

# Deliciously Sick: The Finale

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*Terry walks in on his wife having sex...with their daughter.*

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"Yolanda...Regina?" He heard himself say, taken aback at the sight of his daughter Yolanda's face buried in Regina's—her mother's—muff. The two froze upon hearing their names, stock-still, as if they'd forgotten how to breathe. The two looked up to him with guilty eyes.

There wasn't a single word accurate enough to describe the feeling swirling within him. Was it anger? No. Surprise? Perhaps. Jealousy? Just a little. Terry wasn't so sure himself. But despite his mind's torrent of uncertainty, his body seemed to be pretty clear on how it felt: aroused beyond comprehension.

He locked eyes with his wife, noticing something different. He found no guilt...no remorse in Regina's eyes. Only lust. Vengeance. She'd known about him and Yolanda, but how long? Was this her and Yolanda's first time? His thoughts were interrupted as he witnessed Regina turning back to her daughter, and resting her hand atop of her fiery-red hair, silently urging her to continue.

And that their daughter did, closing her eyes and getting back to work, sliding her tongue along her mother's pussy lips, and then wrapping her soft, perfect lips around her clit. The sight made Terry throb painfully behind his slacks.

"Mm, how does mommy's pussy taste?" Regina asked Yolanda, looking back at her husband, her expression smug. He should have felt some pang of jealousy, but it only turned him on even more.

"Good..." Yolanda managed between licks, looking up to her mother with an animalistic lust. "So good..."

Yolanda seemed to be enjoying herself. *Really* enjoying herself.

"Terry," Regina said in a soft, sultry tone. He hadn't heard her speak like that in years. It flooded him with memories of their marriage's early years.

"Terry," Regina called again, snapping him out of his thoughts. Seeing that she had his attention, she continued, "I think our daughter would like it if you paid her some attention from behind..."

Terry said nothing, simply nodding. His hands worked to undo his black slacks, and the buttons on his dress shirt. He walked toward the two, leaving a trail of clothing in his wake, wearing nothing but a pair of black dress socks.

He held his rigid cock as he knelt behind Yolanda's pert little ass, spreading her cheek with his free hand. He wasn't sure if this had been a dream or not, but at this point he wasn't sure if he really gave a damn. So long as he didn't wake up before he got to cum.

Terry guided his cock into his daughter's sopping pussy, providing her every pulsating inch of him. She rewarded him with a pleasant little moan. He shut his eyes, chest shuddered at the feeling of warm velvet closing around his lengthy shaft, pleasure spilling through his limbs, his chest. This couldn't have been a dream. Dreams didn't feel this good. But he'd been inside of his beautiful daughter countless times before, what made it different this time? Was it Regina's presence...?

Dragging his hips back to give Yolanda another thrust, he felt something soft and slick slide against his balls. Terry reopened his eyes. His wife and daughter had switched to the 69 position, Yolanda's head bobbing on her mommy's pussy, while Regina licked and teased at Terry's sack and her daughter's cunt.

"Fuck..." Terry muttered, thrusting in and out of Yolanda's tight little cunt, steadily at first, but the pleasure of having his balls sucked made his thrusts more fervent—more wild.

"Aungh! Daddy—*fuck!*" Yolanda tossed her head back, eyes firmly shut. Her tongue ran hungrily across her bottom lip before she sank her teeth into it, pleasure apparent in her body language.

"Mmm, pound her pussy, Terry. Make her scream," he heard Regina say before he felt her take his balls into her mouth. The feeling sent a jolt through his legs.

His hands gripped firmly on her waist, he pulled her against him as he pounded his daughter, getting all the desired noises out of her. She moaned and begged, shooting lust-filled looks over her shoulder, silently begging him to make her cum. And he plowed into her with deep, hard thrusts, pounding through a climax that made his daughter's body jerk spasmodically.

"Fuuuck!" Yolanda exclaimed, falling heavily against her mother, her hips twitching. Her pussy must have twitched with aching sensitivity. Terry had to pull out to keep from coming, his hand gripping firmly around his shaft.

"You're not done yet, my dear husband." Said Regina with a smile, turning Yolanda onto her back and rising to her feet. She walked—*stalked* over to Yolanda's bed, in a way that Terry imagined a succubus would. She looked sexier than ever. How the hell could he have not noticed her for the past several years...? "You still have me to play with."

"Is that right?" Terry said with a smile, watching his wife lie back on the bed and spread her knees, moving her slender fingers down to her abused pussy lips, red from her daughter's sucking and licking. As he straddled atop of his wife, he heard Yolanda rise to her feet, watched her walk around to her mother's head.

Moments later he was inside of his wife's pussy. Warm. Tight. Unbelievably tight. He'd forgotten how good it felt to be inside her. Regina let out a surprised yelp, her eyes growing wide. It took every ounce of self-control to keep from exploding inside of her right then and there. And even more once Yolanda and Regina started kissing one another.

Terry grabbed the back of her thighs, pushing up some.

*Thrust.*

"Ah!" Regina let out another yelp. "So...so deep!"

He dragged his hips back slowly, and pushed forward for a quick, hard, *deep* thrust.

"Fuck!" Regina exclaimed. "Terry—ah!"

Another thrust, her large tits bouncing up at her face. Yolanda decided to catch one of her mother's perfect nipples in her mouth.

Terry pounded into his wife mercilessly, his brows knit together. He did his best to focus on *not* shooting off inside of her, but her lovely reactions didn't help much.

Still, he drilled into his wife's cunt, his thrusts short and quick.

"Fuck me! Fuck me with that big fucking cock!" Regina begged through clinched teeth, brows

furrowed, her pussy getting his cock good and slick with juices. "Fuck you big sick fucker!"

He fell into her, pushing harder, deeper.

Yolanda had moved on to another nipple now, her fingers working feverishly against her clit, moaning against her mother's chest. Such a beautiful sight, he thought. Such a deliciously sick little sight. Before long, he was ready to cum.

"Get ready," he said through his teeth, his chest heaving.

He pulled out, and rubbed out a thick wave of cum against his wife's tits and tummy, her pussy and thighs, his daughter's cheek. His body trembled, pleasure jolting through every nerve, setting it aflame. He hadn't cum like that in ages. Not since the first time with Yolanda.

"Aaah, fuck...*fuck*." Terry milked out every ounce of jism, his body experiencing a few final jolts of pleasure before settling down again.

"Mmm," His daughter happily licked up her daddy's cum from her mother's body, but making sure to share by providing her mom with a loving, cum-filled kiss. The sight made his cock twitch. It wouldn't be long before he'd be up for a round two.

"Next time," Regina said in a playfully scolding tone, "don't leave me out of the fun."

"Trust me, honey," Terry said, leaning into kiss Regina on the lips. "It'll never happen again."