

# CHANGING ROOMS CH. 03

*sunburycd*

*Hurricane Amanda, sex, sex, and more sex.*

Incest/Taboo

4.61

3.8k words

*Note to readers: This being the third chapter it may be hard to come in cold, please read 1 and 2 and I hope you enjoy. Thank you.*

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A thunderstorm was coming. Rolling in from the sea and illuminated by the city lights, the clouds looked heavy and menacing. Yet they were all bluster, there would be no rain, no damage. The real hurricane was named Amanda and she was approaching from the west. If she took the company's jet she'd be here in the morning. More likely it would be commercial, business class and early afternoon when she darkened our door.

I sat with my head rested against my mother's bare stomach as she stood between my spread legs out on the balcony. She casually stroked the back of my head and I in turn caressed the backs of her stockinged legs. It was all she wore. Her smooth pubic mound merely inches below my jaw, I looked up through her cleavage at her caring, reassuring face now smiling down at me.

"How can you be so unfazed?" I asked, "She could ruin everything."

"She can't ruin us, she won't change the way I feel about you Daniel," she replied, still stroking my hair.

"I know, nor me but my job, your job. We.." She cut me off mid sentence.

"From what I've learned about you tonight honey, you can get another job," she interjected. "It won't come to that though, I'm sure it'll all work out."

From such small actions, such large consequences can occur. One kiss at a basketball game and what had seemed to be the perfect evening had turned into potential disaster, how could my mother be so nonchalant?

Mother broke the hold between us and walked to the rail of the balcony. Looking out at the electricity laden clouds she continued, "And I won't let this night be ruined by anyone Daniel."

She grasped the rail with one hand and leaned her body forward, presenting her bottom to me. With the other hand she reached behind and spread her right cheek, providing an unrestricted view of her anus and glistening vagina. "Now come and show your mother how much you love her baby!"

It wasn't an invitation, it was a demand and I needed no further prompting. I crawled to her behind and took over the spreading of her bum cheeks, allowing her to clasp the rail with both hands. Her feet spread shoulder width, I had easy access to her sex and began by kissing then sucking the hood over her clitoris. My tongue found her jewel and began it's rhythmic stimulus, my nose pressed firmly between the folds of her labia.

"My ass Daniel. Lick mommy's ass!" She implored and I responded, slurping my way up to her tight little sphincter and poking my tongue inside. "Mmm, you like that don't you baby? You love licking mommy's bumhole!" I didn't reply but instead responded by pressing my index finger to her opening and slid it deep, replacing my tongue which went back to feeding from her pussy.

My finger deep inside her ass and my face in her cunt I pulled my throbbing cock from the fly of my pants and began jerking off. She must have been watching me from above as she almost shouted down at me, "Oh yes Danny wank your dick. Wank for Mommy, baby."

This couldn't go on. I was so horny I felt with a few more strokes I'd cum and waste my sperm all over the floor of the balcony. Mom must have sensed it and calmly spoke down to me, "Put it in my ass son!"

I'd heard correctly. My mother was asking me to fuck her in the ass. I don't know about you, but I do what my mother tells me. I stood to attention and holding my penis, slid its head and engorged length through the outer folds of my mom's wet pussy for lubricant. When the tip of my cock made contact with her anus I watched as she puckered it out as though it were a mouth, blowing a kiss to my manhood. Ever so slowly I entered my mother's asshole and she accepted her son's dick with a sigh, followed by a moan of pleasure.

I was unsure whether my mom had experienced anal before that moment but if she hadn't, she handled it like a pro. I pushed fully into her, only stopped by the contact of our bodies, then just as slowly pulled out. Her sphincter gripped my cock tightly as I swayed my hips back and forth against her supple buttocks.

Mom was holding onto the rail with one hand now, the other grasping at her breast and pinching on a nipple. Lightning lit up the city, closely followed by the crack of thunder. I stood her up to vertical and turned her face to me to enable us to kiss. Her tongue stuck out, I sucked on it as I masturbated her clit from the front.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum," I breathed into her ear and she squeezed her asshole around my cock as I flooded her rectum with shot after shot of jism.

I didn't want to pull out, so as gracefully as possible I lifted her and stepped the few feet back to the outdoor setting and reclined in an armchair, her on my lap, my softening cock inside her ass. Another lightning flash and boom thundered the sky. "See, that was beautiful Daniel and now you've provided fireworks. I told you nothing could ruin this night! More champagne baby?"

We took a taxi home the next morning. I checked my e-mails and call register and no one else had seemed to have seen the "basketball incident." We were both a little hungover and I was still fretting over the looming arrival of Amanda. Why my mother was still so dismissive of her relevance I couldn't figure but when she suggested we go for a jog together to relieve some stress and recover from the alcohol, I agreed. And why wouldn't I when I saw what she'd be wearing?

I'd forgotten many of the clothing items we'd ordered together online, yet the active wear I'd especially been hanging out to see. It was worth the wait. Her grey mid-calf tights clung to her bottom like a second skin and from the front gave her the most perfect of cameltoes. My mind harked back to the swimwear store and the young salesgirl. In comparison my mother would win hands down and as opposed to then, on this occasion I knew my mother wasn't wearing panties underneath. She wore a black sports bra and a light pink crop top, her hair in a pony tail, she could've been a fitness model.

Mom regularly exercised and was able to match the pace I set her. Mid-run we slowed to a walk to hold hands, talk and occasionally kiss, as other joggers and couples passed us. "Do you feel any better baby?" She asked as we neared a cafe and public toilet block. I placed an arm around her waist and drew her in alongside me as we strolled.

"A little Mom, but to be honest. Walking along with you, dressed like that. I just feel horny!"

"Oh Daniel, do you really think I look pretty?" She asked. Was she fishing for compliments?

"Are you kidding Mom? Look around, you're hotter than all of these girls," I praised.

"And you're horny?" She asked. Where was she going with this? I didn't have long to wait for an answer. Taking my hand again, she led me towards the women's toilets.

At the door she let go of my hand and walked in alone. After only seconds she returned, took my hand again and led me inside and into the closest cubicle. The door closed she pushed me back against it and went down to her knees pulling my shorts down with her. My hardening cock now in view, she wrapped her hand around it, lifted and began sucking my heavy testicles.

Footsteps entered the toilets and my mother looked up at me and placed her index finger to her lips in a hushing gesture. She then took my cock in her mouth and worked her magic up and down my shaft. Female voices exchanged laughs and then someone entered the cubicle adjacent to us and the door closed. I heard a toilet seat being lifted and then momentarily the hiss of her pissing into the toilet bowl all the while talking to her friend. I held the back of my mother's bobbing head as toilet paper was ripped from the holder and then a flush. The next women entered and the scene played out again.

The situation seemed ridiculous. I didn't recall ever even being in a women's toilet before and here I was, not only listening to the sound of these women urinating but also being given head by my own mother. The moment was too much and with the second flushing of the toilet I pumped my mother's mouth full of cum. I lifted her to her feet and kissed her mouth, tasting a mixture of my remaining unswallowed cum and her saliva.

"Now surely you're feeling better baby?" She asked.

"I am Mom. Much better thank you," I replied.

We'd showered and I suggested what I'd like to see Mom wear. White pantyhose without panties, a short denim skirt with white top and bra. Late afternoon I'd opened a bottle of white wine for my mother and I was sipping on a scotch. The black Mercedes pulled into the driveway behind my Range Rover and I watched at the window as Amanda eased her way out of the back seat. She mentioned something to the driver and he began backing out as she turned and approached our front door. I felt like a kid in school who's just been caught cheating on a test. Sitting outside the principals office, awaiting the punishment.

Mom and I both answered the doorbell when it rang.

"Ah, the happy couple!" Amanda stated and not waiting to be asked, entered the hall and made her way to the lounge. Mom looked at me, shrugged and we followed her into the house. Amanda was dressed in a tight, grey, high waisted pencil skirt with black stockings and heels. She wore a black leather cropped jacket which she removed to reveal a light blue silk cami, her blonde hair had been

cut short since I'd last seen her and to sum up, she looked incredible. Divorce seemed to have treated her well.

Amanda took up her position, cross-legged on the couch and my mother joined her at the other end, leaving a respectable distance between them. To break the few moments of uncomfortable silence, I suggested drinks and scurried off to the kitchen.

As I returned, my mother and Amanda immediately ceased talking in a hushed tone and I wondered at the discussion that may have been taking place.

"Did I interrupt something?" I asked, handing Amanda her regular gin and tonic and my mother a wine.

"Small talk Daniel," Amanda replied. "It's what grown-ups do!"

Here we go I thought, let the fireworks begin. I took a swig of my scotch for courage and seated myself on a facing sofa.

"I say 'grown-ups' Daniel because it seems you've not been acting very maturely of late have you?" Amanda sniped. "My god Daniel, from what I, we, saw on the television you behaved like a horny teenager. Did you really think you'd get away with that? Were you even thinking?"

I sat there unspeaking as she continued to berate me, I say 'me' as well, as she was yet to focus any of her assault on my mother.

"My god, the embarrassment you've caused me. Oh and I've heard of this new job of yours. Imagine the reaction from your future workmates if it was to emerge you're in an incestuous relationship with your own mother!" How she had learned so quickly of my new job, I didn't know but I let it pass.

"We're not doing any harm." I feebly attempted to argue.

"No harm? What about to my reputation? That I was married to a dirty little 'motherfucking' panty sniffer!"

Panty sniffer? What the fuck had she meant by that? I looked at my mother who seemed to stifle a smile as I met her gaze. What was with that?

"You're going to have to do a serious amount of ass kissing to get out of this Daniel." Amanda continued. With the last comment her tone had softened.

"What do you mean 'ass kissing?' Who's ass, yours?" I asked, somewhat confused as to how the conversation was progressing.

"Well yes, mine," she turned to my mother. "Madeline's."

"What, Mom's? What is this, what are you talking about Amanda?" I asked, now totally lost.

Amanda turned to my mother and asked, "Do you think he's had enough?"

My mom smiled back at her and then looked at me with an incredibly cheeky expression, "I think so," she replied. "Have you had enough baby?"

I had no idea what was going on, one minute I was being browbeaten by my ex-wife, the next seeming to be made sport of by two sexy women. "What the fuck is going on?" I asked the room.

"Daniel, language." Both women responded in unison.

"Oh Daniel, I'm sorry," Amanda continued. "The truth is I don't care what you do with Madeline. I'm happy for you both. Just because we're not married doesn't mean I don't love you and want the best for you."

I was flabbergasted. I looked to my mother who had made her way across the couch and now sat next to Amanda. "You were in on this?" I asked her.

"Daniel, what I confessed to you the other day, I confessed to Amanda years ago. The night in the hot tub and what happened after. I had to, I couldn't live with myself. She knew there was something going on," my mother reasoned.

Amanda chimed in, "You can blame me Daniel. After Madeline told me what she'd done, I forgave her but made her promise to never speak of it again. Who was I to judge the feelings of a mother for her son? I certainly wasn't happy about it but I can understand how she must have felt towards you."

"Mom told you everything?" It was starting to come clear just what was afoot here, "So that's why you called me a panty sniffer?!"

Amanda laughed at this and placed a hand on my mother's pantyhosed leg. "She's told me everything Daniel. Although I don't know about what's been happening lately." She looked at my mother, "Has he been treating you well Madeline."

"Well actually, now that you mention it, he does spank me!" She replied.

"Oh Daniel, you don't!" Amanda looked at me and casually stroked my mother's thigh. "You spank your own mother?"

"He does," my mother went on. "He does other things too!"

It was dawning on me what was happening. Them sitting so close together, Amanda caressing my mother's thigh. Mom beginning to talk about our sex life. I didn't know whether they had organized this somehow or it was a spontaneous situation but something was about to happen. Something I'd imagined nearly ten years before, something wonderful.

"He does things to my bottom!" My mother stated.

"Oh my, sweetie," Amanda responded, putting a comforting arm around my mother and continuing to run her hand up and down her thigh, inching higher with each stroke. "What does he do?" Amanda looked at me as my mother continued.

"He kisses it and puts his thing in it! He takes my panties too, and chastises me if I'm wearing the wrong ones." Mom seemed to be relishing the chance to tell Amanda the things we'd done and I couldn't deny any of it, it was all true. Their faces had edged closer and Amanda's hand had finally made it's way beneath my mother's skirt.

"He makes me masturbate in front of him!" My mother exclaimed. And that was it. Their lips came together and immediately tongues were thrust into the others mouth. My mother was making out

with another women directly in front of me, as I just sat there mouth agape.

My mother's denim skirt rode up around her hips and Amanda's right hand dug it's way inside her pantyhose to molest her pussy. Mom groped at Amanda's breasts and was soon fumbling to remove her silk cami from over her head, to reveal her black lace bra. I decided it was time to loose my rock hard cock from my pants, pulling them down mid thigh and began stroking to the lesbianism playing out before me.

Mom's top was next to come off followed by her skirt, leaving her dressed only in a white bra and pantyhose, no panties. Amanda saw this as her moment and unzipped her skirt, removing it as well. The two women were dressed as opposites. Mom all in white, Amanda in black pantyhose with matching bra and thong. Looking at them now they could've been mother and daughter, or more likely sisters. I suddenly realized that maybe why I'd been attracted to Amanda in the first place was due to her resemblance to my mother. Mom was next to move, pushing Amanda backward upon the couch and laying atop her, kissing passionately, their breasts pressing against each other and crotches joined at the pussy. If I had been forgotten, I didn't mind. I would've been happy just jerking off in the corner but finally Amanda looked across to me then back to my mom, "Maybe we should take this to the bedroom."

I took off all my clothes and with Amanda holding my cock whilst I kissed my mother we made our way to mom's room. The two women climbed upon the bed and positioned themselves side by side at the bedhead, their backs to me. "Time for that ass kissing I was talking about Daniel," Amanda ordered and I moved behind her and began by kissing each of her buttocks through her pantyhose, whilst caressing my mother's ass. Looking at my mother Amanda added, "He's quite good at it isn't he?"

"Oh, it gets better!" Mom replied and I pulled down each of their pantyhose at the same time. Spreading Amanda's bum cheeks I nuzzled my nose and mouth into her anus and began my lapping, whilst fingering my mother's pussy and asshole concurrently. I momentarily looked up to see them kissing each other and I don't think I'd ever felt so horny in my life.

I wanted a part of it. I turned them both around and joined in a three-way kiss, sharing the taste of my ex-wife's anus with the two of them. With their pantyhose down mid-thigh I fingered both of their pussies whilst each had a hand around my penis.

Mom was the first to get fucked. I'd got her naked and was fucking her missionary style whilst Amanda sat on her face, grinding her cunt into my mother's nose and mouth. I didn't want to cum so soon so I changed positions and ended up fucking Amanda from behind while she ate out my mother. It was probably the best position for viewing. I spread Amanda's ass cheeks and watched my cock slide in and out of her slick pussy, probing her tight asshole above it with my index finger. Then I could look up at my mother laying on her back, legs spread wide, massaging her breasts as Amanda slurped on her clit.

I slid two fingers into Amanda's ass and could feel my cock through the interior wall of her rectum. I could see Amanda was now finger fucking my mother as well as sucking her clitoris and the look on my mother's face told me what was about to happen. When the squirting began Amanda pulled her head back with a surprised shriek and began flicking her fingers across my mother's clit to prolong the orgasm, splashing her fluid across her thighs and the sheets. I wouldn't hold out much longer either, so I pulled out of Amanda, pushed her down next to my mother and moved over them, placing my cock between their faces.

I wanted Amanda to cum as well and began fingering her pussy as they both licked and sucked on my cock. Curling my fingers inside her she began her orgasm and I used this as the impetus to cum as well. I took hold of my cock and with my mom and Amanda kissing below me, I began shooting my load over their faces. Jets splattered across their chins, noses, cheeks, they opened their mouths and I delivered cum onto their awaiting tongues, which they in turn shared, kissing with my cock between them.

We lay entangled together in bed and my mother and Amanda confessed they'd spoken a number of times over the years and even in the last week without my knowledge. I didn't feel betrayed. Both these women loved me and I in turn loved them. Amanda and I knew we wouldn't get back together and she was content now that Mom and I were a couple.

Amanda called for her car the next morning and she left us with her blessing and a directive to visit if we were ever in her city. As she departed she shouted from the rear window, "Oh and invite me to the wedding!" And with that she was gone.

Holding my mother from behind at the open front door I kissed her on the ear, "Well that's something to think about," I stated.

"What? Marriage? Oh Daniel we couldn't, could we?" She laughed. As she did so the next door neighbors car, with four occupants pulled out of their drive and as they departed a woman in the passenger seat waved to my mother, who waved back.

"Friends of yours?" I asked her.

"Just neighbors. Nice family, they have twins, a boy and a girl."

Mom turned around to face me and wrapped her arms around my neck. I clasped my hands together above her buttocks and we kissed. "You know Monday you'll have to give notice to your work that you're leaving. Looking forward to that Mom?"

"You know, I am Daniel. I'm also looking forward to starting my new role under you." She pressed her groin through her satin robe against me as she said it.

"Mmm, so am I Mommy," kissing her jawline. "So am I." My cock was hardening again, how did I even have any more cum to give?

"You know I might need to get some new work clothes for the office baby, do you think you could help me out with that?" She asked.

I opened the front of her robe and released my cock from my pants, pressing it between her thighs. Slamming the front door behind us I replied, "Oh I'm sure I can help you out with that!"

End of chapter 3