

Friday Evening

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Published on Lush Stories on 18 May 2011



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She can't wait for the weekend

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/friday-evening.aspx>

The weekend is here, and we know that tomorrow we'll have the house all to ourselves. It's been over a month since we've had an entire night alone to enjoy each other, and we've been whispering and texting and teasing all week about the nasty things we're going to do.

But for now, it's Friday evening. One more night to go. One more night to deny ourselves.

We settle in for the Friday ritual. Tonight it's "Salt" - Angelina at her ass-kicking finest. We've often joked about what we'd do with that beautiful mouth.

The recliner is already occupied, as is the love seat. I take my place on the end of the sofa, and you stretch out, putting your feet in my lap. I give you a secret smile as I pull a blanket over us.

The only light in the room comes from the screen on the wall, and when I look over at you, your face has an almost ethereal glow. Your seductive smile and your eyes locked on to mine sends a tingle through my body.

I rest my hand on your leg, right at the curve of your foot. I begin to rub the tips of my fingers slowly, lightly, sensuously over and over that spot, the pad of my thumb doing the same along your ankle. You flex your toes and gently dig your heel into my thigh in response.

With my other hand, I run my thumb up and down the sole, while squeezing and kneading the top and sides with my fingers. My left hand is now traveling up your leg, lightly scratching your lean, muscled calf. You raise your foot just enough to stretch your toes again and rub them briefly against my chest.

With the others engrossed in the movie, I slide down a little closer to the middle of the sofa, increasing my reach up your legs and increase the intensity of this foot rub. I increase pressure on the arch, go gently over the ball of your foot and lightly tickle the heel. I take the time to massage

each toe, and with a nervous glance around, I momentarily push the blanket aside, kiss the ball of your foot as I raise it slightly and quickly swipe my tongue along each toe. Before you have time to react, I drop your foot and cover us again with the blanket.

You squirm against me, running your free foot up and down my own leg. Emboldened, I move my left hand further and further up your leg while continuing to rub your foot with my right. I can feel the heat coming off you, and we're both trying to control our breathing to keep from being caught by the others.

You reach down and take my hand briefly, giving me a quick squeeze before returning my hand to your thigh. Again, I scratch my nails lightly over your strong thigh. Finally I reach the opening of your shorts, and when I slide my hand inside I find bare skin - sometime during the evening you've slipped out of your underwear. I look at you in surprise, and you give me a smirk.

That earns you more teasing instead of the touch you crave - and clearly expected. I scratched down your inner thigh, although the way to your knee, but when I try to move back to your foot, you rise and grab my hand, trying to force it higher. I make a show of resisting for a second before gliding back up your smooth thigh.

When the tips of my fingers finally make contact with your balls, there's a sharp intake of breath. The others notice and glance over. I freeze, but you recover nicely and pretend to stifle a yawn.

"Sorry - I'm so tired I'm not even sure Angelina can keep me up much longer," you quip.

We all laugh at your sly joke, and when everyone turns back to the movie I slide my palm the length of your shaft. You look at me and wink as I lick my lips and take you in my hand. When my thumb gazes the helmet of your cock, I feel a drop of precum already forming and I spread it over the head of your gorgeous dick. God, I think to myself, I want this in my mouth so badly.

But that's for tomorrow. Tonight I just begin to stroke you slowly. One of your feet has wormed its way under my loose-fitting pajama top, and you're pushing it softly against my skin. Covered by the blanket, I pop the buttons and guide your big toe to my stiff nipple. This is completely insane and any other time, I doubt I'd want your feet on my tits, but the closeness of the others, the taboo nature of what we're doing, the anticipation of our weekend together are driving me to extremes.

Your cock seems to swell even bigger in my hand. My pussy is throbbing with need, and while I stroke you with my left hand, I can't help but slip my other hand inside my pajama bottoms and panties to slide a finger across my slit. I'm so wet that I'm surprised no one can smell the sexual heat coming off of me, and I tease my clit slowly, slowly as I stroke you with my other hand.

I remove my hand from your cock long enough to lick my palm so I can stroke you more easily. I taste you precum and that only makes me want more of you. Putting my hand back under the blanket, I again slide it quickly into your shorts, teasing your balls with the tips of my fingers for just a second. You've slipped your own hand into your shorts as well, and you cover mine with yours and bring it back to your cock. As I began to stroke you again, you keep your hand on mine, controlling my pace.

There's a particularly loud chase scene going on in the movie, so no one notices when your breathing changes. You're taking deep breaths, struggling to control both my rhythm and your growing arousal. The heat coming off your dick is intense, and I begin to pump you faster.

Instinctively I move my hand to cup the head of your cock while you take over stroking it. I don't just want to save us any trouble with the blanket, I also want you to fill my hand with your cum. want your cum. I need your cum. I crave your cum.

Suddenly your toes curl against my chest, and your hips rise ever so slightly. You close your eyes and release yourself, hot cream splashing into my palm and down over your cock. You jerk five, six, seven, eight times, each spurt delivering more of the thick liquid I long for. It fills my hand and runs down your cock, and, oh, God, how I wish I could see that right now, how I'd love to lick your beautiful shaft so clean. Instead I settle for lubing your dick with your own cum, sliding my hand up and down until we're both sticky.

Finally, you relax and smile at me, Looking you in the eye, I take my hand out from under the blanket. I bring it to my face, inhaling the scent of your fresh cum. I'm always amazed at how much it smells like seawater - but, mmm, you taste so much better. I lick the palm of my hand, savoring the taste. I slowly insert each finger into my mouth, bathing my tongue in your cream, as you watch me, mesmerized.

I feel like I'm on fire, about to explode, with lust, passion and frustration. I have to be touched, I need your hands on my body, your mouth on mine, your fingers inside me. I need to leave the room before I lose my mind.

"Gosh," I say, surprised at the calmness in my own voice. "Peter, you're not the only one who's tired. I think I'll go on up to bed."

"G'nite, mom," says Suzanne.

"I'll be up soon," your father replies.

"You better be," I say. "You and Suzanne have to be up and out of the house by 8:30 - and not a minute later."

"Don't worry, mom," you say, grinning like an idiot. "I'll make sure they're on their way before you're even out of bed."

"Promises, promises," I whisper and slip out of the room.