

LIFE'S A BEACH

sunburycd

Mother and Mother-in-law entertain son at the beach.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

17k words

"Why don't we go away this weekend?" I asked Trish as I muted the advertisement on the television. "You could take Friday off, maybe Monday, we could drive up the coast or something!"

My wife looked up from her laptop and grimaced. "It's a bit short notice. It's going to be hot this weekend isn't it? You know I don't like the heat."

"Well yeah, that's the idea of going to the beach." I encouraged. "Come on, we haven't gone anywhere in ages. You could do with a break."

Again she looked not overly enthused. "We're really busy at work right now!"

"I know, that's why you need a break. They're running you ragged." I reached out and placed a hand on hers and caressed. "Come on, what do you say?"

The intimacy seemed to sway her and she smiled, turning back to her laptop. "Alright. Find us a place to stay and I'll put in for the leave."

"Awesome!" I jumped up and before heading for the computer leaned over and tilted her head up from her screen. Her strawberry blond hair tied up, her dark eyes smiling back at me through her black rimmed glasses. I kissed her on the lips and her eyes closed momentarily. "I love you."

Again she smiled. "I love you too Calvin. Now let me get some work done or we won't be going anywhere!"

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I was pretty happy with myself. It's true we hadn't had a getaway as a couple for a long while and I think our love life had suffered for it. A romantic weekend at the beach sounded like the perfect tonic. I narrowed down my search to two potential destinations and later in the evening presented Trish with the options. Both on the coast, one was in a resort hotel, classy, yet with limited rooms remaining, looked to be pretty crowded. The other, and certainly the more expensive option was an air b'n'b house with beach frontage. I was more than ecstatic when she chose the latter.

The house was one of only a handful of private homes at the end of a strip of coastline. The public access to the beach was far to the south and looking at Google maps, it would seem we'd have the beach pretty much to ourselves. The house itself was modest, the website showed ample photos both inside and out. Two bedrooms, a large open plan kitchen and living room, a balcony that ran the entire perimeter of the building and an outdoor hot tub that looked more than inviting and almost screamed possibilities.

I booked the house for three nights. All going well, we'd leave Friday morning, drive the two or so hours up there and come back on Monday, refreshed and and our relationship renewed. I repeat, all going well.

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During the week Trish seemed to be going out of her way to let me know how busy she was at work. As an Industrial Engineer she was paid well for her time and being a woman in a male dominated field, she worked doubly hard for the respect she deserved. I was a private builder at the time and with only a couple of minor jobs on the go, enjoyed a relatively stress free working week. I was sympathetic to her to a degree but had to admit she brought it on herself. Always saying yes to other people. Going further than was necessary. Accepting more and more work than was healthy. I wanted her to take time out for herself, for us. As far as I was concerned, the weekend couldn't come soon enough.

Wednesday, on a trip to stock up on our liquor supplies for the weekend I walked past a swimwear store. I stopped and doubled back when I thought of how long it had been since I'd seen my wife in her bathing suit. The sales girl was helpful, blonde and ridiculously attractive, no more than twenty she introduced herself as Katie and showed the uncomfortable middle aged man to the bikini section and recommended a few styles. She seemed to be eager for me to consider a string bikini for Trish, no more than dental floss, I was pretty sure my wife would never have gone along with it. Eventually I did settle on a white bikini that came with two bottoms, (a thong and full back brief). I even picked up a pair of black Speedos for myself at the salesgirls suggestion, when she flattered my ego by hinting I'd look great in them. I left the store feeling even more expectant of a great weekend and picked up beer and expensive champagne to help oil the wheels of romance. As I said, I was pretty happy with myself.

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Walking through the front door I nodded to Trish on the phone with her mother. I hid her new swimsuit in the bedroom and upon returning from a second trip out to the car to retrieve the alcohol she accosted me in the kitchen with an overly warm embrace.

"How many rooms does this house have?" She asked after kissing me on the lips.

"Why?" I queried, pulling back slightly.

"It's just that I had a great idea when I was talking to Mom!"

My stomach turned as I presumed the news she was about to break. "Baby. What have you done?"

"Well remember we were talking about what to get her for Mother's day? So I brought up with Mom that we were going up the coast and it just came to me that we could bring her along! Like a family holiday."

I'd presumed correctly. "Jesus Trish are you serious? It was meant to be for us to get away. Just us. Next you'll say we should bring my Mom as well."

"Well yeah, that's the idea! We invite them both. It kills two birds with one stone."

Not only the birds I thought. That stone had seriously killed my potentially amorous weekend as well. "I wanted it to be romantic!" I managed, whilst slumping in her arms.

"Oh I'm sure it'll still be romantic. The photos look lovely, we can walk along the beach and all that. It should be fun. Should I call your mother and tell her the good news or do you want to?" Trish asked.

I looked over at the small amount of alcohol I'd picked up and decided another trip to the liquor store was in order to get me through the weekend. To get us all through. "Oh you call, I've got to back down the street."

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Friday morning and I'd pepped up as I excitedly packed away Trish's new bikini in my clothing bag. I thought of only taking the thong but I knew my wife too well and packed the full brief also. I was a little disheartened when I saw what Trish had decided to wear for our first day away. Denim shorts, and not the kind you may be thinking. These were unflattering and almost knee length, reminding me of something Marcy, the neighbor from Married with Children would have worn back in the late 1980's.

My mother arrived at our house punctually at ten a.m. Trish complimented her on her appearance and even I had to admit she did look nice. She'd come from her weekly appointment at the hairdressers and with a new color in her hair and having had it straightened, she looked refreshingly youthful. Mom would turn sixty in a years time and I greeted her with my regular "you don't look a day over fifty nine" jibe. She took it well and hugged us both, thanking us for the 'mother's day getaway'.

"Where did you get that dress Heather? It's beautiful." Trish asked her as we loaded her bag into our car. It forced me to look at my mother as well and I picked up a detail I hadn't noticed on our initial greeting. The dress she wore was a green wraparound that ended just above the knee. Tight around the torso, it highlighted something I wouldn't normally have taken any interest in. My mother wasn't wearing a bra. With no sign of straps from the back, my occasional glances from the front confirmed it when the cool morning breeze had her nipples proudly erect through the thin material. I found my eyes strangely drawn to her ample breasts over the next few minutes and had to remind myself not to stare. I neglected to hear her answer to Trish's question, my mind more concerned with why I'd become so fascinated with my mother's boobs all of a sudden.

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We pulled up outside Trish's mother's at ten thirty. Mom and I stayed in the car and waited while Trish went inside her apartment block to fetch her. I busied myself on checking the weather on my phone in the time available and only looked up when I heard my mother speak from the back seat.

"Oh good lord. What's she come as?"

"Huh?" I looked at Mom in the rearview and then in the direction she was staring. Trish and her mother were walking down the long drive towards the car. Seeming to have over-packed, my mother-in-law was dragging a mid-size suitcase on wheels behind her and Trish held another bag slung over her shoulder. It wasn't the luggage my mother was referring to however, nor was it that caught my eye. It was what she was wearing.

The saying 'like mother like daughter,' obviously didn't apply to Trish and Faye when it came to clothing. The denim shorts her mother wore were the complete antithesis of Trish's and more of what I'd hoped to see my wife wearing. To say they were 'short' was an understatement, to say they were 'tight' was doing the word an injustice. I hadn't seen smaller daisy dukes outside of a men's mag. She complimented her ensemble with a tight purple tank top, a black bra, clearly visible and brown wedges on her feet. "My goodness. How old does she think she is?" Mom remarked from the backseat.

"Go easy Mom." I replied.

"She looks like a cheap whore!" My mother exclaimed.

"Mom! Enough." I chided her before exiting the car to help with the bags.

"Faye, good to see you. We're glad you could come." We kissed on the cheek and I took her bag.

"I wouldn't have missed it sugar. I'm chomping at the bit to get to the beach."

My mother exited the car to greet Faye. "Champing. It's 'champing at the bit' Faye."

"Champing? Well that don't sound right." Faye challenged and looked to Trish and I for support. Finding none she turned back to my mother. "Heather! Now don't you just look fine. No bra for you I see!"

The retort took my mother by surprise and seemed to genuinely embarrass her, a red flush appearing across her chest. She immediately looked towards Trish and I as if to apologize where one wasn't needed. "I didn't.. ah the dress didn't suit one."

Faye quickly interjected. "Oh honey it looks good. Hell I don't even need one, these things aren't going anywhere!" She clutched at her own large breast implants and lifted. "The beauty of going plastic."

The self depreciating comment seemed to break the potential ice between them and they embraced smiling. I somehow managed to tear my eyes away from Faye's magnificent ass and the cut off shorts covering only half of each cheek to see Trish's look of relief, feuding mothers wouldn't have been the ideal opening to the getaway.

"You two buckled up back there?" I asked over their chatting in the backseat before getting away.

"Yes Daddy." Faye replied, catching my eyes in the rearview mirror. Something about a sixty one year old women calling a man twenty years her junior, 'daddy' caused a stirring inside me. I liked it.

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We stopped for lunch in a roadhouse and sitting across from Trish in a booth I was disappointed to see her pull out her laptop. "I thought you were on leave baby!?"

"Well I am but I want to use their wi-fi to check something at work. I'll only be a minute." Trish explained and I let it go when I felt her foot caress my leg beneath the table. My mother sitting beside me followed Faye's lead and ordered a burger and fries. They seemed to be getting on swimmingly, enjoying catching up after not seeing each other for a couple of years. The passing of both their husbands in recent years had them essentially in the same boat and Trish had hoped they could be friends to each other. It looked like that was now a potential.

At one point a trucker walked past our table and out of the blue quipped I was a lucky boy. The ladies giggled and I reflected on my situation from another man's perspective. There I was dining with an out and out cougar in my mother-in-law, an attractive almost school teacher looking woman in my mother; and my wife, although hiding her sex appeal under a bushel, equally as attractive. Trish had lied and spent the entire lunch working away on her laptop but in keeping up her manipulation under the table she'd coaxed an erection from me so I wasn't going to say anything disparaging.

I finished my meal first and sat back satisfied. It was only then I realized just how close I was sitting beside my mother. A sideways glance and there was her cleavage, it wasn't intentional but my eyes sought out her nipples to see if they were still hard. Finding no joy I quickly looked to Trish to make sure she wasn't watching me then back to my mother. I lowered my gaze to her midriff, a roll of love-handle through her dress, (not unattractive) and her thighs. Sitting cross-legged, the split in her skirt exposed a large piece of flesh and I unexpectedly found myself wondering the color of her underwear.

I figuratively slapped myself across the face for thinking it and looked to Faye for a distraction. It didn't help. She hadn't changed much in the twenty years since she'd first introduced me to her daughter. The breast implants were a relatively new addition but her tanned skin, her 'come fuck me eyes,' her smile, were all the same Faye. It was the smile she fixed me with then as she caught me glancing at her breasts. I quickly looked away embarrassed and talked to Trish about going to pay the bill.

Upon returning to the table the ladies were ready to leave. Mom passed me her handbag as she slid across the seat to exit the booth. In doing so my question as to the color of her underwear was answered as her legs parted and the split in her dress rode up along her leg. I was presented with an unobstructed view of the yellow panties covering my mother's pussy bulge. My eyes, as if on rails, slowly rose up her body to her ample cleavage and then to her face, her own eyes looking into mine. I felt like a naughty schoolboy caught looking up his teachers skirt but mom didn't seem to be fazed. "What do we owe you for lunch?" My mother asked as she stood before me and I handed back her handbag.

"I think you just repaid him Heather!" Faye laughed, having seen the entire event exiting the booth herself. I was mortified at her for making the remark and felt myself redden further. Faye bypassed me still amused with herself and took my mother by the arm, walking out together ahead of us. I watched with delight as their asses swayed with their movement through the diner and out across the car park. The denim tight over Faye's cheeks and cinched in her crack and my mother's slightly larger bottom, the faint line of her panties across each mound. I still maintained an erection and I wondered if it was from my wife's caresses or the beautiful sight before me.

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At two p.m we pulled up at the beach house, the sat nav having done a wonderful job of leading us through the back roads to get there. The house looked just as it did in the photos, the only difference the addition of a swing set on the large lawn. The keys were where the owners had said they were and after unpacking the car and jokes about whether Faye realized she was only away for three nights due to the amount of luggage she'd brought, settled into the house. Faye and Heather were more than happy with their room. The house was most likely designed for a family, parents and two kids with the second bedroom only holding two single beds but we all agreed it would work well for our needs.

After loading the fridge with the alcohol and food I'd brought we all walked the short distance from the house to the beach. Less than a hundred yards through dunes and we were looking out onto the pacific ocean. The beach stretched for miles in each direction with no one else within sight. Having looked on google maps, the public beach was way down to the south and cut off from us by an inlet. With only a couple of other houses nearby and it being the end of summer, I was pretty sure we had the entire beach to ourselves. It was idyllic.

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Back at the house I opened a bottle of champagne to christen our vacation. Trish declined which I wondered about but Faye and my mother were more than eager to imbibe. Taking my wife by the hand and leading her into our bedroom we left behind the now best friends to their conversation. "What are we doing?" Trish asked when I swung the door closed behind us.

I could hardly control my excitement as I went to my bag to retrieve the swimsuit. "I bought something for you. I hope you like it." Taking the gift bagged bikini from its hiding place I presented it to my wife.

Trish gingerly opened the bag, an unsure expression on her face. Taking out first the top she held it between two fingers. Her other hand entered the bag and pulled out as luck would have it the thong and held it in the same manner.

"What's this?" She asked.

It wasn't the reaction I'd been hoping for but I persisted. "Well it's obvious isn't it? It's a bikini. There's another bottom if you don't like that one."

She looked at each of the items again and then down into the bag. "I don't wear bikinis."

"Well yeah, usually but I thought there's no one else around, well there wouldn't have been if our mom's weren't here, and they don't really count. I just thought you might try it out." It really wasn't working out well.

"Ah. O.k." As if saving her from even touching the bikini let alone trying it on we heard her phone ringing from the other room. Trish placed the swimsuit back in the bag and dropped it down onto the bed beside her before hurrying out to answer the call.

I followed her out deflated, watching as she grabbed her phone and walked out onto the lawn to gain better coverage. It was obviously work related as she enthusiastically began discussing 'implementations' and 'integration.' I tuned out and poured myself another drink. Faye and Heather it seemed had also moved onto their second and were amusing themselves sharing photos on each of their phones. About ten minutes passed before Trish re-entered the house and faced me. "Hey can we talk?" She asked before this time, leading me into the bedroom.

"You're going to hate me." She began.

"O.k, why?" I asked but I felt I knew what she was going to say. The knowledge didn't make the words hurt any less however.

"I have to go back!"

I was dumbfounded. "What do you mean? We only just got here!"

She touched my arm. "I know you were looking forward to this..."

I broke in. "We both were weren't we?"

"You knew I was busy at work!"

"So why didn't you cancel earlier? Why wait until we got here?" I questioned with I thought, reason.

"I didn't want to disappoint you. And our mom's. Look I didn't think I'd have to go back but somethings come up. I can probably drive back up tomorrow."

It provided me with some hope. "Well how about I drive home with you tonight and we can both come back up tomorrow. It'll work."

"No. It's just I might not be able to get away. I don't want us both to miss out on a weekend away."

"What, so I stay here and entertain our mom's and hope you come back? Sounds great!" I was on the verge of sulking and tried to refrain myself.

"Don't be like that. I will try and get away. I promise."

"Did you at least like the bikini?" I tried to salvage something from the situation.

Trish gazed down at the bag as if she'd forgotten of its existence. Looking back at me she rolled her nose. "Yeah it's not really me though, is it?"

And that was it. I was fully deflated. Trish broke the news to Faye and Heather who offered to all go back home but she refused, saying us three could still enjoy ourselves. She promised to them as well that she'd return but to me it was a dead promise. Of course she had to return. She had the car. I wasn't too proud to admit that I fought back a tear when she left. More for myself than for her. She was going off to do what she loved, her phone already on speaker as she drove out of the property.

"It's such a shame Calvin." Mom greeted me on my return to the house. Seeing how miserable I must have looked she opened her arms to hug me and I accepted the embrace. I had to acknowledge it felt nice pressing my body against hers. Her hair smelled like she had indeed come from the hairdressers and her lower back felt so soft beneath my hand. I felt the compulsion to lower it, to run my palm across her buttock, to caress the dress and the yellow panties I knew she was wearing beneath. I broke the cuddle before the stirring in my pants became obvious and went to the fridge for a beer.

I'd downed most of the bottle before Faye piped up that she'd join me in a beer. First filling Mom's champagne I collected another two bottles and joined the women, sitting between the two on the couch. Opening Faye's beer for her we clinked bottle necks and each took a sip. "So what's on your phones that had you so amused?" I asked trying to distract my mind from Trish's abandoning and placing my bottle between my legs at my groin.

"Oh you'll hate me!" Mom replied reaching for her phone. Leaning forward her dress opened up further where it was wrapped and tied, exposing a whole lot more of her breast. I wasn't sure but I think I saw a nipple. Mom leaned in close and held her phone before me. She flicked through photos of me as a baby, first day of school, playing dress ups, generally every embarrassing moment of my childhood. She informed me she'd spent ages scanning each of them from the original and had made a copy on usb for me to have. It was touching and I was also a little surprised she was computer literate enough to have pulled it off. "Mom, why would I hate you for this? I love it. Thank you." I put my arm around her shoulder and kissed her on the head.

"Oh that's sweet. Wait let me get a photo of you two for Trish." Faye proposed and leaned back across the couch raising her phone.

"Oh wait not with the beer there." Mom remarked and reached out for the bottle between my legs. Too late, the flash going off and Faye looking down at the result.

"Oh, now that's not Freudian!" Faye sarcastically sniggered, holding the screen towards us.

The photo was perfectly timed with my mothers hand wrapped around the neck of the bottle at my crotch, her body leaning forward and her mouth in the shape of an 'O' above it.

"Oh my god, that's terrible. Delete it and do another. It looks like I'm..." Mom didn't finish her sentence but she was right, it did look like she was about to give me a blowjob. It would become my favorite photo.

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It had only gone three o'clock and I declared we should go to the beach for a couple of hours before dinner. Faye and Mom were equally as enthused, I think the alcohol had played a major part in that. I ventured into my room to get changed and the women did the same. Opening up my bag I looked at my options. Board shorts or the little black Speedos. I thought of Mom and Faye in the next room changing together and chose the relative protection of the boardies. If by chance I happened to get another erection the Speedos would secret nothing. I wasn't going to take that risk.

I grabbed a beach towel and applied some sunscreen in the living room while waiting for the girls. Looking around I found a beach umbrella out on the deck and thought it would come in handy to protect us further from the sun. Mom and Faye came out of the house together and I was glad I chose the board shorts. I don't know whether I was just particularly horny in anticipation of the weekend with Trish but to my eyes the two women before me looked about as good as it gets.

Faye wore a bikini I'd hoped for Trish. Exactly the same design only in black. She filled it out better than my wife ever could. The material tight over her firm tanned breasts, the bottoms hugging her pubic mound like a second skin. If Faye looked good, my mother looked divine. Was it because she was indeed my mother that I was so fixated by her? I didn't know but as she descended the couple of stairs to the lawn where I was waiting I couldn't take my eyes off her. The light pink one piece swimsuit was ridiculously tight on her body, her breasts fighting against the material, spilling out around the straps and bust. She wore a white sarong that for now covered her crotch and ass and I craved to see her remove it.

"Good idea with the hat Mom." I proclaimed nodding at the large white sunhat adorning her head and attempting to act nonchalant in the presence of goddesses. We walked together barefoot across the lawn where it turned to sand and along the path between the dunes to the beach. Once on the foreshore the breeze made the air less oppressive and we set up our towels at the base of the dunes.

"Who's coming in?" I asked excitedly feeling not unlike the child I'd just been shown in the photos. I was met with a combined yes from the ladies and I waited with bated breath for my mom to remove the sarong. Pretending to fiddle with the umbrella I watched as she untied it from around her waist and drop the material to the sand. It was all I expected and more, From behind her plump bottom was a perfect white peach. The tight pink elastane, like frosting on a cake, adding to the delight as it cut across her buttocks. And then she turned.

The swimsuit was high cut on the legs which made me think it was an old one, possibly from the '90's. It was entirely possible it was the only one she owned as I'd not seen my mother in a bathing suit since I was a child. Stray dark pubic hair framed the triangle of pink covering her vagina, the bulge of the pussy itself was large and I could have spent the rest of the afternoon staring. Her hand self consciously covered her groin momentarily until she lost inhibition and bared herself again to me, unashamed and beautiful. The hand she had used to cover herself was taken up by

Faye and with a scream the two women began running towards the surf. I stood up and only then did I notice the erection in my pants. The erection my mother had given me. I ran after them to join in the frivolity.

The waves weren't large and broke a distance off the shore. I amazingly was the responsible adult of the three and aware we'd all been drinking made sure we stayed clear of the rip. Waist deep in the water I caught up with Mom and Faye who were still holding hands, screaming each time a wave rose up to their shoulders. The cold water had killed my erection and I felt a little like a third wheel until Faye held out her other hand for me to join them.

I gladly took it and like teenagers or excited children we faced each new wave together, screaming and laughing in the afternoon sun. A large set rolled in and I lost my grip on Faye, tumbling with the force of the water. I took hold of the closest object and found my arms wrapped around my mother's waist from the side. She in turn clasped her arms around my shoulders and we came up out of the water gulping for air, salt water in our eyes and mouths.

Laughing, with our bodies so close, I held her with one arm and raised a hand to her face to stroke her wet hair from over her eyes. We both thought of Faye and at the same time looked around to see her raising up out of the water only a few feet away. Wiping her face and slicking her hair back she waded towards us unaware of the wardrobe malfunction at her chest. The right cup of her bikini had been dislodged by the force of the wave leaving her nipple exposed. Small and erect it stood amid a triangle of white untanned skin at the center of her at least DD sized breast.

Mom was first to react. "Oh my lord, Faye. Your boob!"

Faye looked down and laughed. Funnily enough she looked straight at me as she adjusted her top. "No big deal. We've all seen them before!"

True enough I thought but "I" had never seen my mother-in-law's breasts before and the vision was now stored in my mind for safekeeping.

Mom let go of my shoulders and I reluctantly released her body as we waded to the shore. The warm breeze began drying the water on our bodies as we crossed the hot sand to our beach towels. Mom slumped down on her back reclining, her elbows supporting her. Unlike Faye her nipples weren't hard but her areola were a slight shadow through the almost transparent pink bathing suit. I allowed my eyes to stray across her groin and the dark mat of her pubic hair was clearly visible through the wet material. My mind debated whether I should even have been looking. She was my mother for god's sake. I had no business even thinking about her body or Faye's for that matter but I couldn't help it, they both just looked so beautiful. I would just make sure I wasn't caught.

Faye lay down on her stomach beside my mother. I noticed the untanned skin on her ass where one side of the bikini had ridden up and again the responsible adult in me made me think of sun protection. "Did anyone bring the sunscreen down with them?" I asked and when greeted with a chorus of "no's" I mentioned I'd run back and get it.

"Oh can you bring back my book honey? It's on my bedside table." Mom asked and I set off back to the house.

The sand was hot and once out of the breeze the dunes made it stifling. I was grateful for the cool lawn when I reached it and the shade of the house when I entered. I walked to my room and retrieved the sunscreen, placing the small bottle in the pocket of my board shorts. Entering the

second bedroom I walked between the beds, my eyes focused on one of the bedside tables and Mom's book. My attention however was diverted by the two piles of clothing on each bed. Mom's green dress on one and Faye's denim shorts and purple top on the other. It made it obvious who was sleeping where. I stopped in my tracks as I noticed what else was with the clothing, both women's underwear.

There are decisions we make that define our lives, that set us on courses we otherwise wouldn't have ventured. This was my moment. My journey would begin here. I reached down and picked up my mother's yellow panties I'd spied in the diner. Bright yellow they were, silky to the touch with a waist band of yellow lace, a small pink bow sat at the top. With my left I lifted up the small black lace thong that Faye had been wearing beneath her shorts. At once I raised them both to my face and pressed each to a cheek then slowly brought them across to my nose and mouth. Inhaling each woman's scent at once I entered an olfactory wonderland, unaware of whose sex I was smelling but assaulted with slightly different aromas, both equally as pleasant. My cock stirred in my pants begging to be wrapped in the softness of their panties.

"Ah Calvin! What are you doing?"

Blood drained from my face and I felt faint as I quickly turned, dropping my hands full of panties behind my back in an attempt to secret away my indiscretion. Caught red handed so to speak I was met with the quizzical gaze of Faye in the doorway. The blood that had departed now surged back to my head, flushing my cheeks and neck red with embarrassment. Faye walked into the room as my mind tried in vain to come up with some feasible explanation.

"Are they...were they our panties?" She asked, stopping only two feet before me.

I pulled my hands out from behind my back and held the evidentiary material between us. Faye looked down from my eyes to my hands and then back, a smile beginning on her lips as I think she began to realize what I was doing.

"I was just checking the sizes" I lied. "Trish wanted me to find out yours and Heather's size so we could buy you clothing in the future. That's all." The idea wasn't outlandish I thought but why I had them against my face was something I wasn't even attempting to explain.

"Oh. O.k." Faye seemed to buy it as I handed her panties back to her and placed my mother's back on her dress.

"So what are you doing back here?" I quickly tried to change the subject.

"Oh, I thought I'd take back some drinks for us." Faye threw her underwear onto the bed and turned to walk out of the room. I breathed a deep sigh of relief that I'd somehow managed to extricate myself from the situation and grabbed Mom's book from the table. Faye took a six pack of beer from the fridge and we began the walk back to the beach together. Half way along the dunes I broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Hey you won't say anything to Mom about that back there will you?"

Just as we were about to descend to the beach she looked at me and smiled. "What about you sniffing your mother's knickers? No Calvin, your secret's safe with me!"

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We lay in the late afternoon sun and drank a beer each. Mom read her book and Faye sunbathed. I looked out to the sea with the occasional glance at Mom and Faye's gorgeous mature bodies. No one passed by on the beach for the entire time we'd been there, we may as well have been the last three people on Earth. "I might go for a walk along the beach, anyone coming?" I eventually said.

Faye opened her eyes and sat up. "I'll come."

"Mom?" I asked.

"Oh no you two go, I'm just getting to a good bit in my book." She shielded her eyes, smiling. "Have fun."

Faye and I walked with our feet in the water. Close together, every now and then our arms would touch as she was edged towards me by a wave. It was pleasant and I felt the compulsion to hold her hand like lovers would do but restrained myself. We walked a long way, talking about everything and nothing. I felt myself becoming closer to this woman that was such a large part of my life yet I'd never paid much attention to. We reached a point where the water line came close to the dunes and I mentioned we should probably turn back. I thought of how far we'd walked and therefore how far it was back to the house and the sudden realization hit me that I was desperate to relieve my bladder.

"Hey Faye just hang on a sec, I've gotta pee!"

Faye laughed at my disclosure. "You should've gone in the water when we were swimming. I did!"

My mind now solely focused on the fact my mother-in-law had been pissing right next to me only a short time ago I headed up between the sand dunes to find a place to go. I was aware from the map there were no houses this far down the beach so I knew I wouldn't be seen. Thinking I was out of sight of Faye I made to pull down the front of my shorts when a shadow appeared alongside me. "Whoa, you nearly caught me with my pants down!"

"That's what I was hoping!" Faye declared.

"What?"

She crossed her arms beneath her breasts and raised one hand to her mouth, biting a nail. "Can I hold it?"

"What?" I repeated myself.

"When you go. Can I hold it?"

My mind whirled. My mother-in-law was asking if she could hold my cock whilst I was pissing. What alternate reality had I stumbled into? "Why would you want to do that?" I asked laughing, thinking it was a joke.

"I've never done it. Does it fly around like a fire hose? I don't know?"

"You've seen a guy pissing before surely."

"Well yeah but I've never held one. Will you let me do it Cal, just this once?"

I was desperate to go and either I submitted to her request or I did it in my pants, something was about to happen. "Fuck, alright." I lowered the front of my pants and she immediately approached

me from the side. Her hand lifted my cock and pointed it out straight and I instantly let go with a flood of relief. It was a first for her and for me, It was hard to describe another person holding it, definitely sexual and totally different. Whereas I would use a thumb and two fingers, Faye had her entire hand around my cock. She began to laugh as she directed my stream across the sand and then around in circles.

"My god you could write your name with it! Well that's something off the bucket list." She enthused, seemingly delighted with the process. My flow decreased and trickled down to nothing. "What do I do now?" She asked.

I again laughed and placed a hand on her shoulder for support. "Just shake it a little."

"Like this?" She moved her wrist up and down and shook off the drips but retained her grip, if anything she tightened it. "Like this?" Her hand began working it's way back and forth on me and I began to swell.

"Oh shit." I breathed as she worked my cock fully erect, her other hand reaching out and cradling my balls.

"Like this Calvin?" She sighed, her face getting closer to mine. I ran my hand down her back and found her ass, her bikini taut across her buttocks. I squeezed both cheeks and pushed a finger hard into her ass crack.

Faye's hand quickened on my cock. She wanted me to cum and was expert enough to make it happen quickly. I looked at my cock and then up into her face as she turned to me. I wanted to kiss her, to taste her mouth, her tongue but something stopped me. I could see my wife in her eyes. Jesus, I thought. I was about to cheat on my wife with her mother, I had to stop.

"Wait. We have to stop." I implored.

"It's O.k we can do this." Her hand continued to pull my cock, the feeling wonderful.

"No seriously Faye, we have to." I took my hand from her ass and twisted out of her grip. The look on her face was heartbreaking and I quickly took up her hands in mine. "I didn't mean to hurt you. It's just I can't do this to Trish."

Saying her daughters name seemed to bring Faye back to reality. "It's not about me?"

"No of course not, you're beautiful! It's Trish."

Her face brightened and the minx returned. "I really thought you wanted it, what with the thing in the diner and all."

I was confused as to what she meant. "What thing in the diner?"

"Why rubbing your leg silly! I saw what it did to you down there." Faye's eyes looked down to my cock.

"Wait, what? You were rubbing my leg? I thought it was Trish!" I was astonished, the only bit of connection I'd felt between my wife and I was actually with her mother.

"Oh hon, I'm sorry, I thought you knew. It doesn't change anything though. I know how I feel. I wouldn't have said anything about this you know." Her eyes straying across the wet sand. It would

just be another secret between us."

"I think I just need to work this thing out with Trish before I do anything I might..." I didn't finish the sentence and Faye completed it for me.

"Regret?"

"No, not that. I wouldn't regret doing anything with you!" I admitted.

The words seemed to be just what Faye wanted to hear and she threw her arms up over my shoulders. Her breasts pressed against my chest and we were both aware of my still hard cock pressing to her belly.

"I love you Calvin." She whispered, her mouth only inches from my own.

"I love you too, Faye." I answered, my hands caressing her back.

"Come on, let's get back. Your mother will be wondering where we are."

We both reluctantly released our hold on each other and held hands until we reached the beach.

"You know I saw you first!" Faye spoke as we began the walk back.

"What?"

"When you met Trish. I saw you first."

"Well yeah, you introduced us." I countered.

"Yes but I was attracted to you. I'd planned to take you home."

"Oh is that right?" I laughed, genuinely surprised at the information. "And what about your husband at the time? You remember him, Trish's father."

Faye laughed at this. "Oh Calvin, you knew we had an open relationship didn't you?"

It was news to me. If Trish had known she had never mentioned it. As we walked she filled me in on further details about her life and with each step I was genuinely forming a deep affection for her.

As we approached Mom on the beach blanket we could see she'd fallen asleep. The book was placed over her face to shield her eyes from the setting yet still blazing sun but it was her lower half my eyes were distracted by. Her legs were bowed at the knees and splayed obscenely apart. Laying that way to get sun on her inner thighs I knew she'd be mortified to think we would see her in such an overtly sexual position. I knew I should wake her but had to admit I would love to have stayed there and admired her for longer. When I tore my eyes from between my mother's legs I looked to Faye who seemed equally as engrossed in the vision. She felt my eyes on her and she raised her eyebrows and smiled knowingly. We were behaving like oversexed teenagers and I was beginning to like it.

* * * * *

As the sun set I fired up the bbq and checked out the hot tub. There was no way I wasn't going to make use of it even though I'd imagined Trish and I lounging in it's luxury. Mom took a shower to wash the salt water out of her hair and (as she put it) the sand out of her crevices. Sipping on a beer

I imagined her washing the sand out of her crevices and began to get another erection. What the hell was wrong with me? I wondered. Thinking it would take my mind of it I went to help my mother-in-law with the salad in the kitchen. Big mistake.

Faye had been first to make use of the one bathroom and now freshly showered and changed she padded around barefoot across the kitchen floor. She wasn't making it easy for me to stay faithful to her daughter. Dressed in a pair of pink velvet shorts, pulled up high so as to leave a dark crevice of her ass crack, leaving me wondering if she indeed had underwear on beneath. From the front she was equally as alluring, her pussy bulging through the shiny material. Having said that, it was her breasts which took my breath away. Having baited my mother with the no bra tag, she herself now went without. A tight light blue tank top with spaghetti straps, barely able to constrain her marvelous tits, the nipples poking proudly through. The sight was almost enough to make me remove my wedding ring right then and there.

"Can I help with anything?" I asked when I'd finished leering.

"Um, just about done. Heather will need a drink we she's out of the shower. No doubt more champagne, you may as well open another bottle now, I'll have one."

"Can do." I replied and as if we'd conjured her, Mom left the bedroom looking beautiful and entered the kitchen like a summer breeze. Wearing a white peasant dress, her hair only partially dried she saw me pouring the glasses and squealed in delight at the sight.

"Oh there's more of that one! Fantastic, it's delicious." She exclaimed and took a sip from the nearest. She was still tipsy from the afternoon and it made me feel good to see her so happy.

"It'd want to be delicious for the price we payed."

"Well thankfully they pay your wife well for all the work she does!" Mom said and it brought the mood of the room down a little. Mom was quick to realize the effect of her comment however and changed the subject immediately. "Oh by the way, I think I got a little sunburnt."

Faye took a sip from her glass and seemed more than interested. "Oh yeah show me."

I leaned back against the bench and downed the last of my beer as Mom reached down and took hold of the hem of her skirt. Lifting it up one leg she showed her flushed pink skin high up on her thigh. Faye wasn't convinced it seemed and wanted to see more. To be honest I did too.

Placing down her glass, Faye walked over to my mother. "It's hard to tell Heather. Let me have a look." Taking hold of the other side of my mother's dress, Faye lifted it up even to where my mother held hers. "Mmm looks a little red." She then took it upon herself to raise it even higher to just below her crotch and looked at me. "What do you think Calvin?"

Both women now looked at me. "Um, I'm not sure." I managed to offer.

Faye again took charge and lifted Mom's dress higher to reveal her white lace panties.

"Ooh Faye!" Mom giggled but I noticed, did nothing to cover herself.

"Oh relax Heather, he's your son, not some stranger."

"Well I know that but Calvin doesn't want to see his mother's panties!" Mom suggested and Faye and I both knew just how wrong she was.

"So what do you think now Calvin, is she burnt?" Faye asked. I knew what she was doing of course. She wanted to fuck me and she was going to do everything she could to get me as horny as possible. It was working. I was forced to stare openly at my mother's pussy, indeed given license to stare at it without fear of rebuke. It was cunning and as I said, it was working. I had to get out of there before Mom noticed my growing hardon, it would be humiliating.

"Yeah looks a little burnt. Anyway, I'd better go cook those steaks." I hurriedly replied and went to the fridge to retrieve them.

"Nah, it's just heat rash. A little bit of aloe will soothe that," Faye declared. "Go and sit down on the couch Heather, I've got some in my bag."

I took the meat from the fridge as Mom did as she was told with her glass of champagne in hand. Placing the steaks on a board I cut the excess fat off and salted the meat. Faye returned and knelt down before my mom. "Slide down a little hon." She suggested and I watched in my peripheral vision as she did so, her back on the seat of the couch, legs spread. I was loitering over the steaks and Faye must have sensed it, turning her head whilst taking hold of my mother's dress. "Ahem. No boys allowed in here. Are you nearly done?"

"I'm going!" I replied and taking up the board began walking past the women. As I did so Faye took the opportunity to raise my mother's skirt. Lifting it higher this time it afforded me a complete view of her whole panties. High cut, they rose to just beneath her belly button, the pubic hair visible through and either side of the lace.

Faye's positioning of my mother had been cunning. Although I'd been banished from the room the location of the bbq on the deck meant I would be staring directly back into their direction through the open screen doors. And what a sight it was. With Faye kneeling between my mother's spread legs she poured out a dollop of creme into the palm of her hand and began applying it to Heather's inner thighs. The sizzle of the steaks on the bbq reflected how hot the scene playing out before me was. Faye's massaging neared my mother's underwear. "Pull your knickers across a little sweetheart." Faye proposed and Mom took hold of her underwear and cinching, pulled them up towards her waist. The action caused them to slot between her labia. A furrow of white in the forest of brown pubic hair. With access granted to beneath her panty line, Faye's hands lathered my mother's skin alongside her vagina, fingertips brushing her pubes and up to her hip bone.

The steaks were done and trembling I took them off the heat and walked back into the house. "Hey, didn't I say no boys allowed!" Faye challenged. As I passed the ladies I jokingly held up my hand to shield my eyes from them but made sure I could still see everything.

"It's O.k I can't see anything!" I lied.

"I think we're done anyway honey." Mom proclaimed, releasing her hold on her panties and allowing them to fall back into place. Faye pulled down her dress and helped my mother stand. "Thank you Faye. It feels better already."

"Any time Heather." Faye replied and looked in my eyes as she took the aloe back into her bedroom. She was good, I'd give her that. The erection in my pants attested to it.

* * * * *

I was glad I'd made that second trip to the liquor store. Only half a day into our three night stay we'd gone through two bottles of champagne and about ten beers. We wouldn't need the alcohol

to have a good time but it was certainly loosening inhibitions. In my mother particularly. As the darkness fell I lit a tiki lamp on the lawn and turned on the fairy lights on the deck. A cheese and fruit platter on the coffee table, champagne and red wine at the ready and the hot tub steaming in the cooling night air, the atmosphere in and outside the house was very romantic. As I changed back into my board shorts in the bedroom I looked at the bikini still in it's gift bag and felt more than a tinge of sadness. My wife should have been there. She could have been there. She chose not to be there. She chose her job over her relationship. I took off the board shorts and swapped them for my new Speedos and left the room.

Mom and Faye were already in the hot tub when I entered the living room. I picked up the cheese platter as I passed it and walked out to offer the ladies something to eat.

"Woo hoo." Faye screamed as I exited the house. "All you need's a bow tie and you could be the male entertainment!"

Mom turned to see what the fuss was about and I saw her eyes go directly to my groin. "Oh goodness honey. They're small!"

This coming from the woman who'd worn "that" swimsuit and been essentially flashing her panties to me all afternoon. I looked down at myself and was happy with what I saw, turning in a circle to give the women the show they were after. "Woo hoo!" Faye repeated and wolf whistled like a college girl on spring break before clinking her glass with Mom's and both giggling like schoolgirls.

They accepted a strawberry each and I took the platter back into the house, pouring a glass of red wine for myself in the process. Joining the women in the tub I settled back in the warm water and let the massaging effect of the jets do it's work on my back.

Mom and Faye were wearing the same swimsuits as that afternoon. Mom had flushed cheeks and neck from either the warm water or the alcohol, probably both and Faye looked her perfectly tanned self. To think I was against inviting our mother's along on this getaway, admiring these two beautiful mature women now I did feel all of the "lucky boy" I'd been called back in the diner. All that was missing was Trish. As if we were all thinking the same thing, Faye said. "My daughter doesn't know what she's missing!"

"Mmm. It's a shame she's not here. Calvin have you heard form her?" Mom asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'm sure she'll come back tomorrow though. There's no reason for her to be there on a Saturday. The office will be closed." The mood had again turned sombre and we all took a dink from our prospective glasses in the silence. It was my mother who changed the vibe.

"I just love your breasts Faye!" She stated out of the blue.

I snorted on my wine. "Mom!"

"What?" Mom turned to me. "I do, they're beautiful."

"Thank you Heather. The best money can buy. I wasn't as blessed as you." Faye returned her compliment.

"Oh Jesus." I muttered under my breath.

Faye looked to me. "I think he's embarrassed Heather. They're just boobs Calvin. Here look." With that she reached behind herself and undid her bikini top. Pulling it off over her head she cast it on

the side of the tub and raising out of the water she presented herself to us.

Even Mom seemed a little taken aback. "Oh God Faye, you're incorrigible!"

It was hard to look anywhere else. The perfectly formed breasts between my mother and I, I immediately thought we could so easily take one each in our mouths but quickly put the idea out of my head.

"They're lovely Faye. Can I touch them?" My mother asked and I wasn't sure I believed what I was hearing.

"Mom!" I exclaimed.

"Of course you can Heather." Faye replied and moved towards her in the tub. I watched as Mom placed her glass on the edge of the tub and with both hands cup Faye's breasts.

"Oh wow, they're so firm."

"Yep. As I said, these babies aren't going anywhere!" Faye declared.

With her hands still full of tit, Mom looked to me and Faye's eyes followed. "Calvin you have to feel these." She looked back to Faye. "Can my son touch them?"

"Why certainly, we're all family here!" Faye proclaimed and turned fully towards me, my mom's hands falling from her breasts.

"Ah that's O.k, I'll pass." I stated. Right then and there I wanted nothing more than to hold them. To suck on them but the spectre of my wife hovered in my mind.

Faye lowered back into the water. "I think he's a little shy Heather. Come on though, I showed you mine, you show me yours!"

It was now Mom's turn to be embarrassed. "What? Here?" Her eyes flicked across to me and back to Faye. "I can't!"

"Oh he won't mind, he's your son. Just turn your back!" Faye proposed.

Mom showed little hesitation and moved between Faye and I. With her back to me she lowered the straps off her shoulders and then before dropping the swimsuit looked back to me. "No peeking Calvin."

I didn't respond. I couldn't speak. I had a hand on my rock hard cock beneath the water as my mother lowered her swimsuit and revealed her breasts to my mother-in-law. "Oh they are beautiful." Faye told her. "They're so heavy, oh look your nipples are getting hard!" Both women laughed and Mom ducked down in the water and resumed her seat, this time closer to Faye. I noticed she didn't raise her swimsuit. Mom reached out for her glass and I saw her areola above the water for a second and it was gone. She downed her glass and Faye a moment later finished hers.

"Be a dear and top up our glasses would you Cal?" Mom pleaded. "We're not really dressed for it!"

A dilemma. I was happy stroking my cock through my Speedos and now I had to get out of the tub with a raging hard on. There was no way I could do it yet. "Yeah sure, just give me a minute."

Mom looked a little puzzled. "What, why?"

Faye leaned into my mother's ear and whispered something and my Mom's jaw dropped over dramatically. "No!"

She didn't say what had been said but I was pretty sure Faye had told her I had an erection. Mom's eyes darted back to me and I noticed stray down to the water. I was 100% sure she couldn't see anything, just as I couldn't see her breasts. I thought she'd let it go but it seemed she really wanted her wine regardless of my state. "Please Cal, before we get too prune in here." Mom begged.

Faye was quick to add her encouragement. "Come on Cal, you did say you'd be our entertainment!"

"No actually that was what you said Faye." I quickly corrected her but to hell with it I thought. There was no way I was going to lose the hard-on in a hurry and it was what they seemed to want to see. What was wrong with showing the effect these two beautiful women had had on me? I stood up proudly in the water and I watched Mom and Faye's eyes stay straight ahead, directly gazing at my crotch. I looked down myself and was shocked to see how clearly outlined my penis was inside the swimwear. There was no hiding the fact I was hard with the material only preventing it from pointing directly at the women. I climbed up and out of the tub and dripping, walked into the house with their eyes burning into me from behind and their giggling ringing in my ears.

Before picking up the bottle of champagne I thought about what may be about to happen. I would walk back out there and climb in the tub. We'd all had a lot to drink, the women especially. Were any of us thinking rationally? I thought of Trish. She'd be here tomorrow. How would we all feel then if something had happened between us. It wasn't only me that had a lot to lose. Faye's relationship with her mother would be destroyed. Even me and Mom. It would be incest. Was that something I even wanted to contemplate? Or was I getting ahead of myself? Mom hadn't shown any real sexual desire for me, it had all been simple flirting, if that. Was it all in my head? I picked up the champagne and headed back out to the tub, despite my internal debate, my cock still hard.

What I saw put most of my doubts about my mother aside. Her pink swimsuit hung over the edge of the tub alongside Faye's bikini top and now her bottoms. They were both naked. My mother no longer hid her breasts underwater, her nipples and large areola sitting just above the churning surface.

"New hot tub rule Calvin," Faye declared. "No clothing allowed!"

I did nothing to hide my erection as I sidled up to the tub, both women were staring at my groin. Mom held out her glass and I topped her up followed by Faye. My instinct was to remove my pants and enter, to have sex with my mother and mother-in-law. My brain told me to get out of there. "Actually ladies I'm going to call it a night and go to bed."

"Oh no Calvin please stay. We'll behave." My mother implored, resting her wet hand on mine on the edge of the tub.

"It's not that Mom. Trish will be here tomorrow, I should get a good night's sleep." I reluctantly released my hand from under her grip and left the bottle. "You two have fun though. Don't drink too much."

"Oh we'll be good Calvin." Faye replied, giggling. "You can trust us."

* * * * *

I woke as the sun was rising and went for a jog on the beach. I'd heard my mother and Faye go to bed late in the night, stumbling and attempting to be quiet but in their drunken state making even more noise. Their stifled laughter made me smile. I imagined them walking naked from the tub to their room, possibly holding each other for support. Did they dress for bed or go naked? Did they sleep together? None of it helped my erection subside but I didn't relent. I would save it for Trish. I just hoped she would be ready.

I worked up a sweat on my jog and before heading back dove into the cold ocean. It cleared my head and I emerged feeling reinvigorated. Back at the house I found Mom and Faye's swimsuits on the hot tub still wet. I hung them up on a line to dry then went inside to shower. With Mom and Faye still asleep, I began making breakfast. With the clock approaching nine a.m I knocked lightly on their door and entered. The room still dark I walked between the two beds and raised the drapes slightly to allow some sunlight to filter in. My mother lay on her back, the white chiffon nightie she wore had twisted in her sleep leaving both breasts exposed. The large pink areola spread at least an inch around each nipple, erect in the cool air coming through the open window. Her eyes remained closed, her mouth slightly open, a tiny trickle of drool down her cheek. I wanted to kiss her awake she looked so beautiful. My mother, the sleeping beauty.

With Faye, she'd gone to bed naked. No surprise there I thought. Face down, her sheet only covered one half of her body leaving her back and one buttock exposed, the untanned flesh stark in the low light. Faye I wouldn't kiss to awaken, I would fuck. Such was her sex appeal. The Lilith to my Mother's Eve. I left their door open and hoped the smell of the cooking bacon and my noise in the kitchen would soon wake them.

It did the trick. Mom first emerged still in her nightie. It barely covered her groin but was irrelevant anyway, the thing was see through, the white panties she had worn yesterday afternoon clearly visible, her nipples dark behind the lace bust.

She came to me in the kitchen, shuffling, her hair a mess. "I'm sorry about last night. I was drunk. Can you forgive me?"

I smiled and kissed her on the forehead. "There's nothing to forgive. I love you." This seemed to brighten her and she smiled before yawning and pressing a hand to her head. "How are you feeling?"

"A bit seedy."

"Well this should help." I replied, gesturing down to the stovetop.

"Mmm bacon. Is it nearly ready?"

"About five." I informed her.

"Oh good. I'll be back." I watched as she turned and again shuffled back towards the bathroom. noticing for the first time the french cut of her panties across each cheek. Why was it I was only noticing her as a sexy desirable woman now? I wondered.

Faye was more used to drinking to excess than my mother and was full of energy. After a quick shower she emerged wearing a fluorescent yellow bikini. She wore her denim shorts over the bottoms for, I guess, modesty. Breakfast was satisfying and we discussed our plans for the day. They pretty much included the beach, food and drink and none of us were disappointed. I said I was looking forward to Trish returning and as if on cue my phone rang in the bedroom.

"What do you mean you can't make it back?" I almost yelled into the phone, my heart breaking.

"The client is in town and I offered to show them around!" Trish explained.

"You offered? It's Saturday. You should be up here with us!"

"This is more important Calvin." The moment she said it I knew she must have regretted it but sadly she made no attempt to take it back.

"More important?"

"Well...quite frankly yes. I'd rather be at work creating something than lounging around on a beach with our mothers!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "It was your idea to invite them and it was meant to be us lounging on the beach together. You know, like a couple. Doing stuff couples do!"

She was silent for a moment and I was about to try again to get her to return when she cut me off. "Look I'm actually just a little too busy for that kind of thing right now. We can talk about it when I come and get you all on Monday."

"Monday! You're not even coming tomorrow?"

"No I've organized a lunch with colleagues." She matter of factly stated.

I was dumbfounded. She was too busy to spend time with the people who loved her but was eager to organize business lunches and who knows what else. I wondered if I was being selfish and no matter which way I looked at it I couldn't side with her. This wasn't the woman I'd loved for nearly twenty years. I had no idea who this imposter was but she certainly wasn't the wife I knew.

"So what do I, we, do 'til you get here?" I asked.

I heard her yawn with seeming disinterest. "I don't care, whatever you want to do. I'm sure you can entertain yourselves. Well anyway as I said, I've got things to do so I'll see you Monday."

She hung up without waiting for a response.

* * * * *

After my initial outburst I'd tried to keep my voice down but the way Faye and my mother looked when I returned to them proved they'd overheard a lot.

"I can't believe she's doing this Calvin. Do you want me to call, try and talk some reason into her?" Faye offered.

I held out my hand to Faye's and she took it in consolation. "Thank you Faye but no. It's her call. She's chosen work over me, us. She's made her decision."

"Well I won't let her ruin the weekend, who's for the beach?" Faye proposed.

I looked at Faye's breasts straining against her bikini. Trish who? I thought. "I'm in, it was beautiful down there when I went this morning. Mom?"

"Actually I might give it a miss. This head." Mom held a hand to her temple.

"You've still got a headache? I know, I do this for Trish all the time." I sat down on the couch and placed a cushion on the floor at my feet. "Come on Mom, jump down here." I probably hadn't explained myself correctly and Mom walked over and knelt down on the cushion between my spread legs, her face at my crotch looking up at me expectantly.

I smiled and contained a chuckle. "No I meant sit on the cushion. I'll massage your temples!"

I watched as her face went red. "Oh of course. I knew that."

Faye burst out laughing. "Oh god Heather. I wish I had the camera again."

I wondered if Mom had thought I was seriously going to prescribe her to suck my cock as a cure for her headache? I tried to take my mind off it but as I began to massage her temples from behind, I found it impossible. The back of her head was only inches from my growing erection. My vantage point enabled me to see down her nightie, the cleavage and the darkness of her nipples beneath the lace. She sat cross-legged with her hands joined at her crotch.

"How's that feel?" I asked as I worked my fingers from her temples and into her hair.

"Mmm, beautiful. Don't stop." She sighed in response.

"I won't." I whispered back, my fingertips massaging her scalp from the crown to the base of her skull. I combed my fingers through her hair and she moaned at the sensation.

"That feels so good." She purred and I ran my fingers down behind her ears to her neck and shoulders. "Ooh, goosebumps! Feel."

I let my hands slide down over her shoulders along her arms to feel her skin, my fingertips pressing the side of each breast, her goosebump flesh beneath my palms then back into her hair.

"Oh this is wonderful baby," My mother again sighed. "You could touch me all over!"

Faye, reading a magazine and watching the proceedings sniggered again and Mom explained herself. "I mean a massage. You give a good massage is all!"

I leaned down and kissed her again on the top of the head. "Any time Mom. Now how's your headache?"

She seemed to have forgotten she had one. "Oh. Goodness it's gone. I didn't even realize. Thank you." She turned to look up to me but her eyes were momentarily diverted by the obvious erection lining the inside leg of my pants. I did nothing to hide it.

"You're welcome Mom. Whenever you want one, just ask. Now who's for a swim?"

Mom went to collect her swimsuit from outside and came back in holding the still wet material. "Oh-wuh! I hate putting on a wet swimsuit." She complained. I immediately thought of the bikini I'd bought Trish and jumped up with an idea.

"Hang on Mom, I've got something you could wear." I stated and rushed into the bedroom. I came out with the gift bag and presented it to her. "Trish doesn't want this. You can have it if you like."

I wasn't expecting much after my wife's reaction to the gift but Mom's response couldn't have been more dissimilar. Taking out the bikini her face brightened. "Really! I can have it?"

"Sure."

"Oh honey, I love it. Trish's crazy." She threw her arms around me and quickly kissed me on the cheek. "Let me just go put it on."

Trish 'was' crazy. The weekend was going beautifully. If she'd been there it may have been perfect, as it was, it was pretty close.

I went to my room to change into my Speedos. No board shorts for me from now on I thought. When I exited Mom and Faye were waiting with towels at the ready. Where yesterday Mom had gone with a sarong, today she left nothing to the imagination. I'd suspected she would have chosen the full back brief but to my amazement she wore the thong. It was smaller on her than I'd expected. Her breasts were snug in the top but the thong was possibly one size too small. The triangle of white nylon surrounded by a larger triangle of her pubic hair. She didn't seem to mind and I certainly wasn't complaining, my balls getting heavier at the sight.

Faye retained her denim shorts which surprised me being that her competition was next to nude. It didn't detract from the spectacle as I trailed behind on our short walk to the beach. The string of my mother's bikini bottoms lost in the flesh of her buttocks, the ridiculously tight daisy dukes of Faye's clinging to her immaculate posterior like paint on a wall. Needless to say I was sporting a semi erect penis when we dropped our towels on the sand.

"This beach is perfect Calvin. How did you find it?" Mom asked as she settled back on her towel, her book at the ready. "Just a fluke really. It was one of a few places that came up in a search of the area. Trish and I thought this looked the best. I'll definitely keep it in mind in the future." I replied, looking at Faye as she began to unbutton her shorts between us. A day ago I would've looked away or at least covertly spied. Today I stared openly as she unzipped and slowly lowered the denim. Mid thigh she stopped to adjust her bikini bottoms, pulling the leg bands high up on her hips and tightening the yellow material against her obviously waxed vagina. She turned and presented her ass to me and as she bent over to remove them I discovered the reason for wearing her shorts to the beach.

The fluorescent yellow string of her bikini bottoms dove down between her cheeks and disappeared until being pushed back out by a pink circular disk as it reached her asshole. For a second I was unsure as to what I was seeing then the realization hit me that Faye was wearing a butt plug. She turned again and looked down at my face with a sly smile then lay down on her side, facing my mother. With her ass towards me and my mother's head buried in her novel I was able to examine Faye's rear more closely, the white of the untanned skin on her buttocks making the butt plug stand out even more starkly beneath the string of her thong. I needed to touch her, it.

Mom licked her finger and turned a page as I edged slightly closer to Faye on the towel. I figured Mom wouldn't be able to see what was happening over Faye's body and if by chance she could, I felt it wouldn't be the worst outcome. Laying on my side as well I reached down and boldly placed a hand on Faye's right butt cheek. Her ass immediately pushed back onto me and I knew the game was on. With her left arm supporting her head, her right hand came over and sought out my groin, massaging my hardening cock through my Speedos. I pulled aside the thong and pressed my fingers against the butt plug, pushing it into her ass and moving it in a circular motion. Faye's hand slid back and forth along my length and soon had me rock hard. I edged a finger each side of the plug and pulled gently, ballooning the skin around her anus as Faye squeezed hard on my cock.

My mother fortuitously placed the book over her face as if sleeping and it signaled Faye to make a move. Her hand pulled aside my Speedos and brought forth my throbbing erection, wrapping her fist around it and began masturbating. I continued playing with her butt plug now with my thumb and fingers. Pulling out further, bulging her asshole then pushing back in and twirling around. I slid a finger lower and found her pussy dripping with fluid which I then coated around her anal opening and the pink plug. Faye turned to look over her shoulder at me and mouth the words 'pull it out' and I was quick to respond. With one hand I spread her cheeks wide and with my right I took a firm grip of the butt plug and pulled. Her anus spread obscenely as it grew around the slowly exiting toy, the sphincter finally retracting but staying open as the plug was fully removed. Faye took her hand from my cock and raised it to her mouth and released a large amount of saliva onto her fingers. Returning, she coated the head of my cock in her spit and pulled me towards her.

I wasn't thinking about my wife as my cock approached her mother's asshole. I didn't care that my own mother was laying not two feet from me as the head of my cock pressed against Faye's awaiting butt. In fact, as my penis slowly slid inside my mother-in-law's anus, it was her prone body I now stared at and imagined fucking. Faye's dilated asshole accommodated the head of my penis perfectly, the sphincter sealing around and holding me like a grip. I moved my torso in close and wrapped my arms around her, one hand holding her head the other seeking out a breast. Faye's face turned and our mouths came together as I pushed my pelvis against her, my cock sliding completely inside her ass, my groin to her buttocks.

Faye let out a sigh as I pulled back and thrust gently again. I slid a hand off her breast and ran it down her belly to eventually cup her pussy. Faye reached behind, undoing her bikini and pulled it off over her head. I ridiculously thought what would Mom think if she awoke to see Faye topless but quickly realized the fact I was fucking her in the ass whilst fingering her pussy would probably catch Mom's eye first. Faye tugged on a nipple as I increased my pace in her ass. We both noticed my mother move a hand to her stomach to scratch away a fly and psychically realized we should probably hurry up. The friction of her ass wasn't going to make me cum alone and I think Faye knew it. Reaching back when I pulled out she took hold of my shaft and began jacking me off with just the head of my cock inside her. I used both hands to spread her ass cheeks as I stared fascinated at the sight. Her sphincter tightened around me and I could feel my orgasm approaching. My cum surged forth from my swollen balls and rushed along my length. Faye must have felt the pulse in her hand as she tightened her fist around me and then released to allow the rush of semen to fill her rectum.

Although attempting to remain silent, the breath rushing from my lungs at the sudden pleasurable release caused me to moan loudly and Mom reacted. I popped out of Faye's ass and just managed to roll onto my back, re-covering my penis as she removed the book from her face and sat up. "Oh I must have fallen asleep. It's the sun I think!" She looked at Faye as she too rolled onto her back. "Oh gosh Faye. Going topless. Is that allowed here?"

I sat up on my elbow, rolling towards her, my thigh covering my softening erection. "I don't think there's any one around to police it Mom. We can do whatever we want."

"I have to get rid of these tan lines somehow Heather. Why don't you join me?" Faye proposed.

Mom immediately looked at me. "Oh I don't think I could, not in public."

"Oh hell, Cal won't care and there's no one else to see. Anyway suit yourself, I'm going for a swim. Anyone joining me?" Faye exclaimed, standing herself up and I noticed, deftly pulling her thong back into place on her ass.

"I'm in!" I stated, rising with her. "Mom?"

"Yes but just wait a second would you?" She asked me as Faye began walking to the surf. "Calvin would you mind if I did?" For a moment I wondered what she was asking and then she elaborated. "It's just that last night in the hot tub. I know I embarrassed you, you probably didn't want to see me like that. You know, undressed. Would you be upset if I joined Faye? Topless?"

I wanted to play it cool though every fiber of me was bursting with hormones. I smiled down at her. "Mom, you can dress any way you want. I don't mind." I held a hand out to her to help her up. She took it, smiling herself and I raised her to her feet.

Her face slightly below mine with the angle of the sand, she looked into my eyes. "Thank you."

"For what? Helping you up?" I asked.

"For accepting me. I know I don't have a body like Faye's" Her hand strayed over her crotch, covering her pubic hair "I probably should've waxed!"

I wasn't going to beat around the bush any more. After what had just happened with Faye I was on a high. If there as anything potentially happening between my mother and I, I was going to embrace it wholly. I reached out and took hold of her hand and removed it from hiding her groin. "You're beautiful Mom. I want you to know that." I released her hand and running mine up her arm I walked behind her. She breathed deeply in as I caressed my way across her shoulder and down her back to the tie of her bikini. Goosebumps broke out over her skin as I undid the string and let it fall. I pressed both hands on her arms and ran them up to her neck and lifted off the bikini and dropped it on the towel. My hardening cock was merely inches from her ass but I resisted pressing myself to her. Not yet, I thought. It would happen. Just not yet. Without even glancing at her breasts I took her by the hand and we walked down the beach to join Faye, wading into the surf.

Why Faye was even wearing her bikini bottoms was a mystery. They were entirely transparent when wet. I even noticed Mom taking longer and longer glances at her bald pussy and the labia through the see-through material. The water was colder than yesterday and my mother's nipples were soon standing erect along with Faye's. The surf was stronger than previously and I found my mother staying closer to me and clinging to me as each wave tumbled ashore. Faye as well took every opportunity to hold my arm or clutch at my shoulder to balance herself. After a while all pretext was lost and the women just stayed either side of me holding my shoulders and each others arm with my arms around their waists.

Faye found my cock underwater and with my mother right there began to get me hard, squeezing and kneading my balls. My hand inched lower on my mother's waist and soon enough I held her buttock in my palm and she, our fate and the potential of incestuous love, in hers. Faye moved to be in front of me, her breasts bobbing with the waves. I thought of buoyancy vests but put the joke out of my head when my mother in turn came closer to Faye, my hand still openly groping her rear. Faye and my mother joined arms and their faces drew nearer until their mouths were inches apart. Their breasts touched and I felt another hand join Faye's on my cock. It had happened, my mom was touching my penis.

Mom didn't look at me. She may not have been ready to fully acknowledge what was happening. Her eyes were on Faye as their lips came together. "What are we doing?" My mother breathed into Faye's open mouth as their tongues entwined.

"Just go with it darling," Faye implored and broke the kiss. Taking hold of the back of my mother's head she directed her towards me and I was ready. With a hand now on both women's asses I inched closer to my mother. She in turn, with the prompting of Faye readied for the kiss and then we were together. Her mouth on mine, her lips tasting of salt water and strawberry balm. Our tongues explored each other, we kissed like eager teens. My cock was released from my Speedos and a hand, two were wrapped around it's length and pulled furiously. Faye broke into our kiss and we shared a three-way, my mother more than eager to embrace her new found bi-sexuality. The sight of the two mature women making out, the manipulation of my cock, was all too much. I arched my neck back as I came into the ocean, my semen lost in the foam and churning tide. Faye and my mother stopped kissing and grinned at me with open mouths as they realized what they'd done.

"Calvin. Did you just cum?" My mother asked and after the events of the last day, her speaking those words didn't even sound unusual.

"How could I not?" I replied, catching my breath. "You two are beautiful."

Faye and my mother seemed genuinely moved by my confession, looking at each other and coyly, almost bashfully smiling. We waded to the shore and with my arms around the women we strolled along the beach to let the sun dry our bodies. When I noticed a man fishing with a surf rod a fair way ahead (the first other soul we'd seen) we turned back and found ourselves back at the towels. My mother went quiet for a few minutes and I asked her if anything was wrong. With her still topless I knelt down before her and held her hands on her knees. A tear ran down her cheek and I feared what she would say, Faye looking on concerned.

"I'm just so grateful," she confided. "You called me," she looked at Faye. "Us, beautiful. I don't think I've ever felt so desirable, so wanted. I need to thank you Calvin, Faye. Even if this was just a one off, I want you to know you've made me so happy."

I leaned over and kissed her forehead and down to her mouth. Faye spoke for me, taking one of Mom's hands. "Oh Honey. I'm sure as hell, it ain't no one off!"

* * * * *

"So tell me again why you stick it up your bum?" Mom asked Faye across from her on the couch in the living room. It was essentially the same question she'd asked on the beach when she'd discovered Faye's butt plug under the towel. Her reaction then had been priceless and led to much laughter. She still couldn't get her head around Faye's attempted explanation.

"Oh my God Heather. It's pleasurable! It also helps it get a bit looser down there for when you're ready to, you know!"

Mom still looked incredulous. The ladies had dressed for dinner and Mom wore a red dress, the same design as her green wraparound and finished her look with tan pantyhose. "You've done that?" She crossed her legs as she asked it and the split of her dress rode up her thigh.

Faye didn't mention she and I had had anal on the beach that morning as she slept beside us and I was thankful. "Well obviously sugar. You haven't?"

Mom seemed shocked. "Of course I haven't!"

Faye looked to be beginning to enjoy herself. "Not even a finger up there? What about a tongue?"

I was standing in the kitchen preparing a salad and even this last one caused me to drop a carrot!

"Oh my god no!" Mom looked at me embarrassed about discussing it in front of me. "Calvin's father would never have done that."

I didn't want to think about my father doing anything sexual with my mother and attempted to change the subject. "Ahem, would anyone like dressing on their salad?" I asked the room and got no response, Faye wasn't going to let this fish off the hook.

"Oh you have to try it Heather, you don't know what you're missing. You can borrow my butt plug if you like. I'll help you out with it." Faye rose and sidled towards me to get to the fridge, her hand traced a path across my shoulders as she passed. "We both will!"

Mom and I looked at each other sheepishly. Our incestuous adventure had only just begun and had already progressed to the discussion of inserting a butt plug in my mother's ass. I had to admire Faye, she was the perfect conduit.

* * * * *

Mom was a little disappointed we had run out of champagne but seemed equally as comfortable with the Australian shiraz I opened with dinner. On our second bottle she'd become tipsy and was openly flirting. The weekend had awakened something in her, in the past she'd been staid and predictable, conservative to a fault. Whether it was the flowing alcohol or the sexual tension from the outset, in only a day, she was a changed woman and I loved her all the more for it.

I set up chairs on the lawn and we drank, ate and talked under the stars. When a cool breeze came in off the sea bringing with it a shower of rain we ran inside laughing, leaving the doors open to freshen the house.

"So what would happen at one of these swingers nights?" Mom asked Faye, continuing on their conversation.

"It would depend on the room," Faye replied. "Some nights it'd just be couples hooking up, others, the good ones, would end in a good old fashioned orgy!"

"I could never do that. I'd be too self conscious." Mom remarked.

"You'd be surprised how quickly you lose your inhibitions when you're nude Heather." Faye took a sip of her wine. "I would enjoy stripping for the room. I loved everyone's eyes on me."

"What a strip tease? Like in the men's clubs?" Mom asked.

"Yes Heather like in the men's clubs. Gosh you're only a couple of years younger than me, what world were you living in?"

I knew the world Mom was living in now, a world of freedom and sexual possibilities. She leaned forward in her chair her elbow on her knees. "Would you strip for us? There's no music, would that matter?"

Faye smiled and placed down her glass. "No Heather it doesn't matter."

Had they discussed this prior, I wasn't sure? But the dress Faye wore was perfect for the act she began to perform. Standing between my mother and I she swayed her hips and pelvis in a circular

motion at one moment bending before me to allow me to see her stay up stockings and black thong beneath her slip of a dress and then my mother. "The trick is to wear two pairs of panties!" She confessed as she reached beneath her dress and slowly lowered her underwear. "It gets everyone worked up thinking you're naked beneath and then you do a second reveal." Peeling her panties down her straight legs she stepped out of them and presented the thong to my mother.

"From what you've told me I think Calvin might want these Faye." Mom stated winking at her and right then and there I knew Faye had told her about the panty sniffing incident the day before.

Faye came back to me and placed the panties in my shirt pocket. Turning around she mounted my thigh and ground herself down on to me, sliding her pussy back and forth along my leg. When she stood she lifted her dress from behind presenting her bare ass then flashed my mother at the front. "I thought you were meant to wear two pairs of panties?" Mom giggled.

"Oh yeah, I forgot!" Faye sighed and lifted her dress up and off over her head, casting it onto the couch. I couldn't deny what great shape she was in. Her arms were muscular and her stomach flat. The tan lines were still stark even after going topless and they worked to frame the highly sexual areas of her body. My cock was hard even before she again backed down onto me and sat her ass in my lap. Taking the beer from my hand she wrapped her lips around the neck and slowly slid her mouth down it's length.

My mother was transfixed, staring intently between Faye's spread legs. Her eyes focused on her bald pussy as she lowered the bottle and rubbed the neck along her labia. Faye turned her mouth to me and we kissed as I looked down between her breasts while she penetrated herself with my beer. Her breath rushed into my mouth as she pulled the bottle from herself and stood up. Mom was quick to join her, standing and meeting her in the middle of the room. She gladly took the bottle from Faye and as they embraced, Faye dressed only in stockings, my mother fully clothed, she drank from the bottle. I needed to please myself and unzipped, pulling my erection from my pants. Mom blindly passed the bottle back to me and the two women began to kiss.

I stroked my cock as my mother looked over Faye's shoulder at me. She lowered her hands down Faye's back to her buttocks and took a hold of each, spreading her butt for me to admire her asshole, I noticed still dilated from the plug. Faye broke the hold and circled around my mother, her hands on her waist and caressing up to her breasts. Mom allowed her to reach down and undo the tie of her dress and it folded open to reveal Mom's pantyhose. Pulled up high to above her navel she wore no panties beneath. I couldn't stay seated and quickly went to the women.

Pressing myself fully against my mother I wrapped a hand inside her dress and caressed her hip through the pantyhose, so silky to the touch. Bringing it forward I cupped her pussy and felt her wetness through the nylon before raising it to her breast. Faye kissed my mother behind the ear as I kissed her mouth, tasting beer, pussy, saliva. My cock pressed hard against her belly and as I kissed my way down between her breasts I noticed I'd left a wet spot of pre-cum on her pantyhose.

I pressed my lips to her pubic hair through her hose and then lower. She bowed her legs slightly to allow me to bury my face into her pussy and inhale her sex, my tongue darting out to lick her dripping labia through the material. My mother's dress fell to the floor behind her and I felt Faye's hands brush my cheeks. Before I knew it she had dug her nails into my mother's pantyhose and ripped them open at the gusset. I now had access to her uncovered pussy and delighted in french kissing her vagina as I would her mouth. I looked up to see Faye's and my mother's hands on her breasts, pawing and pinching on her nipples. I needed to be inside her.

Faye and Mom ran hand in hand before me to the bedroom and dove on the bed, kicking off their shoes in the process. I was right behind, pulling my shirt off without unbuttoning and unbuckling my pants, my hard-on still poking through my fly. When I reached the bed they had started without me. Their stocking clad legs entwined, breasts pressing together, mouths attached. For a moment I didn't know what to do so climbed naked onto the bed at their feet. Organically I was incorporated in the lovemaking, with them as one moving towards my cock until their mouths joined either side of my erection.

I hadn't received a blow job in more than fifteen years and now below me were two women lavishing my cock with licks and kisses. My mother would envelop her mouth around me and then as if jealous, Faye would wrench it from her and suck me herself. This went on as a back and forth until I felt guilty for receiving all the pleasure. I turned my mother around and with her legs obscenely spread, her ass and pussy on full display I aimed my cock at her vagina and entered. Her moan was unlike any sound I'd heard come from her. "Yes baby fuck me." She commanded and Faye brought her face up to her ass and kissed her buttocks as I penetrated.

With Faye's face hovering over my mother's lower back I knew what she was after. I pulled fully out of Mom's pussy and entered Faye's awaiting mouth, driving my cock into her throat before pulling it free dripping with saliva and re-entered my mother. Faye wanted fucking and climbed atop my mother, piggybacking and eager for cock. I again pulled out and lowered my face to my mother's cunt, licking up excess juice and saliva, my pre-cum. My tongue traveled north and licked across her asshole which twitched at my touch. Further up I journeyed to Faye's bald cunt and savored the similar flavor to my mother and finally her anus which opened to my mouth enabling me to lick deep inside.

I raised to my feet and squatting, directed the head of my cock to Faye's vagina and entered completing the triad of holes in my mother-in-law. Her pussy tightened around my cock, her pelvic floor milking my penis, begging for me to release inside her. I withdrew and was back in my mother, holding Fay's hips to gain balance and leverage. It wouldn't take me long to cum and aware I changed our positions. Mom ended up on her back and Faye quickly took the opportunity to sit on her face, grinding her pussy down hard on my mother's mouth. I spread and lifted Mom's legs and plunged back inside, holding her with one hand beneath her rear and the other I flicked across her clitoris.

Mom's tongue was working it's magic on Faye and I watched as she clutched at her breasts, tilted her head back with eyes closed and began to cum on my mother's face. "My god Heather, yes. Make me cum you wonderful slut!"

Her climax and possibly her language caused a symbiotic reaction in my mother and although I felt I was doing a good job fucking her I think the orgasm she began to have was more emotionally generated. Her pussy squeezed around my cock as she came, her sighs muffled by Faye's pussy. I was quickly to follow, with three or four more thrusts into my mother I withdrew for the last time and began to cum across her belly and pubic hair. Stream after stream of thick white cum surged from me and dampened her crotch, running back down her labia to her asshole and onto the bed.

Faye climbed off Mom and sat down beside her, the two women watching me jerk the last of my load onto her skin. Faye was first to press her hand into my mother's fur and stroke the semen through her locks like hair gel. Mom couldn't stop smiling as she used at finger to trace to trace a trail through the cum on her belly. "Well that was something!" I sighed as I lay down beside my mother.

She turned her face to me and we kissed lightly on the lips. "It was beautiful."

Faye joined us in reclining and my mother put an arm around her. "And we still have another whole day together!"

The comment made us all think of my wife and what may come.

For now though, we were all very happy.

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Thanks for reading if you made it this far.

Please feel free to tell me what you think, another chapter?