

Incest Games Chapter 8

By Sonicck

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Chapter 8

Travis was up early, unable to sleep. He spent a long time in the shower, enjoying the hot water, soaping himself thoroughly. When he was dry, he inspected his face in the mirror, thinking that perhaps he had grown more beard overnight. He sure felt a lot older.

Standing before the sink he thought about what he had done the night before, and felt tingly all over. It hadn't been another wet dream; he had really, actually, fucked his mother. True, he hadn't been able to spend the whole night with her, and hadn't gotten nearly enough of that glorious pussy, but she had fucked him back. She had loved his prick and played with it and fed him her tit. She had talked dirty with him and told him that even though his father's cock was much bigger than his, she dug his prick just as much.

He looked down and saw his shaft rising, the head spreading as if it could feel the magic caress of his mom's velvet cunt. Those sleek, long legs and the way she moved her crotch, the way she rolled her terrific ass--Travis got hard all over and his balls began to ache.

It was Saturday, he remembered, and his dad wouldn't be going to the construction outfit he owned today. Damn, Travis thought; he wanted to fuck some more, and he wanted his mom, not Jenny. Not right away with his sister, anyhow. Mom had promised to teach him a lot of things about sex, like how to eat her cunt, and he was more eager for that experience than for anything else. Maybe he could get Jenny to take dad out of the house for a couple of hours; he sure as hell couldn't wait until night.

Trying to whistle, he went downstairs and headed for the kitchen, his stomach growling. He had already downed a glass of juice and had bread in the toaster when she came in. Travis looked up at her, thinking that

his mother was fantastically beautiful in a red robe that clung to her hips and outlined the high mounds of her fine tits. The robe swung away from her molded legs when she walked, too, and the glimpse of them made his mouth dry up.

Her coal-black hair swung loosely down her back, and she wore red lipstick that made him somehow think of the lips of her cunt, those soft, soft lips he had never actually seen up close. He blushed when her eyes caught his, and felt like some kind of nut because his face turned red. But she smiled at him, her lashes half lowered over sultry dark eyes, and he perked up immediately.

"Good morning, dear," she murmured. "Did you sleep well?"

"Kind of," he said. "But I wanted to be in your bed."

She came to stand close and lift a scented hand to his cheek. "I know, lover; I wanted you there, too. Maybe there'll be a chance today. Would you like that?"

Damn! He wanted to grab her and rub his stiffening cock into her belly, to hold her by the cheeks of that alluring ass and to bury his face between her tits. "I have to screw you today, mom; I have to."

Her smile widened, and she dropped her hand to squeeze his prick. "So eager and ready. Just as soon as it's possible, darling; I promise."

She left him standing there with his shaft paining, and made a pot of coffee while he watched every movement of her superb body with avid eyes. It was still hard for him to believe he had gotten into her cunt, that he had pumped her hot, juicy snatch full of his come, and that she wanted more.

When he heard somebody else coming, he hurried to the table and sat down, to hide his erection. It was Jenny, looking fresh and supremely happy, dressed in tight cutoffs and a floppy but thin bandanna shirt that showed the bouncy movement of her tits. She looked a question at him, and he winked. She winked back, and grinned broadly.

His sister was really a cute girl, he thought, one that any guy would be lucky to screw. And now she had fucked their father; the experience had made her glow, he saw, and wondered if he looked as joyful this morning.

"Hi, everybody," Jenny said, skipping over to the stove and putting her arms around her mother's waist to kiss the back of her neck.

"Morning, mom."

"My, isn't everyone chipper this morning," Sherry said. "I hope your father is in a halfway good mood."

"Oh, he will be," Jenny said, and blew a silent kiss at Travis.

Travis wondered how she had managed it; his sister couldn't have held down his old man and practically raped him when he woke up. And how had she taken that prick, the one mom said was so much bigger than his own? He guessed a girl's pussy could stretch as much as was needed. Jenny brought the toast and ducked her hand beneath the table to nip his shaft, laughing when he flinched.

Then Eric Johansen came down to breakfast. It was the only meal he shared with the family, Travis thought, staying away at lunch on business and not coming home for dinner because he didn't want to.

"Morning," his father said gruffly, and Travis sneaked a glance at him to see if he could read anything on the craggy face, but the man wasn't showing anything.

"Better hurry, dad," Jenny said. "Remember you promised to take me out and show me the construction site today?"

Sherry Johansen turned from the stove, one eyebrow going up. "Oh? At this late date, you're showing an interest in your children?"

"Don't start," Eric said and took a cup of coffee from his daughter. "I thought it was time they both got to know a little about the business, but one at a time."

Travis met his mother's eyes in mute, intent appeal, and she nodded slightly. "All right, then; Travis and I will manage to take care of ourselves. That is, if you have nothing on, son?"

He half choked on a piece of buttered toast. "N-no, mom; guess I'll stay home and help in the yard or something."

His father only grunted, and Travis knew a vast feeling of relief, then a sensation of exultation. He was going to be alone with her, with his lovely mother; they would have most of the day to themselves! The knowledge shook him to the core, and he clamped his legs together to keep his cock from jumping, crazily. Right in the living room, he thought--with the drapes drawn and doors locked; right there on the floor, with both of them stripped naked.

Somehow, Travis held himself together until they left. Gathering up purse and her weird hat, his sister leaned close to him and said softly, "Have a lot of fun, little brother. Dad and I are going to a motel, so you'll have plenty of time."

All he could do was nod his head and smile weakly. Jenny really had it rolling, and the day ought to be a ball for both of them. For all four, he corrected himself; their parents would dig the action as much as

they would, he was sure. He listened for the station wagon to pull out of the driveway, and sat for a few seconds after he was certain they were gone.

"Mom," he said, "can I help with the dishes?"

"I'm putting them in the washer," she answered quietly. "They can wait, but I'm not so sure I can."

She held his hand as they walked into the living room and they separated only to close the drapes. But he wanted some light, so he snapped on the bar lamp as she turned to him with her hands by her sides and her chin up.

"Here, darling--not upstairs in bed?"

He shook his head. "Here on the floor, mom. I've watched you here, peeping under your skirt when you got careless with those fantastic legs, making pictures in my head how you would look all naked, trying to make believe that you would drink too much and pass out and nobody else would be home. Now it's all coming true, and I want to screw my hot, beautiful mother in the living room."

"Of course you can," she murmured, and reached to undo the belt of her robe.

He sat on a barstool, knowing a trembling in his legs, and watched her open the robe. The red of it made a bright frame for the long, willowy body exposed to his view, and he gazed enraptured at the creamy expanse of woman flesh she showed him. His mom's tits quivered at the least movement of her shoulders, and he stared at them fixedly as she dropped the robe.

They were rich and heavy, round and firm, with those long, brown nipples sticking out invitingly. She cupped them in both hands, offering them to him, and her voice was low in her throat when she said, "Hadn't you better get out of your jeans, dear?"

Fumbling at his zipper, he dropped his eyes over the smooth planes of her belly, down to that prized treasure between her full thighs. His mother's pubic hair was black as midnight, curled tightly, thickly grown in an entrancing vee whose tips narrowed and spread themselves up into the delicate creases formed by her groin and the upper reaches of her incomparable thighs.

"You--you're so beautiful, it hurts my eyes," he mumbled.

Her smile was warm and bitchy, her tongue darting out pinkly to wet her red lips. "Do you really think so, Travis? I'm so glad; I want to be beautiful for you, hot for you."

Her hand left her breasts and slid insinuatingly over her hips, down place the pillow upon the floor. "There, Travis; there are two ways for a man to eat a woman, and I'll show you the first one. Lie down, darling, and put your head on this."

Obediently, for he would do anything for this woman, he stretched out on the carpet with his head braced. She moved over and put one shapely foot on each side of his rigid body, so that he looked up into the hairy nest he adored. Travis could see the lips of her cunt then, peeping shyly pink from the black furry thatch. It was like a mouth, he thought, but far more lovely, and beckoning him to know its richness. Slowly, she crouched, bending her body bit by bit until she was kneeling over him. Her knees snugged his hips, and she rubbed them up and down tenderly, swinging her hips, making the round white globes of her breasts sway provocatively.

"Your body is so smooth," she said, "and very appealing, Travis. I'll bet the young girls go wild over it."

"I--I only had one, before you," he said. "And I wish you could have been the first, mom."

"You're sweet," she said, and moved so that her cunt came down upon his belly, hot and softly wirey, crispy but somehow soft moss. Working it around, she made him wiggle, and he reached for her hips.

But when he touched them, his mother slid up to his chest and gave him a few moments to revel in the intimacy of her pussy on his breastbone.

As he stared into the dark, shaggy forest of her pubic hair, she said, "Just do what comes naturally, lover. Kiss it and love it, and run your you'll find my clit; it's a little nubby thing like a pea. Work on that darling."

As she moved even closer, he caught the pungent aroma of her cunt, a perfume all her own, musky and sensuous, like some night blooming flower. Crisp and beguiling, her mat was at his nose, and with a sigh of happiness, Travis stroked her ass cheeks and nuzzled into the tempting fleece.

It was woolly against his face as he went into it, and right away he found the sweet honey of her labia. He pressed his own lips against them, panted into them, and as his mom rolled her ass in his hands, he pushed his tongue down through the softly spiked hairs into her body. Shuddering as he did so, Travis shoved his tongue between the hot and slippery lips, on into her vagina.

His teeth pressed to her pussy, he began to lap like a puppy dog,

luxuriating in the taste of her, in the spicy flavors of his mother's steamy cunt, drawing her oily lubrication into his mouth and swallowing hurriedly. He wanted to chew her, and he did, gnawing the pussy lips across her belly, and her slim fingers toyed with her mound. "Here I am, lover. Here's what you want."

Travis kicked out of his jeans and whipped his tee-shirt over his head, not knowing or caring where it landed. His stiff cock stood erect, the head of it glistening, and already a tiny droplet of fluid hung there. But when he stepped down and went toward her, his mother drifted back. "Just a second, dear. You said you wanted me to teach you something, and I will. Here, let me take a sofa pillow."

Uncertainly, he stood with his prick thrust out while she stooped to tongue right on inside the lips. Up near the top, when you feel around, tenderly while she moaned and rocked her crotch down against his head. "That's right--oh baby! That's the way to eat me--oh yes, yes! I love it--I love you."

Travis sucked her cunt lips into his mouth, opening wide to bring them in. She was sugary and blazing, and he sucked hard, drinking down her juices avidly, rubbing his chin into her crotch. Letting her rubbery slot ease back into place, he tongued into it again, reaching as deeply as he could. Remembering what she had said about the pea-shaped thing, he felt along the wet silken lining until he found it.

His mother quivered sharply then, and hissed as he sucked on it, as he worked his teeth down to where he could chew it delicately. Her belly rolled over him as she dropped to her hands, and her ass swung in quickening arcs while her crotch stroked his cheeks, his chin. She was fucking his face, he thought dazedly; his sexy hot mother was screwing his mouth.

"Uhhh!" she grunted. "Uh-uh--oh, darling! You're terrific--it's so good, so wonderful--eat me, Travis. Eat your loving mother's cunt, son!" He redoubled his efforts, snorting and chewing, licking and sucking, and her movements grew more frantic. She thrust hard against his mouth and ground her hairy wet snatch into it with almost brutal strokes. He clung to her ass, eating the cunt he loved more than anything else in the world.

"C-coming!" she cried out. "Ah, Travis--you marvelous little lover, your mommy is coming!"

He felt her vibrate, felt the sizzling tissues of her snatch tighten convulsively, and knew an added release of her love oils. Holding to

her, continuing to lick her box, he rubbed his nose across her palpitating mound.

She sat up, shaky and weaving, balanced upon her knees. He wanted to keep kissing her pussy, but she slid it wetly away from his searching mouth, moved it down over his chest. "That was f-fine, lover. My head is still swimming."

Hiking her ass, she passed farther down his body, then lifted so that she was poised above his heavily throbbing shaft. "Now we'll fuck," she said.

Travis trembled when she wrapped her fingers around his rod, and went stiff, in both legs as she steered the head into the drippy bush of her treasured pussy. He held to her thighs when she started to lower her crotch, when the bulb of his cock started to slide into the greasy lips.

In it went, easy and fine, penetrating deep into the clinging cavity as it slipped deep. His mother dropped farther down, and yet more, until she was sitting on it. He could feel the springy pressure of her hair upon his balls, and the ecstasy of the cunt closed around his embedded prick. He was into his mom again; he had his hard pole shoved up her opulent pussy and she was fucking him.

"Such a young hard cock," she murmured, her palms flat against his chest and grinding her belly, hunching slowly to him. "Fuck me, darling--fuck your mother and tell her what a great piece of ass she is."

He stroked it up into that fabulous cunt, into the hot, wet velvet grippings, feeling his cockhead reach bottom. "You're the greatest, mom--the finest piece of ass anywhere. Fuck me the same way you fuck my daddy."

"Your daddy--your father--" she gyrated her ass and made his prick head touch every tingling spot within her vagina. "He used to f-fuck me a lot, but no more--no more. Oh, feed me that young meat, Travis!"

Travis shoved it to her, lifted his ass every time she dropped hers, and heard the suctioning noise his prick made going in and out of her oily cunt. Back and forth it squished, his balls getting soaked with the hot liquids.

"I'll screw you forever," he gasped. "Your sweet cunt is mine, now--all mine, and I'll fuck it day and night. I love your pussy so much--love your ass and your tits and the way you screw me. Oh, mom--mother darling--you hot-assed, beautiful mom--"

She slammed it to him, making short, rapid strokes that circled briefly around his hard-driving prick. "Go ahead, dear--let it go! I'm going to come again with you--"

He moaned and clenched her ass, trying to spread her apart for the final, twisting thrust that nailed down her womb. Then his cock turned into a long, slim volcano spitting fiery lava throughout her scissoring pussy. A gush of semen spurted up into her, bathing her cervix, raining greasily down to flood his stilled prick.

His mother's breath gusted from her open mouth, and she threw back her head. Her thighs clamped violently against his hips, her torrid cunt nibbled down upon his glans. She was coming in undulating waves of rapture, rolling her ass and beating her small fists into his chest.

Travis thought they had made it fine.