

# A Bath with Cherie

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*A woman's bath is interrupted in a surprising and enjoyable way by her teenage daughter.*

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I was luxuriating in a steamy bath, my eyes half-closed as I savored that wonderful, sensuous feeling of complete relaxation. This was the very best time of the day, when I could shut the world away and let my thoughts drift. After awhile I allowed a hand to casually slip between my thighs, seeking out the tingling center of my cunt.

The tub was carved from a large blue-white block of Carrera marble, shaped into a broad oval bowl that was now filled with hot water, made fragrant with peppermint bath oil. The water spigot is done in silver, cast in the shape of a ram's head. The niche of the room in which the tub was set is studded with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, which reflected the image of my sixteen-year-old daughter Cherie as she casually strolled into the room.

"Cherie," I chided her gently, taking my hand from between my legs. "I have told you time and again to please, *please* knock before you enter my bathroom." She was wearing blue shorts and a white t-shirt, and the way her nipples stood out against the thin fabric made it clear that she hadn't bothered to put on a bra.

"Sorry Mom... guess I forgot again. You're not fooling anyone, by the way," she added, grinning broadly. "I saw what you were doing when I came in!" Her eyes danced with amusement.

"Oh? And just what do you think you saw?" I asked, feeling my face flush with embarrassment. "I'm taking a bath, that's all."

"Come on, Mom! You were playing with yourself." Giggling now, she sat down on the edge of the tub beside me, openly gazing down at my naked body. "Geez... it's no big deal, you know? I do it all the time." She paused for a moment, then jumped to her feet. "Hey, I've got an idea -- can I take a bath with you?"

"Wh-*what*?" As my mind raced to process my daughter's request, Cherie quickly took off her t-shirt, freeing her breasts. As she slid her jeans off and skimmed a pair of black panties down her shapely

legs, my eyes were drawn to the dark tuft of her pubes. It struck me that I hadn't seen my daughter nude in years, certainly not since she'd ripened into womanhood.

*Those days are certainly over,* I reflected, awed by the lovely creature she had become.

Cherie nimbly lowered her naked body into the tub to sit facing me, then slowly leaned back, a blissful expression on her face. "Ahhhh... this feels *nice*," she sighed.

The tub was so large that the two of us could sit quite comfortably, and even though I was still a bit astonished at my daughter's boldness, I was finding it a bit titillating as well. I was puzzled at first by the slight arousal I felt, a ripple of heat that wasn't from the bathwater flickering through my loins as Cherie made herself comfortable, her legs sliding against mine.

Then I shrugged to myself, dismissing these bizarre thoughts. After all, she was my daughter, and what was so terribly wrong about the two of us taking a bath together? *Think of it as a bonding experience,* I told myself. Reassured, I lay my head back and closed my eyes.

"Mom...?" My eyes drifted open, and I gazed at Cherie questioningly. She had raised herself up slightly, her rosy nipples barely above the water. "Do you think you could wash my back? I'd really like that."

"Sure," I smiled lazily. "Here, turn around and slide a little closer."

Cherie wriggled herself around and pushed herself back until she sat between my spread legs. I picked up the bar of citrus-scented soap, coated my hands with lather, and began to wash my daughter's back. Shoulders and neck first, then my hands slid down her warm body. Cherie's skin was so soft and slippery that I started to feel a little aroused again, in spite of myself. As my hands moved down her sides she leaned back slightly, causing the tips of my fingers to brush the sides of her breasts. Was it my imagination, or did I feel her shiver slightly?

I scooped up water in my hands to pour down her body, rinsing the soap away. There was something so sweet, so sensual about what I was doing. Cherie's back and shoulders were lovely, and I could see enough of her underneath the warm water to appreciate what a sexy ass she had. By then I was feeling a little flushed, deciding that I would have to finish masturbating in my bedroom later.

"All done," I said, giving my daughter a small pat on the back.

"Thanks, Mom," she sighed, "that was *great*." Cherie then surprised me once again – instead of turning around and moving back to the other end of the tub, she slid toward me, slipping in between

my legs, allowing her body to rest against mine. She lay her head upon my shoulder, then sighed contentedly.

I was struck speechless, but the feel of my daughter's soft, naked body was incredible. The mild arousal I had felt a moment ago was suddenly much stronger, and I prayed that she couldn't detect my nipples growing taut against her skin. Cherie's bottom pressed lightly against my vulva, and it couldn't help but feel good.

I'd never actually had any kind of sexual involvement with a woman before, but sitting there naked with Cherie was taking my mind to some new and strangely intriguing places. It was wrong, I knew, to experience these kind of feelings with your own daughter, and I probably should have gotten out of the tub right then -- but it just felt too nice to leave. Instead, I told myself that this was a totally innocent feeling, that I was just happy at the chance to be intimate with my daughter in a nice, affectionate way.

My heart swelled with love for Cherie, and I wrapped both arms around her tummy. "Love you, sweetheart," I whispered in her ear.

I felt her tremble slightly against me. "I love you too, Mom," she sighed, turning her head to kiss my cheek. "You're so sweet..." Her lips brushed the side of my face. "And so beautiful..." Twisting her body sideways, she placed another gentle kiss on my neck. "And so... so desirable."

I was tingling all over from Cherie's attention, my heart throbbing wildly -- and *that was* when I felt her hand touch my leg, just above the knee.

It was only a few seconds later that her fingertips began to dance lightly up the inner side of my thigh. Encountering a complete lack of resistance on my part, she let her hand glide further still, slowly sliding upward until her fingers were resting on my pussy. I gasped as Cherie's warm tongue emerged to lick her way around my ear.

It was only then that I summoned up the will to lift my head, eyes fluttering open to stare at her.

"Cherie...? W-what are you *doing*?"

"I'm showing how much I really love you, Mom," she whispered. Her hungry gaze held me in thrall as she began to stroke my vulva with gentle fingertips – and I suddenly knew that my seventeen-year-old daughter was not a novice at touching a woman like this.

I was frozen, torn between the wonderful feel of her caresses, the realization that we were

committing a truly forbidden act, and this strange new desire that left me dizzy and frantic with need. I knew that I had to tell her to stop this insanity, to take her hand away from between my legs *this very instant* --but why wouldn't the words come?

Cherie then rose up enough to straddle my lap, her fingers now pressing firmly against my womanly center. I could clearly see the lust that smoldered in my daughter's eyes as she leaned forward to kiss me.

Her lips softly slid against mine, and suddenly something broke within me, banishing my will to resist this insane thing.

I found myself returning my daughter's kiss, sucking at her tongue as she plunged a finger deep into my vagina. I moaned into her mouth, rocking my pelvis to the movement of Cherie's hand as she fucked me, my tongue flashing to life to mingle with hers.

Right and wrong had lost all meaning. I was riding a wave of pure, naked abandon where anything and everything was possible, my body aflame with an unimaginable lust -- so much so that I actually uttered a small mew of disappointment when Cherie broke our kiss, removing her fingers from between my legs.

Cherie climbed out of the tub and stood there dripping, extending a hand towards me. Her voice was thick with lust. "Let's go to my room, Mom. I want to make love to you."

Hearing these words coming from my daughter's mouth thrilled me to the core. I gazed dreamily into her eyes, heart throbbing as I took her hand. I let her help me out of the tub, then followed her as she tugged me towards her room, bath water dripping from our bodies and onto the carpeted floor.

Pushing me back onto the bed, Cherie lowered herself full length on top of me, and we melted into a passionate embrace, her tongue spearing into my mouth as she kissed me like a lover.

My hands began to eagerly explore Cherie's bare body, sliding down to cup her ass for a brief moment before she began squirming herself downward. She paused to kiss and suck at my nipples for a tantalizing moment, then trailed her tongue down to my belly and beyond until she lay between my thighs, her breath caressing the wet heat that simmered there.

I instinctively hooked my legs over my daughter's shoulders as her tongue brushed the swollen lips of my vulva. Then she began to lick me with a passion I had never experienced from any man, burying her mouth in my pubic triangle.

I gasped aloud as her lips captured my clitoris, sucking it for a brief but tantalizing instant before she licked her way back down to my vaginal opening. As Cherie's tongue twirled knowingly into the creamy tunnel, I ground myself against her face, high as a soaring kite on the pleasure she was giving me.

It was a pleasure that I suddenly wanted to return to her. Desperately.

"Cherie... *baby*... I want – I want to..."

She knew what I craved. Her mouth never once losing contact with my sex, she reversed herself about so that we were head to toe, her legs framing my head. My nostrils flared with pleasure at the pungent, musky smell of her -- then for the first time in my life, I was sampling the intoxicating flavor of another woman's pussy. I placed my hands on her ass, fondling her buttocks as I drank of Cherie's essence, going down on my daughter and loving it.

My tongue instinctively found Cherie's clitoris, and our moans of pleasure combined to form a single chorus of passion as we made love, finally exploding together in a mutual orgasm that left us gasping for air. I lay in a daze as my daughter raised herself from me, twisting around to crawl into my arms.

The two of us lay side by side on the bed, my arm around Cherie, her head on my shoulder. I found it odd – and strangely unsettling – that I was feeling no remorse about what had just happened. Instead, all I knew was a warm, glowing sense of release. I had just experienced the most incredible sex of my entire life. And I knew, deep down inside, that I couldn't give this up – that my daughter and I would share our bodies again... and again!

"God, Mom..." she whispered, "I've needed that for so long. I love you..." Her lips brushed the hollow of my throat, sending shivers up my spine.

"Mmmmm..." I sighed, "I love you too, sweetheart. I can't believe we just did this... but I'm glad it happened." Then I turned to study her, suddenly curious. "So... how long have you wanted to -- to be with me this way?"

She placed a playful kiss on the tip of my nose. "The correct expression is 'make love,' Mom... and to answer your question, I've dreamed of making love to you for at least a year." She caressed my face. "That's when I figured out I was gay."

Still puzzled, I pressed on. "But honey, why did you want *me*? Don't get me wrong, I'm incredibly flattered -- but there are so many lovely girls your own age..."

Cherie shook her head, a wry smile on her lips. "I'm not so much into girls, Mom. Oh, I've done the wild thing with my share of cuties I know from school, but what I really wanted was a *woman*." She nestled into me, her warm lips brushing my skin. "And you, Mom, are the sexiest, most desirable woman I know."

I felt like I held the warmth of the sun in my belly, my soul glowing with love for this sweet, incomparable creature I had brought into the world. I brought her hand to my lips, pressing a kiss into the palm. "My angel," I whispered, "you -- you've made me happier than I can say. God, I adore you."

She drew me into her arms, hugging me tightly. I shivered as her tongue traced my ear, then she whispered, "Mom, I want you to fuck me. I've got a strap-on cock, and I'd love for you to do me with it. You will, won't you?"

Without waiting for an answer, she rolled off the bed and padded over to her dresser. She opened the bottom drawer and rummaged around for a few seconds, then turned to me, a bad-girl smile on her lips. She held a jet-black dildo in her hand, attached to a leather harness.

With a lot of giggling and teasing between the two of us, we managed to fasten the eight-inch cock around my hips. Then Cherie lay down on her back on the bed and spread her legs wide apart for me. She was so wet that I swore I could see her thick, warm juices oozing into the crack of her ass.

Her voice quivering in anticipation, she moaned, "Take me now, Mom. I want you inside me!"

Heart pounding, I climbed between my daughter's legs. Carefully placing the head of the dildo at the opening of her pussy, I slowly pressed forward, and she moaned softly as the tip of it penetrated her body. I slowly lowered myself onto her, the latex cock sliding as deeply inside her as it could go. I kissed my daughter, dipping my tongue into that luscious mouth as I began to fuck her.

I went slowly at first -- but Cherie urged me on, begging me to go faster, deeper. And as the tempo of my strokes increased, she began to thrust her hips against me until I was furiously pistoning in and out of my daughter's pussy, plowing her like an animal.

Ripping her mouth away from mine, Cherie began to scream as she neared orgasm. "Oh, God... oh, Mom -- Oh! OH! *FUCK ME!*" Her legs scissored around my ass as her body jerked hard against mine, spasming helplessly as she came over and over.

Finally we lay entwined, the dildo still buried in her wet cunt. She lazily nuzzled a path up my neck and to my chin, then her mouth found mine and we kissed deeply, tongues dancing.

Cherie gently broke away to give me a wicked grin. "So, Mom – d'ya want me to fuck *you* now?"

I knew right then that yes, I wanted my sweet daughter to take me with that big cock. "You bet," I purred.

We changed places, Cherie strapping the dildo around her waist as I sucked at her nipples. I got up on all fours, and she positioned herself behind me.

I turned to look at her. "One thing, honey – I love being fucked in the ass, and I haven't had it that way in a long time. Would you like to...?"

Cherie smiled. "Sure, Mom. Hold on, though, let's use some lube." She jumped up to fish through her nightstand drawer, then came up with a blue plastic bottle. Squirting a dollop of gel on the dildo, she quickly coated its length with the slippery stuff, then crawled onto the bed once more, where I awaited her on hands and knees.

Her fingers probed lightly at my butt crack. "Hmmm, why don't I get you good and wet back there, too..." she chuckled, and I gasped as I felt her face pressing against my bottom. Then I gasped again with shocked pleasure as the length of her tongue slowly glided up the crack of my ass. God, my daughter was rimming me!

Cherie licked lustily at the dark cleft for a few strokes, then spread my cheeks apart -- and I cried out as her hot, wet tongue squirmed its way into my anus. She probed at me until I thought I was about to come right then, but suddenly pulled away and placed the tip of the dildo against my asshole. I moaned as the first divine inch pushed into me, then my beautiful daughter wrapped her arms around me to cup my breasts as she slid the full length of that lovely prick into my body.

I inhaled sharply at the feel of it, filling me up so nicely – then Cherie began to fuck my ass for real. Her fingers moved between my legs and began fiddling with my cunt as she plunged that slippery cock in and out of my clenching rectum. I was trembling violently, unable to speak.

Then she tweaked my throbbing clitoris between two fingers – and I exploded in orgasm.

It was utterly divine. I was rigid with ecstasy, my head thrown back as I gasped for air, hands clawing the sheets. Then, just as my pleasure began to ebb, my daughter's fingers somehow drove me to climax once more, unbelievable sensations battering my helpless body until I slumped in exhaustion. Slowly, carefully, Cherie withdrew from me... and I collapsed onto my side.

I lay motionless, utterly relaxed, my hot, sweaty body still basking in the aftermath of our loving. I

could hear Cherie unstrap the dildo and drop it on the floor, then she snuggled close, drawing the bedsheet over us. I sighed happily as she wrapped her arms around me, cupping my breasts.

"I love you, Mom," she breathed. "I mean, that was the *best*."

"Oh, my darling child," I sighed, "I love you too."

The last thing I remember before drifting off to sleep was Cherie kissing my cheek.

That was a year ago. Cherie and I have been sexually intimate ever since. Don't get me wrong, we haven't exactly become lovers, not in a romantic way. I still date men, and Cherie now has a steady girlfriend. Our relationship continues to be one of mother and daughter. I get on her case about her cell phone bills, her messy room, and her grades; she rolls her eyes in exasperation and sighs that I'm being such a *mom*.

But now and again, our eyes meet -- and I see something in Cherie's gaze that brings a delicious, oh-so-familiar warmth to my tummy. And that's when I put down my sewing, or the television remote, or my magazine, and go to her. My daughter takes my hand, and we silently drift down the hall to enter her bedroom.

We share a long, loving kiss, then slowly undress one another, a piece at a time. Or sometimes we go at it like bitches in heat, tearing clothes and sending buttons flying in a lust-fueled frenzy, desperate to bring our naked bodies together.

And she and I banish the cares of the world away, indulging ourselves in a crazy feast of passion and ecstasy, reveling in our mutual love and the forbidden delights of incest. Our bodies seem to fit together perfectly, and we are so finely tuned to each other's desires that no words are needed when we are in bed -- except, perhaps, for whispered words of lust that we exchange in the heat of our fucking.

I've had my share of pleasure in this lifetime, but nothing fulfills me as a woman like the sweet, private sex play that I enjoy with my Cherie. Lovers come and go, but my daughter is always there for me.