Saying Yes to Love, Part One

By frenchtoastman

Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jun 2012

Sisters renew a special intimacy on Christmas night, only to be caught in the act...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/saying-yes-to-love-part-one.aspx

Sally Stratton collapsed into the couch, her younger sister Ellie falling into a nearby chair. Both women sighed contentedly, then Sally reached for the bottle of Cabernet she'd left on the end table. Cautiously extracting the cork with her fingers, she filled a glass with wine, pausing to savor the bouquet before taking her first leisurely sip.

"Hey, can I have some of that?" asked Ellie.

Sally gave her sister a sideways glance. "And you a mere child of nineteen... you just want to get me in trouble for contributing to the moral ruination of a young lady, don'tyou?" She snickered, then ducked a carelessly thrown*TV Guide*. "Okay, okay!" Holding up a hand in surrender, she passed the bottle to Ellie. "Here, help yourself. Just don't tell the parental units. And don't drink from the*bottle,*for God's sake. Be civilized, get a glass."

"Yeah, yeah," grumbled Ellie, stomping into the kitchen to seize a glass from the dish rack, then back into the living room to flop down in the chair. "Mom lets me have wine every now and then," she declared, "That is, if Dad's not around. Jeez, I'll be legal in less then two years anyway." Grabbing the bottle, she carefully measured out a rather large drink.

"Thirsty, are we?" murmured Sally.

"Up yours, bitch," grinned the teen. "I earned it, with this pair of dishpan hands."

"Can't argue with that," Sally said, raising her glass. "Merry fucking Christmas, sis."

Ellie held her own glass up and took a warm gulp. "Merry fucking Christmas. God, I'm glad it's over. *Nearly*over," she added, glancing at the clock above the fireplace.

It was approaching midnight, and they had just dispensed with the last of the dishes from the enormous Christmas dinner. The house had been full of relatives from both sides of the family tree.

Arranging and preparing for the event had taken days and Sally had been marshalled into duty minutes after arriving home for winter break by her mother, Anne, who had given her eldest daughter a hug, a kiss and just enough time to shrug out of her overcoat before handing her an apron and pointing toward the kitchen.

The party had ended two hours earlier, but there had been plenty of cleaning up left to do when the last of the guests had said their goodbyes. Their mother, Anne, had wanted to stay up and help the girls, but Ellie and Sally wouldn't have it, shooing her upstairs.

Now that the work was over and done with, the sisters relaxed in the living room, listening to a jazz CD. The parents had gone to bed and the house was blissfully still.

The two sisters sipped their wine, savoring this oasis of calm after the hours of frenzied activity. In fact, what with a gruelling week of finals just before her flight home from Dartmouth, then the dozens of party tasks her mother had delegated over the last few days, this felt like the first tranquil moment Sally had enjoyed in ages. She sank a little deeper into the comforting embrace of the couch with a happy sigh.

Ellie was wearing her Christmas sweater, the one her mother had knitted... red, with little green holly leaves above her left breast. She'd paired it with khaki slacks that fit snugly. Sally wore a maroon skirt, which came up to just above her knees and was slit halfway up the left side. She'd worn a semi-sheer blouse, open just enough to show a tantalizing hint of cleavage.

Ellie broke the silence, smiling wistfully as she cupped her wine glass in both hands. "Can I ask you something?" she said. "It's sort of personal."

Sally shrugged, "Fire away."

"Do you ever... think about the things we used to do together?"

Sally arched an eyebrow, "Things...?"

*"You*know," Ellie replied. "Don't pretend. Not now."

The older sister paused, pondered. "What brought*that*on?" She finally asked.

Ellie traced the lip of the glass with her finger, "I can't help but remember... especially whenever you're home and it's Christmas."

Sally sat quietly for a moment, then slowly nodded. "Yeah... I guess I still think about it. Not as much as I used to, but..." She studied her younger sister. "Ever tell any of your girlfriends about us?"

"No," Ellie replied. "I never would."

"Really?" Sally tilted her head, an intrigued expression on her face. "Think they might get all... weird on you?"

*"God,*no," snickered Ellie. "My last girlfriend Mandy -- you never got to meet her... when she saw that snapshot I have of you in your volleyball uniform, she said you were and I quote, a 'hottie', and told me she would*love*to take you to bed." She giggled, then shook her head. "Jeez, if I ever even dropped a hint about the things you and I did, Mandy wouldn't give me a minute's peace until I hooked you up with her." She fell silent, gazing into the embers that still glowed in the fireplace, then glanced up at Sally. "Honestly, I never wanted to tell anyone about you and me. It's... it's not*for*them. Only us."

"I've never told anybody, either," Sally nodded. "Probably for the same reason..."

Ellie smiled. "I knew you wouldn't tell. Somehow, I just*knew."*

"El," murmured Sally, setting down her glass. "Have you given some more thought to... you know, coming out to Mom and Dad?"

Sighing heavily, the nineteen-year-old leaned back in her chair, studying her hands. "No," she shrugged. "I think Mom would be okay with it, but Dad... he'd totally freak." She glanced over at Sally. "What about you? When's the last time*you*went to bed with a girl?"

"Oh... a couple of months ago, actually. Billy, the guy I'm seeing... he understands that I need to explore that side of myself every once in a while." She grinned. "Of course, he's bisexual himself, so..."

"No kidding!" Ellie exclaimed. "Is he into, you know, threesomes and all that?"

Sally shook her head. "No... and neither am I. We respect each other's space that way."

"I think that, even though it was only for a week... what we had was perfect. Just you and me, being close in a whole new way." Ellie hesitated, took another sip of wine, then gazed shyly at her older sister. "You know, Sal -- for all the girls I've been with, I never had a better lover than you."

"That's so sweet," Sally smiled, blushing a bit. "It's funny, you know -- how we've never talked about it since then."

Ellie nibbled nervously at her lip as she studied her sister. Taking a deep breath, she spoke. "I was watching your ass move all night while you were walking around... all I could think about was how much I wanted to touch it." Her voice faltered, but she soldiered on. "I... I wanted to take you into the basement and feel you up."

Sally arched an eyebrow. "Wow... you really*have*been giving this some thought, haven't you?" Her heart was now throbbing steadily, and there was a restless warmth building between her legs. She shifted in her seat, murmuring, "It's been a long time..."

"It has," Ellie sighed wistfully.

They sat silently for a long moment, listening to the whispery caress of Miles Davis' trumpet, sipping at their wine.

"So, El... let me ask you something," Sally finally said, setting her glass down.

"What?"

She gazed evenly at her sister. "If I was to pull up my skirt and take off my panties... would you come over here and kiss me?"

Her eyes alight, Ellie nodded slowly. "Yeah. Yeah, I would."

Sally leaned back on the couch and tugged the hem of her skirt above her hips to reveal black panties. These she slowly slid down and off, carelessly dropping them on the floor. She put her arms behind her head, watching, waiting.

Ellie slowly rose, then padded over to where Sally sat on the couch, kneeling before her. The sisters drifted into each other's arms and, for the first time since that magical week of lovemaking, shared a kiss.

It was gentle at first, but Ellie quickly brought her tongue into play, tracing Sally's mouth. The older girl moaned, eagerly parting her lips... and within seconds, they were kissing like ardent lovers, as if they'd never been apart.

Their hands roamed freely over each other's bodies. Sally's hands slipped into Ellie's slacks,

squeezing her ass through silky white panties. Ellie clumsily shoved her pants down to her knees, then embraced Sally again.

Sally parted her legs to accommodate her sister, letting Ellie grind lustfully against her mound. The motion and the heat sent waves of pleasure rippling through Sally's tummy. Ellie unbuttoned her sister's blouse, then dipped her head to kiss the tops of Sally's breasts. Sally struggled with Ellie's sweater, finally tugging it over her head to reveal a sheer red bra, her younger sibling's nipples easily visible beneath the cups.

Ellie sat up, unbuttoning her pants... then she flicked open the clasp of her bra, while Sally eased herself up to struggle free of her own. Now bare-breasted, the two sisters came together in a frantic embrace, kissing passionately.

Ellie's hand found its way between Sally's thighs and the older girl parted her legs to admit her sister's questing fingers. She put her own hand inside Ellie's panties, closing her eyes as she fondled the warm, secret part of her baby sister that she hadn't touched in years.

"God, I love you, Sally," Ellie breathed, as her older sibling worked a finger, then two, inside her.

"I... I love you too, Ellie!"

"Do you like it, Sal -- my fingers inside you? Jeez, your pussy is like an*oven!"*

"Oh, fuck... I didn't realize how m-much I wanted this..."

Their hands worked frantically as the sisters brought their mouths together in a bruising kiss.

When the inevitable climax came, it enveloped both of them at the same time. They shuddered and moaned and clutched at one another, Ellie's face buried in her sister's neck.

After the throes of ecstasy passed, they lay quietly, holding each other close and listening to the sounds of their breathing.

And then, another sound. A soft cry of surprise.

Ellie and Sally looked up, both stiffening as they saw their mother Anne, standing in front of the Christmas tree in her nightgown, a look of utter shock on her face.

Sally imagined the tableau, just as Mom must have seen it. Her two daughters on the couch, the

eldest one with her legs spread as wide as they could go, the youngest with her slacks bunched at her ankles. Both women bare-breasted and their fingers still buried inside one another.

"Uh... hi, Mom," Ellie said, eventually.

Anne slowly sat down in a nearby chair. "My God," she gasped, "what are you two*doing?"*

Sally and Ellie glanced at one another, then slowly turned to face their mother.

Sally smiled weakly. "Um... well, I guess you could say that we're making love, Mom." She withdrew her hand from between her sister's thighs... and Ellie followed suit.

Anne's gaze drifted down to glance at her daughters' exposed vulvas. She shook her head, as if to clear it. "How... how long has this been going on between you two?"

The sisters made eye contact again, both thinking the same thing:*should we tell her?*Ellie shrugged, and Sally turned to Anne again, sighing heavily.

"Well, Mom," she murmured, "we first had sex three years ago, when I was home for Christmas. Ellie and I sort of had a thing going for about half the winter break, before I went back to university."

Anne seemed dazed. "My God... you were still in high school, Ellie. Still a kid, practically."

Ellie spoke up. "We just ended up getting together, Mom. Neither of us planned it. It's hard to even explain how it happened."

Sally put in, "This is the first time we've done anything since then, Mom. I guess we just wanted to -- to be intimate again, for old time's sake." She paused. "I'm sorry."

Anne gazed evenly at her daughters.*"Don't*say you're sorry," she said, folding her arms. "You're only feeling guilty because I caught you."

Sally slowly nodded her head as she smoothed down her skirt, covering her nakedness. "I... I guess so... but that's because Ellie and I love each other, Mom. Maybe more than most sisters, but..."

"Well,*I'm*not sorry about us," Ellie said firmly. "I feel bad if you're upset, Mom... but what Sally and I shared together was beautiful. It made us happy." She wrapped her arms around her big sister. "And being with Sally again just made me realize how much I still want her."

"All right," Anne said softly, with a nod. "I understand."

Ellie and Sally broke apart, exchanging a look of surprise. "Uh, Mom..." Ellie began, "you... you aren't going to lecture us? Read us the riot act?" She nibbled at her thumbnail. "God, I can't believe I'm asking you this, but, well, aren't you upset? You just caught me and Sally*fucking*, for God's sake!"

Anne sighed, then smiled wryly. "You two aren't the only girls in the world who've been to bed with other women, you know."

The sisters exchanged an even more astonished glance, then turned back to their mother. "Mom..." Sally began, hesitated, then began again. "Mom, are you telling us that... that you've had sex with women?"

Anne nodded. "Yes... many times."

Ellie and Sally waited for their mother to continue, but she said nothing. Sally leaned forward, hands on her knees, while Ellie sat back, pants and underwear still around her ankles.

Finally Ellie spoke. "When?"

"The first time was back in college," Anne began. "It was a girls' school, after all... you'd be surprised how many of the women there were willing to experiment, even in those days." She gazed wistfully into space. "I shared a room with a girl named Sophie... she and I were lovers for nearly two years."

"So what happened?" Ellie asked.

Anne shrugged. "Oh, your father and I began to date... and he got me pregnant. So he and I got married, and I dropped out of college. I saw Sophie a time or two after that, but we never made love again."

"Um... were there others?" Sally asked.

Anne gazed pointedly at her daughters. "What I'm going to tell you stays in this room, agreed?" Ellie and Sally nodded eagerly, and Anne continued. "Yes, there were others. Your dad is a good man, and he takes care of us, but I've never really been in love with him." She paused. "I won't cheat on Ron with another man, but I wasn't able to give up women. I've had several affairs since we've been married."

"Wow," Ellie whispered. "Does Dad know?"

"No," Anne said softly. She sighed. "Anyhow, I guess that's why I'm not angry at you two for... what you're doing. If it makes you happy, then don't deny yourself." Smiling, she added, "I have to say, you two are beautiful together."

Sally glanced at her sister -- and saw something in Ellie's eyes that made her heartbeat quicken.

Turning back to Anne, she spoke, carefully measuring her words. "So, Mom... how long has it been since you've made love to a woman?"

Anne stared down at her hands. "A few years. There hasn't really been anyone who I could be with that I know of, since my last lover moved to Toronto... and I would feel, oh, totally awkward going into a lesbian bar and hooking up with a stranger. I'm just too old for that."

"Too old? Mom, you're only forty-six ... you're still totally desirable!"

"Thank you, honey. I suppose I should get out there and try to find someone... seeing you girls together only reminds me of how much I've missed it." She rose from the chair. "Well, I think I'd better go back to bed, and give you two some privacy. Just keep the noise down, all right?"

Once more the sisters made eye contact -- and they both smiled. Ellie nodded to Sally as if to say, *go ahead.*

Heart racing, Sally pushed herself up from the couch with trembling hands and moved to where her mother stood.

"You know, Mom," she murmured, "if you really want to make love to a woman again... all you have to do is stay down here with us." She kissed her mother's mouth, then drew back to smile lovingly at a gaping Anne. "Ellie and I would love to be with you."

Anne looked over to where her other daughter stood... only to gasp as she saw Ellie step out of her pants and underwear, then move in to join her mother and sister, nude from the waist down.

"I d-don't know about this, girls..." Anne stammered... but she made no move to leave, or even break away from her daughters.

"C'mon, Mommy," Ellie cooed, "join us." She wrapped her arms around Anne, leaning in to kiss her mother's neck.

"We... we can't dothis," Anne gasped. "I -- I'm your*mother,*for God's sake."

"Well, Ellie is my sister," Sally purred, pausing to lick around the edge of Anne's ear. "And you just told us how beautiful we were together." She reached around to fondle her mother's shapely ass. "Just think how much more beautiful the*three*of us would be in bed."

"Doesn't that sound hot, Mom?" Ellie added. "It sure does to me."

"A mother and her daughters," whispered Sally, brushing Anne's breasts with her fingertips, "making love. Sharing their bodies. Getting closer than most parents ever are with their children."

"I... I'm not s-sure we should..." Anne whimpered, her resistance clearly giving way.

Sally slipped her hand through the folds of her mother's nightgown, then inside the elastic waistband of Anne's panties. The older woman gasped as her oldest daughter slid a finger into her cunt, then another.

"You can't say that you aren't excited, Mom," Sally purred, "not when you're this wet." She swirled her fingers around inside her mother's vagina... then withdrew her hand, bringing it to her mouth. Anne stared as her daughter first licked once at her glistening fingers, then smeared her lips with the wetness that coated them.

Turning to Ellie, Sally cooed, "Want a taste of Mom's pussy, sis?"

Nodding, Ellie leaned in to kiss Sally, licking her way around her older sister's mouth.

"My God," Anne whispered. "You two are so fucking*sexy*..."

Then Ellie turned to Anne, reaching for her hand. Before the older woman had time to think, Ellie had tucked it between her legs, pressing her mother's fingers against her exposed pussy.

"Feel that, Mom," she whispered, "how wet I am. That's how you make me -- the thought of making love to you."

"Oh, my," Anne whispered, trembling from head to toe. "My girls... my wonderful girls. I shouldn't, but I want you b-both so much." She leaned in to Ellie, taking her daughter's mouth in a kiss.

Surprising the teen, Anne brought her tongue into play first, Frenching Ellie so passionately that the half-naked young woman moaned into her mother's mouth... then she quickly responded, her own

tongue emerging to engage Anne's.

Sally, meanwhile, began to unfasten the buttons of her mother's nightgown, opening the front to bare Anne's breasts. She paused to admire them -- full and creamy, with only a hint of sag. Heart racing, she bent down to take a nipple into her mouth.

"Oh, God," Anne gasped, breaking away. "G-girls... let's not do this here. Let's go up to my room and get comfortable." Still breathing heavily, she gave her daughters a bad-girl smile. "I think my bed is big enough for three."

The three women paused to straighten themselves, the girls quickly slipping back into their clothes. Then Anne reached out to take a hand from each daughter. "Come," she murmured. "Do*not*wake your father."

Hand in hand they climbed the stairs, then tiptoed together down the hallway, entering Anne's bedroom. Sally carefully closed the door behind them, then turned to face her sister and mother.

The three women stood quietly for a moment, as if suddenly realizing the enormity of what they were preparing to do.