Our New Resident

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How I came to have sex with an older woman and her daughter.

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I was one of those young people who didn't really give much thought to what I would do with my life as far as a career went. Oh, I had interests, sure, I even majored in one, biology. It was after I graduated that I realized that industries hired lots of chemists, but few biologists. The states hired a few each year but nowhere near the number that flooded into the job market every spring.

So, I went back to school, nursing school, and became a nursing administrator. That was ten years ago, I'm now thirty-six and have been with the Riverbend Care Center ever since, now the Manager of Nursing Care. So, I'm nicely paid, like my job and am well-respected by my peers.

If I'm able, I like to help our new residents move in since I already know them from the interview and contract process that precedes their residence in our facility. It's a large facility but is divided into three general sections ranging from assisted living to total care.

We often first meet people as they come to us for assisted living and that was how it was when I first met Susan Andrews and her mother, Betty Hudson.

Now, Betty was younger than many of those who come to us, she was just sixty-two, but her daughter wanted her closer and, in addition, she had not been feeling too well lately, nothing diagnosed, just not feeling well. I had wondered if it might be depression or anxiety but, that's up to the doctors.

So, Betty was moving in on a Saturday afternoon being helped, of course, by her daughter, Susan, who was about forty. They were both attractive women, Betty really only looked about fifty, nice and trim, nice figure, auburn hair, while her daughter, Susan, was quite pretty, dressed in a much more provocative way, it was a Saturday, of course, and she was in a short, yellow A-line dress. She did have the legs for it and, truthfully, being around so many women in their eighties, well, I did enjoy her presence.

They were moving her into one of the two-bedroom units and I had come over to make sure that the paperwork was all correct and that everything was proceeding well. We all chatted a bit and I left them to finish unpacking. Later I took some additional paperwork to be signed and we were in the spare bedroom when I noticed a massage table all folded-up against the wall.

"Oh, do you give massages, Betty?" I asked, thinking that it might be something our residents might enjoy.

"No, oh, no, I was having someone in once or twice a week. Do you provide massages here?"

"Not really except for those who need bathing, they do get lotion rubbed on but it's not really a massage."

"Mmm, I'll really miss that," she added.

She looked up at me from unpacking a box of clothes and asked, with a smile, "And do you ever give baths to the residents yourself?"

"Oh, Mom, Mister Decker is too busy for that," her daughter told her.

Being in the presence of two attractive women, I answered, "Well, I'm here for you so if you would like a bath or a massage, just how could I refuse you."

"Well, then, maybe later this evening?"

"I'll be here until about seven-thirty, I'd have time then."

I took the papers back to my office, did some rounds and later remembered my promise. So, when I was ready to leave, I pulled my car around to her building and let myself in, then rang her buzzer.

The door opened a few inches and Betty looked out.

"Oh, I was hoping it was you, Charles, come in," and she opened the door further, keeping herself back as I came in.

Then I saw why.

She was wearing a sheer, lacy housecoat and, unmistakably, nothing under it.

Well, no man is the master of his cock, mine lurched in my pants when I saw her. As I said, she was attractive and would pass for fifty any day.

"You're off duty now, right, Charles?" she asked.

"Right, I'm all yours," I said smiling, having an intuition as to where this might just lead.

"Then, let's have some wine, shall we?" and she poured us both glasses of Merlot.

She clinked her glass with mine. "Here's to my new life here and a lovely massage I hope we can both enjoy."

This wasn't leaving too much to my imagination. Our new resident was turning out to be a rather hot woman.

"I got things ready, Charles, come see." She led me into her bedroom and there was the massage table all set up, massage oils ready and candles burning.

"We can start if you like?"

I nodded and she asked me, "Face up or face down."

"Down's fine," I answered as she turned and dropped her housecoat to the floor and got on the table face down over a large Turkish towel and sheet.

I dribbled oil into the well at the base of her spine and began rubbing it around her back, up onto her shoulders and neck. Her backside was quite lovely, a nice firm butt, narrow waist, smooth shoulders. I rubbed down her arms then back up to her neck and down her back.

"Mmm, that's nice, Charles, just what I was hoping."

More oil on her lower back, then up over the mounds of her buttocks, rubbing, kneading,

My hands were sliding across her cheeks, dipping down grazing her inner thighs as she moved her legs apart inviting me further. So, my hands went down further, caressing along near the sides of her labia with my oiled fingers.

"Mmm, oh, mmm, that's what I need to feel better, Charles, your hands are so wonderful." She

brought a knee up, opening herself further to my touch.

I reached one hand up under her and rubbed back and forth across her pussy.

"Mmm, sooo good, Charles, you make me feel so good."

"You feel good to me, too, Betty."

I could see her pussy in the dim light, she looked and felt like she was shaved, there was no hair under her pussy or around the side of her labia, just silken smoothness as I rubbed.

Then I slid two fingers inside as she moaned.

"Mmm, mmm, ohh," she groaned as she lifted her hips up so I could probe her more deeply. I pulled my fingers out and led my thumb up into her and my fingers now wiped back and forth across her clit, firm and erect and excited.

"Oh, mmmm, oh, that's wonderful, oh, please don't stop, it's so lovely, mmm, oh, oh, yes, yes, mmm, UUH, UUH, uuh, uh, uh, mmm, mmm, oh, Charles, that was wonderful, just wonderful."

I pulled my thumb out of her and asked her to turn over. As she did, I now had a clear view of our newest resident.

Her breasts were beautiful, really firm under my hands as I spread more oil over her, she looked much younger and, yes, she was shaved.

As my hands glided over and squeezed her breasts, she looked up at me and said, "My late husband, Edgar, gave me a boob job for my fortieth birthday. They've held up pretty well since."

"They're really beautiful," I replied as I bent over to take a nipple in my mouth.

Her hand reached up to stroke my face as her other hand dropped off the table to grip the bulge in my pants. My heart was racing when, right then, we both heard the front door open.

"Mom, Mom, I brought you…oh…" and Betty's daughter was standing framed in the bedroom door gaping at us, my hands on her mother's oil-glazed boobs, her legs spread, naked on the table.

I froze but Betty didn't. No, she didn't skip a beat.

"Susan, dear, do pour yourself a glass of wine, we should be done soon."

Her daughter smiled and winked at me, turned and walked toward the kitchen.

"Mmm, now, where were we?"

To say I was a bit distracted would be, of course, an understatement. But, I didn't stop massaging Betty, not for a minute, I was soon back down on her abdomen and below, making sure to retrace my steps where I knew so well now that she wanted me to go. I had three fingers in her and my other hand circling her clit as I wondered just what was going through her daughter's mind right at that moment.

Then, reflected in the dresser mirror, I saw Susan, wine glass in hand, sit on the living room sofa, facing the bedroom door, watching me from my back, as I massaged and fingered her mother. She couldn't see where my hands were though I didn't think it would take much imagination.

Betty was now rubbing her breasts and pinching her nipples as I fingered her and rubbed her clit.

"Mmm, oh, mmm, that's just wonderful, mmm, oh, just what I've needed. Your hands are so wonderful."

I looked up again in the mirror and Susan had the hem of her A-line dress hiked up around her waist, a hand inside her panties, moving around and around, her eyes looking in at us. Well, well, I thought, she's certainly comfortable with her mother's sexuality and need for sexual pleasure. I wondered just how many daughter's would be quite that relaxed and accepting in a similar situation.

"Mmm, oh, oh, mmmm," she groaned, raising her hips up off the table, one hand squeezing my cock, the other now gripping my hand that was rubbing her clit and pressing down hard, rubbing all around her pubic mound.

"Oh, oh, omigod, don't stop, just…oh, harder, yes, oh, UUH, UUH, UHNH, uuh, uh, mmm, ooh, ooh, mmm, that was wonderful, Charles, oh, simply wonderful. You are a wonderful, caring man. Thank you, oh, yes, thank you."

I bent over and kissed her softly as she slid her tongue into my mouth, her hand rising up to pull my head down hard as she kissed me deeply, my hands still pleasuring her.

I raised back up, looking in the mirror and Susan had her feet up on the sofa next to her, knees splayed, panties on the floor beneath her, her fingers going in and out, her eyes glued on her mother

and me. Well, I had one happy woman right under me and another in the living room who was obviously not about to turn and run.

So, I handed Betty a towel, kissed her again and told her I would be back.

I turned and walked into the living room, Susan watching me as I came toward her, not covering herself, smiling at me, stroking herself with her fingers. I stood in front of her unbuckling my belt and dropping my pants and boxers to the floor, my excited cock now loose after such an erotic lead-up to the moment at hand.

I knelt down between her legs, leaned up and kissed her open mouth as my hands reached around and unbuttoned her dress and slid it up off her shoulders. She reached around and loosened her bra and slid it off her shoulders and held her lovely, firm breasts as we kissed.

As I moved back, she softly said, "Thank you for making my mom happy, Charles, now I want my turn," and I lowered my head down and kissed her wet, bare pussy, then licked her juices up as she dropped her head back moaning.

"Mmm, oh, that's wonderful, I am so hot, so ready. Mmm."

I lifted up, moved right up to her pressing the wet tip of my cock to her open slit and pushed right into her all the way.

"Mmm, oh, good, mmm," she moaned as I began to move back and forth. I looked at Susan and she made a small motion with her head toward whatever was behind me. I turned my head and there was Betty, sitting in an upholstered arm chair, legs splayed over the arms, pussy gaping open as she rubbed both hands over her crotch.

I was leaning over Susan, a nipple in my mouth, her hands roving over my back and shoulders, fucking her slowly as I felt her vaginal muscles tighten and relax as I went along.

Then, she started thrusting up at me as I fucked her.

"Oh, oh, oh, OH, OH, UUH, UUH, um, um, oh, mmm, more, yes, don't stop, oh, I want more, yes, mmm," as she swung her legs around me scissoring me tightly, pulling my cock hard into her, as my cum began spurting deeply into her as she bucked against me.

I kept stroking in and out of her as she rubbed her hands up and down on my chest.

"Well, I must say the service here is much more than my mom or I ever expected."

Betty came over and also sat on the sofa, patting a place for me to sit. I went ahead and took my shirt off, after all they were both now naked as I sat between them while they both petted my cock.

"Well your massage was wonderful, Charles, and I'm glad you and Susan got together. I know she's needed some cheering up, just like I have."

"Oh, Mom means my husband, Terry. He just doesn't take much interest anymore. I wonder if he's got a girlfriend on the side, there is a secretary at his office that I've wondered about. Any way, well, it's been over a month since I'd had sex and, well, I just never expected this to happen. I just came in and, well, you…oh, and when mom had an orgasm, well, I just wanted one, too, and knew I had to have you right then."

"I'm sure not complaining about how this all happened, ladies. Granted, this is not exactly how we try to make our residents and their families happy, it did turn out that we all three are pretty happy."

"Oh, Charles, I hope you can give me some more massages and I really do hope I can show you how sex is with me now that you've had my daughter. You're welcome to share my bed any time, even tonight," and she turned, put her arms around me and kissed me like we were teens in the back seat of a car.

"I can highly recommend him, Mom, he's great, even on a sofa. In bed, well, that's something I think I'd like to find out."

"Well, dear, it's not even nine, maybe we could convince Charles to stay a while longer and make us both happy."

"Mom, perhaps Charles has someone waiting at home for him," added Susan.

I assured them both that I lived alone and that I really did like the idea of staying on a bit longer with the both of them playing with my cock, so we retired to Betty's queen-sized bed where I did Susan first so she could have a happy drive home with two loads of my cum well-tucked away where she could dream about how it got there.

And, finally, Betty let me get up and get dressed about three after I fucked her and ate her out. What a sex-hungry woman she was.

This began an ongoing affair with both, Betty, the mother, and Susan, her daughter.

I did keep some clothes at Betty's unit so I could just somehow appear the next morning ready for work after an exhaustive night of stunning sex.

Susan would come to my house several times a month and we would have very energetic sex, she was her mother's daughter, for sure. And, yes, we did, the three of us, have sex at least twice a month when Susan would visit her mother. I would, of course, just come by to check up on how things were going.

I believe in service to our customers and enjoy greatly servicing them both just as often as I can. It's the least I can do.