

THE GOOD WIFE: GRACE'S DISCOVERY

rm Dexter

Alicia comforts Grace after the girl sees Mom fucking Zach.

Incest/Taboo

4.71

15.3k words

This is story #4 in "The Good Wife" series. It is recommended that the stories be read in the correct order, as the story does proceed chronologically. Story #5 will be coming shortly. I apologize for any confusion relative to the titles, and I hope you enjoy reading these stories as much as I have had writing them...rm Dexter

"So, were Mr. and Mrs. Gibson going at it again last night?" Jenna asked. She and Grace were in the basement family room at Jenna's home, watching some TV. Actually the TV was on, but they'd just been talking most of the time.

"I don't think so," Grace said and they both chuckled at the idea of the older couple engaging in sexual activities. "But I was so tired from the night before that I think I would have slept through anything."

"I bet it wasn't them," Jenna said mysteriously. "I bet it was Zach."

"Naw, no way."

The phone rang, but the girls ignored it, knowing Jenna's parents would answer it upstairs.

"C'mon, Grace. I bet he snuck Becca into his room and was doing her all night long."

"Jenna! That's my brother you're talking about."

"Hey, c'mon Grace. I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean anything by it."

"I'm sorry too," Grace replied, feeling guilty for overreacting to her best friend's comment.

"But you have to admit," Jenna continued, "Zach is pretty hot."

"Zach?"

"Now, c'mon. I know he's your older brother and all, but even you must know how good-looking he is."

"I guess," Grace replied with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Have you ever, you know, seen him?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Like when he's coming out of the bathroom from taking a shower or something. You know, naked."

"No!"

"Relax, I was just asking. When I've seen him wearing jeans, he looks like he's really packing something in there."

Grace sat there stunned, afraid to say anything, even to her best friend, because she'd noticed the same thing herself. Her thoughts were interrupted by the door opening at the top of the stairs. The girls both looked up as Jenna's dad walked into the room, a concerned look on his face.

"Jenna, something's happened," he said seriously. "Uncle Josh has been in a car accident."

Grace had met Jenna's Uncle Josh and Aunt Jennifer before when they'd been visiting from Indianapolis.

"Is...is he okay?" Jenna asked anxiously.

"He's in the hospital and in pretty bad shape. The doctors think he'll be okay, but it's kind of touch and go right now. I want you to pack an overnight bag, we've got to go right now."

"Okay," Jenna replied, trying to hold back the tears that seemed to come out of nowhere.

"Grace," Jenna's dad said as he looked at her, "we'll drop you at home on our way. Do you want to call your mom and tell her you're coming?"

"No, it's fine. I talked to her earlier and she and Zach are just going to be staying at home tonight."

"Okay. Get your stuff together then, girls. We've gotta go."

Less than half an hour later, Grace slid her key into the apartment door and let herself in. She kicked off her shoes and dropped her bags in her room. She'd seen the light on in the kitchen and went to see what her mom and Zach were up to. She was surprised that she didn't hear the TV, but she figured her mom must be reading her new book, and Zach was probably in his room on the computer, as usual.

The 18-year old walked into the kitchen, but no one was there. "They must each be in their rooms", she thought. She was about to call out to her mother to let her know she was home, when she heard a sound coming from the hallway. "Ohhhhhnnnnn..." It was a long drawn-out groan, and Grace immediately became alarmed, recognizing the sound as coming from her mother. She stood there for a second—frightened, and then the groan was followed by a breathy hiss, "Yessssssss..." The second sound was different from the first, and although she didn't know what was happening, it didn't sound like her mother was in pain. She turned and, looking down the hallway, saw her mother's bedroom door open a few inches, a golden glow of light coming from inside the room.

"So hard..." Grace heard her mother's voice say in a throaty moan, the sound coming through the open doorway. She also heard a rhythmic thumping and the squeak of bedsprings. The teenager was intensely curious, wondering what was going on. The youngster moved stealthily down the dark hallway until she could see inside her mother's room. She gasped in shock and reached out to steady herself on the wall beside her as she saw the wickedly erotic scene going on before her. Her mother was lying on her back in the middle of her bed with a man on top of her, fucking her. By the light from the lamp on the bedside table, Grace could clearly see her mother's mature body clad in daring dark red lingerie, her slender legs sheathed in sheer black stockings. She had on patent leather high heels and her long slim arms were covered in gloves reaching almost to her shoulders, the gloves the same scarlet color as the bodice of her outfit. Grace looked down the length of those

gloves to where her mother's hands were pulling at the sheets in a death grip. She looked up to her mother's face. Her mother's eyes were closed as her head lolled from side to side, her hair spread out wildly on the pillow beneath her. Her mother's lips were open and she could see her breathing raggedly, gasping for breath as little moans of pleasure emanated continuously from between her parted red lips.

Grace stood like a statue and watched in awe at the wickedly titillating sight. She could tell that the man on top of her mother was not her father, and she wondered who it could be. The man's pistoning hips slowed and he started to lean back. Wanting to make sure she wasn't seen, Grace leaned closer to the wall, her eyes peering past the edge of the doorframe.

"Now, I'm gonna really open you up for me," the man said as he sat back on his knees between her mother's spread legs.

Grace's hand flew to her mouth as she barely suppressed the gasp she felt in her throat. The man fucking her mother wasn't a man—it was her brother, Zach! Her eyes flew wide open as she watched her 19-year old brother reach down to each side and grasp her mother by her slim ankles, his hands circling around the wide leather band of her sexy shoes. Grace watched spellbound as he lifted her mother's legs high in the air, and then lewdly spread them as far to each side as he could.

"She looks like a wishbone," Grace thought to herself. She was shocked by what she was seeing, but couldn't tear her eyes away. With her mother's legs held open in a wide V-shape, Grace watched as her brother slowly rolled his hips, the firm cheeks of his bum moving sensually, his erection still buried between his mother's legs.

"Oh Zach," her mother groaned loudly, "don't tease me like that." Grace watched intently as her brother ceased the teasing rotation and slowly drew back his hips. She saw his pecker start to come into view and was surprised at the thickness of it, the broad gnarled shaft glistening erotically with pussy juice. Her eyes got wider and wider as Zach just kept withdrawing, inch after inch of rigid cock coming into view. He finally stopped, with the just the tip of the broad flared crown trapped between her mother's shiny pink labia.

"Oh my God," Grace thought to herself as she looked at the enormous cock projecting from her brother's groin. "It's huge!" She couldn't believe the size of it, and she quickly thought about Jenna's comment of how big it had looked in his jeans. If only her best friend could see it now. Grace stared, totally mesmerized by her brother's steely erection as he held still, the broad flared head nestled snugly between her mother's clutching pussy-lips. The long hard love-muscle looked so powerful and strong—even from where she was watching, she could see the flowing blood pulsing through the protruding blue veins on the glistening shaft.

"Okay, Mom, let's see how deep we can go," Zach said as he started to flex forward. Grace's eyes stared intently at their lewdly joined bodies as her brother's monstrous pick slid insistently into her mother's greasy trench.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk..." Alicia groaned deep in her throat as her son's blood-engorged phallus stretched the hot wet tissues inside her almost to the tearing point. Grace's nipples stiffened and she felt a nagging itch in her pussy as she watched the illicitly sinful act of her brother fucking her mother. She looked at her mother's face as Zach went deeper, seeing a blissfully serene look of pleasure as her mother tipped her head up and gasped, while clutching tightly to the sheets in her glove-covered hands. Grace looked back, and watched as Zach forced the final few inches inside, the depths of his mother's hot mature pussy finally yielding to him.

Zach groaned deep in his throat as he bottomed out, the enflamed head of his prick bumping against his mother's tingling cervix as his groin pressed flush up against her shaven mound, his rigid erection gripped tightly by the oily tissues of her mature cunt. He salaciously rolled his hips, stirring her incendiary depths sinfully as the enflamed head of his cock rubbed teasingly against the door of her womb.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH..." Alicia gasped loudly as a shattering climax tore through her. Grace watched as her mother thrashed about on the bed, overtaken by orgasmic convulsions. It was wickedly exciting to watch, and Grace found herself wondering what it would feel like to be in her mother's place, to surrender herself to a huge powerful cock like that, to feel it bring her indescribable pleasure. Subconsciously, her hand slid down the front of her body as she watched, her fingers slipping beneath the waistband of her sweat pants and right down inside her panties. She found she was already soaking wet, the lips of her girlish cunt sticky with her greasy juices.

"Looks like I've got some catching up to do," Zach said as he levered his engorged lance backwards and then stabbed it back in, driving his rigid erection in all the way to the hilt.

"So bigggggg..." Alicia moaned as her body continued to twitch and buck beneath him. Zach held her legs up and spread far out to each side as he hammered away at his mother, his drum-tight balls drawing up close to his body. Grace was spellbound, intently watching the lewdly erotic act, and listening—listening to the indecent sounds of the headboard bumping rhythmically against the back wall, the bedsprings squeaking in protest, and the salacious sound of Zach's balls slapping noisily against her mother's round curvy bum. She ran her fingers through her oily slit and then brought them to her clit, her slippery fingertips rubbing teasingly over the erect little spire.

"I'm close. Where do you want this one, Mom?" Zach asked as he pounded his mother with every hard inch, driving her gripping twat deeper and deeper into the mattress.

"I...I...", Alicia was barely able to gasp out the words, her body trembling and shaking as he brought her to one climax after another. "I want you to come all over my tits...but I...I want to do it for you."

"Okay, just a few more strokes," Zach replied as he feverishly fucked his mother, the delightful contractions beginning in his midsection. Grace's heart was racing as she watched, her fingers now rubbing furiously over the engorged nubbin at the apex of her sex.

"Oh yeah," Zach said as he dropped his mother's legs to each side and quickly withdrew his rampant boner from her gripping cunt. Alicia shoved herself up against the pillows stacked against the headboard, her swollen breasts sitting up beautifully on the shelf-like projection of the structured bra cups. She reached for her son as he scrambled on top of her, his knees on either side of her wasp-like waist. Grace gasped as she watched her mother's two gloved hands reach forward, one wrapping around her brother's thrusting erection while she reached beneath him and cradled his sperm-laden testicles in her other.

"That's it," Alicia hissed seductively, her gloved hand starting to pump back and forth on his burgeoning tool. "Give Mommy all that hot cum of yours."

Grace was breathing rapidly, her fingers strumming her throbbing clit as she marveled at the nasty sight of her mother's scarlet hand stroking vigorously back and forth on her brother's long white fuck-stick.

"Oh fuck, Mom, here it comes!" Zach warned as he started to come. Grace watched as a long ropey strand of milky semen jetted forth, splashing onto her mother's chest, the sizable gob already

starting to slide into her cleavage. A second streaking rope shot forth, landing on the upper swell of one tit in a massive splat. Her mother's hand continued to pump back and forth, a sultry smile on her face as she directed the tip of Zach's spitting cock all over her chest.

Grace could feel her own pleasure escalating while her mother's scarlet-clad hand stroked vigorously back and forth, flooding her breasts with a barrage of sperm. Streamers of goo were flying everywhere as her mother's hand manipulated her brother's bucking cock skillfully, wads of cum spackling her sexy corset and dripping from her pumping gloved hands. Grace was overwhelmed by the pure eroticism of what she was witnessing, and felt the delicious sensations as her working fingers triggered an intense orgasm deep inside her.

"Ohhhnn," she groaned as waves of orgasmic pleasure washed over her. She gasped and thought she was going to pass out. With her legs about to give out, she stumbled forward as a low animalistic growl escaped her lips, her body bumping against the door frame.

Alicia looked up at the sound and gasped, her eyes immediately focusing on Grace standing just outside the door, her body leaning against the frame. She looked at her daughter in surprise, and then saw that Grace's eyes were half-closed and her mouth was gaping open as she breathed raggedly, her hand shoved down the front of her sweat pants. Alicia could even see the tiny points of Grace's pert breasts through her t-shirt—it was obvious Grace had just finished climaxing.

"Grace?" Alicia said, her stroking hand releasing her son's still-hard cock.

Zach saw the look of shock on his mother's face and his head whipped around to see what she was looking at. He could make out his little sister's form just past the partially open door. He looked back at his mother, terror in his eyes.

Alicia knew she had to take control of the situation before the whole thing blew up on all of them. "Grace," she said calmly, "come in here, Honey." She flicked her eyes to Zach's and said quietly under her breath, "Zach, you better go to your room. I'll come and talk to you later."

Thoroughly embarrassed, Zach bounded off the bed, grabbed his boxer shorts from the floor and hurried from the room, holding his underwear in front of his exposed groin.

Grace had quickly removed her hand from between her legs as soon as her mother had called her name. As Zach rushed past his younger sister, Alicia couldn't help but notice that Grace surreptitiously tried to look down at her brother's crotch. Seeing that made Alicia smile inside—maybe things weren't going to be as bad as she thought.

"It's okay, Honey, come in now," Alicia said softly, her voice warm and comforting. "It's just you and me now." Grace silently walked across the room, her eyes brimming with tears. Alicia sat up slightly and leaned against the stack of pillows behind her, and then gently patted a spot on the bed next to her. "Come sit with me, Grace. We need to talk."

With her emotions in turmoil, Grace slowly stepped across the room and sat facing her mother, her legs tucked girlishly beneath her. She was deeply confused by what she'd just witnessed, her mother and her brother fucking—committing incest. But she realized she'd also been incredibly aroused by what she'd seen—her mother dressed in an incredibly sexy outfit and her brother making love to her with his monstrously huge cock. Grace thought about how exciting it had been to watch them, and how perfect they looked together, bringing each other rapturous pleasure, and she felt jealous—jealous of a special love she knew they shared.

Grace looked over at her mother, sitting peacefully next to her, as if nothing was wrong at all. Her mother looked at her with a warm comforting smile on her face, calming her. Grace had been worried that her mother would be angry on her for spying on them, and the look on her mother's face relieved the anxiety she was feeling. She let her eyes drift downward, to her mother's chest. Her eyes widened in awe as she looked at the milky coating covering her mother's beautiful breasts. The cups of the corset spectacularly displayed her mother's nicely-shaped breasts, pushing them together and up to create an inviting dark line of cleavage—only now, that dark line was obscured by a thick white ribbon of semen, the milky strand trailing down between the curving swells of her mother's tits to disappear beneath the top edge of the corset. Her mother's whole chest was covered with the stuff, wads and strands of whitish goo crisscrossing her chest in a bizarre mosaic. Grace shivered with excitement as she looked at her mother's sperm-coated chest, that tingling itch beginning in her pussy once more.

"Grace," Alicia said, "what happened over at Jenna's? Is anything wrong?"

"Her Uncle Josh was in a car accident. They had to go to Indianapolis."

"Is he alright?" Alicia asked, her voice full of concern. She knew Jenna's family very well, the girls had been best friends since pre-school.

"He's in the hospital, but they think he'll be okay." Grace paused for a second as her mother nodded, relieved. "But they had to bring me home. I...I never expected to see you...to see you and Zach like that."

Alicia nodded knowingly, reaching out to take her daughter's hand in hers. She held Grace's tiny hand, the fingers of her other hand caressing it soothingly. They both looked down as Alicia's fingers traced lovingly back and forth, the glove-encased hand she was using was the same one she had just finished masturbating Zach with. The glove was stained and spackled with gobs of semen, and Grace found it perversely exciting to feel the wicked softness of the cum-covered glove against her skin.

"I know it must have been a shock for you, Dear," Alicia said softly, looking directly at her daughter. "But you did stay out there and watch for a while, didn't you?"

Grace felt herself flushing with embarrassment under her mother's intense stare. She nodded, and then dropped her head in shame, unable to meet her mother's eyes.

"It's alright, Grace. Relax, I understand," Alicia continued softly. "You know after what happened last year how we talked about always being honest with each other?" Grace nodded, remembering the talk her mother had had with both of them, and how important 100% honesty was to them, as a family. Alicia had used the same tack when dealing with her son two days ago when she found out about his obsession with her—telling Zach the importance of being honest with each other. She knew she had to do the same with Grace. The future of all of them depended on it and, at this point, she had no intention of lying to her daughter.

"Mom," Grace said hesitantly. "You...you and Zach. How...how...when did that happen?"

"It only happened two days ago for the first time. I accidentally walked in on Zach when he was...well, you know." Alicia gave her daughter a knowing little smile and was relieved to see Grace give her a tiny grin in return. "So after I'd caught him in kind of an embarrassing situation, we had a talk about being honest with each other. Now Grace, I'm going to tell you something, and I need

you to promise me that none of this leaves this house. Our lives together depend on that—do you understand?"

Grace nodded, acknowledging the serious look on her mother's face.

Zach had rushed from his mother's room once Grace had been caught spying on them. He was worried sick, thinking things were going to be changed forever. He might even have to leave—to leave his mother, the most beautiful sexy woman in the entire world. She was the woman he had fantasized about over all others, and ached for in his dreams. Those dreams were now coming true, and he was stricken by the idea that all that blissful happiness could now be taken away. He trusted in his mother to make everything right, like she always did. But if Grace talked, it could all come crashing down around them. He couldn't contain himself as he paced back and forth in his room—he needed to know what was going on. Wearing only his boxers, he crept quietly from his room and crawled down the hallway on his hands and knees until he stopped just outside his mother's door, in the same spot Grace had been. He saw the two of them sitting on the bed, his mother facing towards him, and Grace with her legs tucked under her, facing his mother with her back towards him. He sat quietly, shrouded in darkness as he watched and listened.

"Grace, I want you to know that when Zach and I talked two days ago, and were totally honest with each other, it was wonderful. It's difficult for parents to stay in touch with their children during their teenage years, and when your brother and I talked, I was so happy that it was able to bring us so much closer together." Grace sat still, listening attentively, her mother's cum-soaked hand still caressing hers. "Zach told me how much he cared about me, how much he thought about me, how much he truly loved me. I was so happy to hear he felt that way, and I kissed him. It started out like any other of kiss between a mother and son, but something changed, we both felt a desire for more, and that kiss turned into a kiss only lovers can share."

Grace sat in rapt attention, her breathing getting shallower as she listened to her mother.

"As we kissed, we...we touched each other, and it just felt so right. There is nothing sweeter, more tender, than the touch of someone that you love with all of your heart. We were both overwhelmed by what we were feeling, and we both wanted more. I needed to be closer to him, to feel him become one with me. We made love, wonderful blissful love—and I'd never felt happier in my entire life."

Grace felt a shiver run down her spine, her own heart going out to her mother and Zach for what they were feeling for each other. She realized she envied them, envied the love she knew they now shared—wishing, hoping, wanting to be part of that happiness they were feeling.

"Was it just that one time, before tonight, I mean?" Grace asked.

"That first time two nights ago was so heavenly, we both wanted to do it again. Your brother is quite amazing, and we ended up making love all night long."

Grace gave off a little gasp, finally realizing that those noises she thought had come from Mr. and Mrs. Gibson's apartment had actually come from her brother's room, right next door to hers.

"And then, a number of times again last night," Alicia continued. "We ended it, stopping much earlier than we did the night before, and I was totally exhausted. I can't believe your brother's stamina—I'm sure he could have gone on all through the night again." She gave her daughter a wicked little smile.

Grace's eyes opened wide and she could feel her heart racing as she listened to what her mother was saying. She could feel her nipples stiffening again and that nasty little itch between her legs was back with a fury. She had a million questions to ask, wondering where to start. "What...what's it like?" she asked timidly.

"You mean sex?" Alicia asked, looking at her curious daughter coyly.

"Uh...sex with Zach," Grace replied, her face turning red once more.

Zach's ego soared as he listened to what Grace had just said. He was loving the conversation his mother was having with his sister, and was eager to hear more. He found it extremely arousing to know that his sister was curious to find out not just about sex, but sex specifically with him.

"You are a virgin, right?" Alicia asked her daughter.

"Yes. I've just kissed a couple of boys, and not really much of that either."

Alicia looked at her daughter, feeling the curiosity just oozing out of the young girl. "Sex with your brother is amazing. I've never felt anything like it in my entire life. He's the most beautiful, caring lover I've ever had."

"His...his thing looked so big. All boys aren't like that, are they?"

"Oh no, nearly all boys—and men, are much smaller than your brother," Alicia replied with a shake of her head. "Zach has the biggest penis I've ever seen." She paused for a second in thought, and then continued. "You know, when it's that big, it doesn't feel right to refer to it as a penis. It should be called what it really is—a cock."

Grace gasped, surprised at the word her mother had just used. Her curiosity was getting the better of her though. "How big is his...his cock?" she embarrassingly asked.

"It's over 10" long and thicker than I can get my hand around."

"Oh my God," Grace exclaimed, thinking of the stuff she'd learned in health class. "Doesn't it tear you in two?"

"Almost," Alicia replied with a perverse smile, "but it feels so incredible when he's doing it. There are no words to describe how deliciously exquisite it feels to have that huge thing splitting you open." Alicia could see the wanton look of desire on her daughter's face as she spoke, hanging on every titillating word. "And not just that, it feels amazing to have that enormous cock between your lips—to feel that huge throbbing head filling your mouth, to feel the tremendous power in it, to taste it, to taste what he wants to fill you with."

Alicia could see Grace trembling now, a fine sheen of perspiration glistening on her daughter's face as she got more and more excited. Alicia decided this was the perfect time to move forward.

"Would you like to taste it, Grace, to taste what your brother's beautiful cock has to offer?" Alicia brought her gloved hand to her chest, extended her long index finger and scooped up a massive wad of her son's goo. She brought her cummy finger towards her daughter's face, and stopped with the tip inches away from the girl's parted young lips, the milky gob hanging and swaying hypnotically from her fingertip. "Go ahead, Baby, give it a try."

Grace felt like she had lost all control, her young body overwhelmed by the illicit desires flowing through it. She found it incredibly exciting that her mother had just called her 'Baby', too. She opened her mouth and leaned forwards, closing her soft young lips on her mother's gloved finger. Her tongue feathered forward and pressed against the soft fabric of the glove, and then she rolled it all around the invading digit, letting the greasy fluid slide onto her tongue. She loved the texture and taste of it, finding it strangely familiar for some reason. She savored the succulent new flavor on her taste buds for a few seconds before swallowing, loving the feel of the silky fluid sliding down her throat.

"Mmmm," she purred like a kitten as she pressed her lips and tongue against her mother's finger and sucked for more.

"You like that?" Alicia asked, a perverted leer on her face as she slowly withdrew her finger from her daughter's sucking red lips.

"I do. But it tastes...it tastes familiar?"

"Like yogurt?"

Grace's eyes flew wide open as she realized when she'd experienced that taste before. "You mean...you mean that yogurt yesterday morning?" she blurted out.

"Uh-huh. Zach had just finished masturbating into the yogurt container. It was supposed to be for me, but you reached over and took it. I was too shocked, and by the time I even thought of saying something, you were already eating it. Now you know why I love it too."

"And that gob on your blazer...that...that was Zach too?"

"Yes. I sucked him off after I sent you to the car yesterday. Some of it must have leaked from the corner of my mouth and neither one of us noticed it."

"Does he always come this much?" Grace asked as she looked down at her mother's cum-covered chest.

"Yes. Besides having the biggest cock I've ever seen, I've never seen anyone produce so much cum when he shoots. And not only that, he never seems to tire and that beautiful cock of his barely goes soft before he's ready to go again. Like I said, your brother is the perfect lover."

Alicia could see Grace shiver again as she listened to what she'd just said. She knew she had her daughter just where she wanted her. Alicia slid her hands up the front of her corset and cupped her breasts, lifting them invitingly. "Why don't you have another little taste—there's lots here, you can have as much as you want. Why don't you be a good girl and clean Mommy up?"

Her body trembling with lurid arousal, Grace leaned forward, extended her tongue and slid it across the top of her mother's swelling breasts, her tongue gathering up a gooey clot of her brother's sperm. Drawing it back into her mouth, she purred again, swallowed and then went back for more.

"That's my good girl, get Mommy all nice and clean," Alicia said as she looked down at her daughter, the young girl's soft red lips running over her breasts as her eager tongue gathered in her son's pearly seed. She could see that Grace was really into it now, her eyes closed to nothing more than hooded slits, her pretty mouth moving from one breast to the other, but not before stopping at her cleavage and delving deep into the inviting gap with her soft warm tongue.

"Mmmmm, that's the way. Get it all, Baby," Alicia said in a soft lulling voice. Her daughter's lips felt wonderful on her body, her avid mouth and searching tongue lapping up every warm drop of milky goo.

"I...I think that's all of it," Grace said disappointedly as she sat back, her soft red lips glistening wetly. "There's some more though that seems to have slid inside your corset."

"Well, I want to make sure you get it all," Alicia replied as she reached inside the confining bra cup and drew out her breast, presenting the cummy nipple to her daughter. "There you go, take your time and get the rest of it, I want to make sure you get every creamy drop."

Overcome by uncertainty, but with a savage desire burning within her young body, Grace leaned forward and ran her parted lips over her mother's exposed breast, following the slimy rivulet of semen to where it had gathered on her mother's pebbly nipple. She slipped her lips over the rubbery bud and clamped down, the instinctive feeling taking over as she sucked at the swollen protrusion.

"Mmmmm, that's perfect," Alicia purred as she continued to hold her breast up to Grace's hot sucking mouth. "Just take your time and get all of your brother's cum off of there."

Grace was in no hurry, loving the feeling as the big nipple came alive and stiffened hotly in her mouth. She rolled her tongue in slow teasing circles all around her mother's beautiful breast as her lips sucked and toyed with the hard red nipple.

"That's so nice, Sweetie," Alicia said, pulling back and removing her breast from her daughter's sucking mouth with an audible 'POP!' "Don't forget the other one." She reached into her other bra cup and pulled out that breast, the soft curving surface smeared with silvery cum.

Grace eagerly shifted her mouth from one breast to the other, her tongue gathering in the greasy goo until she latched onto the other thick nipple, her lips sucking gently as it too swelled and stiffened under her oral ministrations.

Alicia leaned back slightly against the pillows behind her, her daughter's wanton sucking mouth moving right with her. She smiled to herself as she ran her fingers tenderly through her daughter's dirty-blond hair, loving the feel of the girl's young mouth on her sensitive breasts. Yes, this was going better than she could have hoped for. If she played her cards right, she and Zach could bring Grace into their world of perverted debauchery, and it would work out perfectly for all of them, giving each of them exactly what they needed.

"That's the way. That's what I need from my good girl. Now just my glove left to go." Alicia stuffed her breasts back into the alluring corset, adjusted the cups to make sure they were sitting nicely, and then held out her gloved hand, the soft scarlet fabric still glistening with the gooey remnants of the hand job she'd given her son. Grace didn't hesitate, swooping and taking the offered hand in her own, then running her tongue wickedly over the smooth fabric, sucking and licking until she had every pearly drop inside her.

Zach could hardly stand it. He was patiently watching and listening, but his cock was now rock-hard as he watched the scintillating scene between his mother and sister unfold before him. He felt like reaching down and jerking off right there, but something told him he had to be patient. He knew that whatever happened, his mother would be sure to pay him another visit, and he wanted to hang on to as many loads as possible for her.

"Mom, these gloves, this whole outfit, those shoes," Grace said as she drew her mouth away from the glove and ran her eyes over the length of her mother's lithe graceful body, "everything is so beautiful—so sexy."

"Thank you, Grace. Your brother likes it too."

"I could never look as pretty as you. You...you look so...so glamorous."

"You could look this nice, Grace. Would you like to try?" Alicia knew that although she was a couple of inches taller than her daughter, they both wore the same size in most things. They had the same shoe size and even the same bra size: 32B. Of the new things she'd bought at the lingerie store today, she had something in mind that she thought would look absolutely enchanting on her pretty young daughter—and she knew Zach would love it too.

"What do you mean?"

"Come with me, Dear," Alicia said as she swung her legs out of bed, took her daughter's hand and led her into the en-suite bathroom. "You just slip off those clothes, Honey, and I'll be right back with something I know you're going to love."

Alicia closed the bathroom door behind her and headed for Zach's room, wanting to let him know what was going on. She pulled open her bedroom door and stopped short, almost crashing into him at his spot just outside the door.

"Were you there the whole time?" she asked in surprise.

"Uh, pretty much," Zach admitted, hoping his mother wasn't angry with him for eavesdropping.

"I guess I'm not surprised," Alicia said with nasty little smile on her face. "So you've seen what's going on?" Zach nodded. "Okay, I'm going to take her into the bathroom and give her something pretty to wear. I think I'll get changed into another one of my new outfits too. Would you like that?" Zach eagerly nodded. "Alright then, I'm going to have to talk to her, so I'm not sure how long we're going to be. You just go to your room and I'll come and get you when we're ready. When I get you, I want you to bring that big jar of Vaseline you've got in there with you. I think this is going to work out perfectly." Alicia noticed her son's huge erection tenting out the front of his boxers indecently. She reached down, wrapped her gloved hand around the engorged lance and squeezed gently. She leaned close to his ear and whispered as her circling hand stroked slowly back and forth, "Just don't go playing with this beautiful thing while you're waiting—I'm sure you're going to have plenty of opportunities to put it in something hot and wet before this night is over."

She nipped playfully at his ear and gave his hard cock one more loving squeeze before turning on her heel and going back into her room. She went to her closet, found the packages she was looking for, and then disappeared into the bathroom.

"I...I didn't know what to do. I left my bra and panties on," Grace said timidly, standing there innocently with her arms trying to cover her exposed body.

"Just relax, Dear. I've got something here that will make you look so pretty, I just know you're going to love it." Alicia paused for a second, her eyes going up and down Grace's nubile young body before coming to rest on her lovely face. "Grace, just sit down at my dressing table for a minute—I think it's time we had a little make-up lesson."

Grace sat on the padded stool in front of the make-up desk and mirror, her hands held demurely in her lap. Alicia slipped off her long gloves, picked up a make-up brush and began wipping it softly over Grace's cheeks. Satisfied with a soft covering of blush, she turned her daughter slightly and picked up some eye shadow. She decided on soft pink tones, perfect for the girl's smooth skin and youthful appearance. She'd keep the darker, more exotic shades for herself.

"Just close your eyes while I do this, Sweetie," Alicia said as she started to brush on the soft pinkish eye shadow. With the curiosity level her daughter had shown earlier, Alicia decided this was the perfect time to move forward, with Grace sitting quietly.

"Grace, while I'm doing your make-up, I want to talk to you about this new relationship Zach and I have, okay?" Her daughter nodded. "The first thing is that, like I said earlier, you can never tell anyone, it has to be our secret." Again, Grace nodded. "Good. What Zach and I have now is something very special—a special love that only mothers and sons can share. Now that we've discovered it and how much it means to each of us, I know neither one of us wants to ever lose that. Do you kind of understand?"

Grace thought about what her mother had said, her brain swirling with emotions, but knowing deep inside that she wanted more than anything to make her mother happy, especially after what had happened to their family, after what her father did. But there was something else troubling her, and she decided to come right out with it. "I do understand, Mom, and trust me—I'd never say anything to anyone. But you know how we said to be totally honest with each other...well, I have to admit, I feel a little jealous. I feel jealous of both of you." She hung her head, not sure what her mother would think if she knew that she wished she was in Zach's place, as well as her mother's.

Alicia smiled to herself, having hoped for a response just like that. "Oh Grace, that is so sweet." She took her daughter's face in her hands and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. "Just because Zach and I have this new relationship doesn't mean I feel any less for you. I love both of you so much, and that's why I'm talking to you like this." Alicia stopped for a second, and looked her daughter directly in the eye. "Grace, do you think you would like to be part of that kind of relationship? To have a relationship like that with both your brother, and me?"

Grace felt her heart swell with relief, her fears and anxiety at the thought of being left behind washed away by her mother's words. "I...I'd love that," she said, a soft grin spreading across her face as a wave of relief washed over her.

"I'd love that, too," Alicia responded, returning Grace's smile. "And I know Zach would love it as well. I know you and your brother sometimes get on each other's nerves, but I do know how much he loves you."

Grace blushed again, overjoyed to hear what her mother was saying.

Alicia went back to applying the eye make-up, the soft brush moving expertly over her daughter's eyelids. She decided it was time to put it all out there. "If you join us, that's going to be wonderful for all of us, Sweetie. I've told you how Zach feels about me, and how much I want to be with him, but I can't always be here. Like I told you earlier, your brother's sexual endurance is unbelievable. He's insatiable when it comes to needing sexual relief. Like I said, I can't always be around, and when I am around, sometimes Zach gets me to the point where I'm nearly exhausted. This is where I'd like you to come in—I need you to help me take care of that immense sexual appetite of your brother's. Do you think you'd like to help me with that?"

Grace felt that delightful twinge in her young pussy as her mother's word registered in her brain. Her mother was actually asking for her help in sexually satisfying her brother! She pictured that enormous cock of his, seeing it drive deep into her mother's pussy as he almost split her in two, and she knew she wanted to be part of that, to feel what that would be like herself, in whatever way her mother wanted. "Yes!" she blurted out excitedly.

"That's my good girl," Alicia purred softly, a perverted little glint in her eye as she applied some mascara, making her daughter's eyes look invitingly sexy. "I can teach you how to take care of your brother, teach you what he needs. Would you like that?"

"Yes," Grace replied eagerly.

Satisfied with the look of her daughter's eyes, Alicia picked up a brilliant pink lipstick, one that would go nicely with the eye shadow and look teasingly perfect on her daughter's virginal lips. "I'll show you the kind of things he likes to see women wear—like the outfit I'm going to have you put on in a few minutes. I'll show you how to use your hands and mouth on him to make him achingly hard. There will be times when I want you to take care of Zach when I'm not here, but when I am, I'll want your help with him to get him ready for me, do you understand?" She looked at her daughter intently, wanting to make sure there was no confusion on this point.

"Y...yes, I do understand. I...I'll do whatever you want me to do, Mom," Grace said imploringly.

"That's nice, Baby, that's what I want to hear." With a smile on her face, Alicia leaned forward and deftly applied the lipstick, her daughter's pouty lips glistening wetly when she was done. She stood up and looked down at her make-up job, happy with the result, and knowing Zach would be happy with it as well.

"Grace, do you know what a fluffer is?" Alicia asked, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Uh, no," Grace replied, a confused look on her face.

"A fluffer is a young girl who works in the adult film industry. While the director is setting up a scene and getting ready for the next shot, the fluffer is responsible for getting the actors ready."

"Uh, I'm not sure what you mean."

"Well, once the director is all set to go, he sometimes wants the action to start immediately, which means the man has to be hard, so there's no waiting."

"What...what does the fluffer have to do?"

"Well, between scenes like that, she uses her hands and mouth to keep the actor hard." Alicia paused for a second as she watched Grace think about what she'd just told her. "Do you think you can do that for Zach and me? Do you think you could be our fluffer?"

Grace shivered with excitement as she thought about how wickedly perverse the idea of that was. She could feel herself flushing with arousal, the tingling itch in her pussy coming back. "I...I'd like to try."

"That's a good girl," Alicia said warmly, taking her hand and running it caressingly along her daughter's jawline. "Sometimes, a fluffer has to perform clean-up duties as well. Did you like it when you were licking your brother's cum off my breasts?"

"Yes," Grace admitted, her face flushing slightly.

"Once you'd gotten all of his semen off of me, did you like the feel of my breasts in your mouth?"

Grace paused for a second before nodding, her eyes dropping from her mother's intense gaze.

"That's good that you liked it, because you're likely going to have to make sure both your brother and I are nicely cleaned up a lot from now on." Alicia paused for a second, waiting to play her next card. "There's one other thing you need to know-sometimes, the fluffer has to get the female actor ready for sex scenes too. Do you think you'd be able to do that?"

Grace knew her mother was asking if she'd be willing to use her mouth and hands on her, on more than just her breasts. She'd always thought her mother was so beautiful, with an amazing body. She often thought of her mother, wondering what her body would look like naked, what it would feel like under her fingertips, her hands running over her mother's mature experienced body. Only Grace knew that she'd occasionally had those thoughts running through her mind as she'd lain in bed at night, her fingers slipping beneath her panties and running over her wet pussy-lips. She knew that tonight, it had aroused her just as much to see her mother in that enticing outfit she was wearing, as it had to see her brother's huge cock. "Yes," she confessed enthusiastically. "I can do that."

"That's my good girl," Alicia replied, a wicked little smile playing at the corners of her mouth. With her fingers beneath her daughter's chin, she turned the young girl's face up as she lowered her mouth towards hers. As her daughter's eyes focused on her parting lips, she whispered softly, "Kiss me, Grace."

Grace was almost trembling with desire as her mother pressed her beautiful red lips to hers, and then slipped her tongue between her daughter's parted lips.

"Mmmmmm," Grace mewed like a little kitten as she felt her mother's warm tongue press against hers. She'd only kissed a couple of boys, and it was nothing like this. The feel of her mother's mouth on hers was like nothing she'd ever experienced—tender, yet deliciously exciting at the same time. She could feel her heart racing as her mother's tongue rolled against hers, and then gently sucked on it, inviting Grace to follow her tongue back into her own mouth.

Alicia smiled inside as her daughter's tongue eagerly followed hers, and then explored all around the confines of her hot wet mouth. Alicia finally pulled back and broke the kiss, leaving Grace gasping.

"That was nice, Grace. You've got such a pretty little mouth. We're going to show you a lot of things you can do with that mouth of yours. Now, get your bra and panties off so we can see how this outfit looks on you."

While Grace turned and removed her bra and panties, Alicia opened a couple of the packages she'd brought in with her and pulled out the silky garments they contained.

"Alright, I think these should fit perfectly," she said as Grace turned to face her. Alicia looked her daughter up and down, her eyes roaming over the teenager's pert breasts, lithe figure and shaved pubic mound. "That's nice. All you young girls keep yourselves nice and clean down there, don't you?"

"Yes," Grace replied as she took the lacy white garment her mother handed her. She could tell it was like a baby doll top, only a million times prettier than anything she'd ever seen before. It was nearly all beautiful white lace, with a couple of panels of sheer mesh-like material at the sides. She slipped it over her head and pulled it down, the intricate lacy bra cups fitting perfectly over her young breasts. Alicia stepped over to her and slightly adjusted the satin straps running over her daughter's shoulders, causing the cups to tighten slightly and push Grace's firm breasts together and up. Satisfied with the way it looked, she handed her daughter a tiny piece of white fabric she'd pulled out of the same package.

"What's this," Grace asked, holding the little piece of satin in her hand.

"It's a G-string, Sweetie. It goes with the top."

Grace moved the intricate little thing in her hands before she figured it out. She then stepped into it and pulled it into place, the tiny triangle of white satin covering her sex while matching satin strings ran high on her hips and then disappeared between her bum-cheeks. She'd never in her life worn anything like it, and it felt sinfully wicked as she adjusted it, making it fit just right.

"Now this," Her mother drew her hand out from another smaller bag, bringing with it a pair of white stockings. Grace carefully took them, the exquisitely sheer material feeling incredibly sensual in her hands. She delicately raised her slender foot and fed the gathered material over her toes, and then drew it carefully up her leg, the wispy material feeling delightfully sensual against her skin. The stockings were thigh-highs, with an intricate lacy band at the top which hugged her slim thighs just below her tender young pussy. She repeated the process with the second nylon, almost shivering with excitement as she pulled it up, the elasticized lacy band at the top wrapping itself tightly to her creamy thigh. She wanted to turn and look at herself in the mirror, but her mother stopped her.

"Un-uh! One more thing," Alicia said as she drew a box from another bag and lifted the lid. She reached inside, pulled out a pair of white high heels, and then handed them to Grace.

"They're beautiful," Grace gushed, taking the sexy shoes in her hands. They were slingbacks, with a pointy toe and a sky-high heel. She had only seen pictures of shoes like this in magazines, and had only dreamed of owning a pair. She excitedly slipped them onto her delicate feet and then stood up, the fit absolutely perfect.

"Now you can look," Alicia said, gesturing to the mirror.

Grace gasped as she turned and looked at herself—she couldn't believe it was really her. The girl staring back at her looked like a glamorous movie star. Her face looking stunning, beautifully made up, the eye shadow and mascara making her eyes look grown-up and sensually inviting, her full pouty lips a glossy pink slash. Her eyes travelled down to the top of the baby doll set, the lacy garment teasingly cupping her firm young breasts where it hugged her tightly, the rest of the wispy material falling enchantingly over her tiny waist before ending on her slim hips, the tiny triangle of the white satin g-string visible at the juncture of her thighs.

The sheer white nylons shimmered as they clad her coltish legs, the elasticized lace band at the top a perfect match for the lace of the baby doll set. The shoes—the shoes were so sexy they almost took her breath away. The pointy toe and slim high heel made her legs look amazing, the muscles in her calves and thighs accentuated sensually.

"What do you think?" her mother asked.

"I...I look so beautiful," Grace whispered under her breath, almost mesmerized by the vision looking back at her from the mirror.

"Yes, you do," Alicia replied, a sly smile on her face. "I think you look incredibly grown-up and sexy, and I think your brother is going to love it too."

Grace turned and looked at her mother, fear in her eyes. "Do you think Zach will want to...to..."

"To fuck you?" Alicia said.

"Yes." At her mother's blunt response, Grace's heart had started racing with both excitement and dread.

Alicia looked her daughter up and down, dressed in one of the virginal white outfits she'd bought earlier in the day for herself. Grace looked gorgeous, and intensely desirable, the young girl just oozing with the intoxicating allure of innocence. "With you dressed like that, Baby, there's no way we're going to be able to stop him."

"But it...it's so big," Grace said, her bottom lip trembling with fear at the thought of her brother's monstrous cock slicing her wide open.

"Don't worry, Honey, we'll let you get used to it first. And if it gets to be too much for you, Mommy can always take over."

"What...what are you going to want me to do first?" Grace asked.

"I think we'll have you use your hands on him first, so you can get used to feeling how powerful that huge cock of his is. And from there, I guess we'll just have to see how it goes. To be honest with you," Alicia said as she gave Grace a little wink, "I'm not sure how long I'll be able to last before I need to get my hands on him myself."

"That's okay, Mom," Grace said hurriedly, wanting to make sure her mother allowed her to be part of this illicit incestuous menage. "Just let me know what you want me to do. I'm not sure if I'll do very well, but I'll try my best. I'd really like to try and be your...your fluffer."

"That's my Baby, you know just what to say," Alicia replied, a perverse smile spreading across her face. She stepped next to her daughter and sat on the round stool in front of the dressing table, swiveling it around until she was facing the young girl. "How about we start on your fluffer training right now?"

"Wha...what do you mean?" Grace asked nervously.

"You liked cleaning Zach's warm cum off my breasts earlier, right?"

"Yes," Grace could feel her face flushing again as she thought about how excited she'd gotten, her tongue sliding across her mother's beautiful breasts, gathering in that massive load of semen she'd seen her brother spray all over her mother's chest.

"How would you like some more?"

"More?" Grace asked curiously, her eyes looking down at her mother's swelling breasts, and seeing nothing but her smooth soft skin.

"Yes, Zach had shot another load deep inside me just shortly before you got here. You might have to work a little harder to get it, but I'm sure most of it is still there." Alicia accompanied her words by letting her nylon-sheathed legs roll slowly open to each side, exposing the glistening wet petals of her leaking gash.

Grace stared at her mother's lewd display, those long beautiful legs parting wantonly. She could feel herself getting more and more excited as her mother's legs continued to part, the opening between them looking like an inviting 'V'. Her eyes roamed up and down her mother's spectacular body, her mature form looking even sexier in the wickedly alluring outfit she was wearing.

"Do you want it, Baby?" Alicia asked in a soft lulling tone as she reached down and slid her index finger right up inside her gooey snatch. She drew it out, the tip glistening with a whitish gob of her son's viscous seed. She waved it teasingly in front of her dripping cunt, the pearly wad of semen drawing her daughter in hypnotically.

Grace's heart was racing with excitement as she looked at her mother's cum-covered finger. She thought of how thrilling it had been to taste and swallow her brother's cum earlier, and knew she wanted more. She dropped to her knees, and moved between her mother's spread legs.

Alicia smiled to herself as she watched her daughter's eyes focus on her glistening finger. As she'd waved her finger, the pearly clump of jizz shimmering in the warm gold light, the girl's tongue had slid out of her mouth instinctively and licked at her pouty young lips, wanting the creamy goodness Alicia had to offer. Alicia waved her finger slowly, teasingly, knowing the young girl could smell the sexy earthy scent of her well-fucked cunt combined with her son's masculine cock-cream. She watched as Grace dropped to her knees as if mesmerized, and then crawled closer between her widely-spread thighs.

"That's my girl," Alicia coaxed softly as her daughter's lips opened and slipped over her gooey finger. The girl's lips closed down warmly, her soft tongue rolling wantonly over the sticky digit. The tip of her blood-red nail scratched provocatively along the raspy surface of her daughter's tongue as the girl sucked and lapped at her long slim finger.

"That's it," Alicia said as she slowly withdrew her finger from her daughter's mouth and ran the tip of her fingernail teasingly all around the young girl's soft pink lips. "Are you ready for more?"

Grace eagerly nodded, her heart racing with excitement.

"Just one more thing," Alicia said, picking up an elastic hairband from her dressing table. She reached forward and gathered up her daughter's long dirty-blond hair in her hands and quickly whipped it into a ponytail. "There, we just don't want any of your hair getting in the way of that pretty little mouth of yours, do we, Dear?" Alicia shifted forward to the edge of the stool, her soaking-wet pussy mere inches from her daughter's face. She reached forward and took her daughter's head in her hands, her slender fingers slipping into the young girl's pulled-back hair.

"C'mon, Baby," she said as she pulled gently on her daughter's head, "show Mommy what a good clean-up girl you can be."

Although Grace didn't need any coaxing, she found it wickedly exciting to have her mother take control of her like this. Just the intoxicating scent wafting up from her well-fucked cunt would have been enough, but the feel of her mother's hands pulling her closer had Grace's level of arousal rising at an accelerated rate. She looked at her mother's brazenly exposed pussy, the shiny wet labia beckoning to her like a ripe juicy peach. She felt a lascivious hunger—like she'd never felt before—

and knew she wanted to taste her mother more than anything. Feeling tentative yet excited, Grace extended her tongue, tracing the very tip up along the slick smooth surface of her mother's pussy lips.

"Mmmm, that's the way," Alicia purred. "Get used to the taste. I have the feeling you're going to be getting a lot of that from now on." Seeing how enthusiastic her daughter was, she leaned back against her dressing table and, with a perverse smile on her face, looked down at the innocent young features of her daughter, the teenager's eager tongue licking along the full length of her shiny trench.

Once the flavor of her mother's cunt-honey reached her taste buds, Grace knew she was hooked. She shivered inside, the flat of tongue dragging languidly up the sticky surface of her mother's mound. She slid her mouth back down as she moved in closer, and then deftly feathered her tongue right between the slippery labia.

"Mmmm, that's my girl," Alicia purred as her daughter's tongue spun in a teasing swirl just inside the gates of her steaming love-pocket. It looked perversely wicked to look down and see her daughter's pretty young face pressed tightly to her recently-fucked cunt, knowing there was still a massive wad of her son's potent seed lurking deep within the hot pink tissues inside her.

"Do you like the taste of that, Baby?" Alicia asked, rolling her hips salaciously against her daughter's face.

"Mmhm," Grace hummed in agreement, her tongue lancing deeper into her mother's hot oily snatch.

"Hmmm, it really feels like you want to taste that big milky load your brother shot into me. Is that what you want, Sweetie, do you want me to feed it to you?"

"Mmhm," Grace hummed again, a hungry tone of desire echoing through her mother's loins.

"Okay, Baby. You just keep that tongue deep inside me while I push down. When you start to taste it, I want you to start sucking. Keep that tongue moving all around, but suck all that nasty cum out at the same time. Can you do that for me?" Grace hummed in agreement once more. "Good, then here we go."

Grace could feel her mother's stomach muscles flex, and she felt the hot walls of her mother's vagina close down around her probing tongue provocatively. She could feel the clutching tissues inside her mother rippling along her tongue as the older woman pushed down, and then Grace felt a viscous wad of gooey discharge ooze down onto her tongue. She sucked, and was rewarded by the stringy gob of semen sliding deeper into her mouth, right onto her taste buds.

"Mmmmm..." It was Grace's turn to purr now as she savored the scintillating flavor of the combined juices of her mother and brother settling onto her tongue. Loving the wickedly nasty taste of their incestuous lust, she sucked harder, drawing more of the musky cream into her mouth.

Alicia smiled to herself as she watched her daughter's mouth working, her lips and face pressed flush up against her steaming cunt, the young girl's tongue circling and swabbing all over the sticky walls of her vagina. She watched her daughter swallow and then send her tongue back up deep inside her, searching for more of the delectable cream Zach had pasted her with just a short time ago. She used the talented muscles inside her mature cunt to push down, feeding more of her son's potent seed to her teenage daughter.

Grace was in heaven—her young mouth filling again as she sucked ravenously at her mother's hot steaming box, her brother's sperm-laden cum slithering luxuriously onto her tongue in milky rivulets. That nasty itch between her legs was overwhelming her, and as her mother pushed another wad of the silky cream onto her tongue, Grace shoved her hand between her legs, her fingers slipping beneath the leg opening of her little G-string. Her impatient fingers slid through her dripping pussy-lips to the apex of her sex, her slippery fingertips eagerly finding the engorged bud of her swollen clit. She rubbed at it, her slick fingers triggering a shattering climax that started in the fiery engorged nodule and spread rapidly throughout her entire body.

"Mehhmm...mehhmm..." With her lips and mouth pressed tightly against her mother's overheated pussy, Grace gave off a high-pitched squeal as she started to come, her fingers rubbing tempestuously over the erect red spire at the top of her slit. Her body was quivering like a plucked bowstring as orgasmic waves of delight coursed through her, her flushed face rubbing warmly against her mother's greasy cunt.

Alicia was thrilled to see her daughter slip her hand between her own legs and bring herself off. She was impressed by the fact that even though the young girl's body was twisting and shaking through a spine-tingling climax, she still kept her lips and tongue working beautifully inside her twat. As she pushed more of her son's deeply-shot load onto her daughter's tongue, the young girl lanced her tongue deep and pushed hard on the roof of her vagina, pressing right onto the underside of her sensitive clit.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," Alicia hissed through gritted teeth as she started to climax as well. She instinctively reached down and gripped her daughter's head, pulling that beautiful mouth even harder against her spasming cunt. Her hips were bucking and she could feel herself spraying cunt-honey all over her daughter's face. She held on tight to her daughter's head as she came and came, grinding her oily gash all over the teenager's pretty face, her gripping fingers circled around the girl's ponytail.

Grace could feel her face awash with her mother's slimy juices as the stuff just sprayed out of the older woman. She licked and licked, sopping up as much of the warm nectar as she could. She was thrilled to be able to give her mother this much pleasure, and it was even more exciting that they both came at the same time. As she felt her own tingling climax start to wane, her mother slumped back, loosening her tight grip on her head, but still gently cradling her face. Her mother lay back with a blissful smile on her face, holding Grace's mouth against her flushed pink pussy as the young girl tenderly nursed at her, sucking up the slimy juices oozing from her mature snatch.

"Mmmm, that was nice," Alicia said, stroking Grace's cheek affectionately. "You can be my clean-up girl any day."

Grace sat back on her haunches and looked up at her mother, her whole face glistening with her mother's cunt-cream.

"Oh dear, I made quite a mess there, didn't I?" Alicia said, sitting forward on the stool and taking Grace's head in her hands once more. "C'mere, Baby, let me help you with that." She leaned forward and extended her tongue, running it slowly, teasingly over her daughter's soft young skin as she gathered up the womanly nectar she'd deposited there. When she was done, she paused and let her daughter see her tongue, the surface of it glistening with her warm juices. She then slowly, erotically, lowered her mouth to her daughter's, passing the gooey discharge to her as they kissed.

"Mmmmm," Grace mewed like a kitten with a saucer of warm milk as her mother rolled her tongue against hers, letting the young girl suck the savory nectar off the probing tongue filling her mouth. She shivered at the sinfully lewd act, but loved that her mother was feeding her like this, just like a mother bird feeding her little chick.

"Did you like that, Baby?" Alicia asked, finally breaking their passionate kiss as her daughter continued to suck wantonly at her tongue.

"Yes," Grace responded excitedly, eager for more.

Alicia could see the desire in her daughter's eyes, the young girl's skin flushed with arousal. "Grace, one of the other duties of a fluffer is to help the other actors with their wardrobe, if they happen to be wearing any. I think I should change for your brother. Will you help me with that?"

"Yes," Grace replied eagerly.

"Okay, you can start by taking off my shoes." Alicia extended her foot and Grace immediately took it in her hands, holding the patent leather stiletto in her lap while her fingers undid the strap circling her mother's trim ankle.

"Mom, these shoes, they're so beautiful, so sexy."

"Then you'll love having them on sometime."

"You mean...you mean you'd let me wear them?" Grace asked, wide-eyed.

"It is going to come in handy that we wear the same size, even in shoes. Yes, I think Zach and I are going to have a lot of fun dressing you up in different outfits—maybe like this one I'm wearing right now." Alicia gestured to the tightly-cinched scarlet corset she was wearing, her breasts almost spilling out of the tightly-packed bra cups.

Grace gasped as she felt a thickening in her chest, even trying to picture herself in something so sexy was taking her breath away.

"But right now, I think what you have on is perfect," Alicia continued, her eyes looking at the virginal garb she'd given the girl to wear. "Now, the stockings come after the shoes."

Grace bent to her task, finishing taking off her mother's patent leather high heels and then reaching up to unhook the garters from the gossamer hose. She carefully gathered the wispy nylons in her hands and worked them off her mother's long legs, carefully sitting them aside.

"Now, undo my corset," Alicia instructed as she sat forward on the stool and spread her legs open once more, allowing her daughter to work close to her sexy mature body.

Grace rose up on her knees and crawled closer, her excitement level rising once more as she moved between those beautiful spread legs of her mother's. She reached up and with trembling fingers unhooked the threaded eye from the bone-like hook securing the corset between the two nicely-filled bra cups. As the hook-like clasp opened, the two cups sensually spread open to each side, her mother's gorgeous breasts swelling naturally to fill the space between the two cups.

Alicia saw the lustful glint in her daughter's eyes as the corset spread open, the girl's gaze never leaving her full mature chest. Grace worked to open the next hook, and then the next, the teenager's eyes going back to her breasts each time the corset spread further open to each side.

When it was completely undone, Grace slipped it off her mother's naked body and carefully set it down next to her.

"That's a good girl. Now open that box over there," Alicia said, pointing to one of the colorful packages she'd brought in with her. "We'll start with the nylons."

Grace lifted the top off the box and looked at the various garments inside. Everything was midnight black, and Grace knew her mother would look wickedly exciting in the color, especially with her dark exotic eyes and lustrous chestnut hair. She reached into the box and found the nylons. She could feel the elasticized lace band at the top and knew these were thigh-highs—just like she was wearing herself. She gathered them up on themselves and slipped them over her mother's pointed toes, carefully working them up her mother's spectacular legs until the intricate lacy band at the top fit snugly around her mother's smooth creamy thighs, mere inches below her beautiful shaved pussy.

"Now the bustier," Alicia said, nodding towards the box.

Grace drew out a shimmering black satin garment, once again heavily structured with prominent vertical ribs similar to the corset her mother had just been wearing. This one was different, doing up in the back with a myriad of intricate crisscrossing laces, and complete with satin spaghetti straps that ran over each shoulder. Alicia extended her arms up as Grace slipped the sexy garment down over her mother's arms and drew it over her lush mature body. Her mother spun around on the stool until her back was to Grace. As the older woman positioned the bustier on her body, the teenager's hands worked on the ribbon-like laces, pulling them tight as she worked them from the bottom of the garment to the top. Her mother's waist looked waspishly thin as the bustier was drawn in snugly, leaving her flared hips bare. Grace could feel the way the structured garment was fitting perfectly to her mother's body, and wondered what it would feel like on her own. Her breathing was getting more ragged as she thought about it, her slim young fingers pulling the laces tighter as she got to the top. Finally, she anchored them in place with a tight bow.

"What do you think?" Alicia asked as she spun back around on the stool, Grace standing before her.

"Oh my!" Grace gasped out loud, her eyes opening wide. She had never noticed when she'd been handling the garment, but the bra section of the bustier contained no cups, unlike the previous corset her mother had been wearing—this one had only a shelf-like projection. The two reinforced demi-cups hugged perfectly to the underside of her mother's nicely-shaped breasts, but left everything from the bottom of her maroon areolae up exposed. The half-cups beautifully accentuated her mother's breasts, lifting them up and pushing them together, her thick crimson nipples projecting enticingly forward.

Grace could feel herself flushing as she looked at her mother's breathtaking body lewdly on display. As she stared at her mother's perfectly-shaped tits, she could feel that the nagging itch in her young pussy was back already, and she'd just climaxed a few minutes ago. "Mom, that bustier...it...it looks incredible," the teenager stammered, unable to take her eyes off her mother's sumptuous breasts. "I've never seen anything like that in my life."

"I think your brother's going to like it too," Alicia responded, giving her daughter a sly little wink. She then nodded towards the box. "Okay, what's left in there?"

Grace reached down and drew out the one remaining object, a pair of silky black French-cut panties.

"We'll just leave those here for now," her mother said, taking the panties from her and setting them on the dressing table. Alicia then pointed to a smaller box sitting next to the other one. "Now, open that shoe box."

Grace slid off the lid and drew out another pair of high heels, these ones black suede pumps with a wickedly pointy toe and gleaming metallic 4" stiletto heels.

"Oh Mom, they're beautiful," Grace gushed as she slipped the sexy pumps onto her mother's delicate feet.

"One more thing," Alicia said once both shoes were in place. She opened a slim box sitting on top of her dressing table, drew out a piece of jewelry and handed it to her daughter. She turned on the stool again and lifted her lustrous chestnut locks out of the way.

Grace looked down at the glittering piece of treasure in her hand. It was a choker, similar to the scarlet one her mother had been wearing earlier, but this one was encrusted with innumerable rhinestones, the scintillating band sparkling brilliantly in her clutching hand. While her mother held her hair up out of the way, she carefully slipped it around her mother's long regal neck and attached it at the back. Still facing the mirror, Grace watched as her mother touched up her eye make-up, the dark smoky tones looking ravishingly sexy with the black bustier and glittering choker. She then opened a tube of lipstick and Grace shivered as she watched her mother sensually apply it to her full pouty lips, her mouth becoming a sinfully inviting sexy red gash. Putting down the lipstick, her mother ran her hands through her hair, making it look wild and inviting as it framed her exotic features.

"What do you think?" Alicia said as she stood up and faced her daughter, one hip cocked provocatively as she stood in the doorway separating the dressing area from the bathroom.

"Mom, you...you look amazing," Grace gushed, her eyes feasting hungrily on her mother's bewitchingly displayed body.

"Do you like the way my breasts look in this?" Alicia asked softly, tracing one long red fingernail teasingly over her thick nipple.

Grace's mouth gaped open at the enchanting display, and she could only nod as her eyes stayed fixed on her mother's teasing fingernail, a glistening sheen of perspiration breaking out on her forehead. She watched as her mother's hand moved to her other breast, her thumb and forefinger taking hold of her nipple and giving it a gentle squeeze. As she released it, Grace gasped, seeing the pebbly button swell and grow darker right before her eyes.

"I think it's time to put those fluffer skills of yours to the test again," Alicia said suggestively. Grace watched, her heart racing in her chest as her mother slipped her fingers between her lips, then slowly drew it out, and then teasingly slid her wet fingertip over her swollen nipple. "C'mon Baby, Mommy wants to feel those pretty little lips of yours right here."

As if hypnotized, Grace stepped over to her mother, her eyes never leaving her mother's pebbly red nipple as the older woman's finger traced a beckoning wet circle all around it. The young girl's mouth was watering hungrily as she lowered her head, her lips eagerly seeking out her mother's projecting tits.

"Mmmm, that's it. That's my girl," Alicia cooed softly, one hand slipping behind her daughter's neck as she drew the girl's mouth to her needy breasts. Her eyes closed in pleasure as her daughter's lips

closed down over her aching nipple, sucking gently. She found Grace's other hand with her own and lifted it to her other breast, encouraging the girl to feel her up.

Grace needed no encouragement, quickly filling her hand with her mother's perfectly-shaped tit, her fingers cupping and hefting the impressive mound wantonly.

"That's the way, give Mommy what she wants," Alicia said, watching her daughter through slitted eyes, that young mouth causing her nipples to swell and stiffen erotically within the teenager's sucking mouth. After a couple of minutes, Alicia took the girl's head in her hands and moved it from one breast to the other, making sure its partner got equal treatment. She happily looked down at the nipple Grace had just released, the crimson bud shining sinfully with the girl's slobbering spit.

"Mmmm, that feels so good," Alicia moaned softly, "but you're getting Mommy awfully excited." She stepped back, pulling her engorged nipple from between her daughter's sucking lips with an audible 'POP!'.

"And when Mommy gets excited, she knows exactly what she needs." Alicia gave Grace a wickedly lecherous grin as she put her hands on her daughter's shoulders, and slowly pushed down.

Overwhelmed by her own arousal, Grace compliantly dropped to her knees. She watched as her mother took her stiletto-clad feet and stepped slightly to each side, the beautiful columns of her spread legs drawing Grace magnetically to the inviting V at their apex. She could smell her mother, the alluring scent of oozing cunt wafting over her in intoxicating waves. Dizzy with desire, she plunged her face between her mother's legs, pressing her mouth firmly against her mother's shaven mound.

"A little eager, are we?" Alicia said as she looked down at her daughter and smiled. She shifted her legs slightly further to each side, giving her daughter easier access to her steaming box. She reached down and held the girl's head in her hands once more, steadying herself for the intense pleasure she knew was coming.

Grace was delirious with arousal, lancing her tongue deep between her mother's slippery labia. She ran her hands up and down her mother's perfect legs, loving the sinfully wicked feel of the sheer nylons under her fingertips. Her mother rolled her hips against her face, her oily juices seeping from within her molten pussy. Grace licked and licked, eating her mother like there was no tomorrow.

"Mmehhmm...mmehmmm." She was making little mewling noises as her mouth worked ravenously, her lips and tongue probing deep inside her mother's slippery trench, her tongue gathering up as much of her mother's warm creamy nectar as she could.

"Mmmm, that's so good," Alicia said softly as she looked down lovingly at her daughter. "But I want that pretty mouth of yours here right now." With her hands holding her daughter's head in place, she dragged the young girl's mouth up along her greasy slot until she could feel the girl's lips poised over the erect nubbin of her clit. Grace didn't need to be told what to do—she enthusiastically slipped her wet lips over the stiff nodule and started sucking, her tongue wantonly teasing the sensitive tip.

"Oh yessss, that's it," Alicia hissed, throwing her head back as her daughter's mouth worked slavishly on her enflamed clit. "Yes...just a little...just a little...AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH..." She groaned loudly, her body rocked by an intense climax. She was teetering in her spike heels as the

delicious orgasmic sensations tore through her mature body, waves of ecstasy radiating out from the sensitive button trapped within her daughter's sucking mouth.

"Yessssssss," she hissed loudly, her body twitching as she came and came, her greasy cunt spewing discharge all over her daughter's pretty face.

Grace's face was covered with her mother's gushing juices—she could even feel it running down her neck and onto her chest. But she kept sucking at the pulsing little spire between her lips, rolling her tongue over the enflamed tip again and again, bathing it with her sticky saliva. Finally, her mother's moaning and twitching dwindled, her tight grip on Grace's head relaxing.

"Mmmm, now that was nice," Alicia said as she stepped back, releasing her hold on Grace's head. With her pussy still buzzing, Alicia looked down at her daughter. The girl's face was covered with her glistening juices, from her hairline all the way down to her neck and chin. She watched as the teenager's tongue ran out and circled her mouth luridly, drawing as much of her womanly nectar back into her mouth as she could get. Grace stared up at her, a lusty hunger in her eyes as she looked at her mother's enticingly-clad body. Alicia felt a nasty shiver run down her spine as she looked at her daughter's pretty mouth and soft pink lips, knowing she wasn't done with the girl just yet. She wanted those eager lips and that beautiful tongue somewhere else.

"Lie down on your back, Grace," Alicia instructed. The young girl instantly obeyed, lying flat out on the carpeted floor of the dressing room, her head close to her mother, her body facing away from her. Alicia stepped forward, positioning her stiletto-clad feet on either side of the girl's shoulders.

Grace looked up, her eyes scaling the towering length of her mother's long shapely legs, deliciously encased in sheer black stockings. Her mother's naked pussy was glistening wetly, and above that, she could see the older woman's gorgeous breasts thrusting over the projecting shelf of the bustier, the demi-cups lifting those superb tits provocatively. And then above that, she saw her mother's lovely face looking down at her, her dark eyes mysteriously sultry and incredibly sexy, an alluringly sensuous smile on her face, letting Grace know she wanted more.

"Do you like what you see?" Alicia asked, rotating her hips in a slow teasing circle, her daughter's eyes drawn magnetically to the pulsing epicenter of her sex.

"Yes," Grace responded hungrily, her eyes focused on her mother's hot wet pussy.

"I think I've got a little something more for you," Alicia said as she shifted her hips slightly forward.

Grace watched, totally enthralled, as her mother flexed the muscles in her midsection. The shiny lips of her labia seemed to quiver, and then a shimmering strand of fluid oozed forth. It started to distend from the hot wet opening and then stretched further down as it grew in size, the web-like strand getting thinner and thinner until it finally snapped, the silky gob of womanly nectar dropping right down onto Grace's upper lip.

"Aaahh," she gasped, her tongue quickly slipping out and running wantonly along her upper lip, dragging the delicious cunt-cream back into her mouth.

With a wickedly nasty smile on her face, Alicia bent her knees and lowered herself, finally ending up on her hands and knees as she straddled her daughter's face from above, her steaming twat mere inches from the young girl's waiting mouth.

"Do you want some more of that?" Alicia teased, shifting her dripping snatch back and forth, just out of reach of her daughter's pointy tongue.

"Yes, please," Grace begged, almost whimpering with need as she breathed in the heady fragrance of her mother's mature cunt.

"Just be patient, Baby, you'll get a lot more in a minute. I just want to feel that pretty tongue of yours somewhere else right now." Before Grace could say anything in protest, Alicia shifted forward and lowered herself, bringing the warm cheeks of her round bum right down on her daughter's face.

Grace was shocked as her mother's bum-cheeks settled onto her face, the intense warmth cloaking her erotically. Her mother's sexual scent was everywhere, filling her nostrils and stirring her senses wickedly. The older woman rocked her hips, dragging her wet pussy across the girl's face before shifting forward and settling right down, her knees spreading wantonly out to each side. Grace was dizzy with excitement at her mother's illicitly lurid behavior, and she wanted nothing more than to please the mature woman who she loved with all her heart.

"Ohhnnn," Grace groaned lustily as she opened her lips and thrust her tongue forward, sending it right up between her mother's soft warm cheeks.

"Mmmmm, that's it," Alicia moaned as her daughter's hot wet tongue laved over the warm flesh of her crevice. She rolled her hips, bringing her tender pink rosebud right over the girl's tongue. Once in the perfect position, she rolled her wide motherly hips, teasing Grace by circling the hot puckered opening against the tip of the young girl's tongue. "Let me feel that tongue of yours, right there, Baby. Mommy wants to feel it go way up inside her."

Grace pushed a wad of saliva to the front of her mouth and then feathered her hot wet tongue up against her mother's tight hole, bathing the tender wrinkled flesh in hot spit. She loved the nastiness of what she was doing, and slowly, teasingly, rolled the flat of her tongue over the hot sensitive tissues.

"Oh Jesus, that's good," Alicia cooed, rolling her hips down against her daughter's talented tongue. The girl was a natural, her mouth so hot and talented—and so eager to please. Alicia felt the tip of her daughter's tongue pressing against her tight puckered orifice, seeking entry. She relaxed her sphincter and sat right down, savoring the exquisite sensation of her daughter's long wet tongue slithering inside her hot pink hole.

Grace was writhing beneath her mother, her young body tingling with excitement as her tongue slid wantonly over the sinfully hot tissues inside her mother's exquisite ass. She swirled her tongue in a teasing circle, loving the incendiary heat flowing from her mother's insides right down to her own throbbing clit, the engorged nodule between her legs aching for attention.

"Yesssssss," Alicia hissed, rolling her hips salaciously against her daughter's face as the teenager's lips and tongue ravished her insides. She loved the wet nasty sound of Grace's tongue slurping and licking at her tight pink anus, the girl's enthusiasm readily apparent by the nasty sounds emanating from her working mouth. Alicia had always had a sensitive bum, but had only had one other person's mouth on her like this—a young girl in her dorm at college. That girl was good, but nothing compared to the way her young daughter was eagerly servicing her right now. Yes, she'd be using her baby's mouth a lot from now on, on every part of her needy body.

"Mmmmmmm...perfect," Alicia moaned as her daughter's tongue probed deeply, pushing another massive wad of spit right up into her mother and bathing those hot steamy tissues. Alicia could feel her body tingling as her pleasure level soared, Grace's tongue and lips bringing her to the brink of ecstasy. With the young girl's eager mouth buried deep within her succulent ass, Alicia reached down, her fingers finding the pulsing spire of her erect clit. She got her fingers good and wet by sliding them through her sloppy pussy-lips, and then took her enflamed clit between her thumb and forefinger, rolling it lewdly between her slippery digits.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," Alicia moaned, her body jerking atop her daughter's stretched-out form as she started to come. Her knees slid further out to each side as she drove the girl's thrusting tongue as far up her ass as she could get it. Her clit was throbbing between her fingers as she came, the exquisite sensations starting in her bum and blossoming throughout her entire body. She convulsed atop her daughter's face, cum spraying from her juicy cunt all over the girl's chin, neck and chest. Alicia threw her head back, her eyes closed in bliss, her quivering body wracked by paroxysms of ecstasy. Finally, mercifully, the delightful sensations started to wane, a final tingling shiver running down her spine.

Grace was in heaven, knowing she was bringing her mother so much pleasure. She could feel the older woman shaking and moaning as she climaxed, all the while keeping her tongue swirling over those tender pink tissues way up inside her mother's perfect heart-shaped bum. As she licked and sucked at her mother's tight little rosebud, she could feel her exposed chest being sprayed with the older woman's juices, the heady scent of womanly nectar filling the air like an intoxicating drug. Finally, her mother relaxed. Grace slowly withdrew her tongue, feeling her mother's sphincter closing down as her tongue receded.

"I promised you a little more, didn't I, Baby?" Alicia said as she slid her hips backwards, dragging her sopping labia over her daughter's abused lips.

Grace eagerly pressed her mouth upward, gluing her lips to her mother's dripping cunt as she licked and sucked, feasting on the older woman's flowing juices. She lapped at her mother's vivid pink pussy-lips, licking up the creamy nectar she'd already come to love so much. Her mother rolled her flared hips all over Grace's face, making sure her clean-up girl got everything she desired.

"That's my baby," Alicia said as she finally lifted herself up and sat back, looking down at her daughter. Grace's face was flushed pink and glistening wetly, every square inch of her pretty face damp with sweat, saliva, and her mother's oily juices. The blissful smile of contentment on her daughter's face told Alicia the girl had never been happier. But Alicia knew their night wasn't over yet—as far as she was concerned, it was just getting started.

"I think it's time we let your brother in on a little of this, don't you?"

Grace looked up at her mother's pretty face, remembering that illicitly wicked sight she'd recently witnessed—her brother kneeling between her mother's thighs, his hands spreading the older woman's legs wide open, his immense cock driving balls-deep into his sexy mother again and again, fucking her deeper and deeper into the mattress with every powerful thrust. She pictured her mother's tightly-stretched labia circling the tremendous girth of the monstrous slab of flesh impaling her, her mature body twitching and shaking through orgasm after orgasm, a blissful look of serene pleasure on her face.

Grace nodded, wondering what was in store for her next...