Isaac's Surprise Party

Shortly after he finished working for Sylvia, Isaac's former boss called him up out the blue to ask him out on a date. She said she had decided to throw a 70's themed party at a friend's house, and she wanted him to come along with her. Isaac didn't need to ask why Sylvia was throwing her own themed party, having heard all about how she was banned from Ruby Deighan's parties for life for her previous misconduct.

Isaac wanted to go, but there was a complication at play. Having spent a fair amount of time with Casey, he knew all about the perverse fixation she had with her parents. Casey had been fine with Isaac being her mother's plaything while he worked for her, but this date felt like an escalation. Not wanting to upset Casey, (which was often a scenario that made him fear for himself) he asked her if she'd be alright with him taking her mother to the party.

Casey appreciated his concern, but she just laughed and said that he'd saved her from having to go to that lame 70's party herself. She also told him he'd be sorry he agreed to this whole thing once he saw whatever outfit Sylvia picked for him, as she would *absolutely* be dressing him for this party.

Something about just *how* repellent this themed party was to Casey's tastes made a little alarm bell go off in Isaac's head. He couldn't explain it, so he brushed it off. It looked like he'd been wrong to worry in the first place. Now that he thought about it, Casey wasn't normally all that possessive of her mother. It was her *father* that seemed to flip the crazy switch inside her.

And so, the night of the party came, and Casey herself brought him a box at school containing Isaac's clothes for the evening, smirking as she did so. It was an eyebrow-raising retro get up for sure, with massive polished clogs and short shorts that made his stepsister giggle at him when he tried it on at home. It didn't matter. The thought of getting his dick in between Sylvia's enormous tits tonight would have been enough to make him wear a dress if that's what she had asked for.

Isaac made his way to the address, a modest house in a quiet neighborhood on the edge of town. Another alarm bell rang in his head as he saw only one other car, Sylvia's, parked in the street. Was he early? In any case he strolled across the lawn as confidently as he could while maintaining his balance in tall clogs, and knocked on the door.

Sylvia answered, looking stunning in her own psychedelic outfit. She must have really had a thing for those platform clogs, as the ones she was wearing made her tower over him even more than she normally did.

"Look at you!" she exclaimed. "You look so handsome! You should dress like this all the time!"

"I...I don't think that would be terribly practical," said Isaac, shifting in his tiny shorts. "But thanks. You look beautiful."

She gave him a kiss and introduced him to what looked to be the only other guest, and their host for the evening.

Isaac shook hands with a tall, striking man that looked oddly familiar. No costume for him, he was just wearing a simple bathrobe.

"No seventies duds?" asked Isaac casually.

"Nah, I ain't into that stuff," he replied. "Sylvia sure likes it though."

That twangy drawl, Isaac knew it from somewhere. He was certain-

Hoooly fuck. This guy was Casey's father.

Isaac just now recognized him from the photo in Casey's room, and his instinct was to bolt. Isaac was quick enough to have already realized that there never *was* a party. Isaac had been invited to a *threesome,* and the 70's theme had been Sylvia's way of making sure Casey didn't have any interest or ask questions about what they were up to tonight.

Sylvia picked up on his urge to flee and hooked her arm in his, pressing those massive tits he'd been daydreaming about firmly against him as she did so. She offered him a drink, and introduced him to Miles. He seemed a nice enough guy. Sylvia sat him down and just suggested they all spend some time getting to know each other a little, no pressure to do anything else beyond that.

Isaac nodded. That did seem harmless enough.

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Sylvia screamed with ecstasy as Isaac brought her to orgasm for the second time that night. He'd struggled to make her cum during his first time with her while she was his boss, but thanks to a few pointers from Miles, he was now able to make her melt with ease. She arched her back and moaned as his cum blasted up inside her, dribbling out onto his legs and soaking the cushions beneath them.

Sylvia's thick, heavy ass slapped his own wet cum into his lap, his cock was still hard and she was begging for more. Meanwhile, Miles had a cock so big it made Isaac a little envious as watched Sylvia lick his shaft, twitching and wet with saliva. She sucked it relentlessly until it exploded in white ropes all over her pleading face. He soaked her tits, her trembling legs, and still had a few streams left to shoot down her throat.

Sylvia still wanted more. She wanted to change positions. She dropped to her knees and opened her mouth expectantly. Isaac had a brief, lucid moment as she began her task of sucking and stroking both men at once. If Sylvia was going to tell Casey about this at all, she wouldn't have been so secretive about this whole thing in the first place. He'd better hope so, because he knew that if Casey ever *did* somehow find out about tonight, she would kill him with an ice pick no matter what he told her. There would be no excuse for having a threesome with her parents, so he may as well enjoy himself in the moment.

And he did. Miles and Isaac left Sylvia drenched and satisfied by the time this little private party ended.

Isaac was less carefree the next morning when he passed Casey in the halls at school. Was she looking at him strangely? Did she know? There was something dangerous in those big green eyes of hers that usually made her more attractive, but it was less appealing in this particular situation.

Casey stuck her tongue out at him, a silly gesture to let him know he was staring. He smiled and waved, and she laughed it off. He was safe.

For now!