

# LIFE'S A BEACH CH. 02

*sunburycd*

*Mother, mother-in-law and wife. The conclusion.*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

7.2k words

THEN

When I was eighteen I saw my mother naked!

The layout of our family home back then made it convenient for me to step out of my bedroom window onto the garage roof, walk along the facade of the second storey and climb down a trellis to the back yard. I'd taken that journey a thousand times as a boy. The only danger being if I wasn't supposed to be out I had to duck below the window of my parent's room as I passed for fear of being observed. As a child I felt I was a ninja up there, in my early teens it was a great way to break curfew and in my late teens it was rarely used.

My best friend at the time, James Miles had scored some weed and I was to meet him in the park at 8p.m that Wednesday night. I remember the day now as I was still wearing my baseball uniform from practice. I'd had dinner with my parents, helped Mom with the dishes and watched some television with Dad. Come 7:30p.m I put my plan into action and said I was heading to my room to study.

I was out of my window and going through my escape with the ease of my twelve year old ninja persona in the body of a grown but still immature man. It was at my parent's window where I stopped and checked my surroundings. Being bigger I had to stoop lower to bypass the window unseen. Half way across the lights came on in their room and a moment later the drapes were pulled closed, or as I'd discover, most of the way closed. Curious and knowing I wouldn't likely be seen with the darkness outside I lifted my head up level with the window sill. The space between the curtains was at least twelve inches and it afforded me a view of much of my parent's familiar bedroom.

My mother stood at the end of the bed. I thought for a moment she was looking at or talking to my Dad, just out of view but I quickly deduced she was looking in the mirror. She still wore the clothes she had on at dinner and I was about to duck back down and disappear when a subtle movement she made stopped me. Mom lifted a hand to the front of her cream colored blouse and began to unbutton.

I should've looked away. The right thing would have been to give her the privacy she thought she enjoyed but my testosterone fuelled eighteen year old brain kept me rooted to the spot, unblinking. I watched as she completed the task and let her shirt fall to the bed behind her to reveal her flesh colored bra. I'd seen her in just a bra before but this time felt different. It was secret, forbidden, it felt like I wasn't watching my mother at all, just some anonymous woman undress before me, just for me.

Her hands moved to her skirt and the belt around the waist. It was unbuckled and unbuttoned before I knew it and then being lowered down her legs. I may have seen her in a bra; I'd never seen her in pantyhose and underwear. Things had just gotten real. Mom reached behind her back and

unclasped her bra and her breasts were free. Her thumbs were inside the waist band of her pantyhose and as she pulled them below her ample bottom she sat back on the bed. So gracefully she raised each leg to remove her pantyhose and they joined her other clothing. I assumed the show would be over. She would go to her dresser and find a nightdress, leave the room or go to bed. I was wrong.

With her back to me she took hold of her white underwear and lowered them down her legs. The crack of her ass was dark but even from my vantage point I swore I saw the lips of her pussy when she bent forward to pick up her panties. My cock was harder than I think I'd ever felt it as I pressed my hand to my groin. At the same time a cat screeched in a neighbor's yard and I looked away ducking from the window at the direction of the noise just as the drapes closed further above me.

This happened more than twenty years ago. I never told a soul, not even James Miles whom I managed to keep my appointment with that night. Not my wife, no one. I didn't even think of it much afterwards. A few months later after some random girlfriends I met the woman who would become my wife and then even the memory of that night faded as real life took over. So why was I thinking of it now? That last vision I had of my mother fully naked, bending before me, was the same beautiful sight I now lay my eyes upon not two feet from me in the steamy shower recess of our beach house.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOW

Standing beside her, my mother-in-law placed her hands on either side of Mom's ass and spread. My mother's anus came into view, pink against her pearly white skin and stray pubes. "I think she's ready Calvin!"

I looked at the pink butt plug in my hand, glistening and dripping with Faye's and my mother's saliva, and knelt down behind Mom's ass. Faye's face came closer, her mouth hovering above Mom's hole as I lifted the butt plug and dabbed it against her anus. The end was tapered to allow penetration but Mom's asshole looked so tiny and tight I felt it would never fit. Faye dribbled a trickle of spit down her spread ass crack and it added to the already slick butt plug and I pushed again. If anything my mother's anus seemed to contract. "Mom are you sure about this? I don't think it's going to fit." I stated.

"It'll fit!" Faye was quick to reassure. "This is only a small one. Trust me, I have bigger."

The comment didn't surprise me and considering the luggage she'd brought, probably had them with her.

"Maybe if you lick me again Cal? It felt nice before." Mom hinted.

I didn't need to be asked twice to lick my mother's asshole. I passed the butt plug up to Faye and took over the spreading of her cheeks. My tongue was at her opening instantly and began to probe her holiest of holes to the accompaniment of Mom's pleasurable moaning.

"There you go Heather," Faye encouraged. "Just relax it. Push it out like you're...well, pooping!"

"What?" Mom retorted.

"Well obviously you're not going to, I mean just let it open."

The talk had my cock standing rigid. I lowered my hand and grasped its length, still slick with Mom and Faye's saliva and allowed myself a few pulls. Mom followed Faye's instructions and I felt her anus open and push against my mouth. My tongue slid further and twisted around inside her, my lips sealed around her sphincter and Mom let out a guttural moan as I think she possibly came from the penetration.

"Put it inside me baby, Mommy's ready!"

Faye quickly passed back the butt plug and reluctantly I pulled my tongue from her anus, replacing it with the tip of the plug. I pushed gingerly and her asshole opened allowing it to effortlessly slide inside, the sphincter stretching around the girth then sealing at the flared base. Mom stood up and turned to Faye and I, her eyes wide and a grin on her face.

"I did it!" She exclaimed proudly.

Faye smiled and kissed her on the cheek, pressing her body close. "You certainly did sweetheart." She then looked to me. "Are you proud of your mother Calvin?"

I didn't answer, instead pulling the women to me and stepping back into the flow of water from the rainfall shower head. My mother's mouth connected with mine and I shared the taste of her asshole. Faye was quick to join us, my tongue entering her mouth next. With my cock sandwiched between the two women and a hand on each ass, I felt the proudest man on earth.

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The shower had sobered us all up a little and Mom offered to make us hot chocolate before bed. She was back in her white nightie, only this time had foregone the underwear. Faye had decided to actually wear something to bed as well tonight, a skin tight flesh colored slip. Pulled down only low enough to cover half her vagina, her labia poking out below. I wore a pair of boxers but they didn't hide the erection I sported, tenting out the front.

"I haven't had one of your hot chocolates in years Mom." I stated, joining her in the kitchen.

"And you're not getting one now! What I found in the cupboard isn't the brand I buy so it won't be the same but it'll have to do." She replied. I watched as she traversed the distance from the stove top to the fridge and back, her gait noticeably affected by the butt plug. Faye joined us and leaned against the opposite bench to me. I couldn't help looking at her pussy, the two lips of her hairless labia, light reflecting off the dew. She hadn't dried her short hair and droplets of water glistened on her chest and spotted the front of her slip. Without make up it was uncanny how similar she looked to Trish and simply put, she looked stunning.

The resemblance made me think of my wife and although she'd hurt me by putting her career first I really wished she was there with us. Mom handed Faye and I our mugs and we all retired to the couch. The rain had freshened the air and the smell of the ocean coming through the open screen doors was invigorating.

"Do we need to talk about this?" I asked both women at once.

They knew what I was referring to and it was Faye that was first to respond. "We're just having fun Calvin. Your marriage doesn't have to be over you know."

"Why would your marriage be over darling?" Mom added. "We're family; I don't think it counts as cheating." She then quickly looked to Faye. "Does it?"

For once Faye seemed to be lost for words. "I..I don't know!"

"But I love you both. Mom, I've always loved you of course. But Faye. I've just realized how much I care for you, I want to be with you." I touched Mom's leg beside me, "I want to be with both of you. How can I just go back with Trish on Monday like nothing's happened?"

Mom took my hand. "You're not seriously thinking of breaking up with her? Not over us. We can keep this secret. I can wait for this opportunity to arise again. God knows I waited more than twenty years, I can hold out a little longer."

Her words puzzled me. "What do you mean you waited more than twenty years?"

Mom sipped from her mug and looked back bashful. "Oh Calvin. You know."

I didn't. I was confused. "No I don't. What are you talking about?"

Even Faye seemed to be curious as to what Mom was alluding to and we waited for her to elaborate.

"It was your baseball uniform!" Mom finally admitted.

I felt Faye look to me for an explanation but I shrugged and focused again on Mom. "What do you mean?"

I noticed her begin to blush around the neck. "You started playing baseball when you were sixteen remember?"

I nodded.

"Well by the time you were eighteen you'd filled out but were still wearing the uniforms we'd bought you when you started. Your chest, your arms, you were always doing weights. You don't think a mother notices her son's body?"

"Oh Heather! You're full of surprises." Faye interjected.

Mom smiled back at her coyly, then focused again on me. "I loved being close to you. Why do you think I would always ask you to help me with the dishes?"

"Ah because you needed my help?" I offered.

"Oh please Calvin, you're male. You broke more plates than you dried! I just wanted you beside me, spending time with me." She let this information filter through my head before going on. "You don't remember watching me at the window?"

What my mother said had just blown my mind. She knew I'd spied on her all those years ago. Something I'd only been thinking of an hour before. She'd never said anything. It was now me who was blushing. "You knew I was there?"

"Are you serious? Your father and I always knew when you were climbing out your window, you were so bloody noisy."

"I thought I was like a ninja!" I attempted to defend myself.

Mom laughed. "A ninja? More like a sumo, the creaking went all through the house."

My pride was a little hurt but I was fascinated by her admission. "You undressed. For me?"

Mom finished her hot chocolate and placed the mug on the table. "Your father was always telling me to be careful when I was changing. I guess he knew what went through boys' heads at that age. If you'd stayed you would've seen more."

I was recalling everything about the night. "You closed the curtains!"

"Not all the way. I made sure you would still see the bed!" She confided.

"I left!"

"You left." Her voice trailed off with a hint of sadness.

Faye was quick to seize on the moment. "What would you have done Heather? If Calvin had stayed watching you."

Mom looked at Faye and then back to me. "I wanted you to watch me Calvin."

"Watch you what Heather? What did you want your son to see?" Faye asked like a dog at a bone.

"I wanted you to see me naked. I wanted you to see me masturbating Calvin!"

I swallowed hard and thought of the implications of what she'd told me. This weekend wasn't a fluke. My mother had harbored these feelings for me for half my life. Hell, even Faye had desired me for twenty years she admitted yesterday. Was I that oblivious to the people around me?

"There's no reason you can't do it for him now Heather!" Faye stated, rising and sitting down next to my mother. Her slip had ridden up around her hips and she was now essentially bottomless. "We both could."

Mom looked to me. "Is that something you'd like to see Calvin? Would you like to watch us masturbate?"

I felt like laughing at the absurdity of the question. "Are you kidding?"

Mom took it as a yes and turned her face to Faye. Her lips met my mother-in-law's and their tongues began to entwine. I moved to where Faye had been sitting to be directly across from the women and watched the show.

Faye lowered her slip below her breasts and lifted her feet up on the couch, spreading her legs. My mother followed suit only breaking their kiss long enough to lift off her nightie. Now naked she assumed the same position as Faye, their left and right leg interlocked. With a hand each on their pussies, my mother and Faye began to finger themselves in much the same manner, concentrating on the clitoris. My mother moved her other hand down to spread her labia while Faye used hers to pinch at a nipple. I wasn't going to let them have all the fun. I quickly lowered my boxers, unleashing my rock hard cock and began stroking, pre-cum oozing from the eye.

Mom took a hand from herself and ran it down Faye's inner thigh until she was able to take over from her. In turn, Faye began to masturbate my mother, her hand flicking across her hairy pussy. Their kiss broke and they both looked at me pulling on my cock at the sight of such beauty. Our breathing, the rolling surf and the sound of three people masturbating was all we could hear. I

flicked my eyes between Faye's bald cunt and my mother's, the pink butt plug sitting below her pink slit. I could feel my orgasm approaching and I wondered who'd cum first.

There really was no contest in the end. I began shooting my load across my chest and belly and it seemed to fuel the women's orgasm. "Don't stop. Don't stop." My mother begged Faye as she increased her own pace on Faye's clit while clutching her breast. Both their eyes were on my slowing hand and the semen still oozing from the head of my penis. Mom was second to cum, followed by Faye. My mother sighed and pressed her legs together on Faye's hand while Faye's eyes closed and her orgasm shuddered her entire body. I watched her clasp her hand down on my Mom's on her pussy and a splash of fluid spray out between their fingers amid her sighs of pleasure. Finally the women kissed again and Mom buried her face in the crook of Faye's neck.

"Jesus!" I stated.

Faye took their hands from her crotch and lifted my mother's fingers to her mouth, licking off the juice that had sprayed from her.

"Holy Jesus!" I added.

Mom smiled at me. "Was it worth the wait Cal?"

I stood up and used my boxers to clean myself up a little. "I think you know the answer to that one Mom." I walked over and took my lovers' hands and helped them up. "Come on, let's get some sleep. Something tells me tomorrow is going to be a busy day."

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I was right. The night had been blissfully peaceful. On the odd occasion I woke it was to find Faye's hand glued to my penis for comfort, the next my mother pleurably moaning in her sleep, dreaming of who knows what but I had my suspicions. To soothe her I edged two fingers either side of her butt plug and gently pushed in and out. It had a calming effect on both of us and I soon drifted back to sleep. The next time I awoke it was light and Faye and my mother had their mouths either side of my morning erection, welcoming the day with the most beautiful gift ever given.

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"You're going like that?" Mom asked as I left the bathroom naked with my beach towel around my neck.

I looked down at myself. "You're complaining?"

"No but someone might if they see you on the beach!"

"Mom, there's no one down there. We've seen one other person the whole time we've been here and they were a mile off. As far as I'm concerned, we have our own private nude beach." I knew Faye would agree. She was removing her black bikini before I'd even finished stating my case.

"You too?" Mom asked her when she noticed.

"When in Rome..." Faye responded. I was already waiting at the door and Faye joined me.

"Oh what the hell." Mom laughed and took off what should have been Trish's white bikini. At the deck I slapped the ladies on their asses and chased after them as they ran across the lawn towards

the dunes giggling like schoolgirls.

We might as well have been on a deserted island such was our privacy. We swam naked, kissed and caressed in the surf like three newlyweds on honeymoon, sunned ourselves on the sand, we walked for an hour in the one direction and didn't spot another person or footprints on the beach for that matter. On our way back I had a hand on both women's asses, a finger pressed against each woman's anus. My mother's noticeably dilated from the removed butt plug. I really was the proudest man on earth and life couldn't get any better.

They say pride comes before the fall.

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Judging by the height of the sun I figured it was around midday. I was beginning to get hungry and was thirsty for a beer.

"You girls ready to head back? We don't want to get burnt." I mentioned and they agreed. We headed up the dunes and began the short walk back to the house. As the sandy path petered out and the grass began, I stopped short and reached out to my mother and Faye to do so. Ahead, parked on the lawn was my car. Trish had returned a day early.

I wrapped my towel around my waist and Mom and Faye did the same around their breasts. It was blatantly obvious they were topless but maybe it would buy some time inside the house for them to actually get their bikinis or at least make it to their room. Maybe Trish was in the bathroom, or on her laptop or something, anything. I on the other hand would find it hard to avoid her and equally as difficult to explain why I wasn't wearing a swimsuit.

Trish was waiting in the lounge room when we entered. "Honey. You came back. That's great!" Faye exclaimed and went to hug her, surreptitiously attempting to reach for her bikini in the process. It didn't work, Trish wriggling out of the embrace and reaching for it herself.

"After this?" She held out the small pieces of black material and Faye took them from her daughter. "I guessed that one was yours!" Trish looked at me and then pointed down at the white bikini Mom had dropped on the coffee table. "I'm thinking that is the one you gave me. Who's been wearing it though?" She looked at Mom. "Heather?"

Mom didn't answer her question, instead attempting to extricate herself from the situation. "O.k. I might just go and get changed." Mom replied and headed to her room.

"Are you sure that's the right room Heather?" Trish yelled after her and Mom stopped in her tracks. "It's just there's a nightie and pantyhose in our room. They're torn; I don't know what that's about! There's other stockings in there as well, and heels." Trish looked back at Faye. "Mom, do you know anything about that?"

We were all silent. It was like we were guilty students at the mercy of a teacher's inquisition of a class. "Calvin. Your board shorts were still in our room." Trish walked towards me. "What exactly were you wearing down on the beach?" She reached out and took hold of the towel, wrenching it from my body. I was left standing naked before the room of women. "Just what the hell has been going on here?" She was now yelling. The game was well and truly up. I wondered how long she'd been here. Had she seen the butt plug left in the bathroom by Mom? My boxer shorts from last night, covered in cum? Had she seen us on the beach? Watched us from the dunes as we kissed in the water, held each other naked? There was no point trying to hide what had happened, I wasn't

going to take her for a fool. She was my wife, I loved her and she deserved the truth no matter what was going on with our relationship.

"Ah Trish, maybe we could have a word alone?" I pleaded.

"That's a pretty good idea Calvin. You've got a fuck of a lot of explaining to do, haven't you?" Trish again screamed, her temperature rising. This wouldn't be easy. I began to direct her into our room when Faye stopped us.

"Actually no Trish. Calvin doesn't have any explaining to do!" She approached us and walked straight past her steaming daughter. Grabbing my mother's arm in the process and pulling her towards me. When by my side she stopped. "You want to know what's been going on here?"

"Faye, I.." I started.

"No don't worry Cal. If my daughter wants to know what the hell has been going on here, I'll tell her." Faye interjected.

"We've been fucking!" Faye matter-of-factly stated. If Trish was expecting the news that she heard she didn't look like it. "All three of us! Calvin has been nothing but a perfect gentleman from the time he picked us up. He's romantic, caring, considerate. You could learn something from your husband." I thought she may have stopped there but she kept going. "What have you done for him lately? He organizes a weekend away and you ditch him for work. He offers you a gift, something Heather was more than happy to wear by the way, and you throw it back in his face! Who are you? You're not the daughter I raised. What are you even doing back here anyway? You showed no sign you wanted to be here with him, with us! Why are you here?"

It was harsh. Too harsh I thought. Trish had gone from standing self-righteously with her chin raised and arms folded to slumping and on the verge of tears under her mother's barrage. I wanted to comfort her but my mother stepped in before me, approaching my wife and taking her hand.

"Sweetheart, Calvin's spoken nothing but good about you all weekend. He loves you. We all do. We're just confused why you're putting your job ahead of family." I watched Mom's other hand begin to caress Trish's arm while still holding her hand. "Everything that occurred here happened out of love. Our love for your husband, my son. We wanted you here." Mom had moved closer to Trish and now had her arm around her shoulder. Trish had her neck tilted and was looking to the floor but now looked up into my mother's face. "We wanted you to be a part of it." At this a tear ran down my wife's cheek and Mom was quick to dab it away.

I wanted to go to her to tell her everything would be alright but Faye by my side held my arm.

"It's work." Trish confessed to my mother, choking back tears. "They push me so hard. I have to work twice as hard as everyone else. I tried to impress the client this weekend and they blew me off for a golf game with another colleague. I'm not appreciated there. It hurt so much when I was rejected, overlooked." She was now openly crying and my heart was breaking for her.

"See sweetheart," Mom soothed her, drying another tear and running her finger through her hair behind her ear. "You're right, it hurts to be rejected. A marriage can take a lot of work as well. Now how do you think Calvin felt when you abandoned him?"

Faye was now even closer to me, her towel against my naked body. Trish looked towards me, her eyes full of tears. "I'm sorry baby. I'm sorry I left. I should've been more open with you. I'm an idiot!"



Trish agonized.

It was too much for me. I left Faye's side and went to her, holding her in my arms and kissing her wet cheeks, her mouth. "It's alright baby, I forgive you. You're here now, that's all that matters." I reassured her.

"I'll do what I can to make it up to you Cal. I promise. I'm so sorry I yelled." Trish cried into my shoulder.

Faye was quick to seize on her daughters promise to make it up to me. She broke into our embrace, taking Trish by the hand. "Come on Trish honey, let's get you cleaned up." I parted with my wife, our hands holding until she was led away into Mom and Faye's room with Mom following. It only dawned on me then how strange it felt being the only naked person in the room. Strange and also exciting. I went to my room and put on some shorts and a t-shirt then went back into the kitchen to get that beer I'd been hankering for. They were taking their time in the bedroom and nervously I drank most of my beer while waiting. Standing in the kitchen, sipping from the bottle I watched as the door to the second bedroom opened and Trish walked out naked followed by my Mom and Faye, now dressed.

"Oh baby, this is all I ever wanted!" I placed down my beer and began to approach her but Faye stopped me.

"Uh uh. Just a moment Calvin. Trish has something to show you."

My wife looked coy and I wondered what Faye was talking about, she wasn't holding anything, what could she possibly have to show me?

"Mom and Heather said you might like this Calvin." A little smile appeared at the corner of Trish's mouth and still I had no idea what they were talking about. My wife's body was as I knew it, her small breasts, her skin whiter than my mother's, her trimmed brown bush, the labia visible below. I began to harden as I admired her.

"Go on sweetie, turn around. Show him," Mom encouraged.

Trish did as she was told and began to turn on the spot and I immediately understood what they were on about. Poking out from between the cheeks of my wife's ass was a pink curly pig's tail. She lowered her hands and spread her ass for me and revealed the butt plug snugly inserted in her rear. My cock was now fully erect at the sight. My wife being so deviant, so out of character. She didn't even own a vibrator! For her to now be wearing a butt plug it showed a complete shift in her sexual willingness. It opened so many doors.

"Do you like it Cal?" Trish asked over her shoulder. "Mom said this one would suit me!"

"Oh it suits you baby." I now went to her and turned her to me. I kissed her on the mouth and ran my hands down her body. I couldn't help myself and touched the plug, curling the tail through my fingers and pulling out slightly. Trish let out a breath into my mouth and couldn't help smiling at the sensation. "And I like it a lot!" I confessed.

I was ready to pull my cock out and start fucking then and there but Faye again stopped us. "Not all's forgotten Calvin."

She separated us and held Trish's arm. "Trish wants to do whatever it takes for forgiveness. I think making us some lunch and pouring some drinks might be a good start. What do you think darling?"

"Yes Mommy." Trish replied and obediently sauntered off to the kitchen

I looked at Faye and then my mother and couldn't contain my happiness. They'd done it. My mother especially. They'd turned around what could have been a disastrous encounter into something fabulous. I seemingly had three women now, dare I say it, a harem. I could never repay them for this.

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My mother and Faye lay naked, sunning themselves on towels on the lawn. I stood in front of my wife sitting on the swing in the yard, her legs spread wide. The piggy butt plug hung beneath her, she had never looked so good, so fuckable.

"Is this how it's been all weekend?" She gestured towards our mother's.

I looked back at them and then back to Trish. "For a day. It didn't happen straight away."

Trish nodded and swung back and forth. "Look about work, I'm..."

"I don't want to talk about work." I stopped her mid-sentence and stopped her swing, moving in between her legs. "I want to talk about us baby; them. How is it you could embrace this so quickly. What's changed?"

Trish looked at the two women behind me and then back at me. "When we were in the bedroom. When they put this thing inside me," she looked down at her groin, "it felt good!" Her eyes met mine again. "Being in there, when we were all naked Calvin, it was a turn on. The things they said to me, everything they told me. It was all so beautiful. My god, I am aware she's my mother, Heather's your mom but it felt so normal, so right. How can something that feels so right be wrong?"

I went down to my knees; my cock was hard and just out of reach of my wife's pussy. "I know Trish. I feel the same. It's incest but, I love it. I think I need it."

"You want to make it permanent? Is that what you're saying?"

I ran my hands along the top of my wife's legs and held her hips. "I've been thinking. Our house is big enough. We'd still have separate rooms, privacy when we want it. What do you think?"

Trish bit her bottom lip but she couldn't hide the enthusiasm in her eyes. "It would be exciting wouldn't it? Fuck it why not? Let's do it!"

I pulled her swing towards me and held her. The wet of her pussy against my stomach. "Thank you baby. Thank you so much for this."

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Trish stood up in the hot tub, her glass of wine in hand. "Who wants to do the honors?" She proclaimed as she paraded her ass before us.

"Ooh can I?" Mom asked, placing her glass down on the edge of the tub. I was no longer surprised at anything my mother did now and her willingness to pull out Trish's butt plug now seemed second nature. I pulled on my cock under water but soon had Faye's hand replace my own. Mom moved in and with Trish bending forward pulled out on the butt plug. Her sphincter ballooned and Mom spat down on the bulbous surface to lubricate its exit. Pushing back in, Trish moaned in

pleasure and leaned towards her mother. Faye took her face in her hand and their mouths came together. Mother and daughter kissing passionately like lovers. Faye quickened her hand on my cock and I focused my attention back on my Mom. She was now licking around Trish's asshole and I placed a hand on her own ass just below the surface of the water. I found her pussy, slick and welcoming to my finger as I slid inside. Mom sighed as I joined it with another and bent my fingers seeking the g-spot.

Faye I realized wasn't being attended to, so the humanitarian in me sought out her pussy from the front with my other hand. Her slit wet beneath the water, it amazed me how smooth her pubic mound was against the palm of my hand. Mom twisted a finger around the piggy tail and pulled again. This time the added lubricant aided its exit and slowly the plug slid fully out. The thing was more than double the size of the previous butt plug and I wondered how my wife had even carried it around inside her half the day, let alone have it inserted in the first place. I looked on fascinated as my mother licked around my wife's now open, gaping asshole. The dark hollow surrounded by the pink rim. She moved down to Trish's pussy and her mouth was on her clit, Mom's face firmly glued to my wife's cunt. The sight was too much. Faye could feel me cumming and broke her kiss smiling at me, looking down at the water to see my cum float up to the surface. "Oh shit!" I finally sighed as she drained the last of my sperm.

Trish looked down at the water. "Oh my god, Calvin did you just cum in the spa?"

I sheepishly looked at the white blobs floating around on the surface. "Ah yeah, sorry."

"Sorry about my husband ladies, I can't take him anywhere!" Trish apologized. "Maybe we should take our drinks inside while Calvin cleans up."

The women deserted the tub to leave me to collect my cum in a glass. It was humiliating but I didn't mind. I was on top of the world.

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When I finally came inside the women had taken it upon themselves to dress. Mom was back in her white peasant dress, Trish in the denim skirt she'd arrived in and Faye, I guess you could say she was dressed. In a black body stocking, see-through and crotch-less, I found my cock hardening again at the sight.

"We'll need a top up Calvin." Mom mentioned, holding her empty glass out as I passed. I knew what was happening. Earlier it was Trish that was our servant to make up for her indiscretions, now with the balance of gender firmly in the female camp, I would be their help. I wasn't complaining. Naked, I walked to the kitchen and picked up the last bottle of wine, returning as Trish began to break the news about our offer to have our mom's move in with us. Moving to each woman as I filled their glasses my cock grew until I was again fully erect. It was simply from being naked amongst the women. It was thrilling. Finally I sat down next to my mother and her hand casually went to my cock and began to stroke me as though it was a natural thing. The way you would stroke a cat that sat on your lap.

"I can't speak for Heather but I would love to!" Faye responded, ecstatic. "That apartment of mine is awful; I've wanted to leave for years. Yes. Yes. Thank you both." She came over and sat beside me, first kissing me on the cheek and then joining my mother's hand on my cock.

"What about you Heather?" Trish asked, my wife continually looking down at my cock. "Will you join us?"

Trish allowed her legs to part and I could see her white panties. Mom's eyes I noticed were drawn to the sight as well. "I'd be delighted to Trish. Thank you my dear." Mom turned to me. "And you darling. You've made me so happy."

I leaned forward and kissed her mouth and pulled back before kissing her again, this time more passionately. My mother's tongue touched my lips, my own. I saw Trish rise and kneel down beside my mother, her hand took her face from mine and then Trish was kissing her, climbing onto her lap in the process.

I turned my attention to Faye as both hers and my mother's hands continued to pull on my cock, Faye's at the base, Mom's at the head becoming slick with my pre-cum. Faye's mouth was welcoming and her tongue eager to wrestle with mine. I placed a hand at her crotch and her legs spread. My finger sliding easily inside her. I needed to fuck someone and Faye was closest to hand.

Losing their grips on my cock I stood and went down between Faye's legs. She raised her pelvis to my face as it approached and I pressed my nose and mouth into her dripping slit. My lips wrapped around her labia on the left and I sucked along its length followed by the right, then burying my tongue deep into her vagina. Back up to her clit I rose and sucked on her little engorged button.

To my left, Trish and Mom had helped each other out of their clothes and the sight of my wife lowering her pussy down between my mother's spread legs had me feeling giddy. I raised my body up and Faye reached down to guide my cock inside her. Deep I plunged. My pubic bone grinding against her clit. Back out fully, my cock dripping with her wet and again inside. "Oh yes fuck me Daddy. Fuck me good!" It was the second time she'd called me 'Daddy' and I loved it. Mom had fallen back on the couch close enough to Faye for their heads to touch as Trish ground her pussy against my Mom's. I turned Faye's face as I fucked her and watched as my mother and mother-in-law made out like wanton whores.

Faster and faster I thrust inside Faye, moving two fingers to her clit and further stimulating her. It did the trick, with her breaking the kiss with Mom and arching her neck back as she came on my cock. "Fuck Daddy yes. I'm cumming Daddy. Oh god yesss." She hissed as her body twitched below me. I pulled out but kept my hand on her pussy to prolong her orgasm. I had to fuck my wife or my mother. I needed to cum inside one of them. It was decided for me when Trish climbed across Mom towards Faye. We kissed as she passed and Faye stretched out along the couch as her daughter lay down with her. It was a tender sight. Mother and daughter together, their hands finding each other's pussy, their breasts pressing, their mouths connected. I could have watched it all night but I had other things on my mind.

Mom was ready. Her pussy was dripping and too slick when I pressed my cock to her. I pulled back and lowered my face to her, licking up a mouthful of hers and Trish's juice. Back again with my erection and slowly slid inside my mother's vagina, to the hilt. I wrapped my arms around her and felt her legs encircle my hips, pulling me inside her further, trapping me in her. Her tits against my chest, I kissed her mouth and she opened, allowing my tongue to penetrate. The thrusting began and I knew I wouldn't last long. "I love you so much Mom." I confessed.

I saw a tear in the corner of her eye and I kissed it away as I continued to fuck her.

"Oh my baby boy I love you too. Fuck me baby. Fuck your Mommy. Cum in me baby. Cum inside Mommy!" She panted between thrusts and I was happy to do as told.

Clasping a hand behind her head and the other beneath her ass I began to cum. Our mouths opened against each other and I held my breath as each spurt of cum flowed forth inside her. Mom

opened her mouth wider in a silent scream as I thrust one more time and she too began to cum. A shared incestuous orgasm between mother and son, the most beautiful, natural thing on earth.

I looked across to Faye and Trish smiling back at us, wrapped in each other's arms and legs. "Now that would've been a nice photo!" Faye declared and the three of us laughed.

"What are you laughing about?" Trish asked.

"Oh, I'll show you later." Faye replied.

I kissed Mom again and slid my still hard cock in and out of her saturated pussy.

"Oh I forgot to tell you all." Trish exclaimed. "I booked the house for another night. We don't have to leave until Tuesday!"

It was almost the best news I'd heard all day.

The End