

SON OF A BEACH CH. 01

sunburycd

Mother, son and daughter at a beach house.

Incest/Taboo

4.47

10.8k words

Both Mom and my sister's excitement had been noticeably building all week. A weekend at a secluded beach house up the coast. Just the two couples; my parents, and Mia with her new boyfriend. They'd met through my father, a trusted colleague of his at the Institute, and three months in, it seemed their relationship was flourishing. Their first weekend away together, I'd overhead she was hoping to make it 'special.'

I didn't quite understand what THAT had meant, but the few shopping trips she'd taken mid-week with Mom had seen them both return home with bags full of new clothing, and I'd noticed some of them from noted lingerie retailers.

I had my own reasons to look forward to the weekend. A newly turned eighteen-year-old with the house to myself, I was planning on making use of the time alone. A raid of Dad's liquor cabinet on my schedule. A LOT of porn to watch. And even the phone number of the new girl that had moved in a few houses down the street. All going well, it'd be a weekend to remember.

It was just after lunch Friday afternoon, and taking it upon myself to clean up the dishes from said lunch, I was wrists deep in the sink when my sister squeezed my shoulders from behind and requested my attention.

"Which looks better?" She asked as I turned and wiped the suds from my hands. "The dress with these sandals..." She twirled for me, the already short floral dress rising up her thighs. "...or this?"

My breath was caught momentarily as she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up her body, only to be relieved (or possibly disappointed) when she revealed an admittedly tiny pair of denim shorts beneath, a white bikini hugging her ample breasts. She kicked off the brown sandals and slipped her feet into a pair of flip-flops and once more spun to parade her outfit.

Though my older sister, I wasn't above ogling her impressive ass as it literally bulged out of the cut-off shorts and managed to not linger on the mound of pussy (with a hint of camel-toe I noted) as she trained her eyes expectantly upon me.

"Ah, why are you asking me?" I inquired, admittedly surprised she was seeking my perspective.

"Mom said to get a male's opinion," she flatly responded.

"I'm your brother."

"But you're still a guy. Come on, don't be weird about it. I want to look good for Toby," she looked down at her smart watch. "They'll be home soon, just tell me. Which is hotter?"

"Ah..." I could feel myself beginning to blush. "Just go with what you've got on."

The sound of Dad's car pulling up in the drive saved me from any further embarrassment and set Mia on her toes. "Thanks Lukey," she said as she turned tail with her sandals and ran from the kitchen. Admittedly I took another peek of her ass as she scampered away and was suitably impressed. Hey, as she said, I was 'still a guy.'

Dad called out for my mother when he finally entered the house and I heard them meet in the hallway. What happened then wasn't what any of us had expected.

"...but Jim, we're fully packed. All the food's already in the car," Mom was trying not to raise her voice and I strolled out into the hallway to partake in the conversation.

"I know Honey but it can't be put off, there's millions of dollars riding on this," Dad was attempting to explain something and I got a pretty good idea of what that might have been. The trip was off!

"Seriously, the whole weekend?" Mia was attempting to salvage the vacation. "Why does Toby have to be there? Can't he at least come?" She added, to which Dad scoffed.

"We can't just find a genetic particle physicist of his caliber at the drop of a hat," Dad countered almost laughing and really didn't read the room.

"This is bullshit! I'm calling him," she stated and marched off toward her bedroom. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I watched her leave intently, my eyes firmly on that swaying bottom.

"What's going on?" I finally inquired now there was a lull in the conversation, and Mom turned towards me.

"The trip's cancelled," she conveyed what I'd already ascertained. "Your father's running some test at the facility and heaven forbid, he and Toby aren't there to oversee."

"It's not like that Darl," Dad tried to mitigate, turning to me. "It's the chromosome raiment synthesizer. They've brought the test forward a week. Everything we've worked towards is hinging on this."

"And it just happens to fall on this weekend. You know I don't think they'll even refund the beach house," Mom fired at Dad. "All the food we've bought..." Mom trailed off.

It looked like Dad finally understood how much disappointment he'd wrought on the family, (me included) and reached out to touch Mom's arm. "Well, the food will still get eaten and...well, why do you have to cancel the trip? You and Mia could still go," it was then he turned to me. "And what about Luke? You could go along. How does a free weekend at the beach sound?"

Admittedly, considering Dad would now be home with me, putting an end to most of my plans, it sounded pretty good, and I felt Mom's eyes train upon me. She still conveyed disappointment when I looked to her for guidance. "Are you still gonna go?"

It was then Mia slumped back along the hallway.

"It's final, weekend's off," she looked at her phone dismissively. "Toby says he has to be there."

"Your father thinks we should still go," Mom looked to Mia. "What do you think? Luke can come."

Mia shrugged and didn't seem enthusiastic either way. "Whatever, if y'all want."

An hour later and with a bag hastily packed I was sitting alongside Mom in the front seat as we drove up the highway. I turned to offer Mia sitting in the rear some chips and with her perched in the middle with feet either side of the drive-train, caught a sneaky peek up her skirt.

She hadn't gone with the denim shorts. An equally-as-tiny denim skirt the replacement for some reason, and as I'd noticed when we left the house and I helped her load her suitcase into the trunk, if she'd been trying to look 'hot' for her boyfriend, then with the skirt riding up so high on her thighs that I could see her panties peek out below, she should've gone with that to begin with.

The denim shorts were on Mom! But that's a story for later. Right then I was captivated by my sister's impromptu upskirt. With headphones over her ears, and her gaze captured by something out the window, I was free to look for slightly longer than expected, the previously spied white panties hugging her mound. I once more felt myself blush and the realization I probably needed a girlfriend woke me from my trance, managing to divert my eyes and get her attention with the snack and she took them gratefully.

Half an hour later and we had found the turnoff and after another twenty minutes along a sandy track, eventually pulled up at the beach house. The car unpacked and eager to get to the sand, I lost some of my enthusiasm when I looked at the stretch of empty coastline a shell's throw from the house. As I said, it was empty. Beautiful to be sure. But empty. My expectation was the opportunity to swim alongside other girls my own age. Admire some bodies of sunbathing beauties. There was no one else here. The entire length of the coastline, stretching for miles either way left to right was vacant. They didn't lie when they said 'secluded' on the website.

I headed back through the dunes to the house, relishing the cool lawn beneath my feet as it transitioned from the hot sand. Finding Mom on the deck, she was in the process of leaning into a hot tub to test the water and it was then I acknowledged my sister's shorts, now sitting around Mom's hips. If they'd been tight on my sister's admittedly healthy ass, they were like a second skin on my mother. I gazed at her bottom for a troublingly extended amount of time and came away with an equally as dubious impression. Mom had a great ass!

"It's warm," Mom enthusiastically divulged as she felt my presence. "They must have come by and turned everything on for us."

"Nice," I agreed and felt my comment may've also applied to my mother's butt. "Where's Mia?"

Mom didn't need to answer, finding her upon the couch reading one of the magazines on the coffee table, drinks already poured beside the literature. I could smell alcohol and there being three glasses of what looked to be cola, I wondered whose was whose? Asking my sister.

"They're all bourbon," Mia casually remarked and I frowned, my sister immediately addressing my surprise. "Mom says you can drink this weekend!"

"Serious!?" I looked to Mom as she came back into the house.

"Why not?" She smiled as she passed by, squeezing my shoulder. "You're an adult now," she matter-of-factly explained. "I'm going to unpack if anyone needs me."

Mystified, and my enthusiasm for the weekend somewhat restored, I once more found my eyes staring at Mom's bottom as she stooped to retrieve a glass and made her way into one of the two bedrooms. It WAS a great ass.

I picked up one of the glasses myself and took a sip, finding it stronger than I expected, and much pleased, relaxed back onto the couch. "Oh shit," I exclaimed looking at the blank wall before me. "There's no tv!"

"I know," Mia lowered her magazine and rolled her eyes. "And try getting a signal."

I brought out my phone and saw no bars, thankful I had a few offline games preloaded if I grew bored. Flicking through my apps, I casually glanced at Mia as she shifted position at the other end of the couch, her bare feet up on the cushions providing an unobscured view up her skirt.

To be honest there wasn't much skirt to look up, so high it sat on her thighs. With the magazine fortuitously blocking her face from mine, I was able to stare directly without consequence at her aforementioned white panties. Time seemed frozen as I took in the splendor. Yes, she was my sister, but for a testosterone filled 18-year-old, she was also a living, breathing female, and that was currently the only thing on my mind.

"Mm, drink's just right Mia," Mom called from the other room to compliment her mixing skills and it frustratingly caused Mia to change position, reaching for her own glass and taking an extended sip. I feigned concentrating on my phone as she settled back upon the couch and to my delight, possibly an even better position. With feet towards me, she seemed unaware (or unconcerned) as to how much she was revealing as the magazine once more obscured her eyes from mine and I again paid tribute to her crotch.

Her leg, casually swaying as she read, caused her panties to grow taut over her mound, leading to the outline of her labia to press through the material with each movement. It was too beautiful to ignore and surreptitiously I ground the side of my hand against my rapidly growing cock, before, as I watched awestruck, she went all out and parted her legs completely.

It must have been more comfortable for her. For me however, it was excruciating. A full on hard on lined my inner thigh, encouraged by my kneading. My head was full of sexual thoughts. Images of my sister removing her dress in the kitchen, my mom's ass as she leaned over the hot tub, and this, right before me. A real-life vagina right there, an arm's distance away. If I leaned in, I could press my face to it. Smell my sister's pussy. Kiss, suck on her clit...

It was too much. I felt the orgasm approach rapidly and panicked. No way was I going to cum in the one pair of shorts I'd brought along, and in the little time afforded to me, I struggled to come up with the best solution. I rose suddenly from the couch and felt Mia's eyes upon me, turning my body immediately to hide my erection, I skirted the high back of the couch, willing away the orgasm yet aware it was useless. I'd crossed the threshold and there was no turning back. The doors to outside were out of the question, glass, Mia would see everything and I doubted I'd manage to open them in time anyway. The only option was right there.

She was slumped low in the couch and momentarily out of sight, I just managed to pull down the front of my shorts and cover the head of my cock as I let loose.

"What are you doing?" Mia questioned over the top of the couch as I released a ridiculous amount of cum into my palm.

"Nothing! Just a cramp," I lied as my cupped hand filled with semen and I gained what pleasure I could from the ultimately ruined orgasm. A moment of relief as I realized I'd pulled off the perfect crime, (literally) behind her back.

It was then, horror of all horrors. I saw the shadow of Mom re-entering the living room.

Mia sat up in the couch and throwing the magazine upon the coffee table, looked back over the headrest to further ascertain why I'd risen so quickly, a skeptical look on her face, just as I managed to tuck my cock back into my shorts.

"Oh good, someone's thinking," Mom crossed the room to stand beside the couch not two feet from me and with face burning, I struggled to hide my laden hand at my side.

"What?" I managed to respond, hoping she didn't notice my hardon still tenting my shorts.

"Sunscreen," she motioned down at my left hand. "Come on, lather me up!"

I was mortified and it must have shown on my face. Mia climbed up on the couch and held onto the backrest as she surveyed the action, strangely an equally as shocked expression coming to her visage. Did she know?

"Mom I don't think you should..." She began before Mom cut her off.

"What? He's my son, I think it's okay if he rubs me with sunscreen," she turned and presented her bare back only covered by the straps of her one-piece swimsuit.

"Mom I...I can't," I stammered and she turned before reaching out and taking up my hand in her own.

Before I could stop her, she'd dipped two fingers into the cum actually dripping from my clutch, amazed she didn't recognize its consistency, before she lifted her hand to her face.

"Oh goodness, what's gotten into you two?" She questioned. "I'll just do it myself."

"Mom don't," I finally managed to voice.

"Oh Jesus!" Mia herself exclaimed, admitting so much, her hand rising up to cover her mouth in shock.

"What?" Mom asked as she pressed her fingers against her forehead and smeared.

I felt my jaw drop as I watched my mother spread my cum from her hairline to her eyebrows.

"Ooh, it's a watery one," she remarked as it ran between her eyes and down the edge of her nose, a finger dropping down to scoop the excess before she drew her hand back to examine the cream.

"What brand is this?" She turned up her nose, spreading the semen between her fingers before sniffing at the substance.

"Jesus, Mom! Lucas!" Mia leaped from her position as I stood transfixed, unable to act, let alone speak. She rounded the couch and reached out to grab Mom's hand just as the look of realization came to her face.

"This smells like..." Mom paused, her wrist held by Mia as she raised her other to her forehead and wiped at the remaining globs before slowly looking up at me. "...like semen," she whispered, dumbfounded.

"Okay Mom," Mia calmly stated as she dragged Mom toward the bathroom.

"...but it's cum!" Mom reiterated; confusion still evident in her voice.

"Let's just get you cleaned up," Mia soothed as she whisked our mother from the room, looking back over her shoulder at me with wide eyes, shaking her head.

Alone, aghast, I looked down at my hand and felt the earth spinning faster than usual beneath my feet. What had I done?

"It's not that bad," I heard Mia consoling Mom.

"Not that bad?" Mom rebutted "He's cum on my face!" She immediately replied and with an all-encompassing shame, I ran from the house.

The beach beckoned and I found myself slumped against a dune staring out into the ocean contemplating what I'd done, flippantly considering disappearing into the surf to never be seen again. It'd be better than this. How could I ever look in Mom's eyes again? Even Mia's. What about when Dad finds out? He'd kill me. And even Mia's boyfriend. How would he feel about someone looking up her skirt and jerking off? Essentially what I'd done.

The sight of my sister's panties came back to me immediately, her pussy pressed hard against the white cotton. It was then I thought of her reaction to Mom. She'd known! She'd known from the minute Mom reached out to touch my hand that it contained cum. She knew I'd cum. She must have known I was looking up her skirt to begin with. Why hadn't she said anything? Put an end to it. At least closed her legs.

The thought had my cock hardening and again I felt a surge of shame, cursing it for getting me in trouble to begin with. How long I sat watching the waves, I wasn't sure, but when dark clouds began rolling in from the sea and the smell of rain came on the breeze, I knew I had to head back to face the repercussions.

Nearing the house, I came upon Mia walking towards me. Again, my libido let me down and I found my eyes drifting across her chest, the tight t-shirt hugging her boobs, clearly unsupported by a bra. The cool breeze had her nipples standing to attention and remarkably my cock stirred. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"There you are," she said. "We were worried about you."

She stopped before me I could see compassion in her eyes.

"How's Mom?" I tentatively broached the subject.

"Fine, she's making dinner. Why?"

"Ah, you know why," I declared, incredulous, and Mia smiled.

"She's good. She got over it. Even managed to laugh," she divulged.

"Seriously?"

"Uh huh. I reminded her it wasn't far from what she'd been expecting this weekend in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I've seen what she bought to wear for Dad," Mia herself laughed. "Trust me, she's not so innocent."

I relaxed somewhat as we began walking back to the house and becoming comfortable discussing the matter with her, I broached another subject. "So, ah, you knew?" I cryptically inquired and again she chuckled.

"What, that you were looking up my skirt and jerking off?" She bluntly questioned and I rapidly blushed.

"I thought I was being inconspicuous," I defended myself.

"What like when you were looking at my boobs just then?" She laughed and I stopped to look at her.

"Shit, I'm sorry," I genuinely apologized.

To this Mia reached out her hand and took mine, leading us again along the trail.

"You're a guy Lucas," she giggled. "I know what guys are like."

"You're not creeped out?" I asked and she took a moment to reply, her hand so small and pleasant to hold, only answering when we met the grass and the house came into view.

"Actually, it was kinda flattering!"

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Mom was predictably in the kitchen and was finishing a glass of bourbon and Coke when we entered. "Here he is!" She remarked as she set about pouring another, her tone belying the discontent she surely felt. When her eye caught mine, her facade cracked somewhat and a smile came to the corner of her mouth.

"Mom," I felt my face redden. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, she knows," Mia patted my shoulder as she made for the bottle of Jim Beam and I immediately thought of her last words. 'Kinda flattering,' she'd admitted. What did that mean? "We can just forget it even happened," Mia continued, pouring two glasses, filling them half way with bourbon before tipping more into Mom's. "What happens at the beach, stays at the beach," she concluded, handing me a glass. "Cheers."

Mom joined us in the toast and again her eyes met mine and this time we shared the smile. Like the shore I'd stared at half an hour earlier, a wave of relief washed over me and it felt like a reset on the weekend. And with Mia's words, it was possible no one outside the three of us would ever learn of what had happened. I hoped so.

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I'd done little drinking in my life before then and though the meal sobered me somewhat, I could still feel the effects of the alcohol overtaking me. Inhibitions loosened, I again found myself taking sneaky peeks up Mia's skirt as we played a game of Monopoly. In my defense, she wasn't making it hard, at one point spreading her legs obscenely as she reached for the dice. I even noticed Mom

looking at her display on more than one occasion and I was surprised she didn't hint at Mia doing more to protect her modesty.

Over an hour we played and as the game was want to do, devolved into no real winner, our enthusiasm waning. Mia connected her phone's Bluetooth to a speaker and soon had music playing, snacks and alcohol making the atmosphere more party like and the game was eventually forgotten. Mom and I were talking like nothing had happened and Mia noted, becoming overly affectionate with each of us.

"See, isn't this better," she insisted as she hugged us both, her body between me and Mom on the couch. She was even more drunk than I, slurring her words, but it didn't stop her rising to fill all of our glasses, turning up the music in the process.

"Do you think it's okay?" Mom questioned over the volume. "The music."

"There's no one around to hear," I countered.

"I suppose that's true," Mom agreed, leaning back into the couch. "It's what attracted us to it in the first place." She took another sip of her bourbon and casually undid the button on her shorts. It was clearly just for relief but I darted my eyes away when her own caught me looking and once more I felt like I was injecting unwarranted sexuality into the occasion.

"Thank God," Mia distracted us, referring to the seclusion. "I need some place to wear my new bikinis. There's no way I'd get away with it back in L.A."

Her words 'new bikinis' captured my attention, Mom's also it seemed.

"You're not really going to wear them?" Mom seemed surprised, her eyes flicking across to me before back to Mia. "I thought they were for Toby's benefit."

Mia shrugged. "I bought them for me. I'm not letting them go to waste."

"But what about...?" Again, Mom's eyes darted to and from me and I knew she was hinting at my earlier compulsion, to which Mia once more shrugged.

"Tell me you weren't looking forward to wearing your new clothes Mom," she challenged to which Mom seemed embarrassed, my mind reeling at what they were discussing.

"Well, I was," for the umpteenth Mom's eyes darted in my direction. "But obviously I can't, now."

"Why not?" Mia rose to cross to the bourbon and found it empty, twisting the cap on a bottle of wine. "We're all family here. Wear what you want..."

She returned and seeing Mom's glass almost empty, made to pour on top of the bourbon, Mom holding up a hand and finishing before surprisingly accepting the top up. No wine glasses needed it seemed; I'd also never seen Mom drink so much so quickly. Mia slumped into an armchair and inebriated, cared not her legs spread widely, her bulge of pussy on open display. Drunk also, I allowed myself a lasting stare before slowly raising my gaze to her eyes which looked back lazily.

"...Lucas won't mind!" She finished her earlier point.

I sheepishly looked over my half-filled glass as the music played, awaiting the next move. It came from Mom. "It WOULD be nice to wear something pretty," she pondered.

"And you would've worn them in front of Toby anyway," Mia added, now seemingly determined to get Mom to dress up, or down, or whatever they were discussing.

Mom took the bait and swallowing another mouthful of wine, rose beside me, her hand actually unzipping her shorts as she stepped over my feet.

"You won't be embarrassed Honey?" Mom asked, standing unsteadily above me and without any idea as to why I should, innocently shook my head. "Okay," she seemed excited. "I'll slip into something more comfortable," she laughed as she headed to her room.

"What's going on?" I whispered to Mia through the music, her head swaying with the beat.

"Nothing. Mom just bought new clothes for the weekend. Well, for Dad really," she closed her eyes and waved her hand in the air enjoying the melody playing. "You'll see," she added.

I didn't have to wait long. I'd just returned from filling my own glass with the wine and upon sitting back on the couch, Mom exited the bedroom. It was her heels that I noted first. The clicking as she admittedly unsteadily traversed the room. But it was her outfit that caught my attention.

A 'dress' I suppose it could be called, it looked to be made of transparent pantyhose nylon, certainly the same material as the attached thigh high stockings. She wore no bra to support her large breasts and the fact I could see my mother's nipples was not lost on me.

"Woohoo!" Mia cheered our mother's return, whereas I remained mute. "I love that color," she enthused at the iridescent yellow and Mom did a full turn for her (for us) to model the outfit. I was looking nowhere else but at her yet she seemed loathe to catch my eye as she proudly crossed the room and as before stepped over my outstretched feet. Her glass upon the table, she chose that very moment to lean forward and retrieve it.

My mom's ass presented to me not two feet from my face, it was the first time I noticed she was at least wearing some underwear. The string of a thong was buried between her cheeks and as she leaned ever further, the dress rose ever higher on her thighs. Her body blocking Mia from view, I had no more than five seconds of impunity where I was free to stare to my heart's content. It was enough. The string that had disappeared between her cheeks reappeared as it attempted to cover her pussy, smooth puffy outer labia embracing the thin strip.

Too soon she moved away and with legs demurely together lowered herself into the couch beside me.

"You can pick your jaw up Lukey," Mia laughed without mockery and I felt myself blush.

"What? I wasn't looking," I lied, though indeed my jaw HAD dropped.

"It's okay Honey," Mom leaned back and crossed her legs, sipping her wine, and I again took a sneaky peek of her breasts, her nipples hard. "It was designed to stand out. How do I look?"

Both her and Mia's eyes were on me and my face burned as I struggled to admit my feelings to not only her, but myself. Was it okay to confess she looked awesome? That my own mother looked...fuckable? It was so wrong that I was even contemplating it to begin with. Sneaky peeks up my sister's skirt were one thing, lusting after my mom was a whole new incestuous ballgame. I went with a diplomatic response.

"You look..." I paused. "Pretty."

"I don't think 'pretty' was what she's going for to be honest Lucas," Mia laughed but Mom would have none of it.

"Oh, stop it Mia," she scolded her before reaching out and touching my arm momentarily. "Thank you Darling," she smiled. "Do you think your father would've liked it?"

All I could do was nod.

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We attempted to finish the game but none of us were too interested, Mia more occupied with the music playlist and I was admittedly too drunk to concentrate. And, how could I? Across the table I was given a permanent up skirt by my sister. To my left, my essentially naked mother. The board game was the least important thing in my life right then.

The wine was emptied, and it was Mom that sought more, her heel turning as she stepped over me and I raised my hands to stop her fall. Her hand clamped down on my shoulder as I leaned forward and my own grabbed her at the waist. The nylon was so silky to the touch, her flesh so warm and supple. I managed with her aid to get her back on her feet and as thanks she ran her hand across my cheek.

"Hang on Mom," Mia leaned across the table with monopoly dollars in her hand. "This is for you," she laughed as she tucked fifties into the hem of her stocking.

"Oh, don't Mia," Mom giggled though awkwardly swayed her hips in time with the music, playing along.

"How much for a lap dance?" Mia continued on with the joke and I squirmed in my seat.

"You can't afford it," Mom stated, continuing to seductively dance right before me.

"Lucas can," Mia divulged. "He was winning I think."

What were they doing? I wondered. Was it possible they were both conspiring to embarrass me? I detected no malice and dismissed the notion. Mia was drunk, Mom was drunk. The room was even spinning for me, so inhibitions were bound to be thrown out the window by all of us. I looked at the piles of money on my side of the board and wondered if I should follow suit and go along with Mia's joke.

"Oh, stop it Mia, Lucas doesn't want a lap dance from his mother," Mom declared and once more tripped on her heel and began to stumble. It wasn't in my direction this time but she managed to right herself and lay back on the couch where she'd begun. "I think someone else might have to get my drink," she hiccupped.

I rose immediately and Mia directed me toward the brandy as she left her own seat. "That'd be a nice nightcap," she said as I looked at the time myself, closing in on 11:30 pm. "Gotta pee," she informed me as I found fresh glasses and began to pour us each a drink. I thought about how much I'd drank and knowing how I'd likely feel in the morning remembered to have a big drink of water, filling a large supplementary glass for later. Collecting the brandies, I began to head back into the lounge as Mia left the bathroom. "Ah, I think you can forget about Mom's," she stated, nodding her head in the direction of the couch.

I looked down at Mom to see she'd clearly fallen asleep, upturned arms slumped either side of her body. No real surprise considering the hour and the amount of alcohol she, all of us, had ingested. But it was the position she was in that caused the most contention. With feet firmly planted on the floor, her legs were well parted, the area from mid-thigh to groin exposed. With Mia by my side essentially giving me license to stare, I was privy to the sight of my mother's barely covered pussy beneath her dress.

The tiny fluorescent thong had slid down most of the way over her mound, revealing a small tuft of pubic hair above her upper labia, the rest of her pussy clearly waxed smooth. The remainder of the thong was wedged between her folds, disappearing into the crack of her ass. For the second time that night I felt my jaw drop, righting the situation before I turned to Mia.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"What?" She seemed uninterested.

"Ah, Mom! How's she's dressed. This isn't normal."

"Women just like to feel sexy once in a while Lucas," she rationalized. "That includes Mom."

"Yeah but..." I nodded toward Mom's attire, her posture.

"She was really looking forward to this weekend. I was too. It was meant to be romantic," she detailed. "You know all the clothes we bought. She maybe got a bit carried away with all the alcohol but she just wanted to wear something pretty. I do too," Mia ended on a cryptic note and I wondered if it wasn't just her new bikinis she'd brought along to parade.

"So, what do we do now?"

"Well, I need sleep," Mia answered, taking her glass of brandy from my hand and downing it in one gulp.

"I mean about..." I once more looked at Mom.

"Oh...help me out would you."

Following her lead, I grabbed one of Mom's legs, Mia the other and we lifted her fully onto the couch.

"Take off her heels," Mia directed. "I'll get a blanket."

Left alone with my near naked mother, I took the opportunity to look a little closer at her body, not just the cautionary fleeting glances but a long stare at her flesh. Yeah, there was cellulite on her upper thighs. Maybe her belly wasn't as flat as a twenty-year old's. But fuck me. She was beautiful. I felt my cock finally begin to harden, no more than a semi-erection but not even the alcohol could prevent my arousal for her right then, passed out and snoring as she was!

I was removing her second high heel when Mia returned with the blanket and took the temptation from my eyes. I left my glass of water on the table beside Mom and with Mia turning off the lights made my own way to our shared bedroom.

The internet had shown the room to have a king size bed but when we arrived it was two singles (most likely pushed together for the photo) which worked out for a sharing brother and sister. As I

climbed into mine before once more Mia turned off the light, I wondered what could've happened if it was a double? Would we have fucked? As the room began to spin, having sex with my sister was the last thing on my mind as I welcomed the sleep.

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Was I dreaming? The moon's illumination steamed through the thin curtains filling the room with light, yet it was a rustling that caused my eyes to open. She lay on her back with legs akimbo, the sheet down to her knees it was clear she was naked. Clearer still, she was masturbating. Her breath came in fits before she dramatically rolled and buried her face in the pillow, her ass moving up and down, thrusting as though she were in fact fucking the bed itself.

I felt my cock hard, and laying on my stomach, I ground myself into the mattress before I closed my eyes and it was morning.

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It was the smell of bacon that led me from my slumber and immediately looking to my right at the remembrance of the moonlight masturbation, I was disheartened to see Mia's bed empty. Climbing out, apart from a slight headache I was feeling relatively healthy and slipping into my shorts but remaining topless, I ventured out to face what the day would bring.

For the second time in a minute, I was disappointed. Compared to what I'd last seen her wearing, Mom's clothing was, well, Mom-like. Cooking breakfast, she wore a t-shirt. An admittedly tight t-shirt that gave away the fact she was bra-less granted, but far more conservative than the previous night's apparel. It was only as I approached the bench and climbed up on a stool, did I notice however, she was pants-less.

"I knew the smell of bacon would get you up!" She smiled before turning and heading to the fridge. It wasn't the only thing to 'get me up.' White lace panties barely covered her ass, disappearing into the crack of her buttocks just as the thong had done. Already swollen from my morning erection, a full-blown hard-on tented my shorts and I was thankful I was hidden behind the bench-top. Or was I? Maybe it was time to declare my affection?

Mom came away from the fridge with juice and caught my eyes slow to raise from her pelvis, looking down at her crotch along with me. "Oh, yeah. Sorry," she apologized for nothing, the patterned lace front creeping between her folds and accentuating her mound. "Didn't want to spatter my clothes."

The best response I could come up with was a smile before changing the subject.

"Where's Mia?" I asked, looking around.

"Went for a run," Mom explained, filling a plate with bacon and eggs and passing it across to me. "She'll be back soon."

As if conjured, I heard the screen door to the outside open and with a mouthful of bacon I tuned to see Mia enter, sweaty and beautiful. The smallest pair of running shorts and merely a sports bra to hold her boobs, she stretched her arms as she crossed to stand beside me.

My dick already to attention, it was given a treat as she unexpectedly wrapped an arm around my shoulder, her breast pressing hard into my arm and a hand on my upper thigh. It was overtly sexual and with how sweaty her body was, extremely intimate. It wasn't until she came away with a piece

of bacon stolen from my plate, did I realize it was a joke, and I thanked god I hadn't reciprocated her affection.

"Having a shower," she said as she waved the bacon at me and headed to the bathroom, my eyes trained on her bottom and the shorts delving between her cheeks. Why this weekend? I wondered. Eighteen years I'd lived under the same roof as these two and apart from some juvenile experimentation with panty sniffing (something I was sure all boys went through) I'd never been so incestuously attracted to them. Why now?

I concentrated on my breakfast as I debated who had the better ass, watching Mom as she refilled my glass of juice, cleaning up the kitchen. There was no contest. Mom's was bigger, had the dimples of a mature woman. I thought of Mia. Bulging out of her athletic shorts. What was the word 'they' used? Thicc! That was it. Maybe pawg! Whatever. It was ultimately clear to me. There was no separating the two. It was a tie!

Happy with myself, I concentrated on my breakfast and with the grease doing a fine job of soaking up the alcohol, finished just as my sister re-entered the frame.

"Oh, you're wearing that one," Mom looked over my shoulder disheartened and I turned to look at Mia and just what was the fuss? "I thought you said I could?" Mom questioned.

Mia wasn't wearing much of anything! I'd seen similar on the home shopping channel recently but never expected to see one so close up. On my sister no less. It was an extreme bikini. Small patches of red material covering the appropriate areas, namely nipples and labia but leaving the entire rest of the body exposed. It was ridiculously arousing and that Mom had wanted to wear it herself was insane.

"Oh, okay. Yeah, sorry I forgot," Mia excused herself as Mom walked around the bench and joined my sister before me. "Come on, we'll get changed. You're coming down the beach aren't you, Lucas?" Mia spoke directly to me to which I meekly nodded. "Okay, we'll go in your room Mom," she concluded and after a quick trip to our room, Mia followed Mom into the bedroom.

I had to remind myself to blink as I stared at the closed door wondering how I'd managed to fall into this parallel universe. These weren't my mom and sister. They'd been cloned surely. I came to my senses as I heard laughter from behind the door and hastened to my room myself to change for the beach.

It was as I opened my bag and pulled out the only swimsuit I'd thought to bring along, did I question its appropriateness. My small black Speedos. They were fine for the school swim team. Had been my only choice as I'd packed, thinking about impressing any girls I happened to come by on the beach. The problem was the only girls on the beach were Mom and Mia, and their appearance and the way I'd been feeling towards them, I doubted whether I'd be able to secret away any potential erection.

Yes, I was still thinking like a rational human. Despite how they'd dressed and acted in front of me, I still didn't expect it to lead to any breaking of taboos. In fact, now that I thought of it, neither of them had showed much desire toward me to begin with. Maybe I wouldn't get an erection anyway and none of this worrying was needed.

I quickly disrobed and jumped into my Speedos, their silky material immediately arousing to the touch, my dick swelling. Yeah, this didn't bode well.

When I finally made it back out into the living room, it was still deserted and I used the time to head to the bathroom to brush my teeth and do some push-ups. Satisfied with the swelling in my arms and thankful the exercise had made my dick soften, I ventured back into the house proper.

And there they were.

Like some stars of my own personal porn shoot, Mom and my sister stood before me casually awaiting my arrival. I wanted to look at Mom. To admire her appearance in Mia's red bikini, but it was my sister whom I had to admit dominated the proceedings. What little material she had on was blue but it was just window dressing for her body. More to the point, her boobs and pussy. The string bikini didn't attempt to hide the regions of contention, leaving nipples and vulva exposed. Just framing the area. I stared into my sisters waxed smooth sex and gradually forced my eyes to rise, making it only as far as her breasts before, as if from some distant land, I heard Mom's voice.

"You ready?" She casually remarked. "We thought you'd fallen in!" To which Mia laughed.

"I think he may've been doing something else in there Mom," she scoffed as her pussy was taken from my sight, reaching for a towel and just as sexy, her bare bottom coming into view. It was not what I expected. Assuming it was a thong, I was instead met with two strings either side of her buttocks like a jock strap, nothing in her crack but shadow.

It was too much and I felt my cock surge into life, hurrying to my room to get my own towel.

"Grab the umbrella Lukey," Mom called as they exited the house and I was right on their tail, lugging the big beach umbrella from the deck beside the hot tub.

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I had a reason to be behind them but fate couldn't have conspired to have me anywhere better. Watching their asses as we walked the few hundred yards to the beach. Mia's bare. Mom's essentially just as exposed. Two more beautiful creatures had never walked the earth. My dick was a proud beacon. A lighthouse of desire if they chose to turn and look. No more would I attempt to hide it I decided. No man on the planet, be he hetero or not, wouldn't be turned on by this. And they surely knew it! So what if I was son and brother. They could see my flattery and I'd be proud.

So I told myself. But after setting down the towels and planting the umbrella right up near the dunes, I once more felt uneasy flaunting my hard-on, pushing it horizontally across my pelvis so as not to be too conspicuous.

All three of us waded into the water and found it deathly cold. The waves and obvious rip had swimming out of the picture for Mom and Mia but confident, I dove forth. Invigorated by the exercise, while my beauties journeyed back to the shore.

Treading past the waves, I could see them way off. Mia sunbathing. Mom sitting up keeping an eye on me in the water. I loved her. I loved Mia. Did that love extend to lust? I mean yeah, it had. But to actual sex? Incestuous sex with my mother and sister? Even in the cold water. Even as I tread to keep afloat, my dick twitched. "You win Buddy," I mused as I made my way back into shore.

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"Finally!" Mia complained as I stopped, still dripping above her, her eyes fleetingly scanning my crotch as I squatted to retrieve my towel.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"We're both busting," she just as confusingly elaborated.

"Busting for what?"

"Ah...to go!"

I literally scratched my head. "What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, we need someone to keep watch Honey," Mom joined in on the intriguing conversation, not really explaining much.

"The house is just back that way," I remarked, not really getting what was going on.

"But we're comfortable here," Mia countered.

"Then just go in the dunes," I replied, now pretty sure I was missing something.

"But what if someone came along?" Mom was quick to propose and Mia was right on her tail.

"Yeah, we'd be more comfortable if you were there to keep a lookout!"

Still confused and my cock beginning to react once more to their appearance, I shook my head.

"Okay, what do you want me to do?"

Immediately, the two women rose and taking my hands led me up the nearest dune and down into a sheltered sandy clearing. Out of the breeze, it was stiflingly hot and barely any sound but insects could be heard.

"Just keep watch," Mia said before they both went on down into the middle of the grotto, leaving me remaining on the slope.

'Watch' what? I wondered, my ability to see anyone approaching removed completely now we were off the beach and before I could even begin to voice my concern, they began to pee.

It was Mia that released first. Not even pausing to squat, she spread her legs and released a stream right through her bikini bottom, its style perfect for the act. I was ridiculously just beginning to wonder if that was the initial purpose of the design when Mom dropped to her haunches.

From the height and angle I stood, I could essentially watch the proceedings with impunity. Mia's piss rained down between her legs creating a little stream that seeped into the sand, whilst Mom leaned back on one hand for balance, before shooting out a fountain of her own. She raised her hips up as if enjoying herself and her torrent arced in the air before splattering down to become one with the landscape. It was raw, it was an intimate view into the forbidden, and as the two women in my life relieved themselves before me, it was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

My dick standing to attention, it towered out the front of my already tight Speedos and it was then I realized how little I as well was wearing. Mia did a little shimmy as her pee slowed to a trickle just as Mom began to rise, turning unexpectedly and seeing my gaze frozen upon her. "Oh, Lucas!" She feigned indignation. "You naughty boy. Were you watching us pee?"

"I...I..." I struggled to deny as she and Mia walked back toward me. Mom had failed to return the bikini over her pussy and her labia visibly glistened with dew, reflecting the sunlight.

"It's alright," Mom saved me. "We're family. I suppose it's okay to peek."

I struggled to swallow, let alone thank her for granting me permission and then I caught sight of where Mia was looking. Her eyes making no apologies for staring straight at my cock, she finally looked me in the eye as we came face to face, a mischievous expression on her face before she passed by with Mom, leaning into her ear and whispering before they both giggled.

We lay upon the beach towels for I don't know how long; Mom and I under the umbrella, Mia sunning herself. On my side I could look across their bodies, two pronounced mounds, sizeable breasts. Mia's nipples exposed through her bikini and I noticed, one of Mom's slipped from its feeble confines. I wasn't even meant to be here, I thought to myself as I risked a subtle rub of the front of my briefs, my hand coming away damp with the amount of pre-cum leaking through the silky material. They would've been wearing the same swimsuits for Dad and Toby, I realized and the thought was somewhat depressing. They weren't dressing like this for me. Maybe they weren't even sharing my incestuous desires?

The shock of the fact had me panicked and I sat up to hide my erection once more. Despite all that I'd seen in the last day, all that had happened, I had serious doubts. I stood up, guarding my still frustratingly erect cock from view and stepped out from under the umbrella. I looked down upon Mia who chose that moment to roll onto her stomach. Her legs spread on the beach towel; the full effect of her bikini bottoms came into play. Nothing obscured the crack of her ass. The sun in the perfect position, I could see her asshole. My sister's asshole. And below, the clearly slick folds of her sex.

Mom's book covered her face and freely I gazed down at her exposed pussy. And then, as if she knew exactly where my eyes were trained and she threw me an incestuous crumb, she pulled her knees up and spread her legs. It was the most overtly sexual pose so far. The clearest indication she was amenable to an advance on my behalf.

I looked from her vulva to her boobs, across to my sister's exposed anus and dripping pussy. Now was the time. I'd pull my cock out and see what happened.

"I'm hungry," Mia lifted onto her elbows and looked at Mom.

"Same, shall we head back?" Mom replied.

With my thumb tucked into my swimsuit, about to pull it down and expose my aroused penis, I halted. Idiot. I thought to myself. And again, came the doubts.

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Resigned once again to porter, I followed them back to the beach house. They showed no signs of interest in me, let alone my cock. But I stayed hard. And as I stared at their asses swaying as they walked, how could I not?

Mia offered to make lunch and I slumped on the couch, looking down defeated at my unused cock. And then Mom joined me. She sat where she had the night before and I casually panned across to see her staring back, her lips pursed. "What?" I questioned her demeanor and she brought her feet up onto the couch, turning fully towards me.

"You know what," she said and admittedly I thought I did, feigning ignorance.

"No."

She raised her eyebrows and stretched out a leg, her toe pressing into the underside of my cock. I thought I could've cum there and then, sheer will power preventing an embarrassingly premature ejaculation.

"Oh? So, what's this about then?" Her foot ran the length of my penis, from moist tip to my balls.

"I don't know," I stopped myself from smiling. The sound of Mia preparing lunch had stopped altogether and I felt her presence approach from behind.

"You don't know," Mom quoted me, shaking her head. "What do you think Mia?" Mom looked up over my shoulder and Mia passed by the couch to take up position in the armchair.

"It's been like that for hours," she smirked. "At least from when he watched us pee! didn't want to say anything."

"Hmm," Mom pondered. "Is that right Lucas? Did you get an erection from watching us pee?"

My head spun. I felt myself turn red but not from embarrassment, more excitement. This was happening. Mom's foot continually stroked the length of my cock and the way Mia sat back in the couch I could see her pussy, once more dripping with lube.

"Maybe," I offered.

"We'll get it out then," Mom matter-of-factly demanded. "Show us what all the fuss is about."

Instantly I grabbed the front of my Speedos and pulled them down below my balls. Seemingly the size of golf balls and almost as hard, they held my swimsuit in place as Mom returned her foot, joined by the other.

A sharp intake of air as my lungs responded to the soft encompassing touch of her soles, gently massaging from base to dripping eye. I looked across to Mia, fervently watching as she casually lowered a hand to her pussy and began to touch herself. Too much was happening at once. My sister masturbating openly. Mom with legs spread, her vagina on display and using her feet to jerk me off. Just one of those things could've fueled a year's worth of masturbatory fantasies for me. All three, and the inevitable was bound to happen.

I tried to prevent it. In my mind we moved on from the foot job to hours' worth of incestuous sex. But this was real life, and inexperienced as I was, the climax was abrupt.

"Oh, my goodness!" Mom raised a hand to her mouth as an explosion of cum surged from me. She quickened the pace of her feet along my column and I rewarded her with gush after gush of hot jizz, coating my stomach and her feet in turn. It was more than I expected. Far more. And looking to Mia whose expression changed from seeming momentarily disappointed that the show was over so quickly, to fascination as I rained cum both upon myself and Mom.

"My god, he's a cummer!" She exclaimed and I wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing.

"Mm, it's so hot too Mia," Mom expounded. "Come feel."

Now seemingly unperturbed her masturbation had been abruptly suspended, Mia climbed off the chair and dove toward my cock. Mom removing her feet to provide access, Mia took possession of my fully lubricated shaft and tugged the last of my orgasm from me, squeezing me tight as she milked my urethra dry. I was covered in cum. Mom's feet were covered in cum, but my sister

seemed determined to see more. Her jerking didn't stop when no more semen leaked from my eye, only quickened.

My cum as lube, the muscles of her arm clenched, my sister furiously pumped my cock. Expertly, she pulled. Little doubt she'd done this before. I thought of Toby. Would he have been receiving of such treatment if he'd come along? Certainly not from my mother. Would any of this have happened in the first place if I hadn't essentially made the first move by masturbating to my sisters up-skirt? All valid questions, but right then, Mom scooping cum from her foot to press to her outer labia and coating them like lipstick and my very own sister determined to get me to cum again, they could wait.

I gripped the couch beside me as I thrust up into her manipulation. My dick just as hard as when we'd started, I could feel the second orgasm approach and held my breath as I brought on my sister's personal trophy. A reward for her hard work. And there it was. Her fist rapidly hammering my swollen appendage as I let loose a second torrent. A mere stream versus the original flood, but clear evidence of my affection for not only her but equally, our mother.

Cum ran down over her knuckles as her action eased, a satisfied smile on the corners of her mouth. "Fuck you cum a lot," Mia whispered, her eyes fixated on the head of my cock as she once more milked the remainder.

"Is that a good thing?" I inquired, my breathing slowly returning to normal.

"Oh, it's a good thing Baby," Mom crawled across the couch and leaned into me, her breath so warm as her lips moved toward mine. "It's just what we needed."

Her kiss was...forgive me, I don't know how to describe it. With my eyes wide to not miss a thing, my mother, the woman that gave birth to me eighteen years prior; that breast fed me and took me to my first day of school; that put band-aids on my grazed knee and was a shoulder to cry on when I was dumped by my first girlfriend, kissed me upon the mouth, before ever so tentatively, delved her tongue between my lips.

Mia must surely have felt my cock once more harden as we kissed, must surely have been envious. It must have been the reason she rose before me, leaned over my body and so deftly worked her way into our union, her tongue finding my own, our mother's. Enough of clenching the couch for support, I raised a hand and found my sister's pussy, not waiting for approval before effortlessly sliding my fingers between her folds.

She breathed out into our mouths, Mom quick to kiss her, biting at her lips, sucking her tongue into her own mouth. Two fingers I curled inside her slick vagina, feeling around with my thumb for her clit and believing I found it when she moaned her approval.

A hand found my dick and knowing it must have been Mom's, returned the favor and reached out for her pussy. Mimicking my work on Mia, I plunged two fingers into my mother's body, her pussy so hot, so accommodating as I wriggled my digits, hopefully giving her the pleasure she deserved.

Mia took hold of my wrist and began humping my hand, thrusting my fingers inside her. In response I gave her another, adding one more to the mix which filled her greedy clasping vagina. Mom closed her thighs around my hand, my fingers unable to move as I felt her walls squeeze around me. Again, we shared a kiss, Mia slipping her tongue deep into my mouth, Mom licking my lips, my chin.

Her hand tugged at my dick and with aching abs from thrusting into my women's grips, I came a third time just as Mia squirted around my fingers. She squealed her delight into my mouth, her eyes rolling back as Mom kissed her, as I kissed her. Whether she was peeing or it really was squirt (I understood there was some contention) it ran over my wrist and splashed onto the couch, Mom reaching across to place a hand under her daughter's body, to feel her orgasm.

It was an awkward position and my own hand slipped from her pussy, my fingers sliding out and delving further between her legs. I knew it was her asshole I cupped and that my ring finger slid so easily inside. Its sphincter wrapping my digit like a wedding band. She moaned as I found her clit with my thumb and though it ached my hand, I fucked and fingered her holes with gusto.

Overbalanced Mom fell upon my belly wholly, across my lap like a disobedient schoolgirl accepting a spanking. Consequently, my hand fell from between her legs and for an instant I was unsure of what to do. Mother knows best however, and taking my wrist she guided my hand to her ass and directed my fingers once more to her asshole. I found no resistance as I penetrated. Two fingers sliding into her welcoming anus, the silky walls of her butt embracing my intrusion. "Finger bang my ass," Mom managed to gasp as Mia shifted to push her cunt against our mother's face.

Stabbing Mom's asshole with one hand, Mia grabbed my other and sucked on the fingers that had moments before been showered upon, been inside her body, her tongue licking between each, dining on her own flavor.

With Mom's mouth locked around her daughter's pussy, she had Mia cumming once more, the mental stimulation no doubt the catalyst for her own orgasm. My mom came from having her ass fingered! It was a revelation. To me, possibly to my sister as she grabbed at Mom's hair and buried her face into her pussy, smothering Mom's cries of ecstasy until she released her gasping and dripping with girl cum.

I was spent. I slid my fingers out of Mom's ass and she slowly climbed from my lap, slumping beside me as Mia herself slid from the couch. She returned with a tea towel, unceremoniously wiping her inner thighs before sitting back down and continuing with the clean-up on me.

"Ooh, just a second," Mom leaned over and scooped a thread of my cum from beside my cock, slipping her fingers into her mouth. Mia and I stared on incredulous. "What?" Mom cheekily grinned, licking her fingers clean. "I didn't get to taste it yesterday!"

"Jesus," I sighed, finding religion. "What's happened here?" I questioned the room as Mia took to wiping up my remaining smeared semen. Mom was making herself comfortable, returning her thong back over her pussy, but so wet was her labia the string just slid between her lips, and content, she left as was. Clearly not answering, it was left to Mia.

"We talked; me and Mom," she took my now flaccid cock in hand and wiped its length with the tea towel, ridiculously encouraging growth once more which made her smile. "After you came in your pants," she looked up into my eyes.

"I didn't cum in my pants!" I refuted, blushing. "I NEARLY came in my pants!"

"Whatever," she giggled. "And obviously after Mom used your cum as moisturizer."

"I thought it was sunscreen!" Mom herself was taken aback.

"Well, anyway," Mia went on. "We decided no one had to know. About what happened. I mean it was embarrassing all round right?"

I nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly. The thought of Dad finding out was nauseating.

"So, we thought, this beach. Where we are. So secluded. We could be the only three people left on Earth, right?" She declared and I listened, enthralled. "So, what if we lost ourselves? Gave in to pleasure for just these two days no matter who the person, their relationship. We'd been planning on it being a romantic getaway all along, why couldn't it still be?"

"But what about Dad, Toby?" I questioned. "Isn't it cheating?"

"Not at all Darling," Mom refuted. "It's family bonding."

"It's incest," I heard myself stupidly state, wondering why I was doing so much to put a dampener on proceedings and in response Mia rolled her eyes.

"Incest schmincest!" She dismissed.

"So, it's just for this weekend?" I questioned and she nodded.

"We tried to start it last night but someone..." Mia's eyes crossed to Mom. "Someone passed out."

"I just had a little too much to drink," Mom defended herself.

"But WE could've..." I looked at Mia. "After Mom went to sleep, we could've still..." I still had trouble saying we could've fucked.

"We promised to do it together," Mom interjected, climbing forward in the couch and kneeling beside me, mimicking Mia's position. I had two barely dressed beauties either side of me. I'd just had more sexual experience in the last half hour than I'd had in my entire life and we were still to actually fuck.

"So, what do you think Lukey?" Mia asked, her hand once more reaching for my dick, Mom's joining. "Another day of this. Just us three, fucking and sucking each other silly?"

"Doing whatever we want, no matter how naughty?" Mom added. "We have costumes!" She decided then to divulge.

"And toys," Mia admitted as if that would sway the argument.

"So, what will it be Darling?" Mom asked. "A weekend of no regrets incest with your mother and sister?"

"Or another day of worrying about morals and what others would think?" Mia posed.

Their combined hands around my now fully erect cock, they eagerly awaited my response...

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To be continued...

Thank you for reading.