

HOME SHOPPING CH. 02

sunburycd

The swimwear sale begins.

Incest/Taboo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"She had the bowl of peas between her thighs, her dress pulled up beneath and when she finished she placed the full bowl down on the table beside her. I wouldn't have thought of doing it but it was my father who raised his eyebrows to me and nodded his head in my mother's direction. I of course followed his gaze and saw it. Saw what he was alluding to. My mom's thighs were parted as if she still held the bowl. The dress was raised high enough that I, we, could see what I thought were her panties. It wasn't. It was my mother's pussy I could see Corey. My mom's thick dark thatch of pubic hair."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And Mom knows?" I added.

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

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Seventeen hours, twenty one minutes earlier.

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

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

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

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

We lay together in my bed for hours.

I never once pulled from her.

I came twice more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again she laughed, her hand now slowly masturbating me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I couldn't have been happier.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No not at all."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just what you did during Wonder Panties, you were great," Delores complimented me and ran her hand down my arm. Electricity flowed through us and if I wasn't holding a box I felt I may have returned the physical contact.

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

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

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

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

Oh but it could!

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

"Tell Bertrand to get out here Corey, his earpiece mustn't be working!" Delores screamed in my headset. Mom had already begun undressing and my eyes were fixed on her as she removed her black blouse. The flesh colored bra came into sight and I felt the urge to take her from behind in front of everyone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My cock was already hard from watching my mother undress and with now another woman near naked, it wasn't going down any time soon. Rendered speechless myself, I turned back to Mom now

with the bikini bottoms on and in the process of placing pasties over her erect nipples. "Still not traveling to Brazil I see Gayle!" Mom laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I love you too," I admitted as I pulled my finger out of her, my hand from my crotch. The area it left was smeared with moisture and quickly finding a solution I eased my leg between hers, wiping her off against my jeans. The feeling must have been pleasurable as she joined in, grinding herself obscenely along my thigh.

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

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

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

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

The suit cut tight across her large buttocks and the racer style dropped low on her back leaving a lot of flesh exposed. It looked good as far as I was concerned and better from the front as she turned to show me her boobs stuffed into the material.

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

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

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

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

"What do I do?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Satisfied with my work I took my finger from her and it came away wet; the pussy it left, literally dripping. I switched off the razor and the silence in the room was overwhelming as our eyes connected, Gayle biting her bottom lip. My erection lay along my pants leg and as I rose from between her legs, Gayle's eyes remained cast downwards.

"Thirty seconds Corey," Delores reminded me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My mouth fell open and I released a long held breath. "Oh Jesus!" I exhaled as her lips sealed over the head of my cock, her hand squeezing the length. I felt her tongue swirling around, licking me all

over and entering the eye, finally pulling the length of my dick into her mouth to hit the back of her throat. I looked up to Mom, her eyes fixed on Delores. Reaching out I took her arm and pulled her to me, our mouths meeting as I ran a hand down her back to her buttocks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The feeling was unlike I'd ever experienced, so soft and wet. Their tongues found each other and kissed above my cock, saliva dripping onto me as Delores masturbated me and Gayle cradled my balls. I looked up at Mom on the monitor. The camera man zoomed in on her breasts, the nipples protruding through the material. He panned down as she turned and her ass came into view, the thong disappearing between her luscious cheeks, the lump of her pussy visible for a second

between her thighs before she again spun. And there it was, the triangle of fluoro yellow lycra doing nothing to hide her outer labia. Just the vision of which could have made me cum, the combined actions of the women below me, merely icing on the cake.

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

Aiming as best I could I found Delores' mouth and spurted deep inside her, quickly directing my flow to Gayle, this time not so accurate, my cum landing beside her nose and down onto her chin. Delores reached for my cock and took possession once more, her hand over mine as I looked up to Mom, wishing she was back here with us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My sister, Theresa had returned.

* * * * *

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