

# My Mom, My Sister, and Me

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Jun 2012

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*After spending months peeking on my Mom, and later my sister, things come to a climax.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/my-mom-my-sister-and-me.aspx>

For months I had been peeking to see my lovely, French, petite Mom in the bathroom as she showered and then in her own room as she prepared herself for the day. She was about 5 feet 4 inches, with long, wavy brown hair. Typical French woman, with lovely, soft, lickable tits and luscious, well tanned legs with lots of curves.

I had turned 17 a few months ago and was now a senior in high school. My sister was 16 and had entered the junior class months ago, too. Unlike me, who spent most of my time at home, enjoying what the home had to offer in the way of viewing, my sister was athletic. She played volleyball and was a cheerleader for the basketball team. She had not taken after my Mom. She was about 5 feet 6 inches, with lovely, golden hair. Her legs were long and muscular, in a cock hardening way. In fact, we shared a bedroom. Our house was a two bedroom bungalow and Mom and Dad were in one room, right next to ours. The bathroom had two entry doors. One was from my bedroom, the other from the front room. This gave me a decided advantage. The house was old; all the rooms had doors you could close, with the old-style keyholes. But, of course, the keys were lost long ago before we even moved in, which meant that no door could really be locked.

The wonders I had seen through those keyholes! My vision of a pussy was my Mom when she was taking a shower in the booth that had replaced the old bathtub. With all the luck in the world, that shower stall faced my bedroom door. For some reason, my Mom would leave the shower curtain open as she showered, and I had seen her beautiful, hairy, v-shaped pussy many times now. I was not just fixated on her cunt, I loved watching her massage her titties with soapy hands, seeing the nipples growing hard. She had once caught me peeking at her and I had jerked off on her pussy, but that was many months ago, and I think she was somehow ashamed of that and had removed it from her mind. I surely hadn't.

When my sister became 16 and started in her junior year I somehow felt it was alright to start peeking on her, too. Of course, sharing a room we had often seen each in various stages of undress, but we didn't seem to think about it. We both had separate lives, hers was based on sports, mine was based on seeing as much of Mom's sexy attributes as I could.

We often went down to the river to escape from the desert heat, and Mom and Sarah (my sister) had both started wearing something new called bikinis. They consisted of regular bra-sized upper pieces and pants about the shape of tennis shorts. This was long before thongs and little triangles barely covering what were very hard nipples. But, for the times, they were risqué and often made me retreat to the river to cover a raging hard-on when we were enjoying the sandy riverside.

When my sister came of age, 16 and growing and glowing with health and a burgeoning sexuality, I started to take notice. There was never any reason for me to go to bed early since I was a good student and usually finished all my homework during study hall at high school. So I made it a habit to be in my room (just off the bathroom) reading when Sarah got home from her practices. She would never bother showering at school because we were only 5 minutes away, and because she was shy around anyone except the family when it came to her sweet, slowly maturing body. She had only started wearing a bra, with not a whole lot to be held up yet. But, I could see from our visits to the riverside and from the often intriguing glimpses I got when we were rising in the morning from our twin beds that she was coming along quite nicely, thank you. Perky breasts and long, athletic legs, with not an ounce of extraneous fat on her young body.

I would wait up for her to come home for her evening shower (after I had jerked off watching my Mom take her cooling shower which made my day bright and worth living). Sarah would ask me to leave the bedroom while she changed to get into her shower. I always complied because I was a loving brother, and because I knew what was coming. I would go out the door which went through the back porch (from where I had spied on Mom many times from the high window looking into the bathroom) and go into the kitchen for a snack while Sarah prepared for her shower. Often, Mom would be in the living room watching one of the three channels we got at that time (we watched whatever was on, so that was why so many of those old programs were popular; they were the only game in town).

Then after I heard the shower go on (because the bathroom also opened onto our front room) I would excuse myself from Mom, saying I had forgotten to study for "whatever". Then I would quietly walk around through the kitchen, the back porch (sneaking up on a chair to see where Sarah had gotten to in her preparations in the bathroom). If she was still taking her clothes off I would eagerly watch that, but I didn't take out my cock yet, because Mom might come into the kitchen and see me on the porch doing what I KNEW she knew I did with her.

Then when Sarah got into the shower I would proceed back, from the porch, into our bedroom

(making sure all doors were closed to the porch and my Mom's room) and immediately put my pillow on the floor, take my already hard cock and start peeking in on my sister.

For some reason, none of the females in our family bothered closing the shower curtain. probably because of the ubiquitous heat, or perhaps for another reason. Anyway, my sister's pussy was also shaped just like a triangle, just a more sparsely populated little pussy, made up of curly, blonde hair. And her titties were like little cones jutting out and perky and adorable. She was a blond so her nipples were pink in color (my Mom's French blood brought out a bolder, browner nipple, but just as appealing, especially because they got so hard and stuck out like little penises when she lathered them).

Anyway, on the day in question, my Dad was again away on a railroad run and the only people in the house were me and Mom. I had arrived home shortly after 3:30 because we lived only about 5 minutes from the high school, and I never wasted time with extra-curricular activities because I knew I could get all the extras I wanted at home. My sister, Sarah, however, would often be at school until 6 or even 7 in the evening, practicing various activities.

When I arrived home I was very quiet. We never locked doors back then, so you could enter without too much ado. Nobody was in the front room or kitchen. Mom's bedroom door was closed. I went around the back way into my room, saw her bedroom door was closed between our rooms and immediately started getting a hard-on in my pants. I always seemed to be getting hard-ons. Anyway, I got my pillow, leaned down to peek into Mom's room and hurrah! it was my lucky day. She was completely naked. Her hands were holding up her slightly drooping, soft breasts. She was posing. Like the models during that time did.

She was up on her toes, emphasizing her beautiful calves and thrusting her pussy toward her vanity mirror. Like a goddess, I thought, but then the unthinkable happened. I was jerking off so hard that I lost my balance and fell against her bedroom door. Within 2 seconds she had jerked open the door and was staring at me lying on the floor, no longer holding my cock, still with my pants down and my dick as hard as steel.

Mom stared at me for what seemed like forever, and then reached down, took my hand, and said, "We need to talk". I was 17 years old, but I thought I had ruined my whole life. No more peeking at Mom. No more peeking at Sarah. Life was barren. I admit that tears started from eyes as I got up, put my dick back in my pants and looked at my Mom like a little lost boy. Then, to my surprise and my ever-lasting joy, she smiled at me and had me sit down on her chenille coverlet and hugged me. She was still naked, although I'm not sure she realized that, but she hugged me and hugged me, and I knew without any doubt I was loved. "Do something for me", she said. "Take off your clothes, slowly, for Mommy."

The world had changed. It was suddenly better and I could see a bright future. I started taking off my clothes, starting with my sneakers and socks, then my white teeshirt, then my Lee jeans, and finally my whitey, tighties. Getting them off was the happiest moment of my short life, as I continued to look at my Mom, sitting in anticipation, on her double bed. The she said, "Walk over to me," and I did, and she took my cock in her mouth, and sucked and tongued it for about 5 minutes, and then she said, "Do the same for me."

She lay back on the coverlet with her soft, rounded ass on the edge of the bed and slowly spread her legs. I had never been close enough to pussy to see how beautiful it was and how tempting. She pointed to the top of her cunt, showing me a little, hooded button, and told me to start licking it. I did. She squealed. I could not tell if it was pain or pleasure, but I pressed my tongue to her clit and the slid it down through the lips sticking out, and she squealed again. I began to think I was doing something right.

All the time my dick was as hard as rock and she reached down, grabbed hold of it, almost making me cum, and guided it to her now juicy, wet pussy. I had no idea what I was doing but she showed me what needed to be done. A cock needed to fuck a pussy, a boy needed to love his Mom, and it happened and I began pumping my dick into what was the most marvelous feeling thing in the world. Mommy pussy! I was young, inexperienced, and didn't last long. I came, and instead of jerking it out she took it all, apparently loving every squirt of cum I could manage. We collapsed together on her bed, and then, to my surprise, she said, "Now lick out all the cum in my pussy; show me you really love me." And I did. I had never tasted spunk mixed with pussy juice but I could tell I was going to grow to like it.

Then, as we were laying there under the coverlet, hugging and being a loving family, something unexpected happened. I had not expected Sarah to come home until 6 or 7 that evening, but something had happened that caused her to come home early. We heard the front door open, Sarah called out, and then began searching the house to find out where her Mom and her brother were. She went through the front room, into the kitchen, out on the porch, into our bedroom and seeing her Mom's door still open she proceeded to walk in to a situation beyond her knowledge.

She saw Mom and me laying in Mom's bed. We had hastily covered up with the coverlet. She obviously had something on her mind so she seemed to just pass by the fact that we were together in bed. She had been crying and threatened to start again as she said to Mom, "What's a virgin?" She hadn't reached that part of hygiene in junior class where they started talking about sex.

Mom asked, "Why do you ask?"

Sarah said, "Because that bitch Lisa Lawson was bragging about not being a virgin anymore and then she looked at me and laughed, so what is a virgin?"

Mom looked at me, and I looked at Sarah, and we both thought, after what just happened, perhaps we can help Sarah overcome her problem. I grinned at Sarah and said, "Come on sweetie, we'll explain everything, but first you have to take off all your clothes," and Mom and I through off the coverlet. Sarah blushed so hard I think I could see her titties blushing under teeshirt. But she loved us, she trusted us, and she did what she was told. She slowly took off her practice sneakers, her after-school teeshirt, then slipped off her practice short pants, paused and then boldly slipped off her little bra showing her cone-shaped breasts, and her pink cotton panties. She stood before us naked and incredibly lovely.

"I don't think I'll ever look as pretty as you Mom."

Mom replied, "You're even prettier, just in a different way."

I had gotten soft after fucking and sucking Mom, but I started getting hard again, and I could see Sarah blushing again as she watched my dick start pointing at the ceiling. Mom beckoned to Sarah to join us in the bed, and she crawled between us, with her little titties dangling and making me love even more. We both hugged her and then Mom surprised me by giving her a long, wet, messy kiss that obviously included tongue. When they stopped she smiled at me and indicated it was my turn. I made good use of the chance, because my sister Sarah's lips tasted like candy lipstick, and her tongue tickled the top of my mouth, and I felt like I could cum just kissing her. I didn't though. I was saving that for later.

We didn't bother explaining what a virgin was because in awhile she wasn't going to be one anymore. First, Mom told Sarah to kiss her nipples, and she did, then she told her to drag her tongue down her tummy to her hairy parts, and she did. Then she showed her, as she did me, where the clitoris lived and told her to kiss it, and she did. I could see how excited she was because she was licking and sucking Mom's pussy, with her little, blond pussy wiggling up in the air.

I slowly moved to the base of the bed, slowly spread Sarah's lovely, hairless, athletic legs apart, she not even noticing, moved my body up between her legs, looked down at Mom's face as she smiled at both of us, and took my prick, rubbed it between Sarah's pussy lips, and then, with a quick, strong thrust, rammed it up her pussy. "You're not a virgin anymore, sweetcakes," I said as she squealed with the same squealing voice our Mom had. And we both lost our virginity the same day, with our Mom part of it all.