# Lesbian Sister - part 3

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*Roxy's mom reveals a secret, with unexpected results.*

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“Are you okay, mom?” Roxy asked.

Janet looked up. “I’m fine, honey. Why do you ask?”

“You’ve looked kinda distracted all day.”

The coffee shop was closed and the wash-up staff had left.

“I’m just worrying about business, as usual,” Janet replied.

“Should I be worried? Are we in trouble?”

Her mother laughed nervously. “No. Everything is fine. You saw how busy we were tonight. I reckon we should think about hiring another waitress.”

“How about Lori?”

“You think I haven’t thought of that? Your sister has already made it clear that she intends to sit on her ass until college opens in September. Lori would sooner close her Facebook account than work as a waitress.”

The ringing of Roxy’s phone interrupted the conversation. Neither she nor Janet moved as she raised it to her ear.

“Oh, hi babe,” she said loudly. “Yeah, I’ve just finished work. You wanna do something?”

Janet turned away. She knew who her daughter was talking to. She could still taste Sherri's pussy.

"I'll be there in about half an hour. Yeah, me too."

Roxy palmed her phone. "Can we talk later, mom? Sherri wants to meet up. I'll probably stay at her place tonight."

Janet forced a smile. "Have fun."

"We will. I have a change of clothes in the office."

Janet followed her. She watched her daughter kick off her flat shoes and slip out of her pink waitress dress. All she wore underneath was her white lace underwear and skin toned pantyhose.

"Sherri is a very lucky girl," said Janet.

Roxy stared at her. "What do you mean, mom?"

"You know exactly what I mean, honey. You two are more than just friends."

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, that. Not that it's any of my business."

"It isn't! Sorry, mom, but what's to tell? I'm gay. It's not like you haven't known for ages."

"I just assumed …." Janet cleared her throat awkwardly. "I thought you might want to talk about it. That's all."

"Talk about what, exactly? Would you want to know if some guy was fucking me? I'm not a child, mom. I don't ask you about your sex life."

"I'm not judging you, honey," Janet protested. "I just thought you might appreciate my support. Forgive me for being a caring mother."

Roxy looked at the floor, then rushed forward and hugged her.

"I'm sorry, mom," she said earnestly. "I know you care and I didn't mean to sound like an ungrateful

bitch.”

As she raised her head, Janet kissed her on the lips. Roxy reciprocated for a few seconds, before abruptly withdrawing.

“Wow, mom!” she gasped. “Take it easy. I’m glad you’re cool with this, but you don’t have to make out with me.”

Janet blushed. “Sorry. It’s just …”

“Just what?”

“Well, you’re so hot, honey. You have a fantastic body. I guess I’m just jealous.”

Roxy laughed. “There’s no need, mom. Have you looked in the mirror lately? You’re in great shape.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

Roxy frowned. “What did you mean?”

“I’m jealous of Sherri having you as her girlfriend. I wish …” She stopped. “It doesn’t matter.”

“You sound like a lesbian, mom.”

“Only because I am. Closet doors are swinging open tonight, honey.”

“No way!” Roxy gasped.

“You’ve never suspected?”

“No! Why should I? You have two daughters. How could you be a lesbian?”

“Lori was two years old when your father and I got divorced,” Janet reminded her. “Why do you think I haven’t found a new husband these past sixteen years?”

“I don’t know. I always assumed it was because you were too busy raising us and running this place. To be honest, I never thought much about it. You’ve always just been mom. That’s a compliment, by the way.”

Janet smiled. “It’s probably the best compliment I could ever wish for. Do you think I should tell Lori?”

“I don’t know, mom. Are you planning on introducing us to your girlfriend anytime soon?”

“There is no girlfriend,” Janet replied. “Maybe I’m having a midlife crisis, but I feel like I’ve been living a lie for far too long. I’m not sure how your sister would take it.”

“She doesn’t hate lesbians, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“She told you that?”

“She knows all about me and Sherri and she’s totally cool with it,” Roxy replied. “Actually, I was quite surprised by her reaction.”

“You told her?”

“Not exactly. She kinda caught me and Sherri in a compromising position, a few days ago.”

“Sounds intriguing,” Janet purred. “And what exactly were you two naughty little girls doing together?”

Roxy blushed. “Use your imagination, mom.”

“Are you sure you want me to do that?”

The young blonde giggled nervously. “Maybe not. The point is, Lori knows and she doesn’t have an issue with it. In fact, it’s brought us closer together.”

“So it’s all good,” Janet concluded. “Still, I don’t think I’ll go making any big announcement just yet. Now, you’d better get dressed.”

As she turned to leave, Roxy grabbed her arm. “Mom, when you kissed me before …”

“I’m sorry, honey. I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“It’s okay. I liked it. You just took me by surprise.”

“It won’t happen again.”

“Not even if I want it to?”

Janet was shocked. “Roxy, I’m your mother. We shouldn’t even be having this conversation.”

“Whatever you say, mom.”

Roxy kissed her. Janet’s first instinct was to push her away, but the fantasy that had scorched through her brain earlier that day, when she was eating Sherri’s pussy, was still fresh in her mind. This might be wrong in every possible way, but it was what she wanted.

As the passion of their kiss intensified, she drew her daughter tightly against her, sliding her hands up over her nylon sheathed hips and around to cup the swell of her buttocks. Roxy buried her fingers in her mother’s hair, cradling her head tightly, as though terrified she might try to break free.

When their lips finally parted, a slivery string of saliva dangled between them. Roxy smiled as she flicked it away with the tip of her tongue.

“This is so wrong!” Janet breathed.

Roxy nodded. “You’re right, mom. Maybe we should stop and just pretend this never happened.”

“Maybe.”

Even as Janet was murmuring her agreement, Roxy was kissing her throat and nuzzling her neck with the tip of her tongue. They both already knew there was no turning back, even had either of them wanted to.

“Are you sure you want to do this, honey?”

Roxy’s fingers were already unbuttoning her mom’s white shirt.

“Any time you want me to stop, mom, you just say the word.”

Janet’s only response was a soft moan of pleasure as Roxy’s hands slipped inside her half-open shirt and cupped her tits. It took her about another thirty seconds to undo the front clasp and free the succulent treasures from her black lace bra.

The young woman sucked and nibbled the hard buds of her mother’s nipples, savoring her low moans of pleasure. Janet’s revelation had come like a bolt out of the blue for Roxy. Had she not already shattered the incest taboo with her younger sister, she was certain this would not now be

happening.

“Sherri will be waiting,” her mother finally reminded her.

By then, Roxy had flung her shirt fully open and kissed her way down to her belly button.

“I’ll tell her I got delayed going down on my lesbian mom,” she replied.

“You wouldn’t!” Janet cried.

Roxy smiled. “That’s exactly what I’m about to do.”

She unbuttoned her mom’s slacks and pulled them down to her ankles. Janet managed to kick off her shoes and step out of her pants, while Roxy nuzzled at the frilled waistband of her panties with her tongue. Her right hand rubbed the hot mound of her pussy through the soaked black lace.

“Do it, honey!” she gasped. “Lick me! Please!”

“Is that what you really want, mom?” Roxy teased. “Do you want your own daughter to lick your pussy and make you cum?”

“Yes …, yes!” Janet cried eagerly. “I want it more than anything in the world. Oh my sweet lesbian baby! Lick mommy’s cunt!”

“I love it when you talk dirty, mom,” Roxy purred. “Don’t stop.”

A moment later, Janet’s panties were on the floor and her elder daughter’s face was buried between her thighs. She arched her back and spread her legs wider, pushing urgently against her. With the coffee shop locked up, she could afford to give full voice to her passion.

“Oh yes!” she screamed. “Oh honey, that feels so fucking good! Make mommy cum!”

Roxy was practically smothering in her mom’s hot, hairy slash. Her juices trickled down her chin as she worked her tongue deep inside her. It wasn’t fair to compare, but this first taste of her own mother’s cunt seemed even more exquisite than that of her kid sister. Perhaps because what she was now doing was even more nasty and forbidden.

Janet continued to scream obscenities as her daughter gripped her ass cheeks tightly and made passionate love to her with her mouth. Roxy barely heard the filthy talk. She was too busy gorging like

a pig on her mom’s sweet juices.

Janet climaxed like she hadn’t cum for a year. She bucked her hips and clawed at Roxy’s hair, screaming in ecstasy. When the young woman finally emerged from between her thighs, her face was slick with cunt cream.

Mother and daughter kissed again. Janet sucked Roxy’s tongue and licked her lips. She would have licked her face, but Roxy abruptly broke away and seated herself in the office chair. She swiveled it around and hooked her legs over the armrests.

“Your turn now, mom,” she purred, rubbing her right hand between her thighs.

Janet dropped to her knees before her and reached for the waistband of her pantyhose.

“Tear the fucking thing!” Roxy snapped. “I want your tongue in my cunt now!”

Janet ripped open the thin crotch of the pantyhose. Roxy’s white lace panties were so wet, they were practically transparent. Janet pushed the gusset to one side, then dived in for her first taste of her own daughter.

“Oh yeah, mom!” Roxy squealed. “You are the fucking best!”

Janet had done a good job of playing straight mom for twenty years. Now she was on her knees, licking her own daughter’s pussy. Whatever happened next, both of their lives were changed forever.

Roxy tossed her head from side to side, lost in her exquisite pleasure. She kept her eyes shut, breathing the word “mom” over and over again, as though trying to convince herself that this was really happening.

Her entire body suddenly convulsed and she cried out, thrusting her crotch against her mother’s face. Janet’s probing tongue continued to flicker as she hungrily lapped up her daughter’s juices, her bottom lip rubbing against her clitoris.

Roxy slumped back in the chair, eyes shut, broiling in her own wetness. A soft hand cupped her oozing pussy, then she felt lips touching her lips and tasted her own pussy. She opened her eyes and kissed her mom.

“We can’t pretend this never happened, can we?” Janet asked, when they finally parted.

“Do you want to, mom?” Roxy replied.

Her mother shook her head. “No. I love you. honey. Right now, I can’t even begin to tell you how much I love you.”

Roxy hugged her. “I love you too, mom. But can we make it more special next time?”

“What do you mean?”

“I dunno. Maybe a bottle of wine. Nice music. Some sexy lingerie. You can seduce me properly.”

“I can’t wait.”

“Neither can I, mom. Let’s do it tonight. Let’s go home and go straight to bed. Forget the wine and the music and...”

“Not tonight, honey,” her mother interrupted. “I want to, but it’s too risky. Besides, Sherri’s waiting.”

“Fuck Sherri.”

“Please do, honey. You can tell me all about it tomorrow.”

Roxy sighed. “Okay, mom, you win for now. But I’ll be thinking about you when I’m having sex with her.”

“I hope so,” her mother smiled. “I was thinking about you when ….”

“What?”

Janet had come close to blurting out the truth about her morning tryst with Sherri. But that particular confession could wait. Roxy had had enough surprises for one day.