

# FAMILY BUSINESS CH. 02

*sunburycd*

*Weeks from the opening, things are heating up.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

8.7k words

It came back to me right away.

Merely days after my eighteenth birthday.

I remembered it clearly as we'd gone shopping together; me to spend the gift vouchers I'd accumulated and her to buy a new outfit for a wedding she'd been invited to. We'd gone our separate ways and having been focused on what I'd wanted to buy was done well before her.

"The staff here are awful but they have such nice clothes," she stated when I finally located her in a dress shop and I remember myself grunting.

There was a ridiculously hot sales assistant roaming the floor and I straightened when she passed, trying to hide the video games shop bag I carried.

"Do you have this in a ten?" Mom inquired and the girl looked dismissively, waving a hand at the produce.

"Whatever's on the rack," she looked down her nose and Mom shook her head in bewilderment as the girl walked away.

"Cow," Mom said under her breath as I was mesmerized by the girl's ass in the tightest black wet-look leggings I'd ever seen.

"I think she's kind of nice," I defended the sale assistant and Mom looked at me with just as much angst as she took a dress from the rack followed by two others.

"Come on, I need to try these on," she stated as she headed toward the changing rooms.

"Ok, I'll wait out the front," I replied, thinking it would allow me to see the salesgirl through the store windows discreetly.

"Oh no you don't," Mom tugged at my shirt as I attempted to abscond. "They only allow three items in the rooms; I'll need you to grab the other sizes for me if these don't fit."

"Won't the staff help?" I complained.

Mom just raised her eyebrows in response before crooking her finger in a sign for me to follow.

There was a seat directly outside her cubicle free, which was unfortunate as the two curtains that worked as a screen barely came together on each room. If I'd been sitting outside one of the others, I would've had the amazing possibility of seeing a woman undress. Instead I attempted to distract myself as my mom removed her own clothing not four feet from me.

I delved into my bag and withdrew one of the PS4 games I'd purchased, reading the back label just as the salesgirl in the black leggings arrived to assist one of the other customers.

"Waiting for your mom are you pet?" She smiled as she passed an item through one of the other curtains.

I felt myself blush as I stuffed my game back in the bag, attempting to come up with something witty to say. "I'm helping," I stupidly replied and she again smiled, this time out of habit before she dismissed me outright.

Mom's curtain opened a fraction further and she poked her head through followed by one of the dresses.

"See if this one is in an 8?" She asked as she handed it over. The dress caught on the curtain and it swung wide, Mom's body coming into view. I averted my eyes immediately but not before the damage had been done. She was wearing pantyhose. Flesh toned. I dared not look at her groin but, in the mirror behind, it seemed to me she wore no underwear beneath. Of course, there may have been a thong hidden in the shadow of her ass crack but this too I tried not to even imagine. A cream colored bra pushed her breasts up to form considerable cleavage and with my face already blushing from the altercation with the staff, I only got redder as I attempted to get out of there as quickly as possible, irreparable harm done to my corneas.

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I stroked my fingers down her arm as we spooned. My cock safe and snug between her upper thighs. I kissed her neck and she turned her face to look at me from the corner of her eye.

"It was the moment I knew," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" I asked squeezing her around the belly to snuggle in tighter against me.

"When I was there. In the changing room, your eyes on my body. I wanted you to look. To see me like that, naked," she confessed.

"Something I've always wondered," I kissed her behind the ear. "Were you wearing panties?"

"No," she sighed and it had my cock again stiffening, Mom immediately putting a hand down to allow it entry. Her fingers pressing my underside and sliding the head between her folds, easing me inside herself.

"Mmmh," she sighed as I slowly thrust my length into her.

"If only I'd known," I sighed.

"About my panties?"

"About everything," I admitted. "For memory I was more interested in the salesgirl."

Mom laughed. "I know, it's ok. I don't blame you. How could you have known?"

I didn't answer and she was silent but for a gentle sighing as I slowly fucked her from behind.

'As I slowly fucked her from behind.' My mother! Even thinking the fact having me on the verge of orgasm. I paused and released my grip around her somewhat and she once again turned her head

sensing the change.

"What is it?" She asked.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Mom allowed my dick to slide out of her and she rolled in my arms, climbing atop me as I lay on my back.

"I did everything but," she admitted.

"What do you mean?"

"Three...oooh," she sighed as my cock slid again inside her welcoming vagina, reaching its zenith. "Three years I tried to make you see me," she confessed, her mouth upon my own, not kissing just content for our lips to touch.

"I don't understand," I admitted, my hands all over her ass as I controlled her movement, a finger tentatively exploring her anus before she casually reached back and pressed it harder against her, essentially giving her approval.

"Do you remember Monica's pool?" She whispered.

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"Come on Mom," I rolled my hand as I waited for her outside the car. Still in her uniform from work, handbag over her shoulder she seemed in no hurry as she locked the house and headed toward me.

"Don't worry, it's your girlfriends house, she's not going anywhere!" She laughed as she pressed the button to unlock the car.

"Mom!"

"What?" She feigned innocence. "Oh, you think I don't know you've got a crush on Monica?" She again chuckled to herself.

It was true of course. Had done since, well, since I could remember. Mom's work colleague, probably older than her I assumed but I'd always had an obsession with something about her. Well, two things about her. Namely her ass and boobs. Her breasts I knew were fake. A crude comment my father had made years before pointing that out. But her bottom was all her. Large. Filling out even the unflattering nurses-like scrubs she and my mother wore each day.

The same uniform Mom still wore.

"You ARE going in the pool?" I asked as I looked at her in the driver's seat. "I'm not going to be the only one swimming, am I?"

She read between my lines and once again found me amusing.

"I've got my suit in my handbag, I'll change at Mons. And yes, that means Monica will be in a swimsuit as well," she added and I felt myself blush.

"Mom!" I complained as she pulled out into the road.

What I could've done without seeing when we arrived was Monica's husband open the door and welcome us in wearing only a pair of Speedos; ushering us through to the kitchen where Monica like Mom still wore her work clothes. My disappointment was tempered when the two women went off together to change, Chuck leading me across to the liquor cabinet.

"What your Mom don't know can't hurt her," he grinned as he filled half of my glass of Coke with bourbon. "Just come and refill whenever you like, ok Bud!" He added and I forgave his lack of attire.

We went out to the pool and Chuck was quick to dive in while I sought about finishing my first drink as quickly as possible.

"Have you seen your dad lately Lincoln?" Chuck asked as he swam to the edge of the pool. Not long since the finalization of my parents' divorce, I filled him in with some of the details he probably already knew from Monica before our conversation died and I was thinking about getting another surreptitious (from my mother) drink.

"Where are our women?" Chuck asked and as if he'd conjured them, Mom and Monica emerged from the darkness of the house. It was Mom who led, but it was Monica where my eyes focused immediately.

"We're here," Monica groaned. "Keep your hat on. Jeez." She was wearing less than her husband, material wise, if that was possible? A blue bikini, it did all it could to contain her most valuable assets and to its credit did prevent me from directly seeing her nipples and pussy, but only just.

Oh; Mom wore a one-piece but its design was lost on me for the time being as I gorged on the sight of her long-time friend.

So close she passed me on the way to her sun lounge I could've leaned forward and planted a kiss on her pubic bulge, her buttocks as she swayed, and I was thankful my board shorts were up for the job of obscuring my developing erection.

"Who's going to help me with my sunscreen?" Monica asked and Chuck, doing laps, responded with a 'don't look at me.'

"I'm sure Lincoln'll volunteer," Mom laughed as Monica lay upon her front, presenting her rear to us.

"Mom!" I agonized, wanting nothing more than to rub her skin with the lotion but way too embarrassed to even think of putting my hand up.

"Oh, it's alright, I'll do it," Mom acquiesced. It was then I 'did' notice the swimsuit my mother wore.

With my sunglasses, it wasn't obvious where my eyes were trained as I watched my mother apply sunscreen to my childhood crush's body, her apparently new swimsuit looking like it was yet to be finished. Areas surely remaining unsewn. Sitting to the rear of Monica, Mom massaged the creme into her friends back and shoulders, it was then I really saw her breasts. My mother's breasts. I mean not all of them, just what protruded from the edge as she leaned forward. She had side-boob! And then her cleavage. Working on Monica's thighs, her torso hovering above Mon's ass I was 'forced' to stare right at my mother's tits, moving as she massaged.

Divorcing from the fact it was my mother, it was easily the most erotic spectacle I'd ever witnessed, her hands pressing the flesh exposed on Monica's ass around her bikini bottoms, fingers slightly

entering under the hem. With one leg raised on my lounge, I pressed my empty glass against my cock, secretly stroking the full-blown erection I'd developed.

"How's your drink Bud?" Chuck interrupted my impromptu masturbation session and it startled me back to reality, holding up my finished glass.

"Ooh, if you're going back inside Honey would you grab my sunglasses from Mons bedroom?" Mom asked and I blankly nodded as I deftly extracted myself from the chair without anyone seeing my condition.

In the relative safety of the house I rearranged my cock to a more comfortable position, allowing myself a well-deserved rub for good measure. At the liquor cabinet I filled more than half of my glass with bourbon and topped the rest with Coke. Why not take advantage, I thought?

Knowing their house well, I headed to Monica's master bedroom and was more than a little aware I'd actually never been in there alone before. Seeing her chest of drawers, understanding her underwear would no doubt lie within. Amazingly I controlled myself and respected her privacy, looking to the bed and seeing enough to distract my libidinous teenage brain.

Two uniforms lay atop the mattress. Mom and Monica wearing the same that particular day. The sudden realization they'd changed in here together having me once again picturing them at the poolside. They'd been naked in here together not ten minutes prior I told myself, and then I saw the panties.

A white thong. Satin. But whose? Directly beside them, light pink panties, what looked to be satin at the front but with a sheer back covering the buttocks. Were they Mom's? The sunglasses sitting directly above but touching both pairs. My cock still hard, I thought of the two women's asses. Monica's definitely larger than my mother's. I couldn't believe I had to picture my mom's ass but did I really want to get this wrong? For what I was about to do I wasn't proud of, but the chance may never come again and did I really want to sniff my own mother's panties?

Setting aside the sunglasses and noting the position the underwear was in, I lifted the delicate pink and white material up and examined each for size. The tags offering nothing, they could've been either of theirs.

Fuck it, I thought and brought them both to my face at once, inhaling the gussets in tandem. The smell; was it Monica or Mom? I didn't care. Right then and there I was so turned on I simply pictured my own mother as just some other random woman. Whether the pink panties were hers or the thong it didn't worry me, I knew something of what I breathed in was Monica. Monica's pussy. And that made it worthwhile.

Four, maybe five deep breaths. How long I actually stood there, I wasn't sure, revelling, luxuriating in the scent of pussy. Two women's pussies. Monica and some mystery woman. Not my mother Lincoln, I told myself. They're not your mother's panties. And yet as much as I tried to convince myself, I still pictured her wearing 'that' swimsuit, even the faded memory of her in a change room. Half-naked.

I totally forgot how the thong had sat upon the mattress as I placed it back down but did it matter, I wondered? They surely wouldn't notice. It wasn't as if they'd placed them there on purpose to see if I'd examine them. A test? I downed half of my drink back in the living room and topped it up once more, the alcohol beginning to more than a little affect me. Willing my cock to soften I paused before I headed back out, Mom and Monica laying side by side in the same position, asses to the

sky. Did Mom need me to put sunscreen on her I wondered? Run my own fingers under the swimsuit on her ass? Jesus! I scolded myself, stop. The alcohol must have been having more of an influence on me than I thought.

The cold water sobered me when I entered the pool and also put an end to any unfortunate swelling down below, and as the afternoon drew on, Mom and Monica finally went for a swim as well. Monica rising from the surface; the water glistening as it ran from her voluptuous body would fuel my fantasies for years to come, I figured. More so when I spied pubic hair above the hem of her bikini bottom before she almost suggestively pulled it up tight upon her mound.

Strangely, it was the fleeting vision of my mother's wet cameltoe that came to me before I passed out that night. Seeing her adjusting her swimsuit, nipples jutting through the almost transparent material. I'm kidding myself. It was fully transparent, their shadow clear as day. Smooth bare skin either side of the bulge at her groin, the twin bumps of labia before I forcefully averted my eyes. Did she shave? I ridiculously asked myself before falling asleep. Dismissing the thoughts of her immediately. Drunken Freudian musings. I told myself.

Nothing would ever happen.

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"The pink panties were mine!" Mom whispered between my lips as she kissed my mouth. "We left them there especially for you!"

"Seriously!?" A question answered years later. "I don't know why I was more interested in Monica," I admitted as I pressed my index finger harder against her asshole.

"I do," she sighed as the tip of my finger entered her ass. "Because you've always had a crush on her. You used to follow her around like a puppy."

"Well that was then," I kissed her mouth. "Now I want to see you wearing that swimsuit again."

"Oh, I don't even know if I still have it," she giggled.

"No! really?" I was genuinely disappointed.

"No just joking, it's still here. I'll wear it for you. I'll wear anything for you Lincoln," she confessed and her smile faded to look seriously at me. "This is real isn't it?" Her eyes became watery. "We are together, aren't we?"

I popped my finger from her butt and wrapped my arms around her, holding her tight as I came. "Forever Mom," I confirmed, and I meant it.

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"I wish you didn't have to work today," I commented as I served her breakfast, Mom bending at the table to put on her high heels as she sat.

I stood before her naked (her choice) and at eye level with my flaccid cock, she raised her face to look directly at it. It wasn't expected but definitely pleasant when she kissed the head of my penis, her hand lifting me before she took me in her mouth. Immediately I began to swell at the sensation of her lips around me, the warmth of her tongue before she withdrew with a smile.

"As do I," she answered. "There are better things I could be doing," she reluctantly addressed her breakfast as I headed back to the sink, my cock standing proud.

"But actually, it's ok," she went on between bites of her toast. "I'm looking forward to telling Monica our news. She'll be thrilled."

"You sure she'll leave? It's a risk."

"Are you having second thoughts?" Mom posed, looking concerned.

"No not at all," I assured her. "This is the best thing we've ever done."

She finished the rest of her slice and headed across to me, white leggings and tank top, high heels.

"Will you be able to contain yourself?" Mom whispered as she placed her plate behind me, my cock pressing between her thighs.

"About what?"

"Being Monica's boss!" Mom pressed her breasts against my chest. "Having her here all day."

"Mom that was when I was young," I chuckled. "I've grown out of it."

"Oh really? When you were what two years younger?" She laughed as she kissed me, biting my bottom lip. "We'll see mister. Sorry. Boss. We'll see!"

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I spent the morning productively. Removing all the furniture from the respective rooms, all my personal items from the bathroom. Come midday the two front rooms of our house were blank slates and I made a call to a carpenter friend of mine to see if he'd build a wall across our hallway to completely seal off the foyer as discussed with Mom.

When they arrived at 2pm, Mom and Monica found me sweaty, aching and mid-way through mopping the floor of my bedroom.

"Ooh, to think of all the teenage spillages that floor has seen!" Monica teased as the two women lurked in the doorway, Mom barely containing her giggle. It had been easily two years since I'd seen her and little had changed, her assets only accentuated in the tight white tank top and equally as constricting leggings.

"Hello Mrs. Morrison," I felt myself blush, though proud I'd been able to raise my eyes from her chest. "So, I guess Mom's told you all about it."

"She has Sweetheart, though I suppose if you're going to be my boss, I should start calling you Sir," she continued, echoing Mom's own line and I wondered how much Mom had told her already? Not just about the business proposition.

"I hope he isn't strict with us Mon," Mom chimed in, adding to my agony. "What if he decides to spank us for doing the wrong thing?"

The women giggled together like schoolgirls and it was fairly evident Mom had explained a lot. And why wouldn't she? Monica was her best friend, her confidant, much like an aunt to me growing up.

Admittedly an aunt that was the object of every fantasy I had in my teenage years but an aunt all the same.

"We're partners," I again reminded my mother but the spanking remark stayed in my head for future reference. "Come on, I'll show you what I've done."

Trying to bring some semblance of seriousness to the occasion I led the women into the dining room to see how much room was now created, Monica recommending what equipment should go where, seemingly excited at the space.

"This is all happening," Mom enthusiastically stated, taking Monica's hand and reaching out for mine. "And I can't think of two people I'd rather do it with!"

"We'll make a great team," I added.

"A threesome if you will!" Monica added and amid the giggling, looked me in the eye and winked.

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There was a vague memory from my past of walking behind Mom and Dad as a child. A poster advertising a Dukes of Hazzard movie on a bus stop, pointing out to my parents Mom was wearing the same shorts. Some 16 years or so later, I was now looking at that same pair of shorts as my mother bent forward to top up the paint in the roller tray.

Whether she felt my eyes or just looked back to see if I was staring, her head turned to find me indeed ogling her ass.

"Something I can help you with?" She smiled.

"Just, I'm. I was..." I stammered, a part of me still a boy coming to terms it was now acceptable for him to be openly lusting after his own mother. "Those shorts. They're not the ones you had when I was a kid?"

Like most people her body had changed over the years, a little curvier in some places. For Mom it had been her ass, now struggling to stay confined to the constraints of the denim. She placed down the can and turned to look at me before gazing down at her groin.

"They are," she grinned, placing her thumbs in the belt loops and pulling up on the waist some, the denim clinging like a film against her pussy bulge.

My cock was showing its approval as I pushed out against my sweat pants, dropping a hand to place it in a more comfortable position.

"So, they're vintage really," I suggested and she took it the wrong way.

"Hey I'm not that old," she rebuked, smiling.

"No, I mean, you wouldn't want to get paint on them," I explained my reasoning.

"Oh. You're right. You think maybe I should take them off?"

"I mean, yeah. Maybe. Might be for the best," I agreed, my cock now straining against my pants.



"I don't have any panties on though!" She declared and it caused me to exhale in delight. "You won't mind?"

"Ah, no. I think I can put up with it," I sighed as she unbuttoned her shorts.

Her eyes not leaving mine as she teased her shorts down over her hips revealing that beautiful smooth pubic mound. Down her legs she lowered them until stepping through with her hiking boots remaining on leaving her pants-less in only a tight white t-shirt and shoes. Casually she strolled past me to place them outside the room before under my watchful gaze she set about continuing on painting.

Professionally, I got back to cutting in around the edges, intermittently peering back at her as I re-coated my brush, maintaining my erection. To her credit, her nudity didn't affect her own work as she set about using the roller to paint the wall I'd previously prepared. It was affecting mine. Eventually I abandoned my task and just watched her. Feet parted as she lunged with the roller, I think purposefully accentuating her ass by bending forward when she re-coated her brush, her labia visible between her upper thighs, puckered sphincter sitting above. Squatting down with legs spread to add more paint.

"Not much work being done over there!" She challenged and I jumped at the surprise.

"I was just, I mean I was..." I stumbled. "Watching."

"Hmm," she smiled, dipping her roller in the tray and once again painting the wall. "You know that movie was probably my last resort," she cryptically added after a pause.

"What? What do you mean?"

"In those three years Lincoln. I did hundreds of things to get you to notice me," she smiled when she looked back to see my eyebrows raise. "Leaving my panties on the bed at Monica's and 'that' swimsuit wasn't the only time you know!"

"I didn't notice. I mean not fully."

"I know. I said it's ok. You had girlfriends during that time. I wasn't always flirting with you. It was just dumb luck that film was playing when I was about to give up completely," she admitted. "It WAS the film wasn't it?"

I nodded. "I thought about putting my dick through the bottom of the popcorn!" I confessed and Mom snorted as she laughed.

"Oh God. I was thinking the same thing when we were in there," she chuckled. "And then when I felt your hard-on when you were giving me a foot rub. It was then I really knew!"

"I thought you were asleep!" I admitted.

"I did fall asleep, eventually. But I felt it. You pressing my heel into it. It was the most beautiful thing in the world. So loving."

"You think?"

"Yes. Yes, I do," she confirmed, her face serious before she once again smiled. "To think that after all those years all I really had to do to get your attention was walk around without any pants on!" She

giggled as my eyes dove down to her groin, all interest in painting the wall evaporating. "Probably time for a break anyway," she proposed as she came across to where I leaned against the ladder.

Her nipples poked out proudly through the thin material of the t-shirt but if I needed more evidence of her excitement at me watching her, the inside of her upper thighs glistened with dew, even a trickle running her inner leg. I thought she was reaching out to touch my chest but her hand diverted, taking a bottle of water sitting on one of the rungs.

"This is thirsty work," she stated as she lifted the bottle to her lips and drank. Comically she let the water run from the sides of her mouth to flow down her chin to her t-shirt below, not stopping until she thought the job done. And how! We both looked down at her chest to see her t-shirt now transparent, breasts and nipples clearly visible. "Whoops!" She feigned surprise and it was enough.

"Oh fuck Mom," I gasped as I drew her to me, her lips cold from the water, equally her tongue as she thrust it against my own. "I love you so much," I told her as she ground her groin upon my erection, propping a foot up on the ladder. I bent a knee slightly to more effectively press the underside of my cock against her and she took advantage, dry (or more so, wet) humping my cock through my pants.

"Put it in me," she hissed into my mouth and with her aid, I tugged down the front of my sweat pants, gravity dropping them to my knees. She had a hand on my freed cock immediately, coaxing it toward her sex and as she did so, I turned her body to lean her back onto the ladder. Without relinquishing her hold on my dick, she had it inside herself and I compounded by pushing forward, fully penetrating her in one thrust.

Her neck arched back, her head hitting one of the rungs but it didn't seem to faze her as I withdrew and re-entered, her mouth falling open in ecstasy. I leaned in and kissed her still wet neck and she lifted her saturated t-shirt up over her breasts, directing where my next kisses should go. Taking a nipple between my lips, my hand around her other breast I buried my cock to its hilt, pulling out and repeating the assault in more rapid thrusts.

"Yes, Lincoln. Like that," she gasped. "Fuck me hard Baby."

I took her suggestion and ran with it, wrapping an arm around her, the other holding a rung as I increased my rhythm, pounding her as the ladder worked its way back across the floor.

"Fuck me Baby," she repeated. "Fuck Mommy hard. Fill me Baby. Cum inside me," she managed to sigh as her tongue filled my mouth.

As if she had summoned it by uttering the words, I began to cum, my heavy balls slapping up and hitting her ass as I released their contents deep inside my mother.

"Oh God, Lincoln yes," she purred as my thrusts diminished in magnitude, my legs wobbling.

"Mmm, Baby," she sighed. "It feels so warm."

I looked into her face, her cheeks flushed, eyes dreamy. "Did you cum?" She giggled, a running joke between us and I laughed back, kissing her neck once more, her mouth.

"Oh God," I slowly pulled my cock from her and we both looked down at the avalanche of cum drip from her, run down her inner thigh. "Shower?" I proposed and she took my hand as I half lifted my pants, knowing I'd just be removing them a minute later.

"At this rate we'll never finish the room," Mom remarked as we headed to her bathroom.

"Maybe not," I raised her hand and kissed. "But we'll have fun doing it."

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Two pedicure chairs in position. Two desks for manicures and the accompanying seats. We had boxes of stock including towels and countless colors of polish, fake nails and waxing supplies stacked in the newly designed entranceway of our house, along with the counter and new pot plants.

I walked through into what was once my bedroom to see Monica beside the \$1000 waxing/beauty bed already unboxed and Mom in the process of removing the plastic from the adjacent massage table. She stood back as we all looked down at what she'd uncovered.

"Well that's not right!" Mom remarked as she looked from the table to Monica.

"I swear I didn't order that one!" Monica stared down at her tablet, seemingly searching for evidence of receipts.

It looked like a regular massage table with the cradle for placing the head and adjustable arm rests. What set it aside were the three other removable areas along its cushioned surface, strategically placed to correspond with certain regions of the body. Mom, not getting anywhere with just staring at Monica, moved in and removed one of the cushions to clearly show where a cock could project through if desired. I joined in, removing the two other detachable cushions to reveal holes where breasts could sit quite comfortably, admittedly my dick twitching at the prospect.

Finally, Monica lifted her eyes from the tablet and she was finding it difficult to keep a straight face.

"I may've accidentally ordered it instead of the other!" She defended herself.

"Monica!" Mom challenged.

"What!?" Monica allowed her embarrassed smile to spread. "It was a simple mistake."

"Well what's the big deal?" I interjected, not seeing as much of a problem as my mother.

"Honey. This is a milking table!" Mom stated.

"A what?"

"It's a milking table Lincoln," Monica elaborated. "You see. Boobs can go through these two holes and if it's for a man," she squatted down with parted legs beside the table and placed her hand up into the hole. "Well. His penis would hang down here."

Monica made a tugging gesture with her hand as I watched her demonstrate. Her thick thighs spread suggestively, the white leggings tightly hugging her pussy bulge and boobs hovering above, my cock was quick to harden.

"Of course, it's designed with enough room that you can easily sit beneath and use your mouth," Monica helpfully explained.

"There's a machine you can buy that has breast and penis pumps," Mom added as if the two of them were selling the idea to me.

"Oh," Monica looked across the room. "That might be what's in the accompanying package!"

I opened the large box Monica was pointing at to reveal a 'contraption,' tubes, suction cups and what was clearly a dildo attachment, pulling it out to show the women.

"We keep it!" I proudly proclaimed.

"What?" Mom retorted. "We can't have this in here Lincoln. It's a sex toy!"

"Then what about the spare room?" I offered, my brain working overtime. "Think about it. What if we offered extra services to certain clientele?"

Monica had positioned herself below the table seemingly more out of her own curiosity than in an attempt to display to me how the process worked. Her hands holding accompanying grips, her mouth sat just below the hole and it actually didn't look too uncomfortable.

"I'm listening," Mom finally spoke as she and I lazily dragged our eyes off Monica.

I was sleeping in Mom's bed, our spare room essentially now just a storeroom for all of my personal stuff and the extra chairs from the dining room. Adjacent to the room across the hall, it could be used to expand the salon in another way.

"What about we put this in the spare room, maybe buy some other stuff. We don't advertise that we offer extra services but make subtle hints," I proposed.

"You want to open a brothel?" Mom queried. "I'm not giving blowjobs to strangers!"

"I will!" Monica raised a hand through the cock hole in the table and even Mom had to smile.

"Not a brothel," I refuted. "I mean how many men do you even have as clients? I'm just thinking the women you already know, that you already give massages and full Brazilians to. Has anything sexual ever come up?"

"All the time," Monica extracted herself from beneath the table and I offered a hand as she rose to her feet.

"Oh really?" Mom refuted.

"Oh, you're one to talk," Monica frowned at Mom.

"What do you mean by that?" Mom questioned.

"Ah, what about your own last massage?" Monica immediately threw back and I watched Mom sheepishly close her mouth.

"What?" I inquired.

Mom and Monica looked at each other and I wondered who would talk first.

"Oh, I'll tell him, shall I?" Monica stated and didn't wait for Mom to answer. "I've fingered your mother Lincoln!"

"I'm sorry?" I stated.

"And she me!" Monica seemed more than proud to admit.

"Mom?" I asked.

Her cheeks noticeably blushing, Mom looked me in the eye.

"Well...I'll admit, sometimes..." She stammered.

"Oh goodness Francine Miller, let me," Monica interrupted. "Lincoln, we do each other's waxing, massages. I've touched your mother's vagina hundreds of times over the years, as she has mine. It's only natural you get a bit worked up when you're so close to another person. Why only the other day she came into work telling me all about this movie she'd seen with you. How you'd rubbed her feet or something."

I looked at Mom who seemed just as interested in Monica's telling as I was in the listening.

"Well," Monica went on. "As I was giving her a massage, she herself hinted she'd like one of the special ones. That's what we call them Lincoln. When we play with each other. Your mother came right into my hand Honey."

"That was 'that' week!" I looked at Mom struggling to remain composed.

"Well I didn't know for sure how things would work out for us Baby," Mom unnecessarily defended her actions. "As Monica said. I got a bit worked up!"

"So, you see Lincoln, you're right," Monica continued. "It happens all the time. We could make some real money out of this."

"Mom?" I asked. "What do you think?"

She paused for a moment, looking at the table.

"I mean I guess," she hesitated. "If we don't openly advertise what we offer, I suppose it would be ok."

"Yes!" Monica enthusiastically exclaimed. "This is going to be wonderful."

"What about your husband Mon?" I asked. "He'll be ok with it?"

"Oh, he'll go along with anything I say," she dismissed the notion outright, running her hands along the surface of the table. "So, who gets to go first?"

"Ah, not so fast!" I stated.

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Mom and Monica stood before me with their leggings and panties pulled down to their knees. Their white tank tops lifted to expose their breasts, my cock was bulging out the front of my pants, desperate to have a say on the proceedings.

"Ok," I struggled to lift my eyes from their groins, Mom totally smooth, Monica with a rich coating of dark bush, immaculately waxed into a perfect triangle above bare labia. "Now turn around and bend forward."

"Yes sir," they spoke in unison, smiling to each other as they complied with my orders.

"So, this will hurt me more than it will you," I stated as I approached the women from behind, my cock proudly pointing the direction it wanted to go from behind my pants. "But as your boss I have

to make an example of you two for your indiscretions."

Their bare bottoms level, legs together, I took a moment to marvel at the sight, taking the opportunity to stroke myself to a full erection. Monica's wide hips and thighs. Her asshole hidden between her plump cheeks; the folds of her labia coated with a glistening of dew. Mom, her anus beckoning me to kiss it, her inner thighs a slick of lubrication that needed licking. But I had a job to do first.

"Now ladies. We knew this time would come, it's just surprising it's happened so soon." With an open hand I smacked Monica on the bottom to the accompaniment of her startled squeal, her bum wobbling with the force. "That is for mixing up the order Mrs. Morrison." I spanked her on the opposing cheek with a little more force and again she squealed in delight. Again on the right buttock and repeating until I'd reached a count of ten. "Now. Don't let it happen again."

I moved behind Mom, watching as the women looked in each other's eyes, grinning, their hands joined between them upon the table.

Smack. I spanked my mother, her mouth opening, not emitting a sound, Monica's lips moving in closer.

"That Mom, is for not telling me about what's been going on at the salon all this time between you two."

Smack. I spanked her other cheek as their mouths came together, Monica's tongue darting between my mother's lips.

"And these are for not letting me know how you felt about me for three years," I divulged, reaching for something worthy of punishment and spanking her divine ass until she'd received the same number as Monica.

I left my hand on Mom's bottom, rubbing the area I'd just spanked and moving back between them, placed my other upon Monica. "But I want to show you I can be a considerate boss also," I added, moving both hands in sync to between their ass cheeks. With the back of my index finger on each hand, I ran them down their cracks, Mom's wide open, Monica needing a little help with her hand reaching back to part her cheek, contacting both women's anus simultaneously, delving further to encounter the wetness and warmth of pussy.

"Aaah," Mom sighed as I found her clitoris, her eyes looking up to me, a hand reaching back for the front of my pants. Monica's pussy squeezed around my finger as I slid inside and she let out a soft moan as I bent my digit within.

"Oh yes, finger me Lincoln," she gasped. "More please Sir."

I had to admit I liked being called Sir and I was willing to oblige Monica's wishes, pulling out and replacing one with two fingers.

"Yes, like that," Monica sighed, her tongue once again seeking my mother's.

Mom had a firm grasp on my cock through my pants and to reward her I replicated Monica's penetration on her, two fingers entering her welcoming vagina.

"Oh fuck this," Monica sighed when she saw where my mother had her hand. "I want some too!"

Her movement wasn't graceful as she spun, my fingers slipping wet from her dripping vagina. To her knees she fell and Mom was quick to follow, dropping beside her colleague to be level with my bulging groin. Monica had my fly open within seconds, Mom looking up at me smiling as my erection was pulled from my pants.

"My god Fran," Monica gasped. "You didn't mention that!" She added as she struggled to circle her fingers around my width.

Mom didn't bother replying, moving in and with Monica's hand still holding me, pressed her lips against the tip of my cock.

Mom was able to take the head but not much more as her mouth wrapped around me. It didn't disappoint as combined with Monica stroking her hand along my shaft it gave me all the pleasure I could hope for. Too much in fact. Like a seasoned veteran, Monica wanked me just about as well as I could personally, and I felt on the edge of orgasm. Not that I didn't desire above all to cum in my mother's mouth, I'd just be damned if it was going to end so quickly.

"Ladies, a little decorum please," I suggested as I managed to extract my throbbing gristle from between lips and hand. "This is a place of employment remember. Maybe we should take it to the bedroom?" Fighting myself back from orgasm, I watched them hand in hand shuffle back through the house to Mom's room, leggings still around their knees, tops raised. I was blessed.

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Saliva drooling from her mouth, Monica raised from my crotch and crawled up the bed. Something I'd dreamed happening for countless years, seconds away. Her thighs parted, one knee swinging pendulum-like across my head and then she descended and all was darkness. An adolescent fantasy come true as I was enveloped by ass. My nose deep between her cheeks, mouth upon pussy, face completely smothered by her heavy globes.

In my personal sensory deprivation tank, I felt Mom climb upon my hips, fingers around my cock as she slid herself onto me. Her familiar pussy enveloping my cock just as Monica's did my tongue. As deep inside her as possible I pushed. Breathing in what little air was available to me as I slowly, wonderfully suffocated on asshole and pussy confinement.

"Oh, you little beast," Monica stated as she released me from my fleshy cage, lifting her butt to allow me light, oxygen. Momentarily. "Get back in there Lincoln," she hissed as she once again descended, smothering, grinding.

My tongue met pubic hair, clitoris, vagina and asshole in its traversal of her anatomy. Monica humping my face much as Mom did my dick. Were they touching? Possibly kissing? The thought of it stimulating and I renewed my vigour, halting Monica's progress when her clit was on my mouth by grasping her buttocks.

"Oh God," she sighed as I wrapped my lips around her little button and sucked, her asshole twitching upon my nose. Mom feverishly fucked my tool, her pussy squeezing around me, a hand holding my balls from behind, pressing them up into her own buttocks.

I could hear them kissing. Could imagine Monica holding Mom's breasts. I lapped furiously at the clit entrusted to me, my jaw throbbing, my tongue aching as I felt some progress from my labor, Monica's breath changing, gasps from her throat.

"Oh, don't stop," she stammered. "Yes Linc. That's it. Don't stop," she repeated as my tongue was on the verge of going numb. I felt her thighs wobble either side of my head and she pressed her clit down harder upon my lips, rubbing it against me. "I'm cumming, I'm cumm.." she cried before her words were muffled by (I think) Mom's lips as they kissed.

Her pussy quivered upon my mouth as she ground against me, my tongue delving between the lubricated folds of her vulva, lapping the increased flow as she came on me. Again, and again her body shuddered above, her buttocks around my face and in my hands. My tongue ventured forth and found her asshole and like a rabbit diving into its warren, I slid inside as my chin and neck was showered with a squirt of her release.

"Oh fuck!" she squealed as I pushed my tongue further into her ass and another flood of liquid surged from her mature cunny, her body shuddering. "I can't," she gasped. "No more," she cried as she wrenched her buttocks from my face and she fell alongside my body, a hand over her mouth to cover the ecstatic grin.

Finally, I could see my lover, my mother, as our eyes drifted from Monica in her post orgasm haze to settle upon one another. She took her hand from behind herself where she still held my balls to reach for me, pulling me up from the mattress. This was how it was meant to be. My mother sitting in my lap, her boobs against my chest, my cock deep within her body. Her mouth sought out mine, craving the taste of Monica's sex, her ass, her cum. Our lips meeting, tongues entwined as she thrust her groin into me, grinding her pelvis against my own.

"Make me cum Lincoln," she commanded but it was her that was doing all the work. She was in the driver's seat, my cock merely the tool for her pleasure.

Monica had come around, now actively watching, a hand between her legs to prolong her own pleasure. She rose from the bed and crawled behind Mom, her legs wrapping around her body, arms coaxing the other woman back to fall against her, to lay on a bed of flesh.

Mom acquiesced, falling backwards with Monica to lay between her legs as I followed, balls deep in my mother.

It was now all me. Able to control the rhythm with which we fucked I pulled almost all of the way out before plunging back in, Mom's mouth falling open, her head turning to find Monica's beside her ready to dart out her tongue and connect with my mother's. Monica holding Mom's breasts, caressing her nipples as I aggressively fucked her pussy, her body shuddering with the force.

"Yeah, fuck her," Monica cheered as she held Mom's body and I placed a hand up on her shoulder, the back of her neck to draw her in, sandwiching Mom between us. "Fuck your mother hard Lincoln. She needs it!" She added as if letting me in on something they'd shared beforehand.

"Do you Mom?" I sighed, my groin slapping her pelvis with each thrust. "Do you need it?"

"I need it Baby," she hissed. "I need you to fuck me Baby. Fuck me so hard Lover."

"You want me to fuck you?" I gasped.

"I need you to fuck me Baby," she cried. "I need to you to make Mommy cum. Make me cum on that cock. My baby's big cock."

Monica's eyes were lit with a fire, Mom's lazy as she rode every thrust. I dropped my torso against her, Monica's hands relinquishing their hold on Mom's breasts, caressing my own body as she



brought us all closer together. My mouth met Mom's, my tongue between her lips where she sucked me into herself, teeth clamping me in place.

Monica kissed the side of Mom's face just as I felt her pussy twitch around my dick. The walls of her vagina shuddering followed by her body. She released my tongue and her mouth dropped open in a silent scream, Monica's mouth beside hers pecking her with kisses, whispering encouragement.

"That's it Fran, cum. Cum for your son. Cum on your son's dick!" she sighed and Mom turned her head to allow their lips to touch. Still fucking her as she climaxed, I moved in and joined the kiss, Monica's tongue sliding from Mom's mouth into my own and back.

"Cum for us," Mom moaned as her body stopped shaking, her eyes back on mine.

"Yes. Cum for us Lincoln," Monica chimed in, seemingly just as eager to see the fruits of my labor.

Having been on the edge for nearly twenty minutes, I knew they wouldn't have long to wait as I renewed my stalled rhythm, placing a hand on Mom's hip for leverage.

"Where do you want it?" I gasped as my abs began to hurt with my excesses, my orgasm building.

"On my tits," Mom exclaimed.

"On my face," Monica exhaled at the same time and all three of us smiled.

"Just cum all over us Honey," Mom settled and with two or three more thrusts with my mother's pussy squeezing tightly around me, I pulled out.

Up on a knee and a foot, I straddled the two women with my slick coated cock in hand. With eyes wide they focused on my grip sliding back and forth quickly along my thick column before stopping. Squeezing tight to enhance the spectacle, (I had done this before of course) I prolonged the release, before the final tug and I erupted. "This is it," I warned them. "I'm gonna cum!"

More powerful than even I'd expected, I shot a trail of cum towards their faces, my aim never being as true. The rope hit my mother's cheek bone and carried on through her hair to splash Monica's mouth, her lips opening in a delighted smile as she received her prize.

Stroking each surge from my cock, I rained semen down on my mother's breasts in long threads from her neck to her belly, Monica quick to coat her hands in the goo and smear it into Mom's skin.

"Yes Baby," Mom enthused. "Such a good boy," she praised me as she in turn lathered herself with my seed before reaching for the source and drawing me closer to her mouth.

Monica was just as eager to join in, leaning forward with her cum covered chin to kiss the head of my cock, both their tongues licking the dregs, coming together in a cummy kiss.

Had I seen anything as beautiful? Two forty plus women kissing with my cock between their mouths. I doubted it. "That was..." I struggled to find the words.

"I know," Mom agreed, rubbing the cum down on her belly, between her legs as Monica wiped her chin up into her mouth.

"I concur," Monica sighed. "Actually, all this cream. Gives me an idea for another treatment we could offer."

"If it's facials for middle aged women," Mom laughed. "We've already thought about it."

"Oh," Monica smiled, pretty much admitting that was what she'd come up with.

"I admit I'd be willing to help out with that," I looked at Mom. "If it's ok with you of course Mom?" To which she smiled and reached up to cradle my face.

I lifted myself up off the bed and held out my hands for the women to take.

"We should get cleaned up," I stated, leading them towards the bathroom. "We open in a week and there's still so much to do."

"Yes Boss," Mom and Monica spoke in unison, followed by a combined giggle.

"Actually, it's true," Mom added as she turned on the shower. "We have to resign at some stage Mon."

"And we need to find new uniforms to wear," Monica proposed. "I mean the leggings are fine but it would be nice to have an alternative."

"Not those scrubs you used to wear?" I piped up.

"Oh, I think we can find something a little sexier Sweetheart," Mom reassured me as she found the temperature to her satisfaction and drew Monica and I into the shower with her. "But these things can wait," she added as she reached for my still erect cock. "There are greater priorities in life," she smiled.

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To be continued?

Thank you for reading and apologies for the delay.