

A Night In September

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Things were getting hot inside as it was cooling off outside.

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In early September of this year our oldest daughter Ami just turned 16. According to my darling husband Robert we were very lucky that she got the majority of my genes instead of his. Like her father she was a late bloomer. Over the summer she grew. She went from being a scrawny kid to a beautiful young woman. She stood to the stunning height of five foot five. Her once flat 100lb body sprouted perky B-cup breasts. And her walk developed a wiggle that hypnotized every man and boy who saw her, including her father.

Almost overnight she went from wearing anything to pushing the boundaries. She dressed like she was going to a club. The skirts got shorter. The jeans got tighter. Thongs started to replace panties. And the shirts got tighter and more revealing. When questioned about her fashion choices she would always yell, "It's what all the other kids are wearing."

I could tell by his glances that he was starting to look at her the same way he looked at me. If he paid attention to detail he would have noticed I was looking at her the same way he was. At 40 I stood five foot seven. Weighed 125lbs. Had long blonde hair and had beautiful 34C breasts. My husband Robert called me the hottest piece of ass in the PTA.

Robert didn't look so bad himself. He six feet and weighed about 220lbs. He was fit, but not too muscular. He had black hair, that was beginning to bald on top. His most impressive feature next to his mind is his 10 3/4 inch long 4-inch wide cock.

I felt guilty about thinking that way about Ami. I didn't want to have the same kind of relationship with her that I had with my mother. While my mother and I were lovers she always acted like my best friend instead of my mom. With my daughter I was her mother first and friend second. I was afraid if I gave into my lust the relationship would change for the worse.

It was the night after Labor Day. Summer was officially over and the kids were back in school mode. Getting the to a bed was a nightly torture. Ami was always the worst. Her nickname around the house was "5 minutes," on account that every time we told her it was time for bed she would say, "Five more

minutes.” She mastered the art of turning five minutes into another sixty. On this particular night she didn’t argue when we told her she had to go to bed at ten.

I thought Robert was going to have a heart attack. We were both stunned with her sudden agreeable attitude. At first we celebrated at the chance of controlling the TV remote. Of course there was nothing on any of our 500 channels to watch. So I looked at Robert and said with a sly smile, “Want to go upstairs and have some fun?”

He grabbed my hand and we ran up the stairs.

While I was getting ready in the bathroom Robert was checking his e-mail on his Iphone. I emerged from our bedroom wearing a black teddy. He was laughing at a message he got from a friend of his in L.A.; I laid down next to him and tried to distract him by nibbling on his neck. I grabbed the phone from his hand, started kissing him while grabbing his large soft cock. That’s when we heard the moans coming from the room next to ours.

I looked over at Robert and stated the obvious, “I think our daughter is playing with her pussy.”

This made Robert’s 10 3/4 inch cock get instantly hard. I started stroking it. “Does our daughter rubbing her young pussy excite you?” I asked as I started stroking faster.

“Y-y—esss,” he moaned as my hands went up and down his large shaft.

Her moans got louder. Robert stared at the wall separating our rooms. I put my mouth on his cock and started sucking it while he listened to our daughter rub herself to ecstasy. While my tongue circled the tip of his cock, I reached back and started rubbing my own wet pussy with my right hand.

Soon Robert reached between my legs pushed my hand away and started fingering me. I started moaning. After a few minutes of loud moans Robert whispered, “Be quiet, she might hear you.”

Once I quieted down we could hear the volume of her moans increasing. I wondered if she was getting turned-on from our activities as we were by hers? I jumped off the bed, ran out of the room. I quietly opened her door and saw my angel lying naked on top of the covers, her head was tilted back as she was pinching her left nipple with her left hand and furiously fingering herself with her right hand.

I stood in her doorway pleasuring myself while watching her do the same to herself. Every little moan that came out of her mouth was getting my pussy even wetter. I needed Robert’s cock.

I ran back to our room and left our door open in the rare instance that she left her room she would get visually stimulated by our activities. Robert was lying on his back stroking his large cock. I climbed back on the bed, stood above Robert, bent down a little and started stroking his member.

I started telling him all about how beautiful Ami looked as she furiously finger fucked herself.

Robert told me how turned-on he was as pre-cum started leaking out of his cock. I couldn't take it anymore, so I lowered myself and started bouncing up and down. He covered my mouth with his hand so I couldn't scream.

I rode him hard as our daughters' moans provided the soundtrack.

I leaned down to Robert and whispered, "Do you think she could take your cock?"

He answered by fucking me hard. Which caused me to bite down on his hand as I had an amazing orgasm. I then climbed off of him to lick my cum off of his cock. While I was doing that Ami let out her loudest moan yet. I closed my eyes and pictured her quivering on her bed as she her body head to toe felt the pleasure of her orgasm. I looked up at Robert and said, "I think our baby just came."

He smiled as he put me on all fours, kneeled down and started eating my pussy and ass. My cries of ecstasy were louder than normal. I wanted my daughter hear us. I wanted her to hear the pleasure her fathers cock was giving me. I wanted to turn her on.

Robert put his cock back in me and started pounding me from behind. I tried to imagine what Ami was doing. Was she biting her lip or her pillow trying to keep herself quiet as she rubbed pussy while listening to her parents fuck? As good as my husband felt I reached to my pussy and started rubbing my clit. I closed my eyes and imagined Ami walking into our room, kiss her father passionately and then position her under me to lick Robert's balls and my clit. My fingers started moving faster causing my clit to explode. I then licked my cum off of Robert's cock.

After a long, deep kiss he layed me on my side. As he was sticking his cock in and out of my pussy I started hitting my clit and screaming, "Fuck my naughty pussy," over and over again.

Her moans started up again. This was turning Robert on. He was moving his cock at a faster pace.

Robert put me on my back. I wrapped my long legs around him. The rhythm of his thrusts moved in synchronicity with her moans. As they got louder, he moved faster. I started rubbing my clit.

"You feel so good," I moaned.

I looked up at Robert his face was turning flush. "Fill me up," I screamed as he unleashed a massive load of hot cum.

He lied down next to me on the bed. We started kissing as Ami's loud moans continued. Robert looked at me and said, "Go to her."

I sat there for a minute, staring into Robert's eyes and just thinking. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to wreck out mother/daughter bonds. I didn't want to become my mother. While my mother introduced me to the mysteries of sex and in a way made them less awkward and more enjoyable. She also made go down a path I normally never would have chosen. I didn't want Ami to do some of the things I did,

As her moans continued I continued to look at Robert. His cock was once again growing and getting hard in my hand. He took it off and said as if he knew what I was thinking, "You're not your mom."

I smiled as he said that. I got off the bed. Went to the bathroom and cleaned-up. Put on my robe and walked toward Ami's room. I peaked in her room and watched playing with her pussy. I started getting wet. I stood there and watched her for a minute. Then without knocking I walked right in and said, "Honey are you okay?"

Upon seeing me she clumsily tried to hide her hands and cover herself up.

I do need to point out that this wasn't the first time either one of us caught her masturbating. But the other times weren't as intense as this time.

"I heard you scream out," I said. "Are you okay?"

"Just having a bad dream," she responded.

I sat down besides her and said, "Honey, we've talked about it before, there's nothing wrong with masturbating."

"I wasn't doing that," she said with an embarrassed look.

I lifted back her covers revealing her naked body. I spread her legs and noticed that her pussy was very wet. I put her hand back on her pussy. Instinctively she started rubbing and started telling me about this 16-year-old boy at school who drove her crazy. Every time she saw him she got horny. She then told me that she had to excuse herself from class to play with herself in the bathroom. Hearing

this got me even hornier. I took my robe off, faced my daughter and started rubbing my pussy along with her.

We were both rubbing frantically. I asked her to tell me what she wanted to do with her crush. In detail she described all the ways she wanted him to violate her. I had no idea that my angel was such a dirty girl.

Minutes later we had our orgasms at the same time. While I stopped rubbing, she continued.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“I’m still so horny,” she cried.

I leaned over, kissed her and said, “Let mommy make it better.”

“Okay,” she said.

I kissed her again on the lips and then every inch of her body until I reached her pussy. Then my tongue went to work. As soon as I started kissing her clit the moans got louder. Her body started squirming as her clit exploded all over my face.

As I got up I looked at Ami, who looked like she was finally at peace and asked, “Do you feel better?”

“Yes mom,” she answered.

“Tomorrow you’re going to stay home from school and we’re going to talk about this,” I said.

“Ok mom,” she responded.

I then picked-up my robe and went back to my room where I found Robert stroking his massive cock.

“She came on my face,” I squealed as I climbed back on the bed.

He kissed me all over my face to taste our daughters cum.

I then climbed back on his hard cock, rode him as I described in great detail everything that happened in her room. When I got to the part where she came in my mouth, he shot another large load into my wet pussy.

As we layed in each other's arms my pussy was getting wet in anticipation for tomorrow.