

Mom Has Something to Say About Sister Fucking

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My sister is introduced to her family.

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If you are following the saga of my family and my reunion with my long-lost sister then you will know about the first time I fucked her at the frat party. We had both been attending the same college and she came to the final frat party of the year, just before finals, and my graduation.

I had fucked my sister Wynter after she had sucked and been sprayed with cum from five of us frat guys. That was her first fuck. I had taken her pussy cherry, but definitely not her mouth cherry. That little slut loved sucking and gobbling up cum from male cocks. She also became a fantastic fuck after I used that red haired pussy or hers, and her ass too.

Anyway, after graduation, during her summer break, I invited her to stay the weekend with me and my mother. She was still in the dark about our true relationship, as was my mother. But I was getting off royally humping my own sister. I was just finishing fucking her ass hole on Saturday night, when my Mom walked in and caught us.

I was just filling up a condom with my sperm, with my cock crammed up Wynter's ass. I pulled out and took off the rubber. Then I looked at Mom and said, "Hi Mom, meet your daughter, Wynter."

You would have thought I had told her I was joining Scientology. It was so funny to see the expression on Mom's face, and then I looked at Wynter, and her expression mirrored Mom's. They were both totally flabbergasted. Then, Wynter started crying, jumped up, and ran to Mom. Wearing just her little teddy with her tits and ass showing, she flung her arms around Mom. At first Mom stiffened, then I could see the tears welling up in her eyes. She was sobbing and hugging her little girl for the first time in almost eighteen years.

Then the recriminations started. Mom was yelling at me and hugging Wynter at the same time. "Get

your damned clothes on, Lowry." She was so pissed, but I could still see her looking at my cock. I knew that look from many women in my past. She liked what she was looking at. Anyway, that could wait. I got dressed and we all sat down there in the living room.

It took almost all night, but the story of our separate lives was talked over and examined and we all learned about our lives from the time of the divorce until now. When Mom asked Wynter how her father, Stephen, was, Wynter blushed and said he was great. I wondered about the blush. There was a story there. Then Mom wanted to know when I had learned who Wynter was. I told her. In fact, I told her everything about that frat party. I wanted to see what she would say. Wynter was so embarrassed. But she grinned, too.

I had noticed something while we sat there talking. Mom had been keeping her legs crossed tightly under her nightgown. She had great legs for a 45 year old woman. And she was a red head, too. It seemed we were all Irish in this family. But while she was keeping her legs crossed I could see her blushing while she listened to the part about the frat party. And her still perky tits were heaving up as she breathed heavily in and out. I knew that behavior. She was getting off on the story!

Finally, Mom told me to get my ass to bed. And she walked up the stairs with Wynter, still hugging her, and putting her to bed. She had completed the ream job of my behavior during our long talk. But she hadn't forgotten, and she was making sure Wynter was okay and in her own room. We all slept in late that Sunday morning.

When I awoke about ten in the morning the first thing I did was go to Wynter's room. I woke her up, quietly, and told her I wanted to know why she had blushed when Mom had asked about our Dad. She was very reluctant to say anything, but I hugged her and caressed her and just made her feel loved. That was when she told the the whole story.

"When I was sixteen Daddy told me there were some things I needed to know about boys. I had been bugging him to let me start dating and he told me that boys all wanted the same thing. I asked what thing that was. I had always had a good relationship with Daddy and so I trusted him to be honest. He told me that all boys wanted what I had in my panties, my 'pussy' he called it. And he said that I wasn't to let them put their 'pricks' in my 'pussy'. Well, I'd had health and hygiene in school so I already knew about sex. I just laughed and told Daddy I knew all about that. He looked at me kind of funny then."

"Daddy took me into his lap and told me there were things I could do that didn't mean I had to let boys 'fuck' me. He said that I could do other things that boys liked and I could save my 'pussy' for the special man I would meet someday. I wanted to know what he was talking about. I had never even seen a boy's prick. And I wondered what he meant. So I asked. Daddy looked at me, blushing, and

finally told me he would show me. He had me sit in a chair and he stood in front of me and unzipped his pants. Then he took out something I had never seen. It was his cock."

"Daddy, what are you doing, I asked him, and he told me he was going to show me what I could do to not have to fuck boys. His cock was getting bigger and bigger. Finally, he told me to open my mouth. I did. He put the head of his cock in my open mouth and told me to lick and suck it. I did. I liked it. I liked the taste. I liked the feeling I got in my little pussy. I got all tingly down there. I wanted to touch it as I had done by myself in my room. So I stuck my hand down my pants and started fingering my cunt."

"All this time, Daddy was getting more and more worked up. He started fucking my mouth and I started gagging, but he told me I would learn to take it all. He was right. I did take it all. He shot his cum in my mouth and I liked it. I swallowed all of his cum. And I had made myself cum too. From then on, when I went on dates I would give the boys blow jobs and they would be satisfied. And I would come home from my dates and tell Daddy all about it. Then I would suck and lick and eat his cock for him. I love Daddy so much."

That was Wynter's story. It made me wish that Mom had treated me like Dad had treated my sister. And I decided that maybe I could do something about it. I told Wynter to take her time getting up. I told her to go ahead and take a shower and clean up whenever she was ready. Then I went into my room, cleaned up quickly, put on some sweats, put a rubber in my pocket, and went downstairs. Mom's door to her bedroom was closed, but we didn't lock doors in our house.

I quietly opened her door. She was sprawled on top of her bedspread on her back. The long night had made her so tired she hadn't even crawled under the covers. And her nightgown was hiked up so that I could see all of her great legs. I could also see her pussy. Like her daughter, she didn't wear panties to bed. I dropped my sweat pants and went up to the top of the bed where her still beautiful face was sleeping. Her red hair was cut short and was tousled as she lay there slowly breathing in and out. I started stroking my cock and pointed it at her pretty face.

I must have been jacking off for about five minutes when I saw her eyelids flutter, and suddenly her eyes opened. For a moment, I could see, she was lost and disoriented. Then she stared at my cock and rose up abruptly on her elbows. "Lowry, what are you doing?" I just kept jerking and smiled at her with my crooked grin. She kept staring, and staring, and suddenly she groaned and reached for my hips. She brought me to her face and began showing me where her daughter had got her talent for cock sucking.

Omigod! She must have loved to suck cock. I knew she was actively dating all the years we had lived here, and now I realized that she had not been celibate. She sucked my cock like her life depended

upon it. She was so enthusiastic that she was starting to chew and bite my prick until I was sure it was bleeding in her fucking mouth. Finally, I was approaching a strong cum, but I had come in here for more than a blow job. I wanted my Mom's pussy, just as I'd had my sister's.

I took her head in my hands, pulled her off my cock, and started kissing my Mom with lots of tongue. I was making out with my Mom! And she was making out with me. I started mauling her great, perky tits through her nightgown, and then put my right hand on her shaved pussy. Unlike her daughter, Mom must have liked to give her men a clean landing strip! I diddled with her pussy lips and felt the wetness that was welling out of her cunt.

Stopping the kissing, backing away, I took the condom from my sweats on the floor, and Mom took it and opened the package. She then peeled it down over my cock, squeezing it quite hard as she did it. We were going to do this old school. I wanted to fuck my Mom face to face. Her nightgown was already up over her hips, so I just spread her legs, licked her pussy for good luck, lifted her legs onto my shoulders and started fucking my own Mom. God! She was still tight! Good pussy genes.

I loved the look on her face. I loved her. She was my Mom and I was fucking her. I rammed all of my cock into her great cunt and she pushed back with all her bucking strength. Thrust after thrust, I crammed all of my cock into her, withdrew almost completely, then thrust into her again. She was squealing with passion. I had never heard those sounds coming out of Mom. She was loving getting fucked by her son.

I could see her beautiful face in the grimace of love-making, and I could see the cum and pussy juice coming out of her cunt and flowing over her choice thighs. I wanted to cum in that pussy so badly. But I wanted her to remember the first fuck from her Lowry with great fondness and joy. So I held off and continued to ream her cunt with my cock, while she kept moaning and cumming. After ten minutes I was becoming tired of holding her legs on my shoulders, so I brought them down, and she immediately wrapped them around my waist. She really knew how to fuck!

Finally it was enough for both of us. I began shooting my sperm into the condom and she kept bucking until we both just fell into our arms. I was on top, feeling her great tits in my chest, my cock still in her pussy, and I began kissing my lovely Mom. We made soft love with our mouths as my cock shrank and finally fell out of her cunt.

That fuck session was over. I slowly rose, took the rubber off, tossed it into the waste and smiled down at Mom. She smiled back. Then she rose and began to clean my cock and balls with her mouth. She made love to her son's manhood with her lovely, soft mouth, lips and tongue. It was as she was sucking on my cock that I looked up and saw Wynter standing in the doorway.

Deja vu, I thought. Hasn't this happened before? Now it was really going to get interesting.