen!" Mom herself was taken aback.

"Well, anyway," Mia went on. "We decided no one had to know. About what happened. I mean it was embarrassing all round right?"

I nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly. The thought of Dad finding out was nauseating.

"So, we thought, this beach. Where we are. So secluded. We could be the only three people left on Earth, right?" She declared and I listened, enthralled. "So, what if we lost ourselves? Gave in to pleasure for just these two days no matter who the person, their relationship. We'd been planning on it being a romantic getaway all along, why couldn't it still be?"

"But what about Dad, Toby?" I questioned. "Isn't it cheating?"

"Not at all Darling," Mom refuted. "It's family bonding."

"It's incest," I heard myself stupidly state, wondering why I was doing so much to put a dampener on proceedings and in response Mia rolled her eyes.

"Incest schmincest!" She dismissed.

"So, it's just for this weekend?" I questioned and she nodded.

"We tried to start it last night but someone..." Mia's eyes crossed to Mom. "Someone passed out."

"I just had a little too much to drink," Mom defended herself.

"But WE could've..." I looked at Mia. "After Mom went to sleep, we could've still..." I still had trouble saying we could've fucked.

"We promised to do it together," Mom interjected, climbing forward in the couch and kneeling beside me, mimicking Mia's position. I had two barely dressed beauties either side of me. I'd just had more sexual experience in the last half hour than I'd had in my entire life and we were still to actually fuck.

"So, what do you think Lukey?" Mia asked, her hand once more reaching for my dick, Mom's joining. "Another day of this. Just us three, fucking and sucking each other silly?"

"Doing whatever we want, no matter how naughty?" Mom added. "We have costumes!" She decided then to divulge.

"And toys," Mia admitted as if that would sway the argument.

"So, what will it be Darling?" Mom asked. "A weekend of no regrets incest with your mother and sister?"

"Or another day of worrying about morals and what others would think?" Mia posed.

Their combined hands around my now fully erect cock, they eagerly awaited my response.

Chapter 2

-Sunday Morning-

I awoke from probably the most banal dream of my life. Sitting on the couch at home eating potato chips, whilst I flicked between channels on the television. All showing the same stretch of featureless beach but from different angles.

Back in the real world, I rolled to find the double bed empty, cold to the touch; though the pleasant-smelling aroma of sex that lingered in the room told me, (unlike my dream) the past day hadn't been a work of my imagination. But where were they? Had I gone too far? Done things that in the heat of the moment had seemed acceptable, but now, in the cold light of day, they'd found objectionable and left?

I walked naked from the room and into the deserted living area and kitchen, fetching myself a glass of water to chase away once more the lingering effects of too much alcohol.

And then I saw them through the open sliding doors. Out on the lawn, upon yoga mats.

With glass in hand and a cock slowly rising, I silently exited and took up position in a deck chair to watch the show. Mom had donned a bodysuit for the occasion, her boobs bulging out either side of the tight fabric, the thong backed style riding deep between her buttocks. Mia seemed more prepared for yoga, purple, clearly-transparent tights and a tiny cut off t-shirt that, as she and Mom entered warrior pose, lifted up over her unfettered breasts.

The whole scene was enticingly beautiful and the hardness of my dick was proof of its sex appeal. It was then I had the horrible thought that maybe THIS was the dream, and my vision of sitting upon the couch eating potato chips was the reality. Mia seemed to perceive my presence and turned her head to see me watching, her face lighting up with a smile.

"We've got an audience Mom," she said.

I rose and headed across the lawn to greet them, noticing eyes upon my groin as I neared. Mom wasn't wearing a bodysuit; more a swimsuit of sorts, a zipper running down between her breasts.

"Maybe we should give him something to watch," Mom grinned as she unzipped and allowed her boobs to fall from their constraints.

Mia's tits were already exposed and she did nothing to remedy the situation and I wondered if it was too bold to kiss THEM, all four of them, before I kissed my mother and sister good morning?

"You missed all the best poses," Mia divulged.

"You could've woken me," I offered.

"Mom tried," Mia laughed as she stretched her arms above her head, accentuating her boobs. "She gave you a blowjob in your sleep!"

I looked to Mom who even after all we'd done, blushed. "You had an erection!" She excused herself. "Seemed a shame to waste it."

I could've fucked her right then and there. After a spanking of course, for her naughtiness. But Mom and Mia had other plans. Breakfast. And admittedly I was on board. I unashamedly stared at Mia's crotch as she and Mom held hands giggling like schoolgirls as they headed toward the house. Her labia lumping out through the thin nylon. And then her ass as they passed me by, the purple stretched taut to be almost invisible as it hugged her buttocks. And Mom. Her own cheeks swaying seductively as she walked. I'd had my face between them, I thought. Only hours earlier. Both of them. And as they entered the house to leave me naked, erect, with the early morning sun on my face, I thought of how it began...

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-Twenty hours earlier-

"So?" Mia stared into my eyes. "Are you going to fuck us little brother; or not?"

I couldn't believe I was taking so long to respond. From looking up her skirt in the car and upon the couch. To ogling my own mother's ass in her denim shorts. To see her body almost naked as she danced drunkenly, and then that pussy. Exposed to me as she slept. Their swimsuits, or lack thereof. Watching them pee and then our impromptu hand-job session upon this very couch. How could there be any doubt I would fuck them? That I'd devote every waking hour for as long as possible to satisfying their every desire?

"Ah, yeah!" I smiled, and ecstatic, Mom moved in to kiss my mouth. Again, the wonder of kissing my mother. Her tongue between my lips. If their hands hadn't left my dick, I feel I could've cum again. Was that possible? Four orgasms in the

space of mere minutes? With my sister and mother as inspiration, I had no doubt.

"Lunch?" Mia broke her hold on my erection and left the couch as if nothing momentous had just occurred.

"Ooh yes," Mom agreed and was right behind her, leaving me looking at an empty room.

And there it was. Casual. Just like that I'd committed to having an incestuous three-way tryst with my mother and sister and it felt like I'd merely agreed to mayo on my sandwich. I looked over the couch and they chatted away as if nothing had happened.

"...I have to try that on," Mom motioned toward my sister's so-called swimsuit.

"I'm looking forward to wearing the sling," Mia responded.

"Ooh, me too," Mom laughed. "The boys don't know what they're missing."

She was meaning Dad and Toby and it raised some pertinent issues for me, rising from the couch and entering the kitchen naked, my erect cock leading the way.

"So, you would've worn that in front of Dad?" I directed my question to Mia who seemed surprised.

"Oh god no," she refuted.

"Why do you ask Honey?" Mom questioned.

"It's just, you guys were planning on this romantic weekend," I paused. "I was just wondering if that meant all four of you were going to..."

"Oh, oh no Darling," Mom denied to my relief. "I wouldn't have let Toby see me in this either," she looked down at

herself, adjusting the thong that had once more crept inside her labia.

"Ugh, are you asking if I was going to have sex with Dad?" Mia looked horrified.

"Ah, yeah?"

"That's gross Lucas," she made a disgusted face and she was just like the sister I'd always known.

"And don't worry Sweetheart," Mom approached and placed a hand on my arm. "I had no intention of sleeping with Tobias."

It was more than relief I felt. It meant that, yes, I was going to be used as a replacement cock for the weekend, but what was happening was impromptu. They hadn't set out to have some incestuous swinging event without me. And also, that Mom

and Mia had no problem fucking me but not each other's partners, was also pretty flattering.

"Any other questions while you're at it Lukey?" Mia returned from the fridge with a cucumber and I shook my head as she approached, holding it suggestively. "Good. But I have something to ask you."

"Oh yeah?"

"I didn't bring condoms!" She admitted. "So, if you're going to cum inside me, it has to be in my mouth or ass. Is that okay?"

In response my dick twitched, but I was also able to offer a nod in agreement.

*

I sat on the bed still naked as Mom and Mia tried on swimwear. It was ridiculous really. Only two days planned at

the beach and I counted at least six different swimsuits, each hotter than the next. Mom turned to face me as she positioned the sling over her nipples, the blue string of the swimsuit slipping between her folds.

"How does it look on me?" She asked as I struggled to lift my eyes from her pussy. Where it snugly sat inside her labia it had gone a darker blue and I questioned whether it was Mom's lubricant or Mia's that had soaked through the material, it having just transferred from my sister's body.

"Just as good as on Mia," I admitted before meekly posing my own question. "Ah, would it be alright if I jerked off?"

They laughed in unison. "I don't know why you haven't already," Mom condoned my masturbating whilst I watched them, and wasting no time, I took my cock in hand.

This was the life. A satisfied post lunch belly, laying back naked upon a comfortable double bed, erect cock in hand whilst my sister and mother modeled swimwear. Mia slid her

body into a sheer white one-piece but was more interested in what was happening on the bed than her appearance, her eyes drifting from the mirror to my cock.

"Why are we even wearing swimsuits anyway?" Mom questioned as she delighted in the way the slingshot bikini rode up between her labia. "It's essentially a nude beach anyway. There's no one else to see us."

"I'm not planning on wearing mine," I added as Mia, now fully invested in my masturbating, climbed upon the bed towards me.

"Ooh, let me have some of that," Mia changed the subject as she crawled up my legs and took my dick in her hand. I thought she meant 'some of' my cock, but it was for the pre-cum she thirsted.

Her tongue at the head, she squeezed up my length and licked at the clear fluid that flowed from me. "Mm, yummy," she

hummed before she unfortunately backed off the bed. "I love that stuff!"

"I hope you saved some for me," Mom took up Mia's position, eager to climb aboard and mimicking her daughter, milked pre-cum from my cock. "Ooh, it is nice, isn't it?" She praised, clearly enjoying the flavor as she wrapped her mouth around my cock and sucked, squeezing my shaft for more.

"I thought we were going back down the beach!" Mia jumped once more onto the bed, her face down level with Mom's.

"The beach can wait," Mom mumbled, the head of my cock pressing her lips.

I was definitely in no hurry to go anywhere, content as my sister joined Mom kissing and licking my head and shaft.

"I'd love to see you two kiss," I admitted, and as one they both looked up at me.

"Really?" Mia responded seemingly surprised.

"Well, yeah."

"But we're not lesbians Honey," Mom declared, apparently forgetting she'd only hours before had a tongue in her daughter's pussy.

They looked at each other, a hand each around my dick, mouths already wet with each other's saliva. "Shall we?" Mia asked Mom and considering all we'd done, the interaction seemed bizarre.

"I guess we could give it a go," Mom acquiesced, though I began to suspect they were playing up their reluctance.

Almost like nervous teens, they closed their eyes and with the bulbous head of my cock at their chins, they brought their mouths together. Tentative; lips pressing and then a tongue.

Mom licking my sister's mouth, her chin. Mia stroked my cock and brought it between them once more as they kissed, both their tongues licking my head, saliva dripping freely down my length, lubricating the hand job.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped. I wanted it to last longer. Hell, I could've watched forever the sight of my mom and my older sister making out with my dick between them. But the inevitable. My vocalization had at least given them the warning, but the way they reacted as my cum gurgled slowly from me, it was as though it was their goal all along.

Pulsing, Mia's hand expertly milking my length, I came upon their mouths. Lips coated with semen, tongues slipping around the head of my cock and into each other's mouth, transferring my fourth load of cum for the day. Slurping, semen and saliva drooling back onto my cock where it was greedily licked up and swallowed.

And I'd wanted to stay home and watch porn!

*

We walked, all three of us naked, back from the waves to the beach towels. The cold had taken any hope of an erection whilst in the water but it didn't take long for my friend to raise his head.

"Would you?" Mia held out the bottle of sunscreen before she lay down on the beach towel.

Mom, already on her stomach beside her, looked over her shoulder and smiled. "Me too Honey. It IS sunscreen this time?"

Even now, I blushed as Mia laughed.

I took a moment to enjoy the view, Mom and Mia lay out below me. As if on cue, they each parted their legs to allow the sunlight access and there they were, two assholes, two pussies. All equally beautiful. My penis showed its appreciation,

swelling with admiration and the anticipation of what was to come.

With the sun blazing upon us, the sunscreen glistening on her skin, I massaged the lotion into my sister's back. She turned her head to look at Mom and with her chin resting upon her arms, smiled.

"Why haven't we had Lucas do this for us before now?"

Mom rolled onto her side to watch the massage I was giving her daughter, her eyes panning down to my erection. "Is he good?"

Mia moaned in reply as I rubbed the lotion into her lower back. "Soo good!" She managed to muster.

I found her buttocks and climbing between her legs to better my access, spread them further. Her asshole stretched, pouting seductively as if blowing me a kiss and I abandoned

all pretense I was applying sunscreen. She once more moaned as I pressed a thumb against her most intimate hole, circling and kneading the harder sphincter muscle beneath.

Mom slid a hand between her parted thighs, her mouth opening as her tongue suggestively licked at her upper lip. "I'd love to see you taste her," she hinted, and signalling her agreement, Mia dropped her hands to her buttocks, taking over from me and spreading herself for my attention.

I didn't want to disappoint two women and seeing my sister's labia part to reveal dripping pink, I immediately dove forth. My nose buried into her asshole as I wrapped my mouth around her pussy. The salty taste of seawater before I delved inside with my tongue and tasted woman. I must have been doing something right, snuffling and sucking in her groin as Mia moaned above, grinding her pelvis into my face.

"Don't forget your sister's bum-hole Darling," Mom directed from the sidelines and not missing my chance, slid my tongue

from pussy to asshole, Mia appreciative, obscenely rubbing her ass into my face.

Mom had apparently seen enough and made it to her knees to then climb upon Mia's back. Her legs spread wider than my sister's, her position astride Mia's buttocks enabled me to simply tilt my neck to find my nose pressed into my mother's vagina. A sheer delight to the senses. The taste of ass, the scent of pussy. All at once. All from my two most beloved relatives. The most important women in my life. My erection grinding into the soft sand below the beach towel pulsed and we all knew, it was time.

Pulling my tongue out of my sister's butt, I slid it up her crack to taste my mother and then over her own asshole. She knew what was coming when I didn't linger and falling down onto Mia's body fully, her boobs pressing the back of my sister's head, Mom took her ass in hand and presented herself to me.

"Be a good boy and fuck me Darling," she directed, and ever willing to do as mother says, climbed to my knees and aimed

my eager cock toward her entrance. Taking a moment to rub the head between her slick folds, I traced the line of her labia from north to south, pre-cum mixing with her own glistening lubricant. So soft was her vulva, so pronounced was her clit as I teased it with my cock to her delighted giggle, before committing and pushing myself inside her.

Inside my mother. My cock. It was a momentous occasion. I felt like the first man on the moon. Surely, I was one of but few to have such a coupling? The divine pleasure of penetrating one's mother. To slowly, inch by inch return to the womb with my most flattering expression of love, my erect cock. Inside her completely, my pelvic bone against her buttocks. I pulled out just as slowly to her accompanied moans and thrust away, hammering myself back, deep. The slapping of flesh upon flesh as I fucked her.

She collapsed fully upon Mia, her face alongside her daughter's and awkwardly, wet hair in the way, they managed to kiss. Mom's mouth fell open as I renewed my assault. Surprised at myself for not cumming at merely the sight of my mother and sister kissing, I fucked away, grabbing Mom's

buttocks and parting to stare into her asshole then back at my sister licking Mom's parted lips.

"Fu-fuck this feels so good," I stammered as I managed to up my rhythm, pumping into her piston-like.

"What about me?" Mia bemoaned; her muffled voice buried in the beach towel. "I wanna get fucked too!"

I was a good son and a thoughtful brother. I pulled out of Mom and with Mia's asshole slick with my saliva and Mom's dripping lubricant, the head of my cock found an inviting home. Pressing down with my fingers upon the shaft, it for a moment seemed too big for her tight ass, Mia moaning as I guided my swollen head into her pouting sphincter until finally, as if breaching a dam wall, slid easily the rest of the way inside her body. So warm were her insides. So tight was the grip of her anus. I held Mom's hips as leverage as I thrust inside Mia's ass.

"Is it good Baby?" Mom asked Mia, her fingers stroking through her daughter's hair.

"Oh yes," Mia managed to gasp as I increased my fucking, her sphincter loosening around my dick and the friction frustratingly lessening.

"Squeeze your pussy around him Baby," Mom kissed her. "Hug your brother tight."

"He's...he's in my ass Mom," she confessed, correcting her, her mouth falling open. "I think I'm gonna. I think I might cum!"

She wasn't the only one. Though her ass had grown loose, the mere realization I had my dick in her butt had me on the verge of my own orgasm and I closed my eyes, thinking of anything else but what was below to stave off my release. It wasn't easy.

"Ooh, an anal orgasm!" Mom exclaimed at Mia's pronouncement. "They're the best kind. Do it Darling. Cum on your brother's cock."

Still holding Mom's hips, I relented and looked down. Her hand rubbing away at her own sex, further to Mia's buttocks and my wet cock sliding in and out of her ass. Back up at their faces, Mom kissing Mia's cheek, her open mouth. Mia's eyes closed before an almost pained expression came to her face followed by her anus squeezing around my cock.

"Mom I'm... I'm cumming," Mia declared.

"Yes Mia, good girl," Mom encouraged, her hand slapping furiously away upon her clit. "Cum for us. Cum for your brother."

I dug my fingers into the flesh of Mom's hips, pulling apart her buttocks once more to further ogle her manipulation.

"Yes Lukey, do it," Mom managed to look back over her shoulder at me. "Finger fuck my ass son."

Mia's anus held my cock tight, the walls of her vagina shuddering through her rectum to signal her orgasm, as I slid a finger across to Mom's pouting asshole. Slick with her own spreading juices, I found little resistance as I eased my index finger inside her ass, feeling the silky walls of her most private enclave.

It seemed to be all Mom needed. Her mouth falling open to mimic my sister as her body spasmed with her own climax.

A finger up my Mom's ass. A dick in my sister's. There was little I could do to prevent the inevitable. Mia had said it was okay, so without foreshadowing, I allowed myself to cum. Barely moving, the slightest of thrusts, Mia's still clenched asshole providing all the stimulus needed, I released inside her. It was almost painful, how tightly she clenched my girth. But the cork popped, my cum surged forth, a flood of Biblical proportions. Filling her ass with my affection. My breath

held; I prolonged my orgasm as my thighs grew weak, collapsing upon the mass of female flesh below me as I pulsed my love and our simultaneous climaxes subsided.

*

The skirt of Mom's French maid costume didn't even reach her buttocks, sitting high on her hips leaving her pubis and said cheeks entirely exposed. Without panties, she bent before me giving me once again an unobscured view of her anus and enticing pussy below as she poured drinks in the living room.

The school uniform Mia had been wearing lay abandoned on the opposite armchair and naked, my sister lay beside me on the couch, her mouth around my softening cock.

"I think you've sucked it all out by now Mia," Mom reflected upon the proceedings as she passed me a large glass of bourbon and Coke.

Mia lifted her mouth off my cock with a slurp and looked up at Mom.

"Oh, and you can talk," Mia giggled. "Mrs. Stick a straw up her daughter's ass to drink her son's cum!"

Mom blushed and I thought back of her antics at the beach that afternoon. Her mouth around Mia's asshole, licking and slurping at her sphincter to draw out my semen. Eventually coming up with the idea of sticking a drinking straw up Mia's ass to better suck out my cum. It was obscene. It was bordering on gross. But it was undoubtedly one of the hottest things I'd ever seen and led me to wonder, who the hell were these women I thought I'd known my entire life!?

Mia sat up and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looking at it to be sure she hadn't wasted any of my seed as Mom passed her a glass and they chinked them together. "Touche," Mom giggled.

"So, what do we do now?" Mia questioned the room as Mom took up position in the armchair, crossing her legs to remove the temptation of her pussy from my vision.

"Well, we haven't tried out the hot tub yet," Mom said as Mia quickly drained her glass, nodding.

"Champagne," she rose to her feet. "Nothing goes better."

"Agreed," Mom smiled before looking down at her stockinged legs and up to me. "Be a darling and take off my stockings would you Honey?"

I was on my knees before I even swallowed my mouthful, my exhausted penis also rising to the challenge as I took her foot in hand. Off with her heels before I lifted her foot to my mouth and kissed her stockinged toes.

"Oh, you ARE a good boy," she praised, parting her other leg to reveal her bare crotch.

I kissed my way over her foot to her shin and followed the path of her stocking to her knee and thigh. Finally reaching the lace stay up, my nose an inch from her sex, I nibbled the hem of her stocking and with a little help from my fingers, dragged it back down her leg.

With her lips parted, she looked down upon me with a desire I'd never seen in her eyes. Probably one very few sons had ever had the delight of witnessing from their mother.

"God, I want you inside me," she managed to whisper and it came across as more a woman in love speaking to her partner, than the flippant, no strings attached sexual shenanigans the weekend was intended to be.

"Ah, I actually think I'm next!" Mia broke into our moment, noisily carrying three champagne flutes in the one hand, an unopened bottle in the other. Stopping beside us, her bare crotch suggestively pushed out as if emphasizing I was indeed yet to enter her vagina.

"Well let's take it to the hot tub then, shall we?" Mom acquiesced. "Maybe Lucas can do something about it there."

She rose from the armchair, one stocking still remaining upon her body and I was confronted at eye level by now two pussies, my mouth literally drooling at the presentation. Mom lifted her costume up her body as I made quick work of her other stocking and naked as nature intended, we left the house to enter the jacuzzi.

*

I returned with the second bottle and for a moment stood before the tub and watched the two. Mother and daughter, each holding an empty Champagne glass as they passionately kissed, arms around each other and bare breasts just above the water line. Lazily, their eyes opened as one at my presence and as they turned their heads to look upon me, the Champagne cork popped from the bottle.

A geyser of bubbly burst from the neck, accompanied by the laughter of my ladies.

"Well, it looks like someone likes to watch us kiss," Mom giggled.

"And don't forget pee," Mia chimed in.

I felt myself blush and they both looked down at my rising cock.

"Ooh, that did it!" Mom laughed. "Bring it over here Darling."

"And we don't mean the Champagne!" Mia added, a wicked smirk on her face.

I climbed the stairs into the hot tub and stepped back into the warm bubbling water, pausing before I lowered to fill Mia's glass. Mom took the opportunity and grasped my cock and

drew me to her mouth. Fascinated, my eyes drifted from the bottle and sent Champagne pouring into the water.

"Careful," Mia warned and righted my aim, Mom's eyes following the commotion and with cock deep in her mouth raised her own empty glass to receive her fill, the expert multitasker.

My own glass misplaced, I ran a hand through Mom's wet hair to show my affection whilst I raised the bottle to my mouth and drank straight from the neck. This was living. Mia leaned back against the jacuzzi wall and even with the churning water I could see her legs spread, a hand between as she watched the show Mom was putting on. And what a show. Lavishing my dick with kisses and licks. Slurping down to my shaved balls to attend to their needs. Back upon my shaft and managing to take in my length, her nose pressing my belly as she willingly choked herself on me.

Taking another swig from the bottle; Mia holding out her own glass for a refill. Mom taking a break from her task to sip from

her own. The alcohol had flowed freely all afternoon, was going down too well now and it was then my pressing need to relieve myself came foremost to mind.

"Ugh," I sighed and about to once more take my cock in her mouth, Mom looked up, concerned.

"What is it Darling?"

Mia, frantically masturbating beneath the surface looked on just as invested.

"I have to go," I confessed, once more blushing.

"Where?" Mom hadn't caught on.

"You know..." I kind of explained.

"Oh."

"Just go here," Mia entered the conversation, her direction taking both Mom and me by surprise.

"What?" I questioned.

"Why not?" She sat up in the water. "I did!"

"Honey!" Mom was taken aback.

"What? It's chlorinated," she added, cheekily.

"When?"

"When we were kissing," she took another sip from her glass, downing the last.

Mom seemed to be genuinely shocked at Mia's admission. I however was growing harder and wondering how that would

affect my ability to go in the first place, wherever that happened to be.

"It's just water," Mia defended herself. "It's no big deal."

"Yes but...well I mean..."

"Oh, go on Lukey, show her," Mia looked up at me.

"What?"

"Show Mom it's no big deal. Pee for us."

"Here? Now?"

"Ah, yeah," Mia slid across to be right beside Mom once more.

"Where else?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mom mocked. "Maybe in the bathroom?"

Her words were said with conviction, but the sly grin on her face gave away her fascination, her eyes turning to me. "You don't have to Honey," she said. "If it makes you uncomfortable."

She wasn't telling me not to. I thought of them freely pissing in front of me on the beach, such a turn-on. Would it be the same for them?

"You can do it," Mia moved forward, taking my hardon in hand. "Here, I'll hold it for you."

It wasn't as helpful as she thought it'd be, my dick amazingly stiffening further. But the need to go was pressing and erection or not, some things can't be prevented.

Mom looked on wide eyed, absently raising her wine to mouth to finish her glass as Mia lightly gripped my shaft. And

then it came. The sensation akin to an orgasm as I felt my bladder release and the urine surged along my shaft. A dribble and then a fountain as my Mom and sister's eyes lit up.

"Oh, my goodness!" Mom exclaimed, her mouth dropping in wonder. "I've never even seen your father pee!"

Her admission was surprising though not unexpected. My father was pretty conservative. So was my mother for that matter, but it hadn't stopped her behaving like a wanton harpy all weekend. Was there something about this place? This beach, the solitude perhaps, that brought out the heathen in people? The incestuous desires lurking within us all? Whatever, as I released my stream, Mom's wonder turned to desire. Reaching out she wrapped her hand around my sister's and directed the flow of pee. The arch rained down from the water between us and onto my sister's breasts, Mom laughing as she hosed her daughter.

Mia herself released a startled squeal, transitioning to a contented moan as she lifted her chin to take the shower up

onto her neck. "Mm, it's so warm," she sighed, releasing her hand from beneath Mom's to massage my piss into her boobs. Mom ran her hand up and down my shaft, jerking me as I pissed and the spray hit Mia's mouth, her lips opening to accept my offering.

"Oops sorry," Mom giggled her apology and smiling as pee ran from her mouth, Mia directed her empty champagne flute under my diminishing flow.

"It's alright," Mia accepted as the glass filled and the stream turned to a trickle. "I saved some for you."

There was a moments silence as Mom's hand slipped from my dick and I lowered into the water, the women parting to allow me a position between them. Mom wasted no time and climbed upon my lap, the water doing little to prevent her lubricated vagina sliding down easily along my still erect cock. Mia remained with glass held out and I looked on with awe as Mom freely accepted the gift.

One day earlier, my sole desire was to steal a little alcohol from Dad's liquor cabinet and watch porn in my bedroom with the volume up for once. Now here I was, about as inebriated as I'd been in my life, Mom in my lap with my dick deep inside her and a glass of my piss in her hand. What alternate universe had I slipped into!?

Mia moved in ever closer as Mom raised the clear liquid to her lips and tentatively tasted, her pussy squeezing around me, hips thrusting. I watched as she tilted the glass and her mouth filled, pee running out between her lips. Mia was there to catch it, kissing our mother's mouth as Mom in turn tipped the remainder down onto her chest. I raised my hands and cupped her breasts as Mia's mouth moved to mine. Did I care I tasted my own piss? Not one bit, as I wrapped my tongue around my sister's, lifting my own hips into Mom's grinding.

She joined our kiss. Mother, son and daughter locked in a debauched three way make out session. Saliva flowing freely between us. The taste of brine. Mom rocking violently as I slid a hand between Mia's legs and found her slit, a finger effortlessly slipping inside. "I'm cumming," Mom breathed

into my mouth and I renewed my thrusts, my ass slipping on the seat below, a jet massaging my lower back.

"I'm cumming," Mom repeated as if she needed to remind us and her head tilted back, Mia biting my neck, lavishing me with the most intimate of incestuous kisses. I felt Mom's pussy squeeze ever tighter around me and then a quiver, her body shuddering as she groaned into the night.

"That's it Mom," Mia applauded. "Cum on him. Cum on your son's cock."

"I'm cumming," she once more informed us and I felt an extra warmth at the base of my cock. "I'm, I'm...pissing," she announced, hotter than the tub itself, her pee surging out upon my groin to mix with the churning water.

Mia had my wrist and was hammering my fingers inside herself, her own pussy convulsing with an impromptu orgasm as I let myself go and allowed myself to join the ejaculation party. My abs hurting as I thrust up into Mom with

each pulse of my spurting cock, my seed where it belonged. Inside my mother's vagina.

The Champagne bottle bobbed in the water beside us. In a post orgasm daze, Mom fell upon my chest and I wrapped her in my arms, Mia nuzzling in beside, kisses back and forth between Mom and me. The warmth of the embrace. The soothing waters. I could've fallen asleep and dreamed of nothing better than that moment.

*

We made it to the bedroom.

Mom had wanted to go for a midnight swim at the beach but somewhere in our inebriated state, Mia and I had realized it was a bad idea. A shower was proposed. Not for the fact we'd all sat in a pool of our piss and cum for hours, but to rinse the chlorine from my ladies' hair.

It served another purpose, to sober us up. It was also about as sexually exciting as the hot tub.

From having four soapy hands massage my entire body; to my beauties stand facing the tiles, plump bottoms side-by-side as I buried my face between one then the other. Kissing ass. Tasting pussy. Mia had turned to lift a leg over my shoulder, her cunt presented to me to be lavished with affection. To bring her to the orgasm she deserved as she kissed our mother above.

I'd stood. With a hand on each of my lovers' ass, a soapy inserted finger into both assholes at once, our mouths locked in a three-way kiss as the hot water cascaded our bodies. "This is the best thing ever," I declared as two hands massaged the length of my cock, kneaded my balls.

"Oh, wait till we get to bed," Mia rebutted as I fought back another orgasm.

"What?" I inquired as I wriggled my middle fingers in time, enjoying the feeling of being inside their asses.

"We've got some things to show you," Mom giggled as she humped my thigh.

*

And so, I found myself laying back against the headboard as Mom lavished Mia's body with kisses. She kissed her breasts as Mia moaned, her body writhing as Mom went lower, across her belly to eventually bury her face into Mia's sex.

I watched on and masturbated. Mia's hand holding my ankle for support as Mom seemingly expertly ate her out. I guess it was just women know what women like, so when Mia was cumming into our mother's mouth in mere minutes, it wasn't too surprising.

With her cheeks and jaw glistening, Mom raised her head and climbed back atop my sister, their bodies becoming one, more so when legs were scissored and so naturally, they found pussy pressed to the other's. Pre-cum oozed from my eye, coating my length and providing a lubricant for my manhandling as I watched mother and daughter grind cunts. Never would I have found hotter online had I been alone in my bedroom all weekend, and I had to dramatically pull my hand from my cock to prevent a not so spontaneous orgasm.

My action drew the attention of my lovers, and smiling, lazily looking at me through orgasm dazed eyes, Mia invited me to participate.

"Can you bring what's in my bag Lukey?" She asked, gesturing across to her open case beside the closet.

I was eager to please and immediately, with possibly the hardest erection of my life, left the bed and dropped to the floor.

"What am I looking for?" I asked as I cursorily examined the contents, seeing what I assumed she wanted under countless items of lingerie.

"Oh, I think you'll know it when you see it," she giggled.

The purple head of a dildo poked out from beneath pink satin and she was right, I knew IT was what we sought. Upon wrapping my fingers around its girth, I was surprised at its length as it slid from its housing. It just kept coming. Only when I drew it Arthurian-like from the lingerie did I realize why. Double ended.

My sister saw the fascination in my eyes as I climbed back atop the bed, answering my unasked question.

"I use both ends on myself," she explained its presence, a lesbian tryst with Mom not having been its *raison d'etre*. Measuring from my fingertips to elbow it was a formidable weapon that Mom was quick to commandeer.

"Get on all fours," she almost demanded of Mia who was just as quick to submit, presenting her ass obscenely to Mom and me.

"I wish I'd brought my strap-on," Mia admitted, her face upon the mattress. "You both could've fucked me at once."

Why she even owned a strap-on was something I'd worry about another day, right then I watched fascinated as Mom rubbed one end of the purple behemoth along Mia's labia, coating the dildo in girl lube in preparation of what was to come.

So welcoming was my sister's asshole to the dildo, it was clear she'd done this before. That Mom was so quick to take charge, so eager to instigate the penetration was also a window into her own libido. With cock in hand, I knelt beside as Mom eased the latex analog inside her daughter, inch by inch getting deeper with each gentle push until finally, with Mia's contented moans, Mom turned to me.

"You might have to help out now Honey," she purred, letting the unsupported end drop from her grasp to hang like a tail from my sister's ass.

It was pretty clear what I had to do as Mom turned on the bed and backed herself up to be within a foot of Mia, dropping to all fours like my sister, but she gave me an instruction just in case.

"Now fuck my ass with that thing," Mom insisted.

Not wasting any of this valuable time, I once again had the dildo in hand, lifting it to copy as Mom had done on Mia and smear the head in Mom's literally dripping pussy. I ran my hand over it myself, scooping up Mom-juice and lubricating the shaft in prep.

Not satisfied, I slipped two fingers inside Mia's hungry pussy, feeling the dildo pushed hard against her vaginal wall, space

inside limited, and used her own lubricant to further coat the rubber phallus. Now slippery in my hand, I positioned the head at Mom's pushed out sphincter and effortlessly slid it inside her body.

The two women now connected by the asshole, I gripped the middle of the dildo and allowed them to move back and forth, accepting as much or as little of the at least ten inches allocated either end. Mia was greedy. Her butt swallowing far more than Mom's, her asshole pressing my hand each time she moved back, almost as if kissing me as thanks. Finally, I let go and miraculously, their buttocks touched. Coming together softly to press, before comfortable with the massive anal penetration, they were slapping together, the sound akin to a spank.

I moved around to face Mia and she was quick to take my cock in hand and then mouth. Sucking me fully into her throat where she seemed grateful to choke, saliva flowing around my cock. I pulled out and ever so quickly found Mom just as hungry for cock. Spit roasting her, an orgasm brought on by the double penetration. She collapsed forward on the bed, her

body convulsing, most of the dildo exiting her ass and I was there to see it pop out, her asshole gaping and so slow to close as she lay prone, in ecstasy.

Mia needed satisfaction and I took up the reigns, grabbing the dildo and thrusting it inside her ass. I climbed between Mom's legs and pressed my cock at the entrance of my sister's vagina, as hard as the dildo and just as lubricated. Tight, was an understatement. My bulbous head stretching her opening, I pulled back in fear of hurting her before she screamed for me to continue.

"Don't you dare," she warned. "Stick that cock in me baby brother. Fuck me like a whore!"

She didn't need to tell me again. With a hand on her hip for leverage, the other jamming the dildo in her ass in unison, I hammered away. Thrusting deep into her impossibly tight hole. Mom had recovered and was on her knees, her first thought to kiss my mouth, then to take the dildo from my hand. Tag team, we worked well together. Mom pushing in as

I pulled out. Again, she sought my mouth and the mental stimulation of kissing my mother as she ass fucked my sister, the physical of my dick incestuously embedded in the closest of embraces, was all too much. I had to cum.

Harder I slammed. Holding off until the last possible moment before I planned to pull out. And then as if the sex gods watched over us, Mia came. Her scream was the first indication, her hand grabbing behind to pull the dildo from her ass as I felt her vaginal walls shaking, the pressure around my cock easing slightly, delaying the inevitable. A gaping maw of asshole remained where the dildo had vacated, Mom quick to fill the void with her tongue.

I was done. Three more deep thrusts and I was on the brink. "Oh shit!" I warned as I thought of Mia's words again. I could only cum in her ass or mouth. What about her ass and Mom's mouth simultaneously? With a groan I pulled out and Mom, with mouth and eyes wide, looked up at me expectantly.

Taking my engorged cock in hand, I guided the head directly at Mia's still gaping butthole and released. The eruption was volcanic. A burst of cum shooting deep into my sister's open rear. Mom's tongue obscenely poked, begging to be splattered. I sprayed her immediately; jet after jet of molten semen into her mouth, across her cheek. I dipped the head into Mia's ass to inject her once more and she squealed in delight, still reeling from her own orgasm.

Mom left me and saw to her daughter, laying down next to her as Mia collapsed with my cock burying deep into her bowels.

And so, we lay. My girls wrapped in each other's arms as they kissed. My cum exchanged between their mouths. With my softening cock embedded in my sister's ass, my body pressed to her, I nestled my face into her still damp hair and thought of how happy I was, how quickly my life had changed. How could I possibly let this go?

*

-Sunday Morning-

"...Earth to Lukey." I heard Mia through my fog of remembrance.

"What?" I focused once more on her body. The see-through purple tights, no more than stockings really. Her cut off t-shirt that she'd lowered over her breasts, under-boob bulging out suggestively.

"Two eggs or one?" she seemingly repeated and I couldn't answer. There was too much going on in my head.

"I don't want this to end!" I blurted out and they both stopped their work in the kitchen to look at me.

"What Honey?" Mom questioned.

"Us...this," I stated.

"But today's Sunday Lucas," Mom detailed. "We have to vacate by midday."

"But I can't go back to normal," I declared. "I love you. I love you both."

"And we love you Lucas," Mom reciprocated. "Don't we Mia?" She turned to my sister to see her biting her lip, in thought. "What is it?" Mom asked.

Mia took a moment before she spoke.

"I'm with Lucas Mom," she said. "I can't go back to normal."

Her words swelled my heart and I moved further into the kitchen.

"What are you talking about?" Mom questioned. "We spoke about this. Not strings. No regrets for the weekend. Just the weekend."

"But I want to do it again," I sidled in beside Mia, taking her hand, reaching out for Mom's. "I want to do this every day!"

Mom looked down at her hand, now in mine, her eyes looking past to my erection pointing up directly at her.

"But your father," she looked back up at Mia. "...and Tobias. What about them?" To which Mia scoffed.

"Mom, I've had better sex with my little brother in the last day than I've had with Toby for three months," Mia confessed, and the words took me by surprise and admittedly filled me with pride.

"But I love your father, I'm not going to leave him," Mom countered.

"And I'm not breaking up with Toby," Mia bluntly replied and it dampened my spirit somewhat, until she continued. "Which is why I've come up with a plan."

"I'm listening," Mom at least looked curious. I was all ears. Well, all ears and an impressive erection.

"Lukey's not moving out any time soon," Mia began, talking to Mom like I wasn't even in the room, let alone naked and holding her hand. "It means we can have his cock any time we choose. When Dad's out, or at work. We can all fuck to our hearts content. Dad. Toby. No one needs to know."

"But we'd be cheating," Mom countered.

"Are we cheating this weekend? It's Lucas. He's family. It's totally different," Mia explained and I was in total agreement.

Mom was passive for a moment as if in contemplation.

"I think you've forgotten one thing though, haven't you? Lucas." She turned to me. "How do you feel about that Honey?" She raised her free hand and cupped the side of my face. "Would you be okay with that Darling? Your Mom and sister coming to your room all hours and having sex with you? Providing us with all that yummy boy cum whenever we have a craving?"

"Letting us improve our skills at sucking cock?" Mia chimed in. "I know I need all the practice I can get. Ooh and also more of that water sports stuff. That was a real turn-on and I know Toby's not interested."

I felt light headed and struggled to swallow, let alone speak.

"So, what's it going to be Honey?" Mom asked. "It's up to you. We can keep fucking, all three of us. You can finger us and fuck us whenever there's an opportunity, we can kiss and cuddle and we'll suck your dick whenever you like, but it'll have to be our little secret. Is that okay?"

It was better than okay. It was just about perfect but I didn't want to come across too thirsty.

"I mean, I wish I could be with you both like a real relationship," I admitted. "But I guess if that's the best we can do, then I suppose I could go along with it."

Mia could see through my charade even if Mom couldn't, a smirk on her face.

"Well, wouldn't want to put you out or anything," she snidely, though good-naturedly remarked.

Mom brought us both into her arms and we had a family hug to celebrate our decision, my cock pressing hard into her hip.

"So now that that's sorted, what about breakfast?" Mom asked.

"Actually," Mia was quick to reply. "We've only got a couple hours before we have to get out of here," she reached down and took my cock in hand. "What about we make the most of it?"

It was yet again a question I needed no time to debate.

Fin.