

That Sinking Feeling

My quarterly get-together with some old school friends usually got pretty rowdy, but in the taxi home and struggling to stay awake, I couldn't remember the last time I'd actually been this drunk.

Nearing our house, I thought of the words my wife had uttered earlier in the night. Not the 'don't drink too much' advice, but the 'I've got some news Alex; you're not going to like it,' comment. Why she hadn't just told me then and there on the phone, I had no idea? The 'I don't want to ruin your night,' explanation doing nothing to allay my anxiety.

"We're here," spoken loudly woke me from a sleep I hadn't realized I was entering, and I found my cheek pressed against the fingerprint smeared glass of the cab window, making a note to wash my face before bed. The outside of our apartment was in darkness and with my forehead pressed against the door for balance and using my phone for illumination, aligned the key with the hole and entered. Proud of myself for navigating the threshold relatively noiselessly.

Well after midnight I wasn't surprised to see our living room in darkness but as I passed the kitchen, the light from the fridge illuminated a familiar red satin nightie my wife often wore, her barely covered ass and legs, protruding from inside the doorway.

Nothing more alluring than a drunk man reeking of alcohol feeling you up from behind unexpectedly, I mused as I silently entered and crept up behind her.

"Looking for this?" I romantically whispered as I rounded the open door, one hand diving between her legs from behind, cupping her surprisingly panty-less groin, my fingers pressing hard into the lips of her labia. The other sought out a boob, immediately feeling the hardness of a nipple amid the softness of her breast.

Two things entered my mind even before I realized my mistake. Pubic hair and big boobs.

My wife had neither.

"Oh God Darling, no! It's me!" The startled, familiar, yet out of place voice answered and I hurled myself backwards in shock. It was not my wife!

"Jesus Christ, Mom!" I gasped, clutching the bench-top behind me for support. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

She turned to face me as the light in the hallway came on, followed instantly by the kitchen and Jacinta entered tying a robe around herself, far more suitably dressed than my fifty five year old mother.

"Language Alex," Mom chastised me before closing the fridge behind her and approaching. The kiss she gave me on the cheek had more gravity considering what had just occurred and I looked back at my wife for an explanation.

"She's staying with us for a little while," Jacinta acknowledged my dumbfounded expression. "It's what I was going to tell you earlier."

I wished she had! I looked back at Mom, clearly wearing my wife's nightie, her breasts straining against the satin.

"Oh, I borrowed this to sleep in," Mom acknowledged where my eyes had settled. "Jacinta offered it!" She followed up as if excusing the sexy nature of the attire.

I was still coming to terms with feeling up my own mother and shook my head to clear out irrelevant thoughts. "Ok, first things first. Mom. I didn't know it was you, I swear," I offered, feeling my face redden and she smiled dismissively. I noticed Jacinta cock her head, brow furrowing out of the corner of my eye and I didn't look forward to explaining what had happened moments before. "Secondly, why aren't you at home?"

It was a fair enough question. Her house, my family home being only a few suburbs away, what she was doing staying in our one bedroom flat was a pertinent issue.

"There was a sinkhole," she matter of factly replied and I had to ask her to repeat it to enable my inebriated mind to register. "A sinkhole," she explained. "It happens!"

"In Florida!" I challenged. "Not in L.A."

"Apparently the mains had been leaking for an extended period," Jacinta contributed. "So the fire department says anyway."

"And this happened today?"

"This afternoon," Mom admitted. "It was all I could do to get out alive!"

"Well not exactly," Jacinta brought some levity. "I picked her up. The rear of the house has definitely sunk and we're prohibited from entering."

"I had to leave all my stuff!" Mom added.

"Hence the..."

"...Nightie," my wife and I spoke simultaneously.

The events of the previous minute had done a great job of sobering me up and I poured a glass of water from the tap to encourage it.

"I'm sure I'll only be here a night or two," Mom detailed as I turned back to look at her. It was uncomfortable considering her attire. The nightie I'd bought Jacinta myself, choosing it because of its sexiness.

That it was on my mother and that to be honest, she was wearing it so well, was disturbing in a whole manner of ways.

"Exactly Kathy," Jacinta agreed. "Who knows, we may even be able to go inside tomorrow and get you some clothing."

"So you didn't even have time to grab anything?" I skeptically questioned.

"No!" Mom replied. "One minute I was...well, occupied, and the next the walls are moving and the floor was caving in beneath me."

"Fuck," I conceded.

"Alex; language," Mom scolded me. "All I had was a sheet around me!"

"What?" I looked at Jacinta as I noticed her nodding.

"It's true, but don't worry Kathy, you can borrow anything of mine while we get you back on your feet," Jacinta offered.

"So you're on the couch?" I asked, trying to get the whole situation square in my head. How Jacinta thought this could wait until I arrived home I'd never know?

"Yes, you won't even know I'm here I promise," Mom proposed.

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"All the pajamas you own and you give her THAT nightie to wear?" I whispered to Jacinta as I came out of our en-suite bathroom.

"I didn't, she chose it!" She defended herself in equally hushed tones. "What happened in the kitchen?"

I felt myself blush again and was thankful the room was in low light.

"Oh God, I don't even want to talk about it," I offered.

"One moment I hear you banging at the front door and the next, your mother's screaming!"

"She wasn't screaming!" I defended myself. "And I thought I was pretty quiet coming in!"

"Are you serious?" Jacinta chuckled.

I climbed into bed beside her and she turned off the bedside lamp, the room plunging into relative darkness.

"So she was naked when you got there?" I enquired.

"Uh huh, the Fire Department had given her one of those shiny blankets. Seriously, all she was wearing was a bed sheet," Jacinta elaborated.

I pictured Mom wearing the satin nightie, her nipples standing to attention from being half way inside the fridge. Then (innocently of course) picturing what she'd have looked like wrapped only in a sheet and quickly tried to put it out of my head.

Jacinta snuggled into my side and I placed an arm around her.

"What else have you given her to wear?" I asked, kissing the top of my wife's head.

"Nothing yet, why?"

"Oh nothing," I paused. "It's just she's a little, you know, more, you know?" I stumbled.

Jacinta turned her head up to face me and even in the darkness I could see she was smiling. "No. What?"

"I don't know, more...busty."

She laughed and returned her head to the previous position. "Oh you noticed? God Alex, she was literally falling out of my nightie."

Another thing I noticed was Jacinta's hand that had been absently stroking my stomach had crept onto my swelling cock.

"Will you have to lend her underwear?" I tentatively proposed.

Another hushed laugh and she kissed my chest. "I mean I guess; she won't fit my bras obviously. I'm sure she'll go buy something if we cant get into the house anyway. What's with this?" Jacinta changed the subject, easing my now fully erect cock from my shorts. "You can never get hard after one of your drinking sessions!" She observed.

"I don't know," I admitted, loathe to think it was the images of Mom in my wife's underwear that had encouraged it. "What did you expect, you were touching it!?"

"Hmm," Jacinta mused. "Wouldn't be all this talk of panties and boobs would it?" She questioned as she began slowly masturbating my length.

I didn't have the chance to confirm or deny as a light knocking came from the door before it partially opened.

"Yeah Mom?" I called across the room as Jacinta pulled the sheet across my cock.

"I'm sorry to bother you two," she whispered for some reason. "It's just I need to use the ladies."

"Go right ahead Kathy," Jacinta answered for me, I noticed not removing her hand from around my dick.

The light came on in the bathroom and I again caught the sight of my mother from the rear, this time from a lower perspective. The satin nightie stretched taut, barely covering her buttocks. No wonder I'd found her pussy so accessible I mused as Jacinta resumed tugging on my cock.

"What are you doing?" I whispered. "She's right there." I added as the distinct sound of a woman urinating filtered through the thin walls. Not any woman urinating I noted, my mother.

"I know," Jacinta breathed, lifting her mouth up to mine.

Was it the forbidden nature of our actions, kissing, masturbating, with my mother in the next room? Was it the risk of being caught? Was it the memory of similar when we were both still teens, behaving inappropriately behind our parent's backs? Who knows?

But as we kissed, the sound of my mother peeing and my wife furiously jacking me off, the inevitable occurred and I began to cum.

Cumming quicker, more intensely than I could remember. Jacinta moaned in my mouth as she felt it shower her, her grip loosened as my seed lubricated the shaft though her hand refused to slow.

"Fuuuck, " I sighed as staggered breath left my lungs, my hips thrusting to accentuate the orgasm. The toilet flushed and Jacinta slid down in the bed lifting the sheet across my torso to hide the evidence of the crimes committed.

The door opening, the bed illuminated by the bathroom light. Did she notice? Jacinta barely able to keep from giggling as I watched Mom reach to turn off the light-switch, the curve of her breast beneath her raised arm.

"I'll leave you to it," Mom whispered.

"Goodnight Mom," I offered feeling cum running from my stomach down my side to the sheet below.

"Good night Kathy," Jacinta chorused, rising up to kiss me again even before Mom had completely left the room.

"You're so bad!" I scolded her as I tried to lower my shorts.

"Just following your example," she defended herself. "What are you doing?"

"I'll use them to clean up."

"Ugh don't bother, I have to change the sheets tomorrow anyway," she whispered, nestling again into my side, comfortable to fall asleep in the aftermath of my orgasm.

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I awoke to the sound of the toilet flushing and immediately thought of my mother. Jacinta exited the bathroom and noting I probably looked the way I felt, smiled. "I'll get you a coffee!"

"What's the time?"

"Nearly eight."

"I'll get up," I stated. Upon rising I didn't feel nearly as bad as I usually did after one of those nights. Probably due to the events upon arriving home. Throwing a t-shirt on I followed Jacinta into the kitchen.

"See if Kathy wants a cup?" She proposed and with the sun well up I walked to the living room.

Expecting Mom to already be up and about, I was surprised to see her still under the sheet on the couch. Well partly. With her back to me, the sheet riding up on her hip, her entire rear was left uncovered. I say rear but to be clear, it was her ass. The satin nightie had ridden up to her lower back leaving both buttocks and the tops of her thighs exposed. The pale skin smooth, the dark shadow of the crack between, stark, enticing, almost beckoning for someone (me?) to explore.

Having marched in confidently, I now retreated slowly. Loathe to wake her lest she discover her indiscreet state. Walking backwards my eyes remained on her bottom. My brain telling me to look away, my libido overriding all moral and ethical dilemmas and demanding I stare at my mother's exposed (and I wasn't shy to admit,) gorgeous ass.

It was only when I reached the kitchen did I realize I had an erection.

"I hope your mother didn't see that," Jacinta commented immediately she laid eyes upon me.

"Ah, no," I stammered. "She's still asleep. It's just my morning erection." I lamely defended its presence and Jacinta raised an eyebrow.

"About two hours late!?" She observed, and I prayed wouldn't find a reason to go into the living room and discover my inspiration. "Here's your coffee."

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The house looked worse than the description I'd been given and Mom was particularly upset by its appearance in the cold light of day. A temporary fence had been set up around the property by the utility company, partitioning off the obviously dangerous sinkhole. The rear of the house had completely sunk into the ground, Jacinta explaining it was far advanced than when they'd left.

"All my things," Mom observed. "The furniture, the crockery, my clothes. Oh goodness Alex, even your childhood toys, we were saving them for your kids. Oh no, the photos!" She was becoming more emotional the more she thought of what was inside the house. Literally sinking before our eyes. I put my arm around her and she accepted the embrace, resting her head on my shoulder.

"It can all be replaced Mom, don't worry. And remember Jacinta and I digitised the photos a few years ago," I consoled her. I stroked the skin of her upper arm, the yellow floral sun dress of my wife's leaving her shoulders bare. It was funny. If not for the ample cleavage I ashamedly spied as I comforted her and the fact Jacinta was walking towards us, wearing that dress it felt I may've in fact been hugging my wife.

"So there's conjecture whether it's the city's fault or ours," Jacinta explained after discussing the sinkhole with a representative on site.

"How could this have been my fault?" Mom made a sweeping gesture in the direction of what was my family home.

"They're just trying to pass the buck Kathy," my wife's legal mind came into play. "It's not your fault. You would've seen excessive water use on your bill if there was a leak and it must have been substantial as far as the fire department are concerned."

"So will my insurance cover it?" Mom asked.

"Well, they'll have to cover your contents but the house itself, the land. It should be left to the city to compensate you," Jacinta advised. "Don't worry," she reached out and touched my Mom's hand. "We'll take care of you, won't we Alex?"

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"And you're sure you don't want to go clothes shopping?" Jacinta asked Mom as we arrived home.

"I couldn't bear it," Mom maintained, clutching a shopping bag of toiletries. "You don't mind me wearing your clothing for the time being do you Love?"

"No not at all," Jacinta honestly declared. "It's kind of fun. Like a sister I never had," she admitted.

I thought of the post shower morning. Mom wrapped in a towel asking Jacinta which of her panties she could wear? My wife declaring 'any' but entering the bedroom with her as I watched from the kitchen, imagining them inspecting the lingerie drawer. Passing panties between them. Did my wife possibly choose which knickers my mother was wearing? I know she decided upon the dress, hearing her suggest she'd look good in it. And she did. And there was nothing wrong with a son admiring the way his mother looked, I concluded.

"Let me help you with that," Mom offered when Jacinta mentioned stripping the bed as I was preparing lunch.

"Oh that's not necessary Kath," my wife declared and I wondered if she was thinking about the dried residue from the night before. "You just relax."

"I can't," Mom stated. "I feel like a third wheel. Please let me contribute," she appealed and not surprisingly, Jacinta relented.

From the kitchen I could overhear their conversation, Mom remarking how large our King sized bed seemed compared to the couch.

"Oh gosh it's comfy," she stated and I wondered how much changing of sheets was going on in there?

"You want mayo on your sandwich Mom?" I called and followed up by walking to the door of the bedroom to hear the answer. My timing couldn't have been more impeccable as Mom, on all fours up on the bed had her ass aimed squarely at me. I no longer needed to imagine the panties she'd chosen as I gazed upon my wife's white lace boyshorts, now decking the ample buttocks of my mother. Half her cheeks exposed below the french cut, the sun dress sat up on her lower back almost as if purposefully placed. Between her thighs, the bulge of pussy, tempting me behind the gusset.

I reminded myself it was Mom and wrenched my eyes from her bum to my wife across the other side of the bed, smirking at me as she followed their progress to her own. I felt myself blush at being so blatantly caught red handed creeping on my mother but Jacinta didn't dwell, moving on to removing the pillow cases. Mom however turned her head when she felt my presence.

"Oh I'll take it any way you give it to me Darling!" She suggested and Jacinta struggled to stifle a laugh. "Oh that didn't come out right did it?" Mom acknowledged, seemingly suddenly aware of the position she was in and backed off the bed. "Mayo will be lovely Alex," she followed up and I thought it was the first time in my life I actually saw my mother blush.

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We wanted to give Mom some time alone and early afternoon Jacinta and I took a walk around the neighborhood. Our hands held, even so there was an awkward silence between us for some minutes before my wife broke the deadlock.

"So which ones did she choose?" She questioned and I knew immediately of what she spoke.

"What?" I stalled. "Which what?"

"Oh come on Alex, my panties!" She laughed as she swung my arm playfully.

I felt my collar burning as I pictured my mother upon the bed.

"Ah, the white lace boy-shorts," I admitted my infraction.

"Hmm, you see a pattern?" Jacinta posed.

"What?"

"Well first the satin nightie," Jacinta stated. "Now a pair of my most sexy panties. She could've chosen any of those cotton ones."

"What are you suggesting?" I asked. "And why are we even talking about what panties my mother has on?"

Jacinta was silent a moment longer.

"I'm just saying, she seems to be going out of her way to look sexy," she declared.

"Maybe she just likes nice things," I proposed but was curious myself why Mom had borrowed those items in particular.

"Remember what we spoke about a while ago?" Jacinta cryptically asked and though it was vague, I knew exactly to what she referred.

"You mean about getting a dog?" I joked, deferring the conversation.

She laughed but her hand gripped mine a little more tightly.

"No. You know what I'm talking about," she steered me back.

And I did. An unfulfilled fantasy we had both harboured from the time we met. Never having the courage to go through with it. That she was raising it now could only mean one thing and involving only one other person.

"Babe, you're not serious?"

Jacinta stopped our progress and turned to face me.

"Alex. I noticed you've been looking at her," Jacinta stated.

"She's my mom!"

"How hard you were last night!" She countered. "This morning. What you don't think I knew half her ass was sticking out from underneath the sheet!?"

"Jacinta I..."

"Shh. It's ok. It's kind of a turn on," Jacinta confided. "Sharing underwear with her. Having her right there when I was masturbating you. It's hot."

"I say again, she's my mother!"

"And that's what would make it work!" Jacinta proudly proposed. "We haven't done it because we've always been scared another girl could come between us. It'd be entirely different with family!"

I struggled to believe what I was hearing. "Yeah. It would be incest!" I challenged and Jacinta rolled her eyes.

"It's consensual, it doesn't count," she immediately countered.

"You're serious!" I studied her and she seemed adamant. "Tell me you're joking?" I followed up and under such close scrutiny, I saw her face crack.

"Well yeah," she admitted. "Of course I'm joking," she laughed, I noticed rather awkwardly and she turned from me to continue walking.

I felt like a dick. She wasn't joking at all. She'd laid herself bare before me and too proud to admit my own confused feelings over the last day I'd embarrassed her into feigning a prank. Made her feel a pariah. But how could I admit I shared her interest? It wouldn't be her having sex with a family member, it would be me. No matter her opinion on the matter, I would be the one committing incest. And what was I even thinking? Why the hell would my mother want to participate anyway?

The walk home was quieter than ever.

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Mom had tidied around our apartment whilst we were out, offering to make us coffees when we arrived home.

"You were meant to be taking it easy while you're here Kathy," Jacinta chastised her as Mom arched her spine, pressing her fingers into the small of her back.

"Oh I'd go mad just sitting around," she defended herself.

"Did you hurt your back cleaning Mom?" I asked as she handed me a mug.

"No, to be honest and don't think I'm not grateful, but I think it was the sofa," she diagnosed.

"Oh really?" I remarked, my mind picturing her bare butt on the edge, Jacinta having obviously seen the same.

"Well you can't sleep there tonight," Jacinta declared. "You can take our bed."

I looked across to Jacinta wondering where she in fact thought we'd be sleeping instead but Mom was first to object.

"I will not!" She bluntly stated. "I'm not kicking my son and daughter out of their bedroom."

"You two could share," I offered. "I can take the couch."

"Nonsense," Mom again protested. "I could probably find a cheap hotel nearby."

"Oh no Kathy," Jacinta denied. "We don't want you alone right now, do we Alex?"

I shook my head in accordance with what I thought were Jacinta's wishes.

"No we'll think of something," she continued. "As you said Kathy, it's a King size. Worst things worse we could all fit in there together!" She laughed and her eyes flicked across to mine before looking back at Mom. "What say I open a bottle of red to breathe while we have a think?"

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The third bottle was probably a mistake. Jacinta was quite drunk and Mom had become emotional talking about the family home and all our lost possessions, all the memories now sinking away. I consoled her as I'd done that morning, innocently placing an arm around her shoulder as we sat together on the couch, Mom enthusiastically accepting the affection and snuggling into my side.

"Mmm," she breathed in the scent of my t-shirt. "That's a welcome smell of the past."

"Ooohkay!" I chuckled, drawing away from her slightly in jest to which she playfully slapped my chest.

"So why were you naked Kathy?" Jacinta openly questioned as she unnecessarily topped up my mother's glass. "It was the afternoon!"

"Jac!" I scolded, raising my eyebrows.

"No it's okay Alex," Mom acquiesced. "I've not really told the whole story have I?"

She sat up from my side and I drew back my arm from around her as I noticed Jacinta lean forward in anticipation.

"I was in your old room Alex," she confessed and it immediately struck me as odd, linking her nudity and my old bedroom. "There was a groaning sound and then the walls were moving. I ran to the door but it wouldn't open."

"And you were nude?" My wife added, seemingly fixated on that aspect of the story more than any other.

"Uh huh, I took the sheet off the bed. By that stage the floor was sinking and I tried the window which thankfully opened and climbed out that way," Mom detailed.

"So you were in Alex's room, what, sleeping?" Jacinta interrogated.

"Oh no, it was only late afternoon," Mom answered, still not offering an explanation for her nudity. "I was," she lowered her eyes to the wine glass and I could see her blushing for the second time in the day. "Well I was...relaxing."

There was an extended moment of silence in the room before Jacinta broke it. "Oooh. I understand," she smiled as Mom raised her eyes. Jacinta making a locking gesture at her lips and throwing away the imaginary key.

I had no idea what was going on and said as much. "But why didn't you have clothes on?"

Both women looked to me incredulous.

"Oh Alex, really?" Jacinta laughed and Mom uncomfortably rose from the couch beside me, unsteady on her feet.

"Excuse me both of you. I really have to pee!" She bluntly stated and stepped over my outstretched legs on her way out of the room.

Both Jacinta and I followed her clearly inebriated progress, our eyes on the rear of her dress raised up onto her buttocks from sitting. The panties wedged tight between her peachy ass cheeks.

"Are you serious?" Jacinta asked as she came over and straddled my lap as Mom disappeared down the hallway.

"What?" I cupped her buttocks, her pussy pressing down onto my cock.

"Alex, your mother was in your room masturbating!"

The revelation came as a shock

"What?"

"You seriously didn't get that from the story she just told?" Jacinta asked me and I had to admit I hadn't.

"She said she was 'relaxing' or something," I explained. "That could mean anything."

Jacinta ground her groin hard along my growing erection.

"Baby, your mother was in your bed fingering herself!" Jacinta bluntly stated, leaning in and whispering the words into my mouth. "She essentially just admitted it."

My dick was reaching its full potential and I encouraged it by running my hands under Jacinta's dress, caressing her bare buttocks, the string of her thong running between them.

"She wants you Babe," my wife purred. "We both do!"

"I...you were serious today?" I questioned. "The threesome?"

Her enthusiastic nodding was answer enough but she followed it up.

"Look Alex, it's no big deal," she suggested. "The incest. Everyone's doing it."

"Everyone?"

"I've read about it. Especially mothers and sons."

"What about mother and son?" Mom asked from the entrance to the living room.

Jacinta pressed her cheek to mine as we looked at my mother.

"Oh just sleeping together!" My wife openly replied. "In the same bed I mean," she laughed.

Mom made a show of accentuating a yawn. "We didn't get around to talking about it, did we?" She stated. "I can sleep on the couch if it's a problem." She pressed her hands into her lower back to remind us of her pain.

"Nonsense Kathy," Jacinta replied

"I put last night's nightie in the wash, I'll just need to borrow something else to wear Dear," she proposed.

"Oh I'm sure we can find something," Jacinta delighted.

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After getting myself a drink of water and rinsing the wine glasses I walked into our bedroom, Jacinta and Mom standing before my wife's dresser in debate. Entering the bathroom, I closed the door on their conversation but the separation did nothing to silence their congress.

"There's this one," I heard my wife propose as I brushed my teeth.

"Oh no, I get so hot at night," Mom declined.

"What about this? It's..." Jacinta's words were muffled by the sound of the running water and I didn't hear the rest of her comment. I heard the reply though.

"Oh goodness, it IS very sheer isn't it?" Mom returned and I wondered what my wife had offered her?

"Oh don't worry about it, it's only us here Kath," Jacinta reasoned. "You're not going out in public."

I lifted my t-shirt over my head and opened the laundry hamper and there they were.

"Jesus," I whispered to myself as I looked down on the panties my mother had been wearing. Ridiculously I felt an immediate stirring behind my fly and I looked up at my reflection in the mirror. She'd just taken them off, I rationalised. We'd seen her wearing them in the lounge room not ten minutes before. That very morning I'd seen her bare ass as she slept. Did Mom always go to bed 'commando,' so to speak? I looked back down at the white lace and then back at the bathroom door. It was locked. I was alone. No one would ever know, I reasoned.

With a shaking hand I reached down and gently swept the material, opening the panties up somewhat, exposing the gusset. They're your

mother's! I internally screamed at myself but my cock gave me a big 'fuck you' by swelling in my pants. Oh what the hell, I thought and reached down, picking up the delicate item and drawing it from its home. They were still warm. The crotch damp. "Jesus," I repeated for the second time, all of a sudden seeming to have found religion as I raised them to my face.

Strong. Feminine. Pleasant. Too pleasant. I stretched out the front of my pants as I breathed in the scent of my mother's sex. This was wrong. So wrong. But it felt so good. I closed my eyes for a second, imagining the source. Her pussy pressed to the lace, the material cinched between the cheeks of her ass, oh God, touching her asshole! Stop Alex, I yelled at myself, tearing the temptation from my face and throwing them back in the hamper, my t-shirt over the evidence.

I looked in the mirror and the erection tenting my front. "Oh no," I whispered at the thought of heading back out there in that state. I removed my pants and the pride displayed was even more noticeable. The option of quickly 'rubbing one out' to remove my problem came to me but I settled on (and pardon my over sharing) forcing myself to pee to reduce the swelling.

It 'sort of' did the trick, reducing my cock to a semi-erect state that would hopefully go unnoticed with a cursory glance and after flushing and washing my hands I breathed deep and headed back into our bedroom.

I needn't have been so thorough. With the overhead light off, Jacinta's reading lamp was all that illuminated the room and as I

rounded the already occupied bed, I realized my erection probably would've gone unseen.

"So I guess I'm in the middle!" I stated as I climbed over my wife, Jacinta lifting the covers as I did so. She wore a little romper that she knew I loved her wearing, the material so silky to the touch and hugged her body perfectly.

"We wondered what you were up to in there," Mom commented. "Thought you might've fallen in!" She giggled to herself.

The lifting sheet revealed what Mom also was wearing to bed. If the red satin nightie had been Jacinta's sexiest, the white sheer babydoll she'd loaned Mom tonight, wasn't far behind. Laying on her back, it dropped just below her hips and though the sheet didn't raise to expose her groin, it was clear she hadn't replaced her removed panties.

Almost immediately Jacinta turned off the lamp and the room plunged into darkness before slowly my eyes adjusted. Wife to the left of me, mother to the right, a pillow each on our king sized bed, I stared at the ceiling questioning the reality of my surroundings. We were just sleeping together. I told myself. Not 'sleeping' together. I was not about to have sex with my mother.

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"...trapped!" The voice woke me from a deep sleep. I immediately reached to my left to comfort Jacinta in her dream or nightmare before I recalled my circumstance. My touch roused my wife before again Mom shouted in her sleep. "...can't open it. I'm sinking.." Her somniloquy continued, Jacinta turning on the lamp.

The sudden illumination brought Mom from her dream state but not before a final exclamation of horror as I assumed she perceived herself to be still in the house. "...help!" She screamed as she sat up in the bed, the covers falling from her chest. I sat up beside her and raised a hand to her shoulder as she looked at her surroundings, remembering where she was.

"Mom, it's ok," I consoled her. "You were dr.."

"I was dreaming," she cut me off.

"It's to be expected Kath," Jacinta added. "You've been through a traumatic experience."

"Oh God it was so real," Mom trembled and Jacinta nudged me.

I looked at her and she nodded towards Mom, making a wrapping gesture with her arms and I understood she was insinuating I embrace her. I'd done it before of course. At the house. Earlier that night when she'd become emotional. In fact I think I'd given my

mother more hugs in the last two days than I had the last two years. But in bed? In bed when we were both half naked?

"Hey, come on Mom, lie down," I pulled back on her shoulder. "You're safe now, you're with us."

With sleepy eyes she gazed upon me and then Jacinta and allowed herself to fall back on the pillow.

"Oh Honey," she whispered. "It was so real."

"I know, but it was just a dream."

"I wonder," she began, turning her head to look again at Jacinta as if for consent before looking at me. "I wonder if you could hold me?" She asked. "Just until I fall back asleep."

"Of course he will," Jacinta sanctioned and enthusiastically nudged me again. Did she have to be so obvious, I wondered?

It was a surreal moment. Mom turned her back to me and as I moved my body closer to her, the lifting sheet revealed the nightie up around her waist, her bottom completely uncovered. Was she aware of how much of her body was on display I wondered? I didn't have long to contemplate as Jacinta turned off the light and with Mom's

head lifted from the pillow awaiting my arm, I placed it under her neck and with the other, embraced her torso.

My chest pressed her upper back, my groin and legs far away from the rest of her body as I attempted to comfort her.

"Mmm," Mom sighed but seemingly not completely satisfied, shifted her hips back on the mattress.

Surely barely an inch separated us as Jacinta as well changed position, spooning me herself from behind. The motion caused my body to lean into my mother ever so slightly but it was enough for us to connect. I knew it was her bottom. What else could it have been? The soft fleshiness against my boxer shorts and the awakening monster that lurked within.

Again Mom shifted, her arm clutching mine to wrap around her middle, her warm soft belly, the silkiness of the babydoll. "Mmm, that's better," she sighed. "I feel so safe." As she said the words her ass pushed harder against my groin leaving no doubt she was agreeable to the intimacy.

Jacinta's entire body slid against me. Her breasts pressed hard into my back, her hand stroking my hip and thigh. When she kissed the back of my neck, I knew where this was headed and allowed the inevitable to occur. My dick swelling.

My arm beneath Mom's neck outstretched, I brought it back to hold her own, now securing her in a bear hug which she encouraged by once again sighing. Gently stroking her arm, she responded to the intimate touch by ever so slightly moving her bottom against me.

We were both being cautious. Overly so. If we looked upon the scene from outside, there was no doubt what was occurring here. Mother, son and wife. All barely dressed, in bed together. Embracing. There weren't too many explanations as to what could be going on but still the taboo about to be broken had to be approached with a degree of circumspection, the fallout if unsolicited, potentially monumental.

Finally, as my swelling became impossible to ignore, the charade dissolved. My cock pressed hard into my mother's buttocks and she responded accordingly, grinding herself along my length. The movement enabled Jacinta to come into the fold and I felt her arm reach further over my body to come in contact with my mother, her hand upon her bare hip. Mom sighed at the touch and as Jacinta had done to me, I pressed my lips to the back of Mom's neck.

I felt the goosebumps on her arms and in response, she gently took hold of my right hand and drew it down to her breast. It was now I that sighed as I felt her hard nipple in the centre of my palm, kissing my way from her nape to behind an ear.

My cock now striving to leave my shorts as it slid back and forth along my mother's ass crack, Jacinta came to its aid, wrenching my underwear down over my hips. Mom immediately felt the shift and took possession of my left hand, guiding it down her belly to stroke

my fingers through her ample pubic hair and parting her thighs, the saturated pussy between. Yes, it was in fact the second night in a row I'd touched my mother's vagina, but tonight was far far different.

Her legs closed upon my fingers as I slid them against her sopping labia, my other hand now squeezing her breast with impunity, pinching her nipple between my thumb and index. Jacinta slid a hand between us, wrapping her fist around my cock as Mom turned her head further towards us.

My lips met her jaw as Jacinta stuffed my dick between Mom's legs, wiping the head against asshole, pussy. I kissed her cheek as her legs parted, allowing my fingers to delve further along her slit, parting her folds. I kissed her mouth as I found the underside of my cock and with Jacinta's help eased it inside my mother's body.

And just as easy as that, I was fucking my mother.

Her tongue met mine as her breath expelled with each thrust of my hips. My cock going deep, short quick penetrations with still not a word spoken between all three of us. The room dark grey, I could see her eyes twinkling. A fire behind them as hot as that in her pussy. She looked beyond me and I knew of what she sought, Jacinta quick to move in above my face, her mouth upon mine, upon my mother's.

It was too much, too fast, too soon. A three way kiss between my wife, my mother and I. My cock buried in my mom from behind. I felt on the verge of orgasm and wished I'd indeed taken care of it

earlier that night. Again my mother's tongue entered my mouth and with fingers in her sodden pubic hair, a hand around a breast and my wife's body pressed to my back, the inevitable occurred.

They both knew it!

"Ohhh, fuck, fuck," I expelled breath as I released deep inside my mother. Each quick thrust of my groin against her ass accompanied by a surge of cum, a volcanic declaration of how turned on I was. Filling my mother's vagina with my seed. "Oh Jesus," I sighed as over and over again I pulsed before finally I slowed my assault, Jacinta first to respond by sitting up. "Oh God, I'm sorry," I apologised to both of them as my cock slid out and Mom turned her body.

"You really just came!?" Jacinta placed a hand on my hip and even in the near darkness I could see the mocking look on her face.

"Yeah, I'm sorry," I repeated, attempting to hold back my laugh.

"It's ok Darling," Mom was quick to defend. "It was beautiful."

I rolled onto my back with an arm still around her as Jacinta turned on the bedside lamp, my cock slick with combined juices, losing its rigidity.

Jacinta dropped back by my side and ran her fingers along my length causing me to twitch.

"There's still some life in the little guy," she joked and my mother laughed in response, her face turning to mine. I expected her to say something profound in that we'd just made love, her eyes smiling as much as her mouth.

"I have to pee!" Mom admitted and it was I who now laughed. "What?" She added.

"Nothing," I replied, running fingers through her hair behind her ear. "I love you."

"I love both of you," Mom stated as she backed off the bed and skipped toward the bathroom, Jacinta and I watching her go, the babydoll sitting part way over her buttocks.

Only swinging the door closed behind her, it sat ajar, and as Jacinta and I kissed, the sound of my mother peeing once again filtered through. Jacinta's hand remaining on my cock, she felt it swell as I was stimulated by the kiss, her, and the noise.

"Oh! Well I know now what turns you on," she giggled into my mouth.

"No Babe, it's not..."

"It's ok," Jacinta condoned. "It's kind of hot."

The toilet flushed as I lowered Jacinta's romper below her breasts and we both looked back toward the bathroom door. Mom exited completely nude and it was the first time I could fully take her beauty in. Large breasts not yet affected by the pull of time, wide hips and that luscious thatch of brown pubic hair. She'd tied her hair back and off her shoulders, she looked stunning.

"Alex was just admitting to me he likes the sound of you peeing Kath," Jacinta revealed as Mom climbed back onto the bed.

"Babe!" I protested but again Mom laughed.

"Ha, runs in the family," she cryptically responded and if she was alluding to my father, I didn't want to hear any more. "Well Honey," she leaned in and kissed me on the lips. "You can come and watch Mommy pee any time you like." To which my hard-on returned with a vengeance.

"While we're confessing things," Jacinta began. "Actually, could you take over here for a moment Kathy?" She interrupted herself as she took her hand from my cock and began removing her romper.

"Oh of course Dear," Mom was eager to help out, wrapping her hand around my now once again fully erect penis and casually masturbating. "What were you saying?"

Jacinta slipped her legs from her pajamas and tossed them aside, now leaving us all fully naked.

"Oh just that we've probably all got things to confess," Jacinta elaborated. "Like did you know Alex was looking at your ass while you were on the couch this morning?"

If it was humiliate your husband day, Jacinta was doing a fine job, but I didn't mind. It was all fun.

"Well I hoped he had," Mom giggled. "I wasn't really sleeping!"

"What?" I exclaimed, more embarrassed by this revelation than the previous. "You knew I saw your bum?"

"Well I did it on purpose," she smiled.

Jacinta's hand joined my mother's and entwined, their fingers stroked the length of my cock from base to head.

"So that's why you weren't wearing panties?" I enquired.

"Oh no, I never wear panties to bed," she matter of factly responded.

I looked at Jacinta and placed a hand on her thigh. "Baby I have to tell you about last night, when I got home. About what happened in the kitchen."

"Oh she already knows Alex," Mom conveyed. "We chatted whilst you were passed out in the morning! Just before you came and saw me actually."

Admittedly I was shocked. "What else have you been talking about?" I asked.

"This," Jacinta openly stated and I understood she was referring to the threesome.

I felt a little deceived. Why hadn't they just spoken to me directly? And then I realized Jacinta had. And I'd turned the idea down.

"Mom," I challenged now that almost everything was out in the open. "What's the deal with you being naked during the sinkhole?"

She looked at Jacinta who rolled her eyes at my ignorance.

"I thought I told you earlier Alex," she stated. "I was masturbating in your room."

"Seriously?"

"Yes Darling," she looked at me almost pityingly. "I've been doing it for years. Even when you were living there!" She added the tantalising fact.

"What?"

"Uh huh!" She smiled. "Your father, God rest his soul, once almost caught me. Came in from doing the lawns to see me leaving your bedroom naked," she giggled before looking at Jacinta. "I was so jealous of you Darling."

"You don't need to be now," my wife replied and to my delight they both leaned into each other above me. With hands around my cock, my wife and mother kissed in front of me. Gentle to begin, mouths opening and one tongue then the other participating. I had to be a part of this, I decided.

My hand already on my wife's thigh, I mimicked the touch on my mother, both hands caressing my women's bodies. The curve of hip, the softness of ass and the heat and moisture of pussy. Contrasting pussies. My wife smooth and hairless, Mom hirsute and both as wet.

A combined sigh left them as I entered, the middle finger of each hand sliding between the labia of my lovers.

I needed to fuck one of them. Both of them! Taking charge as they continued to make out, I rose from my prone position and first joined their kiss before co-ordinating their pose.

None of us (I assumed) had been in this position before but what came seemed to evolve naturally as I coaxed Mom down onto her back. Jacinta followed her path downwards and her mouth homed in on my mother's pussy. The vagina I'd only moments before cum inside, my wife devoured as if her last meal. Spreading my mom's legs wide, Jacinta lapped at her clit like a puppy at a water bowl, my mother on her elbows looking on intensely. Stroking my cock I would've been content to just watch the scene but my wife on all fours, ass in the air, offered me a temptation I couldn't resist.

Crawling behind her I admired the vision for a moment, legs spread, dripping pussy splayed and her asshole winking at me as if acknowledging how cool this all was. I needed a taste, and parting her labia further, I slid my tongue the length of her sex from bald pubic mound to asshole, aware of her penchant, poking my tongue into her tiniest opening which caused a guttural moan from the mouth between my mother's legs.

My cock twitched to remind me of its presence and I rose up once again, taking it in hand and pressing the head to the entrance of my wife's beautiful welcoming cunny. Inside, heat, moisture, perfectly clasping my size until I was fully penetrated, my pelvis to her ass.

She slipped her face from Mom's vagina, resting her cheek on her belly as I repeatedly thrust, her mouth open in pleasure, lips and jaw slathered in my mother's and possibly my own goo.

My fucking pushed her body forward and incrementally as my mom stoked her hair, Jacinta mounted her mother-in-law. As if we'd planned it, Jacinta, one leg at a time climbed upon Mom's pelvis until her pussy, with my dick still implanted, rested above my mother's. Their faces now level, Mom welcomed Jacinta's mouth. The women once again kissing like seasoned lesbians.

"Oh fuck!" Jacinta exclaimed, her head tilting upwards as Mom kissed her jaw. "I'm cumming Baby," she exhaled as I felt her vaginal walls clasp my cock, her body shuddering. Continuing my action to not impact her orgasm I did think it ironic she'd cum in essentially less time than I had, but didn't want to ruin the moment by highlighting the fact.

Mom wrapped her arms around my wife as she came down from her climax, almost comforting the younger woman and I wanted to reward her. Pulling out I dropped lower, spreading my legs to aim my engorged cock once more at my mom's pussy. The sight I had as I leaned back was extraordinary. My cock sliding in and out of my own mother, my wife's pussy still quivering above, her ass begging to be caressed. I placed both hands on her buttocks and squeezed as I increased the rate of penetration of my mother, suddenly realizing what I could do and pulling out, directing Jacinta's vagina back onto me and entering my wife once again. Was I in heaven?

Back in my mother and my wife changing positions, jaw sitting amidst Mom's pubes, her ass seated upon my mother's face. I looked in the full length closet mirror, my mother spreading my wife's ass cheeks and gorging herself on pussy, asshole, whatever she could get her mouth upon. Jacinta put a hand between Mom's pussy and me, wrapping her fist around my lubricated cock as I withdrew and I understood what she wanted. Pulling out fully, I allowed her to take me between her lips, her mouth a defacto cunt as I continued thrusting with the same regularity and intensity. I'd never fucked Jacinta's face this way, my cock hitting the back of her mouth, entering her throat to the accompanying sounds of gagging. I pulled out in an avalanche of saliva and immediately plunged once more inside my mother, her gasping and sighing increasing as she pulled Jacinta's ass onto her face, smothering herself.

Again my wife demanded my cock and I obliged. Holding her head in place as I fucked her mouth, tears, saliva pouring from her onto my mother's crotch. Back in Mom, unexpectedly and she moaned in response, muffled by pussy and ass. "Baby," she managed to voice and I waited for her to go on, not relenting my penetration. "Oh Baby, I'm..." She added and I thought I knew what her next words would be. I was wrong.

"Look out!" She exclaimed and Jacinta and I immediately understood to what she alluded. Her body shuddering below us, her legs well spread, Mom squirted around my cock, squealing in the process. Hot clear spray flooded my erection, squelching out as I continued to fuck. Again Mom squealed and I pulled out in a shower of her cum, Jacinta to my amazement falling forward in an attempt to catch it in her mouth. I enabled the act by pressing the underside of my cock to

Mom's slit, her next orgasm spraying like a spigot around me in all directions, Jacinta's face coated in girl cream.

"Oh God," Mom inhaled as Jacinta let her up for air.

"Jesus," I echoed her sentiments as I leaned down to kiss my wife and taste the fruits of my labour. Jacinta wasn't done as our tongues entwined, reaching for my cock and grasping it tightly, her mouth left mine and she climbed backwards, Mom's face emerging flushed and smeared with cunt juice.

"Now you Baby," Jacinta coaxed as she lay down beside my mom. "Show us what you've got!"

With a leg between each of their spread thighs, my knees pressing against two dripping pussies, I took my cock in hand as they kissed. No stimulus would work greater than that which lay before me. My mom and wife seductively pressing their turned mouths together, tongues reaching for the other's as they in turn watched me jerk off.

This wouldn't take long. Obscenely, they rubbed their vaginas against my legs as I stroked my cock, pre-cum, traces of my last orgasm, dripping from the eye as I upped my rate. The slapping of my hand on cock, the excited breathing of my lovers, my own staggered gasps the only sounds in the room. Pussies below me, breasts, tongues, mouths. And then. "Ohhh Fuuck!" I exclaimed as I climaxed. Jets of cum spraying across the belly, tits of my mother. I changed direction and coated Jacinta, holding my cock tight before

letting it release once again in another surge of semen. A fountain of cum across her torso from neck to groin.

Giggling they watched me empty upon them. Mom squealing much as she'd done when she squirted as I sprayed a rope upon her pubes. "Oh man," I exhaled, spent, dropping to the mattress.

"Oh man indeed!" Mom repeated as she and my wife once again kissed, seeming to luxuriate in their cum bath.

I continued to casually stroke myself as still hard, I wondered if I had another in me so soon?

"So what now?" I asked, breaking their lustful make-out session, Mom's hand smearing my cum over my wife's breasts.

Jacinta looked down at my cock. "How about we go again in the shower?"

I smiled and nodded my approval but elaborated on my question. "I mean with us?"

As Mom had done to her, Jacinta reached across and smeared the rope of cum in Mom's pubic hair over her groin and down between her legs.

"Well I think Kathy, you should permanently move in with us, at least until this sink hole thing is sorted," Jacinta proposed without my input. "What do you both say?"

I for one was more than happy with the proposal. "I agree Mom. We don't want you staying in a hotel."

Mom, glistening with cum looked pretty content to stay exactly where she was and said so.

"I have two conditions though," I stated as the women rose to embrace me. "Well three actually," I added. "One. You keep sharing Jacinta's clothing, if you don't mind Babe?" I looked at my wife to which she shook her head smiling. "Two. You sleep in this bed with us each night, no more bad backs on the couch!"

Mom agreed smiling. "And what's the third?" She asked as we headed toward the bathroom to shower.

"Oh that's right," I replied blushing. "What was this thing about letting me watch you pee?"

Mom and Jacinta laughed as hand in hand we entered the bathroom together.

"Oh, I can do a bit better than that!" Mom stated as we entered the shower, and the water works began.

THE END