

Deliciously Sick pt. II

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Yolanda comes home to relax from a long school day, but finds herself getting ambushed by her mom...

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"So, is it cool if I come over today?" Frank, her ex-boyfriend, asked as their school bus neared her house. His expression was smug, his intentions very clear. Not that she didn't feel like a good fuck to punctuate her day, it just wasn't Frank's dick she wanted inside of her. She sighed, scooting over to the edge of her seat, preparing to get up and depart (escape, rather).

"No, Frank, my mom is going to be home all day today," she said, which wasn't exactly false. "And the last thing I need is for her to be on my case for catching you in my room...again."

The bus screeched to a halt in front of Yolanda's house.

Surprisingly, Frank just nodded and shrugged. He looked a little disappointed, but Yolanda knew that he'd get over it before the bus pulled off again. He was an ex-boyfriend for a reason. Patting him atop his head like a master leaving a beloved dog, Yolanda shouldered her backpack and stepped off the bus.

As the bus slowly pulled off, she paused in the driveway, noticing her mother's car. She wasn't supposed to be home for another four or five hours. She cursed to herself, exasperation drawing her brows together and turning the corners of her pretty mouth downward.

She didn't dislike her mother. Not in the least. She just got in the way of Daughter-Daddy time. He'd be home within the next hour or so, and with her mother being home so early it tossed a monkey wrench into their plans. She hadn't felt her daddy's cock in almost three days, and she'd been fiending for him all day long.

"Damn it..." Yolanda approached the door, trying to tell herself that she and daddy could always have themselves a little late night fun, but remembered having to study for final exams. *God, Mom, of all times to come home early...*

Sighing, she entered the ... dark house? Blinds and curtains were drawn shut, and not a single light seemed to be on in the house. *Was mom home, after all?* She should have felt excited, as this meant that she and daddy could have a little fun before her mother got home. But a tinge of fear plagued

her. Fear and confusion.

"Mom...?" She called out into the darkened house.

She flipped the switch near front door, turning on the foyer light. And then the living room switch. No one there. Strange. *Scary*. "Hello? Mom, are you here?"

Yolanda carefully made her way upstairs and searched her parents room, the bathroom, and the closets. Nothing. She shook her head. There was the possibility that mom's car wasn't working, and that she'd gotten a ride to work. Yolanda *did* leave before everyone else, after all. Still, she turned went around the house turning on every light and opening every curtain to ease her anxiety.

She hurried back upstairs and into her room, letting her backpack thud onto the floor.

And then her bedroom door shut.

She spun around, her expression a mask of terror.

"Mom...?"

Her mother had been hiding behind the door, nude, a large electric-blue strap-on the only thing donning her pale, voluptuous frame. Her mother's slender hands were perched on her curvy hips, her lustrous red hair spilling over her freckled shoulders, and a deviant little smile plastered on her pretty face. She walked towards her confused daughter.

"M-Mom? What are you doing in my room with..." She trailed off, her eyes fixed on her mother's ripe, pendulous breasts that bounced subtly as she walked.

"With this strap-on?" Her mom said smugly, stopping but a few inches before Yolanda. The tip of the blue cock prodded Yolanda's navel, causing her to backpedal until she fell backwards on her messy twin-sized bed.

"This is wr—"

"Wrong?" Her mother interrupted with a brow raised. "Wrong like how you've been fucking daddy behind my back?"

Yolanda's eyes grew wide as dinner plates. Fear pumped into her heart, and her heart worked itself into a frenzy, pounding against her ribcage. Just how long had she known about her and daddy? Why didn't she say anything before? And why was she so fucking aroused looking at her mother's naked body...? She'd never been attracted to another female in her life!

"You won't be needing these, honey." Her mother casually reached for the front of her jeans and undid them, and Yolanda let her with no protest. She only looked up at her gorgeous mother, still as stone, her pussy throbbing with lustful heat. Where the hell was this coming from? she thought. She'd seen her mother in the buff plenty of times, but it'd never aroused her until now.

Granted she had a glorious blue cock attached to her now.

Before Yolanda knew it, her jeans *and* underwear had been removed and tossed elsewhere, revealing her cunt, glistening with juices, to her grinning mother.

"Now," her mother began, "do you want to explain why you were fucking daddy behind my back?"

"Um..." Yolanda wasn't sure what to say. Truth be told, she wasn't sure if she knew the answer to the question. "Ah!"

Yolanda's mother surprised her during her thoughts, turning her over onto her stomach. She felt her

mother's hand slap against her ass, and she squirmed and moaned, pussy twinging.

"On your knees, little slut daughter of mine."

Yolanda did just as her mother told her, getting on all fours and arching her back, making her ass look even more round and plump and ... delicious. She looked over her shoulder, watching her mother lube up the blue rubber cock, getting every inch of it nice and slick with saliva. And before long...

"Ooooh!" Yolanda moaned, feeling the big toy slide into her hungry cunt, its manufactured veins rubbing heavenly against her walls. "God!"

"You gonna tell me?" Her mother said, shoving more inches of the cock into her daughter, and mounting her like a dog in heat, feet at the edge of the mattress.

"I...I don't know!" Yolanda screamed, pleasure spilling through every nerve, sending gooseflesh down her spine.

"Lying...*slut!*" Her mother said, feeling her drag her hips back and slam right back into her again.

"M-Mommy...oh god!" Her arms gave out, her face burying into her comforter. Her mother had been drilling into her with a vengeance, short hard thrusts that sent waves of pleasure through her walls and spilled down her thighs.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you slut?" Her mother said. Yolanda couldn't see her face, but she could tell she was smiling. She was enjoying this more than she thought, thrilled to be in control. She was a lot like daddy was...

She felt even more turned on.

Yolanda's body trembled with orgasm, juices squirting against her mother's thighs as her hips thrust the rubber cock through her climax, long and harder this time, making the pleasure almost unbearable.

Her legs finally gave out, and Yolanda fell flat on her stomach. She couldn't take anymore. The thought the pleasure might kill her. Her pussy was so wet...so sensitive. There was no—

"I'm not done, honey." Her mother said, turning her over onto her back again. She grabbed the back of Yolanda's knees, and prodded the blue rubber cock against her daughter's cunt until it slipped past her throbbing pussy lips. Yolanda gave her mommy a good yelp.

"Do you know what you're going to do after mommy's done fucking your slutty cunt?" Her mother asked, her brows furrowed. "I'm going to make you suck my pussy until I cream all over your filthy mouth."

Yolanda had never eaten pussy before, but now found herself looking forward to it. She wanted to know how her mother tasted, wanted to feel her mother's hands in her hair as she licked and sucked her clit.

"I want to eat your pussy so bad, mommy..."

"You do, huh?" Her mother smiled something devilish and leaned in, thrusting into Yolanda with good, steady strokes. And then she went back to drilling her, pounding relentlessly into Yolanda's sopping pussy.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck my pussy, mommy! Fuck it, I want to cum for you!" Yolanda exclaimed, her

hands tangling themselves in her hair, eyes rolling to the back of her head. The pleasure was unreal. It wouldn't be long before her body exploded again with orgasm.

"That's right, cum!" Her mother demanded. Yolanda looked up at her mother, her large tits swaying heavily, her face flushed with a bit of her own pleasure.

Is she getting off watching me cum...? The thought flashed through her thoughts, interrupted by another deep thrust of rubber cock, sending her body into spastic motions.

Her mother pulled out, her hands working impatiently to remove the strap on. In a matter of moments it was tossed aside, fingers rushing to her own sopping cunt. She climbed back atop of her daughter, straddling herself above Yolanda's face.

"Eat it," she demanded, hips gyrating some.

Yolanda's body tried to recuperate, but her hunger betrayed her. She leaned up, and slid her tongue along her mother's hot pussy lips, flicking playfully against her clit. She moaned while she ate, getting all the right reactions out of her mother.

"That's right...eat mommy's pussy. Eat it, eat it—aaaahhhh!"

Yolanda had shut her up by sucking at her clit, her hands wrapped around her mother's thick thighs. She could feel her mother nearing climax. Her breathing had become short, ragged, body trembling.

Tell-tale signs of a—

"Regina...Yolanda?"

Daddy's voice...

To Be Continued...