

Incest Fantasy II

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jan 2013



My Wife Becomes a Masseuse

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/incest-fantasy-ii.aspx>

As I said in an earlier story, once I started my affair with my daughter, I usually went to the massage parlor in the evening because I usually went to my daughter's apartment in the middle of the day to make love to her. But one day, I decided to go to the massage parlor in the middle of the day and I got an even bigger shock than when my daughter came through the door. My wife came through the door.

Her costume was even briefer than my daughter's, consisting only of a gauzy camisole that did not even come to her waist and an equally gauzy thong. I could clearly see her nipples and the triangle of her pubic hair through her garments. As I commented in an earlier story, my daughter is a younger copy of my wife. My wife's breasts sag a bit more and she has a little more bulge to her tummy, but we all three keep in shape and she looks really good naked.

She immediately shushed me by putting a finger to her lips. Then she took my hand and led me to a massage room. On the way, she asked me, as my daughter had, whether this was my first time. I gulped but decided that honesty was the best policy. I told her that I was a regular. Then she asked if I had seen most of the girls and I said that I had. "Including our daughter?" she asked. Once again, I gulped and said yes. For the next few minutes, she was completely professional, asking what massage I wanted and taking my payment. When she got back, we were ready to start the massage.

As I had with my daughter, I had conflicting thoughts running through my head as I waited for her to return. As with my daughter, I knew exactly what she was doing as a nude masseuse. I was both upset and excited about the fact that she had been stripping naked with other men, massaging and touching them all over their bodies, allowing herself to be touched all over her body, probably allowing them to kiss her nipples, perhaps allowing them to kiss her everywhere on her body, feeling their penises pressed against her body, then bringing them to orgasm with her hands at the end of the massage. Even though she was my wife, I found thinking about what she was doing intensely erotic.

When she did return, we did what I had done with my daughter. We faced each other as we

undressed. I had seen her nude countless times, but this was somehow different and new. I had a raging erection and could hardly wait for her to touch me and for me to touch her in this new context. She pulled her camisole over her head and I saw the beautiful curves of her breasts as if I were seeing them for the first time. When she removed her thong, I could see that she was already wet because there was a wet spot on her thong and I loved seeing her glistening pubic hair with the wetness below. Before she started the massage, she hugged me, pressing my erection into her stomach.

If you read the description of the massage my daughter gave me in my first story, you will have a description of the massage my wife gave me. I know that it is somehow wrong, but it was thrilling to feel her touch me, knowing that she was touching other men in the same way. When I kissed her nipples, they seemed to get harder than they ever had before. She gave me a really good massage and got me so excited that I almost came before she even touched my penis.

While we were in the tub, she soaped me all over and I soaped her all over. She pressed her breasts into my back while she washed the front of my body and ran her soapy hands over my genitals. I pressed my penis into her back as I soaped her body and caressed her breasts, bringing her nipples to hard attention.

The difference in this massage was that we acknowledged our relationship right away and began talking. While she was rubbing my back, I asked her how long she had been working here. She said, "A couple of months. Our daughter has always been completely open with me about her sexuality. She even came to me and asked me what I thought before she took a job here. And she has talked to me about how much she loves her job, about the thrill she gets stripping for men, touching them, getting them to come and watching them come." For whatever reason, listening to her talk like this really turned me on.

She started working on my legs and gluteal muscles, running her hands from my ankles to my waist and said, "Listening to our daughter tell her how much she enjoyed her job made me wonder if I would like it too and it turns out that I love it." She reminded me that I was her first lover and that before she took this job, she had never even seen another man nude in the flesh or seen or touched any penis but mine and that no other man had ever seen or touched her naked body whereas I had been with several women before I was with her. She reminded me that since I was a regular at the massage parlor, she knew that I had probably seen and touched dozens of women. She said, "Partly I was just curious about what it would feel like to strip naked for another man, to see him strip naked and to see and touch his dick and getting him to come. As it turns out, I love it. I love stripping for the men and I especially love seeing and touching all the dicks."

While she was stroking the inside of my thighs and running her fingers up to tickle my scrotum, she

asked if I liked to see older girls or younger girls and I admitted that I liked to see younger ones. She said, "I sort of specialize in younger men. All the older men want younger women so when I young man walks in, I take him if I can. One reason I dress the way I do is that I want them to get turned on by seeing me nearly naked so that they won't ask for a younger woman. That's what happens. They want to see me naked and they often have an erection when they strip. I really like that. I like seeing a man half my age get turned on by seeing me naked." Then she reached under and stroked my penis gently a couple of times.

After I turned over, she told me more about the application process than my daughter had. She explained that all the job applicants sat in on a massage given by one of the other ladies and then auditioned by giving a massage to the manager, complete with finishing him by hand. She had sat in on a massage with our daughter, stripped nude, participated a bit in the massage, stroked the man's penis and watched our daughter jerk the man off. She told me that those two men, the customer and the manager were the first men besides myself that she had seen naked and that she had seen come and she was fascinated by it, especially when she gave the manager an orgasm. She loved watching the semen shoot out of his penis, knowing that she had caused it to shoot. She also told me that the manager, who was also the owner, received a daily free massage from one of the ladies so she had given him a few more massages.

Finally, she told me that she thought that our daughter was having an affair with a married man. I tried to look surprised about this bit of information but I wasn't sure that I fooled her.

When I got home that evening, we both acted as if nothing had happened, but we made wild passionate love when we went to bed. As we collapsed on the bed, she whispered that it was fine with her if I kept going to the massage parlor. She me that she knew about parties the girls had to take care of husbands and boyfriends, not realizing that I had been to such parties. She said that she had not been to one because she didn't have a lover other than me. She said, "I want to go to one to find out what it feels like to have another man's dick in my mouth, feel him shoot and swallow his cum even if I don't get fucked at the end. I think our daughter goes with the guy she's having an affair with. But if you would go with me, you could get a couple of blow jobs and then fuck me."

Obviously, her suggestion created a complicated situation, but a couple of days later, she confided to me that she thought that our daughter was having an affair with me. I had to admit that it true. She surprised me by saying that it was alright with her and that if I wanted to, I should continue the affair. She just didn't want to know when we were meeting.