

OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

sunburycd

Bickering in-laws find a way to bond.

Incest/Taboo

4.65

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I trailed behind my wife with the trolley becoming increasingly loaded with food and household goods. We'd only really come to the Bulk Supply store for the inflatable kiddies pool advertised in a flyer (the perfect gift for our five year olds birthday) but had been sidetracked by all the discounts and I admit I was sharing my wife's enthusiasm.

"Check it out!" I called back to her as I discovered the bulk olive oil. "Five litres for \$25. That's ridiculously cheap."

Toni screwed her face up looking at the large aluminium container. "It's a bit big isn't it?"

"I can decant into smaller bottles," I reasoned, already reaching for the can.

"Alright chuck it in," she conceded and I loaded it in snugly beside the years supply of instant coffee and what looked like a lifetimes supply of cookies.

"We need alcohol for Saturday," I pointed out, steering the trolley in the direction of.

"It's a kids party Leo," my wife quickly rebutted.

"Yes, but remember our mother's are going to be there, Honey," I explained. "I'll need a stiff drink just to get through."

Toni laughed and rested a hand on the trolley. "God you're right. Good thing they sell in bulk."

It was a comical situation. Our respective parents had never really got along; well, more so our mothers. And since the loss of both fathers, one to heart disease, the other to his twenty two year old secretary, the antagonism had only worsened.

Toni had jokingly hinted at sexual frustration which when it came to my mother didn't bare thinking about but when posited on my mother-in-law had me awake at nights in all manner of fantasy. In her late fifties, my wife's mother had since day one held a soft spot in my heart (or more to the point a hard spot in my pants.) Simply an older, chubbier version of my wife, Gina had an intangible sex appeal that always caught my eye and in full knowledge of such it seemed, wore clothing to match.

"It's alright for you," I added. "I'm the one that'll be spending most of the day with them."

Both had offered to come early and help set up the party. Loathe to have them together for any length of time but knowing if one of them found out the other was participating more, the fireworks would be greater, we'd accepted their proposals.

"Well you're welcome to chaperone ten toddlers at a trampoline park if you'd like," Toni scoffed, reminding me of how she'd be spending the day and I quickly dropped my misguided complaining.

"One or two?" Toni asked, holding up the bottles of champagne.

I left the trolley and took down two bottles myself. "Get them all, where gonna need it!"

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The day was hotter than predicted but perfect weather for our daughter Maisy's birthday. When asked what kind of party she had wanted her response was surprising but not out of the blue. 'Beach party' she had declared, her current fascination with the Little Mermaid having a lot to do with her decision.

My mother-in-law had arrived first and I set her to decorating the walls with detachable fish decals and placing seaweed-like tinsel over the furniture and shelves. I was delighted to see she'd dressed appropriately for the theme and admit I took every opportunity to ogle her body as she worked. Wearing a dark green bikini top, her breasts bulged out of the thin material, the hint of nipple becoming more pronounced as the air conditioning began to kick in. A black sarong around her waist hid her large rear but now and then the flash of upper thigh gave me weeks worth of 'wank bank' deposits.

"I thought Imogen would be here by now," Gina commented before peering over her champagne flute towards me as she sipped.

As if on cue, the doorbell rang and I raised my eyebrows at Gina. "That'd be her!" I began to head to the door and stopped, looking back at my mother-in-law.

"I know, I know," she giggled. "Best behaviour."

I couldn't help smiling and admittedly felt more than my usual attraction towards her. Did she know, I wondered? Did she feel it too?

Mom stood at the door with a birthday present under one arm and a bottle of gin under the other. I invited her in with pleasantries and a kiss and as I followed her back down the hall I commented on the alcohol. "We have booze here Mom, you didn't need to bring anything."

She laughed and looked over her shoulder. "Just being prepared Darling. If I have to spend any time with that dreadful woman I'm making sure I'm...Gina!" My mother quickly changed her tack when her eyes met the other woman's. "How nice to see you again Dear," she lied.

"Imogen, you look lovely," Gina managed. I watched my mother lean into her rival to exchange a kiss, the long white beach shirt she wore pressing her back and rear. The lines of a bikini were clearly visible and it took me by somewhat of a surprise as I couldn't recall my mother ever donning the style of swimsuit, even in my youth.

So far so good, I figured. The fact they'd not verbally or God forbid, physically attacked each other as yet was a welcoming sign. Gina even offered to pour my mother a glass of champagne which she pleasantly accepted. Maybe things would be different between them for once? I should have known that would be too much to ask for.

"Who put up the fish stickers?" My mother asked. "They're way too high. It's a five year olds birthday party, the kids won't even see them up there!"

"I did Imogen and if you'd been here on time maybe you could have supervised." Gina defended herself.

"I was in traffic!" Mom explained.

"Grid lock at the drive-thru liquor store?" Gina accused, throwing fuel on the fire.

"Um, I seem to recall it was you who was well into the alcohol when I arrived Gina," Mom challenged.

"I opened the champagne!" I quickly stated, hoping to quell the growing argument. "Mom, the fish are fine where they are and Gina, what did we just talk about?"

Gina pouted her bottom lip before slumping her shoulders. "Being on my best behaviour," she eventually responded, acting I noticed like a disobedient schoolgirl.

I turned back to Mom. "That goes for both of you."

Mom had been grinning but her demeanour changed when I focussed on her. "Oh yes sir!" She mocked then jokingly added. "What, are you going to spank us if we don't?"

There was a moment of silence in the room as her words I think registered in all our brains. Gina's eyes noticeably widened and I could see my mother begin to blush around the collar. "If needs be!" I half joked and felt my own face redden at the thought. "Now, I have to blow up Maisy's pool. I was going to do it outside but I'm fearful to leave you two together. Can you at least be trusted to not kill each other while I go and get it?"

"Yes sir," my mother and mother-in-law answered in unison before looking to each other and sharing a chuckle; a moments truce in their ongoing war.

"Good. Now, if you guys could make a salad and open the snacks while I take care of this, that would be great," I advised and it seemed civility remained as I went to the garage to get the pool.

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"No, everything's fine here!" I lied to Toni on the other end of the line. I could hear the excited screaming of an army of five year olds in the background and wondered which of us had the worst job.

"Well we've got another hour booked here," Toni explained. "We should be home around four. Do we need anything else? Have you pumped up the pool?"

"No and I'm just doing that now. Relax and we'll see you when you get back." The sound of raised voices from inside the house diverted my attention. "I love you Babe, gotta go."

"...was a stupid thing to do!"

"Why?" Gina fired back.

"Ah, you've never heard of nut allergies? Stupid woman," Mom spat.

"Hey, Mom!" I broke in. "Enough. What's going on?"

"She put nuts right next to the chips on the platter," my mother explained.

Placing down the inflatable pool I approached the bench-top to survey the scene.

"Yeah sorry Gina, I have to agree with Mom," I stated. "Just a precautionary matter. I don't know if any of the kids have allergies but to be on the safe side maybe don't put the nuts out."

I looked back at my mother. "But you need to apologize."

Her smug look of satisfaction turned to surprise. "What for?"

"Ah your language. What's going on? I said best behaviour."

Biting her bottom lip, my mother looked across to Gina. "I apologize if I was abrupt."

"Apology accepted," Gina smiled before looking at me and winking. It was such a sexy little gesture and thankfully went unnoticed by my mother.

"Ok. Now I'm going to blow up this pool," I declared. "No more fighting. Please."

The accompanying foot pump was about as effective as blowing with my lungs and ever so slowly the small pink and yellow pool began to inflate. The air conditioner had gone into rest mode and the room had begun to heat up causing me to begin sweating. Not wanting to stop now that I'd started, I quickly removed my t-shirt leaving me in only board shorts.

Without much to do but stand and pump with my foot, I watched the goings on in the kitchen, my mom and Gina working well together creating a salad. They discussed a television show they both had been watching and I was glad they'd finally found some common ground. My eyes quickly turned from their doings to their beings. Gina's smooth tanned back, her laden bikini top. I could see the silhouette of the bottoms through the black sarong, hugging her large ass cheeks and down my eyes drifted. To her feet in flip flops, red nail polish on her toes.

Without much thought, I examined my mother. With her long brown hair in a pony tail, her makeup as always impeccable. As I'd noted earlier, her bikini was visible through the shirt which dropped down mid thigh. It was definitely black, the tie visible above her collar. She was barefoot which I'd not noticed until then and like Gina had red nail polish. A random image of my mother-in-law at my mom's feet applying the polish came to mind and although an attractive sight, I allowed it to slowly drift from my psyche.

"Oh there's not enough oil!" Gina bemoaned, holding a bottle upside down over a jug. I watched her breasts jiggle as she shook the bottle to encourage the dregs and saw a splatter fly from the spigot.

Mom jumped back in response. "Bitch! You did that on purpose!"

The language drew me completely out of my daydream and I left the nearly completed pool to step in.

Mom looked down at her beach shirt, holding out the front.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Look," Mom pointed to the spots of oil littering the material. "Oil stains. She did it deliberately Leo!"

"Oh I did not Imogen. I was just shaking the bottle to get the last of it out."

"And a fine job you did of it!"

"Mom," I broke in. "It's fine. We've got eucalyptus that'll take the stain out. You can throw it in the wash now, it'll dry in no time."

"But what will I wear?" She asked, already lifting the shirt.

"You have your bikini," Gina helpfully noted as my mother's black swimsuit came into view. I couldn't help noticing how starkly white her skin was in comparison to Gina standing so close. My own bare torso came into play as I became aware how little clothing the three of us now wore.

Mom handed me her warm shirt and followed me to the laundry where she monitored my actions; applying a rub to the affected areas and placing it in the machine.

"You've become quite a homemaker!" My mother noted. "You could barely boil a egg when you left home."

"Well that was nearly ten years ago," I replied, allowing my eyes to drift down her body. With a reason, mind you! "Do you want me to find something of Toni's for you to wear?"

Mom too peered down at her scantily clad form. "Oh no that's not necessary," before looking back into my eyes. "As long as you don't mind."

I shook my head; possibly too enthusiastically and hoped she wasn't reading anything into it.

"So how can I make the dressing then?" Came Gina's voice from back in the kitchen and Mom and I smiled at each other before I gestured for her to lead the way back.

Only a short walk from the laundry to the kitchen, it was enough time for me to check out my mother's ass. Not something I recalled doing before and it took me by surprise that I found it hard to look away. One side of her bikini bottom had ridden across her chubby ass, revealing more cheek than I think she was aware. No tan line, the skin was equally as pale and there was obvious cellulite which I didn't find unappealing. I stopped myself as I thought of it. Leo, she's your mother you sick fuck! I told myself but even as I said it, the idea of touching her became more alluring.

"Oh finally!" Gina stated. "Thought I had to send out a search party. You're out of oil. I wanted to make my patented salad dressing."

"It's ok," I calmed her. "We just bought some."

Opening the pantry I retrieved the bulk can of olive oil and lifted it onto the bench.

"Jesus," Mom remarked. "What are you going to do with all that?"

"What?" I smiled. "We'll go through it!"

Gina joined in the frivolity. "How many olives had to die to fill that I wonder?" She joked and I noticed even my mother smile.

I found an empty jug and carefully poured from the can with Mom and Gina watching on.

"Lucky you've got big muscles Leo," Gina remarked. "I wouldn't even be able to lift that thing."

Mom moved in and unexpectedly placed a hand on my bicep as if signifying ownership. "He takes after his father," she declared, grinning at Gina.

The jug full I placed the can back down, neglecting to replace the cap.

"You can't store it in that," Gina stated, referring to the jug.

"No I'll decant it into the other bottle later."

"Oh ok," she smiled.

"I thought that would've been obvious," my mother mumbled under her breath.

"I'm sorry?" Gina replied. "Did you say something Imogen?"

"I just said.."

"Mom!" I butted in. "Don't worry about it. Gina, please can you just continue on with the dressing. Mom," she turned to me. "Assist."

I turned my back on them and went back to inflating the pool.

"Oh I'd be delighted to," Mom responded to my suggestion. "I'm curious to learn this so called 'patented' salad dressing recipe."

I shook my head in defeat at their inability to get along and concentrated on pumping. Admittedly I left my eyes on the women, now my mother's body the object of my fascination. Shorter than Gina but with similarly shaped bodies, I pictured them embracing, their large breasts pressing together, pelvis' joined. A plastic palm tree began to stand to attention on the edge of the pool and as I imagined my mom and mother-in-law kissing; my cock likewise rose.

"Cow!" Gina shouted, backing away from the bench. "Why would you do that?"

I broke myself out of the daydream and studied the events.

Gina looked down at her sarong, holding out her leg to highlight the oil splatter.

"Oops, sorry," Mom apologized.

"No you're not," Gina stated, unwrapping the sarong from around her waist. "What so now we're even. Is that it?"

"Ladies!" I attempted.

Ignoring me, Gina dipped her free hand in the jug of oil and flicked it toward my mother, splattering her face and chest. Mom's jaw dropped, her mouth wide open in shock. For a moment I believed she wouldn't react but on past events I should've expected it.

Reaching for the jug, Mom lifted it above Gina's head and tipped. That Gina didn't defend herself against the action wasn't unexpected. Who would think someone would actually do that? For a moment I couldn't believe what I was watching. Two fifty plus women acting no better than children, but as Gina debated her next move, her hair, face, then breasts dripping with oil, her eyes signalling her plan, I called myself into action.

"No!" I yelled as Gina dropped her sarong and lunged for the can of oil. Too late. Her already slippery hands wrapped around the heavy container and attempted to splash the contents toward my mother. She had been right about one thing. She didn't have the strength to lift it. Her attempt

only causing oil to pour onto my mother's lower legs and the floor before the can toppled over on the bench-top.

I attempted to run towards the skirmish but stumbling, my foot caught in the pump and managed only to kick the now inflated pool into the kitchen towards the women's feet. Plowing into them and with the floor already slick with oil, both women lost their footing and fell into the luckily cushioned base of the kiddie pool.

My attempt to right the can of olive oil came too late, the contents flowing freely onto the bench where it ran like a waterfall over the edge. There was one saving grace. The inflatable pool being directly below was catching the majority of the flow and as I righted the can I managed to take in the repercussions of the previous moments drama.

My mother and Gina lay in the pool, in the process of attempting to get to their feet or at least their knees. Gina, whose hair had been initially flattened by the contents of the jug was most covered in oil. In fact, with the whole base of the pool full of olive oil, it seemed there was little area still on her body not slick. Mom rose to her knees and observed her nemesis' state and began laughing but regretted her decision when Gina scooped a handful and threw it towards her.

Mom tried to duck and her knees slid out beneath her, causing her to fall back down in the slick. The remainder of Gina's throw coated my lower legs and board shorts in oil.

It was now Gina's turn to laugh as Mom, looking like a drowned rat, made it to her hands and knees, oil running from her body. There was a moment of indecision. For an instant I believed sanity would prevail and they'd help each other out and we'd clean up. Stupid for even thinking it. Mom launched herself at Gina who unprepared, fell backwards against the side of the pool. I think Mom was attempting to get the other woman in a headlock but with their bodies coated in oil she could gain no purchase, her hands and arms slipping over Gina's head.

It was Gina who gained the upper hand. Writhing away from Mom, she slid behind and attempted the same move. The same outcome, only this time Gina (I assume accidentally) caught her hand in Mom's bikini top and it ripped from her body. I staggered back against the bench in shock as I gazed upon my mother's glistening breasts, but being disrobed didn't seem to bother her as much. Seemingly without concern she was half naked before me, Mom wrapped her legs around Gina and attempted to mount her. Her hands went straight for the other woman's top and although Gina feebly attempted to hold on to it, her bikini was wrenched from her to hang around her waist.

Should I have intervened then? Possibly. But with two topless women wrestling in oil below me, you can understand my hesitation in playing peacemaker.

Gina seemed not to take kindly to being stripped and yelled at my mother. "You fucking bitch."

To which Mom gave as good as she got.

"Cunt!" She threw back and I was amazed she even knew the word let alone use it.

Fired up, Gina wriggled beneath my mother to face her and with little else available to defend with Mom's body weight atop her she clawed at her body. Gina's hands ran over my mother's back and sides before finding something she could actually cling to. Her briefs. It wasn't hard to see how this would end, and as I watched, in almost slow motion her fingers tore my mom's bikini bottoms from her ass.

The side ties had just slid apart allowing the bikini to come away in Gina's hand. The action caused my mother to pause and her nudity must finally have registered. I thought she may've acknowledged me then but her sights it seemed were set on revenge. Without thought of her position, Mom backed away slightly off Gina to gain access to the other woman's briefs. The action had her bare ass facing in my direction, her legs spread, and when she lunged forward again I was given an unadulterated view of her hairy oiled up pussy and asshole.

It was hard to believe it was my mother before me, how overtly sexual was the pose. Her anus seemed to wink at me as she moved, opening into a tiny dark cave before her cheeks came together, blocking the view. My attention caught by the vision, I missed the moment Gina's pants were taken from her. The fact they were now both completely naked only coming to my attention when Gina raised her legs up around my mother's torso catching her in an almost perfect mixed martial arts triangle.

With my mother's boobs pressed 'push-up bra style' by my mother-in-law's thighs and groin, we both had a perfect vista of Gina's shaved smooth pubic mound. The oil making the hold impossible to maintain, my mother began wriggling and her breasts fell out of the choke. This only made her head fall downwards and the inevitable happened. Her face fell directly into Gina's splayed vagina.

The completely overt and undoubtably sexual nature of what had occurred must have awakened Gina's senses. "Oh my God," she breathed heavily and rolled further back onto her shoulders. This movement only succeeded in sliding my mother's mouth further down her pussy and eventually descend on her asshole.

With no idea of what my mother would do after just having a mouthful of pussy and asshole, she fell backwards against the side of the pool below the comical palm tree. Gina as well righted herself and came to on the opposite side of the pool. Again a moments silence, the women staring at each other intently, panting. Would they wrestle again? Spew forth insults and attack the other with spite and malice as well as blows? No. They began laughing.

A chuckle at first that quickly turned into hysterics, the occasional good natured flick of oil towards the other.

"Oh God Imogen, what are we doing?" Gina managed as she held her aching sides.

Their legs were entwined, both my mother's and Gina's pussies on open display for me and neither of them as yet seemed to care.

"I have no idea Gina," Mom admitted, pulling her slick hair off her face. "I suppose I should thank you for my first lesbian experience."

"Oh," Gina laughed. "I'm so sorry about that Dear. It wasn't intentional."

I couldn't believe it. They were getting along better than I'd ever seen them. Who would have thought that a naked wrestle would be what brought them together? As yet my presence seemed still unacknowledged but as I moved, both their faces turned towards me.

"Oh Leo," Mom was first to include me. "What must you think of us?"

"I think I can speak for your mother Leo, we're so sorry," Gina added. "We've acted like idiots."

Mom carefully crawled to the near side of the pool alongside Gina and stopped on her knees.

"It's true Honey, can you forgive us?" She almost begged, looking up into my eyes.

Gina turned her body so she was in the same position as my mother and I was looking down on two beautiful naked cougars. Oiled bodies glistening; boobs slick and one furry, one bald pussy, both within reaching distance.

"I mean...I guess...I..." I stumbled over my words. I noticed glances from either lady from my face to my groin as they awaited my response. Jesus, could they see I was hard, I wondered?

"Maybe while you think about it you could start by helping us out Honey," Mom suggested.

"Oh yeah, sure," I replied, holding out both hands.

As one they each took a hold but the oil caused both grips to lose and as their hands fell back they both took hold of my board shorts. I was surprised how easily they came down. Sliding off my hips and over my groin. My erection shot out and slapped my belly, bouncing back into place to point directly between the two exaggeratedly shocked faces.

"Oh my God, Leo!" My mother gasped.

I could feel my face had gone red but surprisingly I felt no shame that I had an erection in front of my mother. In an amazing rush, I wanted her to see it. Both of them to see it. To touch it even.

Gina looked from my cock to my face. "Leo! What's that all about? You're married to my daughter. You're like a son to me."

"And you ARE my son!" Mom added, pouring salt on the wound.

I couldn't quite read the room. I had the distinct impression they were feigning indignation but I wasn't entirely sure.

"I..I'm sorry.. It's just you both looked, well, so hot...I.." I stammered.

Mom and Gina looked to each other and again laughed.

"Oh come on Leo," Gina smiled. "We're joking."

"Yes come on, help us out," Mom added and as I again lowered my hands a part of me was disappointed they were getting out.

Without stopping to pick up my pants, I allowed them to hold my hands. I expected them to lift their bodies but the opposite occurred. All of a sudden I felt myself being pulled towards them, for a moment I braced myself before realizing they were intentionally dragging me into the pool and I surrendered, allowing myself to fall between the women.

And they were on me. My shorts left behind outside the pool, I was naked in a puddle of oil with my equally as naked mother and mother-in-law. Shocked at how slippery the base of the pool actually was, I managed to wriggle myself around onto my back with little help from the women. Gina seemed more occupied with wrapping herself around one of my legs whilst my mother began mounting my hip in an attempt to place me in a headlock.

"What are you doing?" I challenged the two as Gina succeeded in accomplishing her task. Her pussy grinding, slipping and sliding all over my knee; obviously stimulating herself. Mom's breasts,

sandwiching my upper arm, her thigh over my erection and pussy hugging my now slick ribcage, she wrapped her arms around my head and pulled me into her warm wet body.

"You've been bossing us around all day Darling," Mom proclaimed.

"Yeah!" Gina added.

"We thought it was time to show you who's in charge," Mom explained.

Gina's hands massaged my upper thigh as she pleased herself, inching her fingers closer to my cock with each movement. My mother was now literally humping my side, her boobs sliding up from my shoulder to press my cheek and jaw.

"Oh is that right ladies?" I questioned, then using my superior strength slipped out of my mother's hold. Twisting my legs, Gina slid off my knee and fell onto her back, her legs spreading obscenely. Mom sat back on her hands smiling, awaiting my move and when it came she was defenceless. Wrapping my arms around her torso, my erection pressed hard into her flesh I dumped her down on Gina. Their legs scissored, my mother's sodden hairy snatch pressing against Gina's smooth slick vaginal lips. That they'd come together in such a shamelessly sexual manner hadn't been planned by anyone but quickly they took advantage of the situation. Tribbing, my mother began moving her pelvis in a circular motion between Gina's thighs. Their pussies kissing, slapping, sliding against the other's, even assholes touching.

The vision had my cock harder than ever and Gina noticed. Her head tilting towards it, a hand held out to touch. I slid in to allow her possession and immediately her mouth circled the head.

"Oh Jesus," I managed to breathe and looked up to my mother. Her lazy almost dreamy eyes swept up from my penis to my face and we both knew what we wanted to do.

"Mom."

"Oh Leo," she panted as our faces came together. Her tongue sliding between my lips, the wrestle in the pool spreading to our mouths as we kissed. Mother and son making out like teens. No, like lifelong lovers finally together. Gina was doing wondrous things to my dick. Her lubricated hand massaging my length and balls, whilst her tongue and lips lavished my tip with kisses, her cheeks sucking. I placed a hand on one of Gina's tits and even with the oil, managed to squeeze. The other I reached around my mother's ass, caressing a cheek before going further and finding her asshole. I dabbed tentatively before she whispered 'yes' into my mouth and then entered.

So easily my middle finger slid into her body. A hot knife through butter until my palm cupped her buttcrack.

"Oh God," Mom gasped as her mouth left mine and her head tilted back. I wiggled my finger inside her and felt her sphincter tighten around me. Grinding her vagina on Gina's, her body twitched and she lifted both hands to her breasts to pinch her nipples. "Oh God," she repeated and Gina's mouth left my cock as we both watched my mother cum.

Her body twitched again before she fell down onto Gina's chest puffing, her mouth seeking out the other woman's. And I thought them tribbing had looked hot. Seeing my mother passionately kissing another woman had taken that to another level and when her hand blindly pulled my cock between their connected mouths, I thought I would be next to orgasm.

Their tongues slurped and licked around my hardon. Saliva flowing from their mouths adding lubrication to the oil. With my finger still buried in my mother's ass to the hilt, their breasts sliding against each other's and my cock the focus of both their attention, I couldn't deny I was about to cum. Pulling my dick from between their mouths I backed away to prevent the climax.

Gina seemed indignant at the denial of my cock and was first to move. Back to wrestling and wriggling from beneath my mother, attacked me with her full weight. I fell back against the side of the pool with her stomach against my face. My legs pinned by either my mother or Gina I was momentarily helpless as she shifted her body and brought her groin down upon me. A mouthful of cunt was offered and I accepted with gusto, devouring the taste of extra virgin Spanish olive oil marinating her prime seasoned Californian pussy meat.

Hands were wrapped around my cock as I buried my tongue deep in my mother-in-law's vagina. My nose dug in between her ass cheeks, a pig snuffling for truffles until I found her anus and she began grinding. The four hands on my cock were replaced with the unmistakable feeling of a woman's sex as I realized I was slowly sliding inside my own mother's body.

Thirty five years in the waiting and now so unexpectedly I had returned to her. I felt her pelvic bone connect with mine and she didn't withdraw, simply swaying back and forth, around in circles on my pole. I found Gina's clit with my lips and stopped her grinding as I sucked on her, her ass shivering as an orgasm swept her body. And then it was on.

My dick slid from my mom as we writhed like snakes around each other. One moment I had a breast in my face, sucking on a nipple before quickly being replaced by a pussy. My cock went from mouth to mouth. From vagina to vagina. We tangled bodies, sucking, licking, kissing anything we had access to. My fingers were in mouths, pussies, assholes. Half the time not knowing the owner of the part. Was it my mother's asshole I licked while fucking Gina's mouth? I had no idea. Only when I stroked my fingers through my mother's wet pubes was I certain.

I kissed the soul of one of the women's feet, sucking and licking between her toes. Nibbling my way up her leg to find it was my mother whose pussy I buried my face into. Splaying her labia and tongue fucking her whilst I flicked her clitoris with my slippery fingers. Gina spun around on my mother's face to watch me going down on her, squeezing her oily breasts as she came in her one time rivals mouth.

Mom began twitching, her moans muffled between Gina's legs before it happened. Her pelvis rose off the base of the pool, my face connected, before I took her orgasm fully in the mouth. Squirt after squirt of sweet pussy juice down my throat. Gina fell forward and too managed to drink from the well, our tongues entwined in mouthfuls of my mother's orgasm.

Manipulating the cum drunk women, I had my mother being piggy backed by Gina on all fours as I licked from one pussy and anus up onto the next two; followed closely by my cock, entering and fucking each of their holes. Sliding inside Gina only to pull out and bury deep into Mom's asshole. To the hilt; her sphincter gripping the base. Back inside Gina whilst finger fucking Mom's anus and pussy. This could not go on.

On the precipice of ejaculation I managed to turn the women to face me. On their backs looking up into my face, my cock, as I jerked off above them. And so it began. With mouths open and breasts presented I proceeded to cum.

"Yes Leo, cum on us!" Mom prompted as a torrent of sperm rained upon them. Ropes of semen coating oiled boobs, necks and chins. A broken fire hydrant of white hot jizz. My mother leaning

forward to take me in her mouth and deservingly swallowing the excess. Squeezing my balls and shaft to drain her son's offering.

Falling back onto the edge of the pool I watched as my mother and Gina embraced. Their not so cold war over. Sex bringing them together at last. Mom kissed her way along Gina's chin and down her neck and I realized her intention wasn't only affection but a way of collecting my cum. I slowly stroked my cock as I watched the amazing display.

"What the hell is this!?" My wife's shocked voice came from the far side of the room.

The sound was so unexpected it made me jump and rising to my knees I managed to just cover myself with both hands as I looked upon Toni and roughly four other women surrounded by a small army of toddlers. One child began laughing before their mouth and eyes were covered by a parent. Likewise, children were spun around and my wife blocked our daughter's face with her handbag.

"Leo?" My wife continued, a look of incomprehension more than horror on her face. "Imogen; Mom!?"

Mom and Gina had covered their breasts but remained beside each other.

"I..I can explain," I offered without really having an explanation to give and watched as the room quickly emptied, my wife and daughter the last to leave.

I looked back at Mom and Gina, my erection now completely deflated, hoping for some ray of sunshine from the wizened women.

"Oh well," Mom eventually stated, looking at my mother-in-law. "At least we've become friends!"

Again their lips connected, tongues dancing, as I slumped down before them in the pool of oil.

The End.

* * * * *

Epilogue

Three weeks it took. Toni and I barely spoke. Hardly more than a nod to each other each morning and night. Maisy's questions were the most difficult. 'Why was Daddy in the pool with Nanny and Gramma without any clothes on?' Was the least comfortable.

The space between my wife and I in bed had seemed to have become an insurmountable chasm. We hadn't mentioned it but divorce was obviously on both of our minds. Until. That night. Three weeks later. It was early, I would have guessed about three a.m. I knew she wasn't sleeping and I was as usual, wide awake.

"What happened to the pool?" My wife whispered.

Her voice took me by surprise and I rose up onto my elbow in the near darkness.

"It's at Mom's," I admitted awaiting her next words.

"And my mother's there too?"

"They're living together," I stated, swallowing.

She was quiet for a moment longer and I thought I could smell the sweet scent of an aroused pussy.

"It must have been slippery!?" She enquired.

"Yep."

"Hard to get out of something like that once you're in, I suppose?"

I shuffled across the bed slightly and felt her turn towards me.

"Oh Baby, you have no idea!" I offered, grateful she was now talking to me.

"Maybe I should experience it for myself?"

I completed the journey across the chasm and felt her bare pantyless hip, her nightie pulled high on her waist.

"Would you be willing to show me Leo?" She breathed, her fingers finding my erection.

"I could think of nothing hotter," I whispered as I lowered my mouth onto hers, my hand finding her pussy wet and ready.

"What about our mothers joining in?" She sighed as I slid a finger inside her.

"Well only if you say so," I declared, my cock rising at the prospect.

Thank you for reading.