

Close Knit 3.3: Embracing Desire

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Rena gives her mother a little surprise

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I stood outside of my parent's bedroom, waiting, listening. My mother lie on the other side of the door, touching herself. I knew because I could hear her mewling, could hear her soft voice call out someone's name. A name that wasn't my father's. She was calling out to my brother, Nathan. Her own son. She was a disgusting. She was sick and twisted.

But so was I.

Why, just days before I had allowed Nathan to take me in his bedroom, just as he'd taken our mother a week before in our father's study. I had told myself that that the act was abominable, wicked, but knowing that hadn't struck me with shame, only arousal. Which was probably why I was waiting outside of my parent's room with a hand up my skirt, listening to my mother masturbate to thoughts of her son.

I didn't have to worry about anyone catching me. My father was out at work, as was my brother. Though I wouldn't have minded if Nathan found me here. In fact, it might have made things interesting. I licked my lips and then bit my lower lip. The slow, vertical strokes I was making against my slit became a little more aggressive—a little harder, a little faster. God, I wanted my brother inside me. I craved the weight of him against me, on top of me, with his hips working his cock in and out of my hungry pussy.

A moan from inside my parent's room penetrated my thoughts. My mother's moan. I could hear something else, too... A smacking sound, soft and wet and quick. I knew that sound, the sound of working fingers, slamming in and out of a sopping pussy. It turned me on even more. Hunger washed over me, and suddenly I needed to be in that room. I needed to be in there and do unspeakable things to her—my mother.

Without much thought I twisted the knob and opened the door, its creaking hinges drowned by the increasing volume of mom's cries. Inside I saw her lying naked in her king sized bed, writhing in a mess of white sheets, blankets and pillows as she worked her fingers in and out of her pussy. With her eyes squeezed shut, she seemed too into the fantasy playing in her head to be aware of my presence. So I took advantage, stripping down to nothing, leaving a pile of my clothes at the foot of her bed. I grasped her attention by shutting her bedroom door.

Mom sat up, her big hazel eyes snapping open. She covered her ample breasts the best she could with her forearm, while her free hand covered her middle. She was stock still for a moment or two, her face frozen in surprise and terror, and then let out an alleviated breath once she realized who her intruder was. Her expression turned to bewilderment then.

"Um...Rena? Why are you naked?" she asked.

"I saw you," I told her, slowly stalking her, "with Nathan, in the study."

Mom's eyes widened again. She flipped her dark blond hair from her face with the shake of a head, and looked away. Her mouth opened and closed several times. I could tell she was trying to find something to say, but the words eluded her it seemed.

I climbed onto her bed, crawling slowly toward her. Mom inched away, her back pressing against the wooden headboard. Confusion reclaimed my mother's pretty face, and then she asked, "What do you plan to do?"

"With you?" I asked, canting my head slightly. "Or about you and Nathan fucking?"

"I..."

"Get in on the fun," I told her. I was close, now. I grazed her mouth with mine when she turned away, exposing her delicate jawline and her delectable neck. I leaned in further, and licked that neck of hers. "Mommy," I whispered, "I want to fuck you like Nathan did...my pussy is so wet for you right now."

I heard her gasp, and felt her quiver against my lips. "Rena... oh my God."

I pressed my lips softly against my mother's neck, and trailed soft kisses down the slope of her neck, down to the tops of her breasts. I continued once I pulled her hand from her chest, letting my lips and tongue wander in the valley of her breasts. She quivered with every touch, looking down at me with a

sultry look in her eyes. As my mouth traveled further south, mom removed her other hand and nudged her hips toward me. Her pussy glistened wetly, her lips and clit red and swollen from the abuse she'd been giving it before I barged in. It looked good enough to eat. I sat up and grabbed my mother's thighs, pulling her toward me so that she lay flat on her back. Getting good and comfortable, I dipped my head between her thighs.

Mom's hips rose a little as I pressed my hot mouth against her pussy. Tongue swept over her pussy lips in soft, vertical strokes. The feeling of her pussy against my mouth made my clit throb, and I reached my hand under me to rub my fingers against the tiny nub. I dug my tongue betwixt her folds, moving it stiffly against her hole and dragging it up to her clit. Mom mewled, her hips rising again. I looked up to find her watching me. Her upturned brows were knitted together, and she gnawed her lower lip. She looked so hot...

"Yes... just like that!" she whined.

"You like that, mommy?" I asked her, my voice almost childlike.

"Oh, God! I love it when you call me that!"

And I loved saying it. The nastiness of it made my pussy twinge.

My mother's hands reached down and spread her labia, and I focused my tongue on her clit, lapping hungrily. I rubbed harder at my own pussy, the pleasure causing me to moan against my mother's clit. She reacted with a subtle gyration of her hips, and sexy little whine. I dragged my tongue back down to her hole, and shoved it in as deep as I could.

"Ahn! Oh, baby...yes, yes!" She bucked, and her thighs closed around my head. An orgasm shot through her. I could feel her juices splash against my tongue, hot and tangy, sweet. I loved it... my mommy's girl cum.

"Come here," she said, relaxing her thighs. She gently grasped my chin, and guided me toward her, colliding my mouth with hers in a hard, savage kiss that tingled my spine and prickled my cunt with need. Our tongues tangled, exploring each other's mouths. My pussy ached, especially when her fingers teased my rock hard nipples.

She tore away from the kiss. "Lie back."

I fell back against the mattress, spreading my thighs. Dipping her head, she pressed her mouth against my clit. Fire ignited in my belly, and spilled down into my legs. A guttural moan escaped me.

Nathan had done a good job of eating me out during our little lark, but mom had known exactly what she was doing. Her tongue moved swiftly, swirling against my clit, sending pleasure through me in waves.

"Mn! Mom!" I sat up some, my elbows supporting me. My mother watched me as she feasted, sucking and slurping, making me squirm beneath her mouth. And then she fanned the flames that raked my nerves. She shoved a finger inside of me, and my breath hitched. She added another finger, slipping them in and out of my hole. So good... it felt so good.

My eyes fluttered, head falling back. A severe arch curved my spine, and I'd lost sight of reality. I tried to squirm away, but she held me in place. Her mouth never stopped working, sucking on my clit while her fingers pumped my pussy, three fingers now. My sensitivity skyrocketed, and I shook uncontrollably.

I felt my mother's mouth move from my clit to my pelvis, planting a soft kiss there that made my hips lurch upward. If she touched me again I was going to lose it.

"Jesus, mom..." I whispered between breaths.

"Had no idea you were into girls," I heard her say with laughter in her voice. I whimpered when she kissed my inner thigh, shaking.

"I'm not," I told her, "I'm into you."