

MY DAUGHTER'S SCENT

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A Mom gets caught sniffing her daughter's panties, and...

Incest/Taboo

4.65

8.2k words

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Summary: A Mom gets caught sniffing her daughter's panties, and....

Note 1: This is a [Nude Day Story Contest 2023](#) Story.

Note 2: This story was vaguely inspired by the many porn scenes where a woman (usually a Mom or a daughter) smells another woman's panties. One, in particular, is 'My Mommy Loves Panties', starring Cherie Deville as a lustful panty-smelling Mother, and Judy Jolie as her wicked daughter. This story bears very little resemblance to the video, but the germ of my idea sprouted from it.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven for editing this story. Sorry for sending in an unedited one earlier... that was on me and my carelessness.

My Daughter's Scent

One afternoon I went into my daughter Poppy's room carrying a laundry basket, and I found her lying on her bed with her friend Eleanor. Eleanor was completely naked, and was crouching at the edge of the bed massaging Poppy's feet. The only clothing my daughter had on was a pair of blue panties. Her perky teen breasts were completely within view, and If it wasn't for her panties, I'd have been able to see my daughter's pussy... since her legs were generously parted. Without meaning to I took a second glance, and I noticed some wetness at her crotch.

I was a little surprised since Poppy's near nudity was a new development... although I'd caught her with another girl twice in the past month... a different girl each time... and recently she'd bluntly informed me she was a lesbian... and that she'd had a few more girls in her bedroom I hadn't seen her with. I'd also heard moaning coming from her room on numerous occasions, and a lot of dirty talk. Poppy was quite verbal, and she was obviously the one in charge during her playtimes. (No, I wasn't one of those moralists who was going to lecture her about her 'virtue', or some such crap. She'd been eighteen for almost a year, and sleeping with other girls certainly wasn't going to get her pregnant.)

But hearing that dirty talk was what had sparked my reminiscing back to my college days, and my then addiction to smelling soiled panties. Back then I was doing my laundry one day, and I'd offered to do another girl's for her. She was appreciative, and then for reasons I still don't understand, while I was putting her panties into the washing machine, I felt some wetness on a pair of pretty blue ones (just like the ones Poppy was now wearing)... and then without even thinking about it, I brought them to my nose and sniffed them. I had no idea why I was doing it... but that one rash, impulsive decision forever changed my life... or the next two years of it, anyway. I became instantly enthralled... captivated by the unique scent... which suddenly I couldn't get enough of. Did my own panties smell like this? My only clue about that had been a few men describing my vagina as smelling like fish, and not in a flattering way... which had made me feel very self-conscious about

my intimate region. But that girl's panties didn't smell at *all* like fish... although I couldn't come up with a suitable description, except for generalities like 'enticingly exotic'.

Shaking my head at my wanton inclinations, I tossed them into the washing machine, but then I immediately missed them and wished I hadn't.

Over the next two or three weeks I often filched my roommate Judy's panties from her laundry basket... smelled them... then began licking them... and I discovered the taste somehow matched the scent. Eventually, I began masturbating with them.

The smell turned me on so much, and the taste drove me wild... and even though I'd never been with a girl, I began questioning my sexuality.

One day while I was wearing a pair of Judy's black panties over my head, with the crotch of the wet panties she'd worn just a few hours ago over my nose and on my lips, so I could smell and lick at the same time, she caught me in the act.

Although I was mortified at getting caught in such a compromising position (I also had a vibrator deep inside my pussy), the embarrassing incident led to a couple of years of heaven. I spent the final two years of my college experience happily serving as Judy's submissive pussy pleasing submissive, while she gave me a steady supply of her recently used panties to feed my addiction. She even brought me panties from strangers to sniff and lick. The addiction completely consumed me until I was twenty-three, when I got knocked up during a one-night stand at a party while I was drunk. So then I quit cold turkey when I got married, and I'd been a faithful wife ever since.

Poppy, now almost nineteen, had inadvertently reawakened the younger me... and my habitual intoxication from smelling panties... when I walked in on her with Eleanor, our neighbour's daughter, between her legs.

My long-lost longing for the taste and scent of pussy returned immediately, and my desire to sniff soiled panties returned right along with it.

So now I saw my daughter in a completely different way.

I shoved these thoughts out of my head... for... an entire day.

The next day, the weekend over, when Poppy returned to college... she was getting an early start at a local community college by attending a couple of summer classes, so she was still living at home... I went into her room and directly to her laundry hamper.

Right on top... with the Soiled Panties Goddess (She was definitely a girl) shining down on me... was a pair of yellow panties just sitting there... and calling out my name.

I stared down at them.

I wanted to grab them... but... I resisted. I even hurried out of her room and tried to focus on cleaning the house... and yet... those yellow panties kept calling my name: *Christine... Christine... come back and smell me!* I know, I know, that sounds ridiculous... but I couldn't push the visual out of my head.

So after a few minutes... not even ten... I was back in my daughter's room... once again gazing hungrily down at those panties. They looked so pretty!

I reached down and snatched them up... they were very wet... so, so wet!

I asked myself out loud, "Did she masturbate in these this morning?"

I held them in my hand... using all my willpower not to bring them to my nose. I argued with myself: *She's my daughter! That would be wrong! It would be perverted!*

But just like in those cartoons where there's a good angel on one shoulder and a bad angel (or perhaps a devil) on the other, the other voice argued: *Go ahead! You know you want to! Just one sniff! Just one taste!*

I traced my fingers over the wet crotch... she'd definitely come in these this morning!

I admired the panties.

I brought the wet crotch closer to my face... wanting to see the wetness. Indeed, I could definitely see the darkened wet area.

I tried to resist... I really did... I stared at that wetness... keeping it away from my nose... and yet... the sensual aroma... wafted up and into my nostrils... subtly at first... but gradually... my body taking control of me... my hand brought the pretty but soiled panties to my nose.

The scent grew stronger and stronger as the panties came closer to my face.

Then finally, unable to resist any longer, I pressed the wet crotch against my nose, and took a deep breath.

One sniff... one moment of the scent enveloping me... and my addiction had returned in full force!

I held the panties snugly against my nose.

I allowed my daughter Poppy's intoxicating scent to consume my senses.

I sniffed.

I moaned as I inhaled.

I didn't even realize my hand was reaching for my own slightly wet panties.

This was something I'd never understood... how sniffing a pair of panties could automatically trigger pleasure in my pussy.

I sniffed and sniffed... while I rubbed myself...

As I did, I wished there was a pussy around for me to dine on... which I hadn't done in almost twenty years... unfortunately, with no possibility of that happening anytime soon... I brought the wet crotch of my daughter's panties to my mouth and licked. The same thing that had always happened whenever I got transfixed on a pair of panties, my brain wasn't processing any consequences... or that this was my *daughter's* wetness... my *daughter's* pussy cum... while I drowned myself in her exotic scent.

I came in just a couple of minutes... the enveloping scent swarming me and the exotic taste driving me wild with lust and need... while I stood there in my daughter's room.

Then once I finished experiencing the most intense orgasm I'd had in years... many years... guilt finally washed over me.

I'd smelt my daughter's panties!

I'd licked... and swallowed... my daughter's pussy juices!

I'd even *orgasmed* while smelling and licking my daughter's pussy juices!

I cursed, "Fuck!"

I tossed the panties back into her hamper and promised myself I'd never do it again... except of course... I *did* do it again... and again... and again!

During the following days, I couldn't get enough of my daughter's scent and taste.

I began watching lesbian porn.

I bought a couple of new sex toys.

My sex drive was back, and it was barreling along on overdrive.

Weeks passed...

.....

"Can I do something for you?" my daughter Poppy asked... drawing me out of my recollection of my nasty past month.

"What?" I asked distracted, and realizing I'd wandered into Poppy's bedroom, and I'd been staring vacantly at her.

"Can I do something for you?" Poppy asked again, this time in a slower, more condescending way.

"No, no, no," I said, finally drawn back into reality. "I was just about to do a load of laundry, so I wanted to know if there was anything you needed washed."

"Sure, you can do it all if you want," she said, casually waving a hand towards the corner, where her basket was half full.

"Okay, honey," I said, excited to go to her basket and hopefully find a pair or two of her recently worn panties... wishing I could also abscond with those blue panties she was wearing right now... the scent and taste would be so fucking fresh.

As I reached down for the basket, I saw there was a red pair sitting invitingly right on top of the pile. My mouth watered and I reached for them, feeling a little wetness on them. Not wishing to be obvious, I grabbed a random handful of her clothing and tossed it in the basket I was carrying... trying to act casual. I did that twice more... seeing two more panties... before I stammered, overeager to leave and begin smelling these treasures, "I'll-I'll-I'll get these all nice and clean for you."

"Okay," my daughter said hardly paying attention as I left her room and hurried downstairs to the laundry room in the basement.

Once I was in the laundry room and all alone, I fished through my daughter's laundry and found five pairs of panties. "Oh my God, so many panties!" (I said this exuberantly but softly, of course.)

"God, all these panties have been plastered against her sweet young pussy," I murmured to myself, remembering how much I'd loved eating teen and college pussy when I was younger.

I brought a pair to my nose.

"Fuck, so heavenly," I moaned to myself as I inhaled the rich, exotic, homemade scent. I knew this was wrong, and I certainly wasn't going to go any further across the line than I already had by sniffing and licking my daughter's panties... but I'd be lying if I said didn't wonder what she'd taste like directly from the source. Her subtle pussy taste was amazing, but this was only second-hand taste, and I imagined her pussy itself was amazing. Based on the parade of girls she had over, eating her pussy and whatever else they did together, it had to be.

"Mmmmmmmmm," I moaned as I took another generous sniff, and her scent tantalized my nostrils. Just like it always did, it made my pussy burn with submissive need. "Oh my Gawd, she smells so fucking good!"

A moment later, I found the red panties that had originally been on top, felt their wetness, their *excessive* wetness, and I couldn't help but wonder if she'd masturbated in these ones earlier today.

I brought them to my nose as I knelt on the floor in the laundry room, and lost myself in sniffing.

"Oh fuck, they're so good!" I moaned. I couldn't help recalling the slight wetness I'd noticed on the blue panties currently concealing her pussy... which made me wonder what her pussy lips would look like... how hard was her clit... how easily did she get wet... what did she taste like up close and personal?

Fuck!

I put the wet red pair into my mouth and sucked the wetness out as best I could, while I grabbed another pair and brought it to my nose, inhaling my daughter's heavenly scent.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," I moaned, as I sucked and smelt simultaneously... my senses on overdrive.

"Fuck, I'll keep a couple of pairs for later," I mumbled to myself, as I hid two pairs inside a pocket in my dress. Yes, my dress had pockets... all my dresses had pockets... it was fucking practical.

I was sucking every drop of my daughter's pussy juice out of her panties, and inhaling as much of the homemade aphrodisiac as I could when my eyes suddenly went wide. Because...

"Mom, what are you doing?" My daughter's voice asked from behind me... though she didn't sound shocked.

I was paralyzed with indecision and humiliation.

"So now I know where my panties have been disappearing to," she said.

I turned around, taking the panties out of my mouth, "Um... Poppy, I can explain."

"You can explain why my panties were in your mouth just now?" she asked, gazing down at me, still utterly naked except for the blue panties, which were now located directly in front of my face. From this close, I could see the outline of her pussy lips, which got me even more rattled and bewildered.

"I... I'm... I... well... um... I..." I couldn't even string a full phrase together, never mind construct an entire sentence, or any coherent response. I hadn't eaten a pussy in twenty years, and now there was one directly in front of me... with just a pretty pair of blue panties... those slightly wet blue panties... separating me from it.

"So, how long have you been... 'borrowing'... my wet panties?" she asked, making air quotes.

"I... um... I..." I still couldn't speak, or tear my eyes away from that outline of my daughter's pussy lips... only a foot away from me.

"What are you staring at, Mommy?" she asked, of course knowing the answer.

She hadn't called me Mommy since she was five or so, and the way she said it now sounded both innocent and sensual at the same time. Which had my pussy burning, and my head spinning.

"Honey... I... I... I..." I finally got a two-syllable word out, but alas no more than that, with my eyes completely transfixed on my daughter's pussy outline. I knew it was wrong... so wrong... yet no matter how much I silently urged myself to break my stare away, I remained paralyzed.... on my knees... and admiring her pussy.

"So you like sniffing the aroma of your daughter's pussy?"

"I, uh, I," I struggled, then finally breaking my eyes away from the entrancing outline, got a sentence out, as I tried to change the topic of humiliation, "Why are you naked?"

"First, today is Nude Day, Mommy," she said. "So a better question is why aren't *you* naked?"

"That isn't even a thing," I said, assuming I was correct.

"Yes it is," she said, "and besides, I'm not naked, I'm wearing some very wet panties that I just came in."

"Y-y-you just came in them?" I stammered, almost swooning at my visual, my lust again taking control.

"Yes. Eleanor was just here, and I rubbed myself to a lovely orgasm while she sucked on my toes."

"Oh my," was all I could muster, as my eyes made their way back down to the indeed very wet panties clinging to her perfectly defined wet pussy.

"Yes, I came so hard into them, *Mommy*," she said, stressing the word.

"Where's Eleanor now?" I asked.

"I sent her away," she said. "I wanted to spend some special Mommy and daughter time on this particular day."

"Honey, please go and get dressed," I said, although I made no attempt to stop my staring.

"Would you like a fresh pair to savour, Mommy?" she asked, ignoring my request.

"W-w-what do you m-m-mean?" I stammered, although I hoped I already knew what she meant. But I was astonished that she seemed to be offering me the pair she was wearing right now. I was also rather blown away that she wasn't repelled by her mother's sick, twisted behaviour.

"I think you know exactly what I mean, Mommy," she said, as she brought her hand to her panties and deliberately rubbed herself. "These panties are the juiciest ones I have at the moment."

I was so imbedded in my sick, twisted perversion that I asked, stammering my way through the question, "H-h-how long have you worn this p-p-particular pair?"

"All day, Mommy," she said in a sweet, seductive voice. "At the gym, and through two orgasms."

"T-t-two?" I asked.

"Yes, I came all over Mrs. Peterson's face this morning," my daughter revealed. "I stop by every week to give her the pussy cum she needs so badly."

"N-N-Nadine?" I asked. She was my best friend, who lived across the street.

"Yes, I'm surprised you two aren't dyking out together too," she said, slowly rubbing herself... a new version of a hypnotist's watch... and in my case, much more effective.

"You and Nadine... um... dyke out?" I asked, trying to process this information, and the reality I was staring at her blue panties... and... her finger rubbing her pussy.

"Yes, Mommy," she said. "We do. She's a great pussy licker!"

I was speechless.

"So, Mommy," my daughter asked, "do you want to smell my wet pair of panties? They're almost dripping."

"Oh my," I said, desperately wanting to say yes, but not wanting to say it to my daughter... even though I was desperate to smell and taste them.

"Is that a yes, Mommy?" she asked, holding the fingers that had been rubbing her panties under my nose.

The scent drifted into my nostrils, and all my resistance drifted away with it. "Yes," I answered in an intoxicated daze.

"Yes, what, Mommy?" she asked, all innocent, knowing exactly what I was requesting.

"Yes, I want your panties," I blurted out, as her fingers returned to lightly rubbing her panty-covered pussy.

She backed away a little, and slowly, tantalizingly, pulled her panties down her long, tanned legs, "Good to know. How badly do you want these wet, pussy-cum-soaked panties, Mommy?"

I watched as those panties slid down her legs as I stammered, "V-v-very much. Mommy wants them very much."

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned softly, the sound so sensual that it only added to my desperation to get my mouth around those panties. As she picked them up, I begged, "Please, please, c-c-can I have those panties? I-I-I need those panties."

"These panties?" she asked, dangling them over my head with a finger.

I reached up to grab them, but meanly, she yanked them away.

I said, "Give them to me."

"How badly do you want them, Mommy?"

"So badly," I asked, still on my knees, staring desperately up at the panties dangling to and fro from her finger.

"And Mommy, if I let you have these panties, may I ask what you'll do with them?"

"Oh honey, just give them to me," I demanded, getting frustrated with all this teasing. I stood up and grabbed for them again.

"Bad Mommy," she scolded. Then she shoved them into my face, but pulled them away again just as quickly... not even giving me enough time to take a breath to inhale her pussy perfection.

"Sorry, I-I-I've just *got* to have them," I said, desperate to smell her wet panties... and to taste those wet panties.

"And what exactly are you willing to do to get this pair of your daughter's freshly cum-soaked panties?" She held the tantalizing panties just out of my reach.

"What do you want for them?" I asked, not even able to feign I wasn't completely subject to her whims... lust consuming me.

"Various things, actually. For a start, get undressed, Mommy," she ordered.

"Pardon?"

"It's Nude Day," she shrugged. "And I think we'll start a new family tradition of us both always being nude whenever Daddy's at work."

"Really?" I asked, overwhelmed by what was happening... knowing it was wrong, yet unable to do anything but allow myself to be drawn into her web.

She placed her panties against my nose, and I instinctively took a deep breath, drawing in the intoxicating aroma. "Is this what you want, Mommy?"

"Yes," I moaned, as she took them away after just one deep inhalation.

"Then get undressed," she repeated.

"Okay," I said, wanting those panties so, so, so *very* bad. I unzipped the back of my summer sundress and pulled it over my head.

"Mommy, such a lovely surprise!" she exclaimed, as I tossed the dress aside.

"What is?" I asked, now wearing a matching blue bra and panties, and mocha-coloured thigh high stockings... which I wore almost every day, since my husband loved them, and in his own words, he wanted quick access to my pussy. Even after twenty years of marriage we still fucked a lot, although it was rare for him to last long enough to get me off... and with the re-emergence of my lust for panties, I got turned on more from women than from men once again.

"Stockings," she said with a pleased smile.

"Your father likes to see me in them," I explained.

"Is Mommy submissive?" she asked.

"Um... I..." I faltered. Yes, I was very submissive. I always had been. I liked to be told what to do. I liked to please people. I got sexually stimulated by pleasing others.

"You are," she said. "Interesting, very interesting. Now take off your bra and panties too, Mommy."

"I'm not sure we should do this," I said, getting a growing feeling that this was a bad idea.

"You're not?" she asked, shoving her panties back in my face.

My brief resolve dissipated instantaneously, intoxicated as I was by the strong scent.

She pulled the enticing talisman away and repeated her order, "Take off your bra and panties, and I'll let you hold onto these wet panties."

She then placed them against her pussy and rubbed them.

I watched her in lustful hunger as I unclasped my bra and tossed it aside. I had no idea where I even tossed it. I then tugged down my panties, and was naked except for the thigh highs, with my completely naked daughter.

Sounding pathetic in my desperation, I pleaded, "I'm naked! Now *please* give me those panties."

"These panties that are really wet with your daughter's pussy juice?" she asked, rubbing them a little more against her pretty pink pussy.

"Yes, yes! Your wet panties," I agreed, reaching out my hand for them.

"I think you'll like them even better after if I shove them completely inside my pussy," she said wickedly, "my pretty teen pussy."

"Yes, yes! Please do that," I urged her excitedly, and she stuffed them inside her pretty pink pussy.

"Like this?" she asked as her entire blue panties disappeared, in the most amazing and enticing magical act I'd ever witnessed.

"I'm getting them soaking wet with my teen pussy juice," she said softly, her words so erotic, as I continued watching, mesmerized by what she was doing.

"Mmmmmmm," I responded with a soft moan, my own pussy on fire with anticipation.

"I'm marinating them in my pretty teen pussy, Mommy."

"Ohhhh," I moaned again when my daughter leaned forward and kissed me. I knew that was wrong too, *everything* about this encounter was wrong, yet none of it deterred me. My daughter's lips felt so soft, and the kiss so tender. So different from the scratchy beard my husband always had.

I returned the kiss after just the briefest consideration.

The kiss lasted two, perhaps three minutes. Tender at first... but it slowly became more passionate... and urgent... our tongues swirling into each other's mouths.

I forgot she was my daughter as I got drawn back into the passion of my sapphic past.

When she broke the kiss, she pulled the panties out of her pussy and asked, knowing the answer very well, "Do you want to smell your daughter's panties *now*, Mommy?"

"Yes, please," I responded in a lustful daze. "I need to smell my daughter's panties so badly!"

"These panties?" she asked, as she dangled them in front of my face and their scent flowed into my senses.

"Yes, yes, yes, those very panties," I repeated, literally drooling in anticipation.

"And what, Mommy..." she asked, her panties now tantalizing me from a few inches away, "...will you do to smell these wet, soaking wet panties?"

"Anything," I moaned, completely transfixed by those wet panties and the scent wafting toward me.

"Anything?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, anything," I agreed, my mouth watering, "w-w-what do you want?"

"Close your eyes," she ordered.

I obeyed as I repeated my need, "Please, baby girl! Mommy needs those wet panties so bad."

"Then don't move a muscle," she ordered. A moment later, I felt her placing the panties on top of my head, with the crotch pressing against my lips and nose.

"Oooh, my," I moaned, as the scent enveloped me completely.

"Only a real panty slut wears her daughter's panties on her head," she said, as I took whiff after whiff.

"So yummy," I said, completely overwhelmed by my daughter's scent.

"Taste me, Mommy," she ordered, "taste my sweet pussy from those wet panties."

"Yes, yes, okay," I agreed mindlessly, as I licked the very wet crotch of her panties while inhaling the most intoxicating scent ever... so strong... so overwhelming... so perfect! The taste perfectly matched the scent... wet, wet, wet... tangy and exotic, in a way no words could ever convey.

"Such a *bad* Mommy, smelling and licking her daughter's panties," she teased, as I licked and sniffed rapturously.

"So bad," I agreed, knowing it was bad, so bad! Yet good, so good!

"Do you like my stinky panties, Mommy?"

"I love them," I said, the panties attacking my senses. "May I keep them?"

"If you're a good Mommy and always do what you're told, I'll make sure you get fresh wet panties regularly," she promised.

"Y-y-you will?" stammered, as I kept licking the crotch.

"Yes, Mommy," she whispered, her breath now hot in my ear, sending shivers through me, "if you agree to be my Mommy-pet, my Mommy-slave, my Mommy-plaything."

"Ooooooooooh, my," I trembled because of her hot breath, her wicked words, and her promise.

"Is that a yes?" she asked, and suddenly she pulled her panties off of my head.

"Yes, yes, I'm all those things! Now *please* give me those panties back," I begged.

"Down on your knees," she ordered.

"My knees?"

"Yes, you're my Mommy-pet now, and pets crawl," she explained.

"Okay," I said, my cheeks going red, while I recalled a similar conversation two decades ago.

I lowered myself to my knees, and then onto all fours.

She put her panties in my mouth, turned and started walking away and ordered, "Crawl, Mommy-pet."

I obeyed while I sucked her wetness into my mouth the best I could, my own wetness leaking out of my pussy and trickling down my inner thighs as I crawled after my daughter, getting a great view of her amazing ass.

I crawled past her bedroom and kept going until we reached mine. She sat on the edge of my bed, and remembering the drill from college, I crawled to her feet and sat down doggy style... knowing I was her pet now... so, of course, my pussy was burning.

"I'll bet these need some fresh juicing up," she said as she took them out of my mouth. "Should I stuff them back inside my box?"

"Yes! Yes, please," I agreed. "Get them nice and wet again for your Mommy-pet."

She spread her legs, awarding me another great view of her ripe, teen pussy, and she stuffed them back inside her cunt.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, the imminence of a renewed sampling of her pussy making my mouth water with anticipation.

"Mommy, you look so hungry," she said, as her entire blue panties once again disappeared inside her pretty pink pussy.

"I'm starving, baby girl," I replied, staring at her pussy with just a tiny scrap of blue still showing. "Stuff them *all* the way inside your cunt, honey."

"My cunt?" she echoed. "That's a very bad word, Mommy."

"I'm a very bad Mommy," I agreed.

"*Such* a bad Mommy," she purred. "And you still want to smell and lick my panties soaked with pussy juice?"

"Yes, so much," I said, unable to take my eyes off of her pussy and the little bit of blue satin poking out of it.

"I'm about to pull these soaking wet panties out, Mommy," Poppy said.

"Please do," I said, and she pinched her fingers around the small piece of blue fabric poking out of her perfect pussy.

"Do you want to smell them Mommy, or lick them?"

"Both," I answered promptly.

She pulled them out just a little, and ordered, "Pull them out, Mommy."

"Really?"

"With your lips or teeth."

"O-O-Okay," I stammered, moving between her legs, her scent once again summoning me as I got closer and closer to her pussy.

I reached the blue panties, pursed my lips around them, the scent even stronger now, and tugged on them.

"Ooooooh, nice and slow," she instructed.

I slowly pulled them out, until they were dangling from my mouth.

She took them away from me and said, "These are so wet."

"Please let Mommy have them back," I pleaded from my submissive position sitting on my heels.

"And you'll always do everything I want you to?"

"Anything and always," I agreed as she dangled the panties above my head. "Just... just... just... just *please* let Mommy have your panties again!"

"Here you go," she said. "Fetch!" tossing them across the room.

I quickly crawled the few feet to them and draped them onto my head and face... the extreme scent was so strong and heavenly again... like crawling into a rose garden... inhaling the bouquet of the gods.

"Your veil came straight from your daughter's pussy."

"So good," I said, as I inhaled as deeply as I could... wanting this scent to linger forever in my nostrils. "They've *never* smelt this good before!"

"Marinating inside my pussy probably helped," she pointed out, as I kept sniffing and sucking.

"Best scent ever," I said mindlessly.

"Come back to me."

I crawled back, the panties covering my nose and mouth, getting another great surround-smell taste.

When I reached her, she pulled me to my feet and kissed me... the panties between our lips.

"Next question. Has Mommy ever eaten pussy?"

"Y-y-yes, but it was a long time ago," I admitted, as she took the panties off of my head.

She got onto my bed, leaned her back against the headboard, spread her legs and said, "Come here and show me."

"But honey, I..." Wet panties were one thing, but skin against skin incestual pussy licking was very much another!

"Now, Mommy pet! Get over here *right now*, if you ever want to get near a pair of my used panties ever again!" she threatened.

The threat worked.

I immediately crawled onto the bed.

I scurried between her legs.

I crawled right up to her pussy.

To my daughter's pretty, pink pussy.

My daughter's very wet, wet, pussy.

My daughter's tantalizing pussy!

"Take a sniff directly from my pussy, Mommy," she ordered.

"Okay," I said, and I inhaled a deep breath just a couple inches away from her pussy.

"No, Mommy. Stick your nose right in there," she instructed.

I leaned forward, this time my nose actually parting her pussy lips, and inhaled again. "Oh my God," I moaned, my own wetness spilling out of my pussy.

"How good do I smell directly from the source?" she asked, her fingers going through my hair.

"Heavenly," I answered heart feelingly, taking another deep inhalation... as if I was meditating.

"Take it all in," she encouraged, as my nose went a little deeper between her pussy lips, and the tip felt her wetness.

"Mmmmmmmm," I moaned, having never enjoyed any pussy scent more than I was my daughter's at this moment.

After a dozen deep meditations of pussy scent, my daughter asked me another question, one that meant crossing yet another line, "Do you want to lick my pussy, Mommy?"

I didn't answer. My face was already buried in her pussy... all I'd have to do is open my mouth and start licking.

"After all, you're already right there," she coaxed, pushing my head a little deeper into her pussy.

Did I hesitate? Did I contemplate the consequences?

Of course not.

"Go ahead, Mommy, lick your daughter's tasty wet pussy," Poppy urged.

So... I did.

I opened my mouth... extended my tongue... and began licking my daughter.

Although the taste on her panties had been good... this was an entirely different level of deliciousness. Her taste danced the polka on my tongue... and I lapped it up like a kitten attacking a saucer of milk.

"How do I taste, Mommy?" she asked.

"Heavenly," I mumbled without pausing, while I explored her pussy.

"Oh yes, Mommy! You're really good at that," she moaned.

"It's been so long," I said.

"Well, just like riding a bike, I guess you never lose the skill," she said.

"You taste so good," I moaned.

"You're making me so wet, my pet," she said a minute or so later.

"Mmmmmm," I moaned.

"Lick my pussy, Mommy," she moaned.

"Such a perfect pussy," I said, still hungrily lapping away.

"Yes, Mommy," she moaned, "don't stop!"

"This is the best pussy I've ever tasted," I said gleefully, wanting her to know how much I loved it.

"Do you want my cum, Mommy?" she asked, her hand on the back of my head, and her legs now squeezing my head.

"Yes, come on Mommy's face, baby girl," I gasped eagerly as I attacked her clit, knowing from long ago how to make a girl really erupt when the time came.

"Oh, yes, Mommy, yes, yes, oh yes, fuuuuuuuck!" she screamed, as a full flood of cum gushed out of her and spilled over my face.

I eagerly lapped up her cum... her amazing tasting cum!

"Oh fuck, Mommy," she moaned, now enjoying the aftermath of her orgasm.

A minute later... she pushed my head away, and I said, in such a lustful daze and so completely satisfied, "I'm never going to wash my face again."

"Don't worry, Mommy," she smiled, "you'll be smelling me every night from now on. You'll be dining on my pussy *all* the time."

"Promise?"

"Yes. And I'll make certain you get all the soiled panties you want," she said. "Even from some of my friends. Would you like that?"

"I'd love that," I said, the idea of fresh panties... fresh teen panties regularly was completely intoxicating.

"Let's see how I taste," she said, as she pulled me up and licked my lips. She then kissed me again.

After a couple of minutes, she rolled me onto my back, spread my legs, and slid her fingers inside me.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned... my pussy dying for attention after our wild, wicked past half hour.

She pulled out her two fingers and smelt them. "You smell good too. I wonder how you taste."

She brought her wet fingers to her lips, and sucked my juices off of them.

"Does Mommy need to come?" Poppy asked.

"Yes, dearest. So badly," I said. She placed the fingers of one hand against my pussy, and then used the other to grab her panties and shove them into my mouth.

"Suck on them, my hungry little slut," she ordered.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, as she slid two fingers back inside me.

"You're so wet, Mommy," she pointed out. "Are you wet because of your daughter's panties and cunt?"

"Mmmmm-hmmmm," I responded, rendered speechless by the amazing tasting panty gag in my mouth.

She slowly fingered me as she took the panties out of my mouth and brought them to her pussy once more. "They probably need some more sweet sauce."

"Yes! Yes please, more," I agreed, unable ever to get enough of her scent or taste.

"You want your daughter's wetness drenching these panties again?" she asked as she rubbed them up and down.

"Yes, please," I moaned, the idea so stimulating! As were the two fingers ever so slowly fucking me.

"Mmmmm," she purred, kneeling up, her fingers sliding out of me. "I'm going to come all over my panties for you. The taste will be even richer that way."

"Yes, yes please, come on them," I begged, watching her rubbing herself with her panties... it seemed that just like me, she could achieve multiple orgasms pretty rapidly following her first one...

although this would be her fourth of the day and third in a row, including the one with Eleanor.

"Are you going to keep these soaking wet panties for later?"

"Yes, I'll sleep with them if I may," I said, wanting them back against my nose and lips. And sleeping with them in place all night would be heavenly!

"Oh fuck, Mom, I'm getting very close," she said, pushing her panties back into her pussy.

"Yes, stuff those panties into your pretty cunt," I urged her.

"Into your daughter's cunt?" she queried, as she did just that.

"Yes, yes! Shove those panties into my baby's girl's cunt," I agreed playfully.

"Oh, Mommy! You're such an insatiable slut," she purred, as the panties once again disappeared inside her.

"I'm *your* insatiable slut," I stressed, as she reached between my legs and slid her fingers back inside me. "Ohhhhhh."

"That's right. I own this slut hole and that hungry mouth," she agreed, as her fingers pumped in and out of me.

"Yes, baby girl, you *own* Mommy now," I agreed right back.

She fingered me, and somehow simultaneously managed to pull the panties out of her pussy and install them back on my face, and then she rubbed them all over it.

"Oh, they're mine now," I said, grabbing them and pressing them to my nose.

"Rub them all over your face, my slut," she ordered, as I felt her hot breath on my pussy lips and wished she'd just dive in and start licking.

"Yes," I said, again overwhelmed by her scent, as I rubbed the soaking wet panties all over my face.

"Oh yes, Mommy," she encouraged, "bathe yourself in my cum."

"Now I can bathe in your cunt cum all night," I declared, as I rubbed her wetness all over my face and down across my tits.

"But you haven't earned the privilege to come," she said, pulling her fingers out of me, and seizing her panties as well.

"Nooooooo, they're my precious," I objected like Gollum, trying to grab them back.

She brought them to her nose and agreed, "Yes, I do smell good."

"Amazingly good," I agreed, and she then crammed them back into her pussy. "So deep. A-a-are you going to come with them inside your pussy?" I asked.

"I am," she confirmed. "Now get me off, Mommy-pet," she ordered, lying on her back. "And *then* you can keep these cum-coated panties."

"Yay!" I cried out, sounding like a complete bimbo. I went to her pussy, rubbed it with one hand, pushing the panties completely inside her, while diving in to taste my daughter's amazing nectar.

"Oh yes, Mommy, stuff me, rub me, eat me," Poppy moaned, as I did all three of those things.

"Like I promised, I'll do anything for these panties," I said, as I used my fingers, plus my lips and tongue, to pleasure her in every possible fashion.

"Oh yes, you nasty Mommy," she moaned. "You're so much sluttier than your friend Nadine."

"Mmmmmmmmm," I moaned, my pussy and long delayed orgasm burning to be released.

"That's it, right there, Mommy! Right there," my daughter moaned loudly, her next orgasm clearly imminent.

"Come around your panties," I begged, devouring her pussy like it was my last meal... her taste was completely satisfying, and her scent continued to lighten my head and send waves of pleasure through my very being.

"Yes, yes, fuck Mommy! Yes!" Poppy screamed as her legs stiffened, and again my face and mouth were gifted with an abundance of her sweet cum.

I eagerly lapped it up... knowing from now on I'd mindlessly crawl between my daughter's legs anytime she'd let me. Like during my college past with Judy, I was completely at the whim of this pussy.

"Now pull them out," she said as she continued twitching from her orgasm.

"Mmmmmmmmm, delighted to," I purred, as I stuck my fingers inside the sopping wet pussy, located her panties by feeling around, and eased them out.

As soon as they were in my hand, completely drenched with cum, I shoved them against my nostrils and took the deepest breath I could.

"Do they smell like my cunt, Mommy?"

"I've never smelt *anything* this good before... ever!" I said, continuing to take breath after breath... deeply... unable to get enough of this aroma. It was captivating me completely!

"Continue being a good Mommy-pet, and you'll always have an abundance of panties to smell," she assured me.

"I can't believe I've been smelling them from your laundry basket all this time, when I could have been pulling them right out of your ripe teen cunt," I said, just sniffing and sniffing and sniffing.

"This is heaven!"

"Tell me how much you love sniffing my panties," she ordered, sitting up as I continued inhaling her essence.

"I love sniffing your panties so much, honey," I said, continuing to inhale her pussy bouquet endlessly.

"You're so nasty, Mommy," she said, turning to me.

"I love your calling me Mommy," I said in case it wasn't obvious. The excess wetness from these panties being inside my daughter's pussy had seemed to give it an endless scent that wasn't fading at all.

"Mommy, Mommy, Mommy," Poppy babbled playfully, smiling at me as she went back between my legs.

"Mmmmmmmm," I moaned, as I felt her tongue touching down on my pussy, "you're such a *good* girl."

"You taste delicious, Mommy," my daughter said as she ate my pussy. This service was almost as big a surprise as everything else that had transpired today... since she seemed much more a dominant. Which she was basically, but I guessed it wasn't a twenty-four seven role for her.

"I can't believe all this is happening," I moaned, as I sniffed those wet panties, while I enjoyed Poppy's tongue on my very wet, burning pussy.

"I bet you've been fantasizing about this all the time," she said.

"No, not really. But only because it seemed like too much to wish for. But in essence, you're correct. It really is a dream come true!"

"I bet it *is* a dream 'cum' true," she teased, playing on the pertinent word, as her tongue swirled inside my hole.

"My sweet baby girl," I moaned, my orgasm rising quickly. "I can't stop smelling your panties."

"If only I knew sooner, Mommy," she said. "You could have been imbibing in this delicious pussy scent and taste for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and even bedtime snacks."

"Oh, yes! Yes, yes, baby girl," I moaned, "I'm so close."

"Suck the cum out of my panties, while I get you off," she ordered.

I quickly obeyed, sucking the excess wetness from her panties as I mumbled, "I shall never wash these panties!"

"No need for that! I'll be giving you *so many* soiled panties," she pledged.

"Promise?"

"If you're always a good Mommy-slut."

"I'll always be the best Mommy-slut ever!" I assured her, as I sucked cum from her panties.

"But you'd better not ever let Daddy find my soaking wet cum-drenched panties," she warned wickedly.

"You're right. So I won't be able to sleep with them on my head after all. I'll just keep them under my pillow," I said.

"How many pairs do you want?" she asked, as she probed my hole.

"I want them *all*, I want *all* of them," I moaned... so close to eruption. I begged, "Please make Mommy come!"

"Do you want to come on your daughter's face?" she asked wickedly.

"Yes, my sweet angel. I want to come all over your pretty face," I declared desperately.

She shifted into manic multi-tasking mode, sliding three fingers inside me, attacking my clit, finding my g-spot and tapping it, her flurry of activity making me go ballistic, "You're making Mommy come! You fucking *made* Mommy come!"

She licked my pussy for a little while longer, before she pulled out her fingers and wriggled herself up to my face.

"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me," I demanded.

She kissed me! Lustful kisses!

When she broke the kiss, she asked, "Would you like one more taste from the source, and to get those panties marinated one more time?"

"Yes, yes, yes,! I said eagerly, dying to eat her again.

She took the panties from me, shoved them into her cunt, and straddled my face.

"Yes, baby girl, smother me with your pussy, smother me!" I babbled, as she lowered her glistening pussy onto my face. "I want to breathe nothing but your cunt scent!"

As she complied and I began licking, her scent again enveloping me, I babbled more of the same, "All I want is your pussy! All I want is your pussy! All I want is your pussy!"

"Oh, Mommy," she moaned, as I licked her lustfully.

I licked for a couple of minutes, before she began grinding on my face. "Oh yes, Mommy, yes! These panties are going to be so fucking wet for you!"

"Come all over my face, baby girl, come all over Mommy's face!" I begged, wanting another gush of cum coating my face.

"I *am* going to come on your face, Mommy," she moaned as she used me roughly, "all over your pretty face!"

"Yes! Come on Mommy!"

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, Mommy!" she screamed, as her third orgasm onto my face cascaded out of her and splashed down on me.

I lapped it all up as she kept thrusting her hips, smearing her cum all over my face. "Yes, I want it all," I moaned.

As she eased herself upwards slightly, giving me a bit of fresh air, she asked, "Do I taste good, Mommy?"

"You taste... and *smell*... so good," I said, lapping up the cum. "So *yummy*!"

"And I'm also such a good pussy pleaser," she added, as she rolled off of me and collapsed onto the bed on her back.

"Best tasting pussy ever," I reiterated, rolling onto my side... still feeling the glean on my face from my daughter's cum.

She pulled her panties slowly out of her pussy and said, "You're going to get so much long-lasting cum from these vintage panties."

"Oh my God," I said, grabbing them the moment they came within reach. They were fucking soaked. So I, of course, splatted them right on my nose.

"Fuck Mommy, you're insatiable," she giggled playfully.

"I can't get enough," I moaned, smelling her panties making my pussy gush.

"Do they still smell nice?"

"So good," I answered. "May I... may I keep them this time?" I asked, sniffing and sniffing.

"You may keep them until tomorrow morning," she smiled. "Then you'll be wanting another pair."

"Thank you," I said, putting some of the fabric in my mouth to suck out her cum while still smelling its aroma.

"I have to go," she said, "I'm meeting Eleanor for a movie."

"Okay," I said as I remained lying on my bed with her panties partly in my mouth, and partly pressed against my nose.

"Have fun," she said.

"You too," I said, collapsing onto my back, reaching one hand to my pussy, and holding onto the panties with the other.

"I'll have a new pair for you when I get home," she said.

"Thank you, thank you," I repeated, entranced by her scent and her taste.

She laughed softly as she left.

As I lay there alone, I said to myself as another orgasm rose quickly through me, "God, do I love panties!"

THE END