**Megan & Kasey - Job Training Ch. 06**

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CHAPTER 6

Megan stood at the doorway to Dr. Meeks' office, having just caught him with his cock in her mom's mouth. She knew what kind of man Meeks was. He had fucked her and Kasey and who knows how many of the strippers that worked for him. But her mom? What was going on? Megan had only been gone for a couple of days and her parents hadn't been separated much longer. And now, her mom was giving head to another man, a man who was part of Megan's training, no less? What kind of craziness was this?

"Listen, baby," her mom said, making no effort to get up from her knees in front of Meeks, his cock inches from her nose. "I can 'xplain." Megan heard the slurring in her speech. Drunk. Well, that was a least a contributing factor.

"You got her drunk?" she turned to Meeks.

"She was drunk when I picked her up," Meeks said, hands up innocently, even as that wicked smile creased his face. "We stopped by your house and she blew me there, but not as well as she should. We went to dinner and she had a couple of drinks with her salad and, well, she said she wanted a second chance to do it right. I had to stop in at the office real quick but was going to take her home and let her try again. I left her in the car, but she followed me in. Sorry, but you can only be a gentleman for so long, right?"

Megan started to cuss him out and drag her mom out of there, but she remembered her place and his current authority. She bit her tongue. "Yes, sir," she said.

"Is there something you'd like to ask me, Megan?" Meeks smiled.

Fuck, he didn't really mean it, did he? Megan thought. But his eyes were locked on hers. He meant it. "Yes, there is sir," she said, voice quivering. She looked at her mom, hoping she would be too drunk to remember this. "May I please suck your cock, sir?"

"Well, isn't that sweet," Meeks grinned. "Mom, what do you think? Do you want to teach Megan how to suck a man's cock? A little mother-daughter bonding time?"

"Oh, yes, come on, honey!" Susan slurred. Megan had never seen her this drunk. Her mom was a slutty drunk? What was happening? Susan gripped Meeks' cock and kissed the head. "Come down here, Megan. It's a beautiful dick, isn't it? We can share!"

"Have you ever sucked a dick before, Megan?" Meeks asked, shaking his head no.

"Um, no sir," Megan said. "I only asked because, like Mom said, it looks so yummy. But it's so big, I knew she would need some help."

"You have a very smart daughter," Meeks said, patting the top of Susan's head with his cock.

"Sheez great, isn't she?" Susan giggled. "C'mon baby. You're a woman now. You gotta know how to suck dick and make your man happy. I show ya."

Megan knelt down, reminding herself to act like she didn't know what she was doing, just in case her mom did remember any of this. It was a good thing she did, because she looked up and saw that Meeks had his phone out and was recording this. As uncomfortable as all this was for her, Megan reminded herself that there was a hard cock in front of her and she was responsible for taking care of it. She would follow orders, do her job, and process all this later.

She leaned forward, but her mom pulled her out of the way. Meeks laughed. "Like this, honey," Susan said. She opened her mouth wide and kissed and licked the head. "Start slow and kiss it. Love it and it will love you back. You try."

Susan actually held Meeks' cock as Megan gently put her lips on the head. It was like a mother feeding a baby, putting the spoon in their mouth. Only Megan was no baby and her mom was feeding her something much more solid than baby food. "Yes, now look up at him and suck that head," Susan said. Megan looked up, right into the camera. Despite her disgust at this situation, she winked and moaned "Mmmm," around his cock. If she was going to be on camera, she might as well put on a good show, she thought. If she didn't do this right and he showed any of the guys, she could endure another punishment. She didn't need that right now, even though she had to admit it was kinda fun sometimes.

"Show her how to go deeper," Meeks said. Susan pulled Megan away and slurred, "wash this." She took him back in her mouth, opening wide, straining to go all the way down on him. Megan watched Meeks put his hands on the back of her mom's head and "help" her go all the way to his balls. He face fucked her for a few strokes, then pushed her away. "Thas how is done!" Susan smiled at Megan, her eyes watering and face red.

"Your turn, Megan," Meeks smiled. "Just like momma, right?"

"Yes, sir," she said. She knew she could go down on him more easily than her mom had, but she pretended to struggle. Soon, her head was also being pushed to his balls, only to her horror, her mom was the one with her hands on the back of her head. Her mom was making her deepthroat a man old enough to be her dad. Granted, Megan had chosen to do so willingly multiple times recently, but she never though her mom would even approve it, let alone encourage and, in fact, facilitate it.

"All tha way, baby," Susan said. "Every inch deserves your luv."

In her drunken state, Susan didn't realize how hard she was pushing. She slammed Megan's head down on Meeks' cock with a force equal to what the massive Sato had done in Mr. Tanaka's office. It stunned Megan and she coughed and gagged. Susan let her up for air, admonishing her as she did so.

"Sorry," Susan said to Meeks, her glassy eyes looking dully into his phone. "Sheez a good grrl. She just hasta learn, ya know."

"It's OK," Meeks said. "Every slut has to learn somehow. But maybe today's not the day. Tell you what, how about you both get on both sides of me and just put your lips and tongue on my cock and give it a little mother-daughter love?"

"That's so sweet!" Susan exclaimed. Megan was embarrassed for her, but joined her in turning Meeks' cock into a sandwich separating their mouths. He pumped his cock back and forth between them, then stuffed his cock in Megan's cheek and ordered Susan to suck his balls. He jacked his cock in Megan's mouth, waving it back and forth over her tongue while Susan's tongue flicked and licked his balls.

Meeks wished Kasey was here. He would have Susan eat his ass while Megan choked on his cock and Kasey had both balls stuffed in her mouth. Maybe he could stumble into that bit of good fortune like he had this one. He was telling the truth, after all, about Susan being drunk and the one who instigated everything. Sure, he preferred Megan and Kasey and his 20-something strippers, but Susan was definitely a MILF who met his high standards. He had planned on doing nothing more than taking her out and, if she showed any interest, fucking her of course. He hadn't even planned on Megan knowing, nor anyone from the school. He would love to take credit for being a mastermind, but this was truly luck. He wasn't sure what he would use the video for, if anything. But he sensed it would be good to have, even if only for personal pleasure. He was tempted to make Megan come with them and spend the night fucking this twisted pair, but thought that might be pressing his luck.

When he was about to cum, he ordered the women to put their faces next to each other and he sprayed his cum all over both them, aiming particularly for their cheeks and closed mouths. Then he ordered them to lick each other clean and, of course, swallow it all.

"Yes, sir," they said in unison, almost making him hard again before he was even fully soft.

"First time tasting cum, Megan?" he asked, using the question as a hint that she should act like this was something new and gross.

"Yes, sir," Megan said. She licked some of her mom's nose and immediately made a face and mock-gagged, putting on a good show.

"Oh now Meg, is that any way to show your 'preciashun?" Susan said. Megan could barely understand some of what she was saying. "It's yummy!" Susan licked cum off Megan's cheek and lips.

"Give her a kiss," Meeks whispered. Susan, caught in a drunken trance, kissed Megan on the lips. Horrified yet again, Megan kissed her back, looking into the camera with wide eyes as she did so.

When it was over, Megan got Susan some much needed water. As she bent over the water cooler, Meeks noted her lack of underwear. "What happened to your panties, Megan?" he asked, intentionally putting her on the spot. She wasn't sure who was better at doing that, Meeks or Rothman. They both made her uneasy at all times.

"I, um, was stupid and forgot to pack any for the trip," Megan said, thinking up the lie quickly.

"Ooh, Megan, don't be teasing my man with your bare little pussy," Susan said, wide eyed.

"I'm not, Mom," Megan said. "It was an accident. I'm sorry, sir."

"It's OK, Megan," Meeks said, letting her off the hook. "How about I take your little pussy home and then put your mom's pussy to work the rest of the night?"

"Yes!" Susan exclaimed. How embarrassing, Megan thought, almost laughing now. This was horrifying and comical and just plain insane.

"That would be very nice of you, sir," Megan said. "I'm sorry that I interrupted your date. We came back a day early and I was trying to surprise Mom is all."

"I'd say you succeeded," Meeks said, thinking that Megan might be in for a surprise all her own when she got to the house. Susan had told him about Michael being with another woman. If Michael thought Megan was coming home tomorrow, well, odds are he was enjoying a night with his new piece of ass. He wasn't going to say anything, but in the car, Susan, in her drunken state, blurted out that Michael was fucking someone else.

"Wait, what?" Megan said. "He was all alone yesterday. Who could he have met..." It hit her. She thought she knew. It really could only be one person, right? But Kasey? Really?

"I don't know," Susan sputtered. "Probably some tramp from work or something. It's OK though. I got my man. He can have his whore."

Megan cringed. She had a bad feeling about this. How did her mom know that he was with someone but not know who? And why did Meeks seems to know more than he was letting on? She tried texting Kasey and Mick and Harry, but got no responses. It was late now, so she wasn't surprised. Meeks dropped her off and Megan went inside the house. It was dark and quiet, but she saw the glow of the TV in the living room. The sound was low, and she heard deep breathing. Her dad, asleep on the couch. OK, well this wasn't so weird, he fell asleep on the couch watching TV all the time.

She approached quietly and looked over the top of the couch, planning to wake him up and send him to bed, but then she saw a sight almost as shocking as her mom on her knees in front of Meeks. Kasey was laying on top of him. She was naked and bound. A blanket lay on the floor. Kasey's bare feet were touching her dad's cock, which was hard even in his sleep. His arms hugged her like a pillow. There was little doubt that Kasey had been fucking her dad. Megan thought about waking them up, but before she could decide, Michael stirred. Whether it some noise Megan had made or just the feel of Kasey's feet on his erection, something woke him up. Megan ducked down and crawled slowly away from the couch toward the stairs.

She stopped every few feet and listened. She heard both of their voices now. He had woken Kasey up.

"....fuck your little cunt," she heard Michael grunt.

"Yes, daddy," she heard Kasey say softly. Megan crept to the stairs and looked back. She could make out their shapes. Kasey was on top of her dad, still bound like a little ball. But instead of playing catch with her, he was lifting her up and down, fucking her best friend like a rag doll. Megan heard Kasey cry out, her orgasm hitting her as Megan reached the top of the stairs. Megan stripped naked and crawled into bed, playing with her pussy until she fell asleep, her weary head a mess of questions for which she had no answers.

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After Michael fucked her on the couch, Kasey had to go to the bathroom so he untied her. She came back and they slept together on the couch, but she was no longer bound. In the morning, Kasey woke up bright and early. She slipped slowly off of Michael's body and went upstairs to shower, knowing Michael was going to need some time to sleep off his alcohol consumption. She would shower and then begin cleaning upstairs, trying not to wake him while prepping for Megan's return.

But when she got upstairs, she noticed the bedroom door was closed. She didn't usually close it when she left the room, so she opened it cautiously. She saw Megan, sound asleep in her bed. Kasey quickly realized that Megan had come home during the night. Surely she saw them on the couch. Well, she had planned to tell Megan anyway, but with a little more tact than laying naked on top of her dad.

Kasey knew Megan had to be tired and decided to let her sleep. She got in the shower, trying to decide how she would handle this. She was just shampooing her hair when the shower curtain was pulled back and Megan stood there, naked. "May I join you?" Megan asked. "We need to talk. He won't be able to hear us in here, I hope."

"Of course," Kasey said, stepping back to give Megan room. They had showered together in locker rooms before, but never in quite such close quarters as this. As they talked, their breasts touched several times, their wet bodies bumping gently into each other. Kasey imagined Jackson shooting a video and posting this online. "When did you get back?"

"Last night," Megan said. "We came back a day early. I'll tell you all about it later, but right need to talk to you about my parents. And before you say anything, I'm not mad about you and my dad. I just need to know how it happened and I have to tell you about my mom."

"I have to tell you about your mom, too," Kasey said. "I'm sorry, I tried texting you but you weren't answering."

"I was tied up the whole time -- almost literally," Megan explained.

"Really?"

"Yes, but I'll tell you about that later. We don't have a lot of time. Tell me what you know about my parents and I'll tell you what I know. We need to be on the same page moving forward."

Kasey quickly told her about how Michael reacted to learning that Susan was seeing someone and just felt inspired to help him. She described his reluctance and her seduction and even shared the somewhat scary, drastic transformation in Michael's behavior. Megan was wide-eyed, not believing what she was hearing, but knowing that Kasey was telling the truth, even as she talked about Susan blowing Meeks in the basement, just feet away from Michael and Kasey. It was like she didn't know who her parents were anymore. Of course, they would think the same thing about her if they knew what she had been up to the past couple of weeks.

There were so many details Megan wanted to hear -- and some she didn't -- but she needed to tell Kasey about her mom and Meeks. She could hardly believe her own words as she described the events in Meeks' office and the sperm-sharing kiss with her mom that ended it. It didn't sound real, yet it was and now it was Kasey's turn to listen in wide-eyed disbelief.

"So, what now?" Kasey asked. "Do we tell him about Meeks? Do we let him know that you know about us? What do we tell Mick and Harry?"

"They're kinda pissed, by the way," Megan said. "I got some texts from them. They aren't happy that they haven't seen much of us."

"Yeah, they fucked me right next to your dad while he was passed out last night," Kasey said. "They're the ones who tied me up. They aren't happy at all."

"Well, they will be really mad if we don't tell them," Megan said. She was taking control now, her mind working fast, the planner in action. "We tell them everything and make it up to them any way we can. They can help us plan and figure things out. We don't tell my dad that I know anything and we sure don't tell him about Meeks and mom. I'll act like I didn't see you guys last night and I'll say I'm going to stay with mom a couple nights this week so you can keep giving him what he clearly needs. I'll think of a place to stay. I can stay with Mick and Harry, I'm sure."

"Why don't you stay with my dad?" Kasey suggested, blurting it out before she could think. "I mean, seeing how much your dad... well, it just made me think how much my dad has done without. He needs someone to at least satisfy his needs until he finds a new love."

"You'd be OK with that?" Megan asked.

"The same way you're OK with me and your dad," Kasey said. "Is it weird? Hell, yes. But I love both of them and just want them to be happy. I know you do too. So let's put their needs before ours. We'll adjust, just like we keep counting on them to adjust to us."

"Your dad already has," Megan giggled.

"Yeah, mostly, but I can tell it's weird for him to see me this way sometimes," Kasey said. "I think he accepts it because he loves me and because he needs you."

The girls agreed they had a plan and got out of the shower, listening for signs of life from Michael. But they heard nothing and both got dressed and prepared for the day. The plan was to ask Michael if they could go spend time with Mick and Harry and hopefully calm them down. Michael could rest and recover and the girls could catch their breath. The plan got a little easier when they went downstairs and found Michael still sound asleep. They simply left him a note that Megan had gotten back that morning and that they were heading over to Mick and Harry's. Michael would be thankful that Megan hadn't seen him with Kasey and would be thankful for the rest as well.

The girls had decided to wear matching schoolgirl outfits, both putting their hair in pigtails. They were red-framed glasses, red chokers, tiny white shirts tied above their navels, tiny red tartan skirts with slits up the sides and just enough fabric to cover their pussies. Bare legs and red pumps completed the naughty look. It wasn't their most creative work, but Megan had suggested the attire to demonstrate to Mick and Harry that, despite their somewhat impulsive and disobedient behavior, they were still very much students of the school and eager to learn from their masters.

Kasey texted Mick and Harry a picture of the two of them in their outfits with a simple message, "Is class in session today, daddies?"

The immediate response from Harry was "Yes, and you're late."

The girls hurried down to Mick and Harry's, finding the front door cracked open when they got there. They pushed inside and closed the door behind them. "Daddies? Are you home?" Kasey called out.

"Get your asses in here," Mick called out. "Crawling."

Megan and Kasey looked at each other. The guys were very angry. Nervously, they got on all fours and crawled through the living room toward the kitchen, where the voices seemed to come from.