

# NUDE DAY PANTIES SNIFF

***silkstockingslover***

*Mom caught smelling daughter's panties and....*

Incest/Taboo

4.7

6.1k words

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Note 1: This is a Nude Day 2024 Contest Story so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to [Sams Island](#) and Shuj for editing this story.

## Nude Day Panties Sniff

"God, all these panties were plastered up against her sweet, young pussy," I said to myself, remembering how much I loved eating teen and college pussy when I was younger, after I had taken all my daughter's dirty panties out of her laundry hamper and had them laid out on my bed.

I moved one pair to my nose and inhaled.

"Fuck, so heavenly," I moaned to myself as I inhaled the rich, exotic, homemade scent. I knew it was wrong and promised myself I wouldn't cross the line any further than I had by sniffing and licking my daughter's panties... but I'd be lying if I didn't wonder what she tasted like directly from the source. If her subtle, second-hand taste was this good, I could only imagine how amazing her actual pussy tasted. Based on the parade of girls she had over, eating her pussy and whatever else they did in her bedroom, I imagined she had an addicting taste. More than once, I had heard her moans through our thin walls. She may have only been nineteen, home for the summer after her freshman year of college, but she had a confidence about her sexuality that I envied.

It had been that parade of women and girls, and her clearly orgasmic moans that had driven me to my new, sick habit of raiding her laundry basket not long after she'd arrived from school... awakening a side of me I had long put in the closet. "Mmmmmmmmm," I moaned, as I took another big sniff and her scent tantalized my nostrils and as always made my pussy burn with submissive need. "Oh my God, she smells so fucking good."

A moment later, I grabbed a pair of red panties, felt the wetness, the excessive wetness, and couldn't help but wonder if she had masturbated in these last night or this morning before she headed to work. She had a summer job at Victoria's Secret.

I brought them to my nose as I knelt on the floor, the submissive position making the whole situation even more exhilarating. I allowed the fragrant aroma to envelop my senses and make my entire body warm and my pussy burn with lustful need. I knew in a few minutes I would be watching lesbian porn and fucking myself with a new vibrator I'd bought, also prompted by these terrible taboo thoughts my daughter seemed to have brought home from college with her and implanted in my mind.

"Oh fuck, they are so good," I moaned. I couldn't help but recall the small wetness on the blue panties currently protecting her pussy when she'd walked into my bedroom this morning in just a bra and panties asking me if she could use my blow dryer... she'd clearly needed to swap undies

after getting these red ones so wet. So wet that the fresh blue ones had also quickly shown the signs of her excitement... 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? So many wicked, taboo questions I would never know the answers to. Unfortunately, after reading a couple "incestuous lesbian daughter seduces mom" stories a few weeks ago, a new fantasy I had never once considered popped into my head and once it did it was the Pandora's box of incest fantasy... replaying over and over and over.

Fuck... I needed to find a way to get myself some pussy. It had been two decades since I last lapped up the luxury of another woman... and until recently I had put those days in the past... alas, my past was coming back to me in waves of desire. My daughter's friends, the cute Russian girl at the grocery store, my colleagues, even random strangers; suddenly they all seemed like possible pussies to please.

I put the wet red pair in my mouth and sucked the wetness out as best I could, while I grabbed another pair and brought it to my nose and breathed in my daughter's heavenly scent... allowing two of my senses to be overwhelmed.

"Mmmmmmmmm," I moaned, as I sucked and smelt simultaneously... my senses in overdrive.

The rest I was going to need to run through the laundry before my daughter completely ran out of undies. "Fuck, I'll keep a couple of pairs for later," I said, as I put two pairs in the pocket of 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.

"Mom, what are you doing?" My daughter's voice asked from behind... although her tone wasn't one of shock.

I was paralyzed with indecision and humiliation.

"So this explains where my panties have been disappearing to," she said with an amused tone.

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

"You can explain why my panties are in your mouth?" She asked, looking down at me, naked, except for the blue panties I'd seen earlier... only now they were directly in front of my face and the wet spot was a whole lot larger. This close I could see the outline of her pussy lips which instantly had me even more rattled and bewildered.

"I, I'm, I, well, um, I..." I couldn't even get a full word out, never mind an entire sentence or coherent response. I hadn't eaten a pussy in twenty years and suddenly there was one directly before me... just a pretty pair of blue panties... very wet blue panties... separated me from it.

"So, how long have you been stealing my dirty panties?" She asked.

"I, um, I..." Again I couldn't respond or take my eyes off the outline of my daughter's pussy lips... just a foot or two away from me.

"What are you staring at, Mommy?" She asked, although she knew the answer.

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

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

"So, you like sniffing your daughter's pussy?" She asked.

"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. "What are you doing home?"

"Apparently I read the schedule wrong," she shrugged, "I don't work today."

"Oh, I see," I said, still on my knees, again glancing at her pussy area, "Why are you naked?"

"Well, another thing I learned at the shop, other than I wasn't on the schedule, is that today is Nude Day. So, of course I planned on celebrating as soon as I got home."

"That isn't even a thing," I said, certain that the "holiday" was nothing more than a reason for erotica writers to get their characters naked in unusual times and places. But, looking up at my hot daughter and her firm tits, I wouldn't mind if they declared Nude Week or Nude Summer.

"Yes, it is," she said, "plus I'm actually not naked yet, I'm still wearing some very wet, just came-in panties. I was getting ready to peel them off and toss them in my laundry basket, when I realized that all my other dirty undies were missing from the basket."

I only registered the first thing she said, because my only response was a stammered, "Y-y-you just came in them?" Lust was again taking control, shunting aside the embarrassment I felt at being discovered as a pervert.

"Yes. Eleanor ate my pussy before I left, so that my trip to the shop wouldn't be a complete waste," my daughter answered.

"Oh my," was all I could muster, as my eyes made their way back to the indeed very wet panties and perfectly posed pussy... not to mention Eleanor was her early fifties boss.

"Yes, I came so hard on her face," she said. "She is a really good cunt muncher."

"Amber," I gasped.

"What?" she shrugged, "There is nothing better than enjoying an experienced woman eating my pussy and making me come."

"I guess," I said, bewildered by the conversation, yet turned on by it.

"Then I put these panties back on and of course my cum has been leaking into them all the way home, Mommy," she said, stressing the word 'Mommy'.

"Honey, go get dressed," I said, although I made no attempt to actually break my stare or get off my knees.

"Since you're collecting my panties here, should I leave these with you, Mommy?" She asked, ignoring my instructions. "Would you like a fresh pair, Mommy?. A really, really fresh pair?"

"W-w-what do you m-m-mean?" I stammered, although I knew what she meant. To my surprise, she wasn't disgusted by her mother's sick, twisted behaviour... but instead, seemed to be offering me the pair she was currently wearing..

"I think you know exactly what I mean, Mommy," she said, as she moved her hand to her panties and slowly rubbed herself. "This pair is the freshest pair I have and just... so...wet."

So drawn into the sick twisted perversion, I asked, again stammering my way throughout, "And they're w-w-wet f-from your or-orgasm?"

"From my two orgasms," she said in a sweet, seductive voice.

"T-t-two?" I asked.

"Yes. Before heading into town, I came all over Mrs. Peterson's face this morning," my daughter revealed. "I stop by weekly to give her the pussy cum she craves so badly."

"N-N-Nadine?" I asked. My best friend, who lives across the street from me.

"Yes, I'm surprised you two are not fucking regularly," she said, as she slowly rubbed herself, a new version of a hypnotist's watch... and much more effective.

"You and Nadine?" I repeated, trying to process this information along with the perverse reality that I was staring at her blue panties as her finger rubbed her pussy through the wet material.

"Yes, Mommy," she said. "Me and Nadine. She is a great pussy lick."

I was speechless.

"So, Mommy," Amber asked, "do you want to smell this fresh pair?"

"Oh my," I said, desperately wanting to say yes and yet not wanting to say yes and sound so pathetic in front of my daughter... but I was desperate to smell and taste the pair of wet panties currently on my daughter and I already must have looked pathetic on my knees, in my room, smelling and tasting her soiled underpants.

"Is that a yes, Mommy?" She asked, moving her fingers that had been rubbing her panties to my nose.

The scent drifted up my nostrils and any resistance I may have had drifted away with it. "Yes," I answered in an intoxicated daze.

"Yes, what, Mommy?" She asked, all so innocently, even though she knew exactly what yes meant.

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

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

I watched as the panties slid down her legs as I stammered, "V-v-very much. Mommy wants them very much." Using the word 'Mommy' enhanced the overwhelming burning inferno inside.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned softly, the sound so sensual it only added to my desperation to have those panties.

As she held them in her hand, I begged, "Please, please, c-c-can I have those panties? I-I-I need those panties."

"These panties?" She asked, dangling them over me with one finger.

I reached up to grab them, but she meanly yanked them away as I said, in my motherly, 'Do as you are told', tone, "Give them to me."

"How bad do you want them, Mommy?"

"So badly," I whined, still on my knees and looking up at the swinging panties dangling from her finger.

"And Mommy, may I ask what you would do with these panties?" She asked, purposely teasing me like crazy.

"Oh honey, just give them to me," I demanded, getting frustrated with the teasing as I stood up and reached for them again.

"Bad Mommy," she scolded, as she shoved them into my face and pulled them away just as quick... not even enough time to take a huge breath in to inhale her pussy perfection.

"Sorry, I-I-I just have to have them," I said, so desperate to smell her wet panties... to taste her wet panties.

"And what exactly would you do to have this fresh pair of your daughter's cum-soaked panties?" She held the tantalizing prize just out of my reach.

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

"Get undressed, Mommy," she ordered.

"Pardon?" I asked, even though I had heard her.

"Remember, I told you it's Nude Day, and you've made me get naked by demanding I take off my undies. It's only fair that you join me."

"Really?" I asked.

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

"Yes," I moaned, as she moved them away after just one deep inhale that had me back in a hypnotic trance.

"Then get undressed." She repeated her order this time with some authority.

"Okay," I agreed, willing to do almost anything, perhaps anything, to smell and taste those panties... wanting those panties so, so, so bad. I unzipped the back of my summer sundress and pulled it up and over my head.

"Ooh, Mommy, this is a surprise," she said, as I tossed the dress aside.

"What is?" I asked

"Such nice lingerie, and stockings," she said.

I followed her eyes down my body and took in the matching, lacy, blue bra and panties, and mocha-coloured thigh high stockings... I wore things like this under my dresses almost every day as my husband loved them and loved being able to see me in his own words, "in all my glory", with just a quick flip of my skirt. Even after twenty years of marriage we still fucked a lot, although it was rare he lasted long enough to get me off... and now, with the re-emergence of my lust for panties and pussy, I was finding I got more turned on by women than men.

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

"Is Mommy submissive?" She asked.

"Um...I..." I began. Yes, I was very submissive. I always have been. I like to be told what to do. I like to please. I get sexually stimulated by pleasing others... which is how I ended up eating my roommate's pussy almost every day of my last two years of college... and some of her friends.

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

"I'm not sure we should do this," I said, suddenly getting a rush of reality that this was likely a very bad idea.

"You sure?" She asked, shoving her panties back into my face.

Instantly, my brief resolve dissipated, as I was intoxicated completely by the strong scent.

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

She then moved them to her pussy and rubbed.

I watched in lustful hunger as I quickly unclasped my bra and tossed it aside, I seriously had no idea where I even tossed it. Then I tugged down my panties and stepped out of them when they hit the floor. When I put my hands at the top of a thigh high to roll it down, Amber barked out, "No, leave them." So, suddenly there I was, naked minus the thigh highs in front of my completely naked daughter. "They are sexy."

"Okay," I agreed.

"Oh, I like this," she purred. "I think we'll start a new Nude Daytime tradition of always being nude when Daddy is at work."

I wasn't sure that was such a good idea, but right now my eyes were locked on the panties snuggled up against her sex.

Sounding pathetic in my desperation, I pleaded, "I'm naked now, you said you would give me those panties."

"These really wet with your daughter's pussy juice panties?" She asked, as she rubbed them a little more on her pretty pink pussy.

"Yes, yes, your wet panties," I agreed in frustration, reaching my hand out to have them.

"I think you'll like them even more if I've shoved them in my pussy" she wickedly said. "My pretty teen pussy."

"Yes, yes, do that," I excitedly said, as she began poking them inside her pretty pink pussy.

"Just like this?" She asked, as her entire blue panties disappeared in the most amazing magic act I had ever witnessed.

"Oh, my, they're going to get all soaking wet with my teen pussy juice," she softly said, her words so erotic as I continued to be mesmerized by what she was doing.

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

"They're marinating in my pretty teen pussy," my daughter said. "For you, Mommy."

"Ohhhh," I moaned again, as my daughter leaned in and kissed me. I knew this was wrong, everything about this was wrong, yet none of that deterred me. My daughter's lips were so soft and the kiss so tender. So different from the beard my husband always wore.

I returned the kiss after just the briefest of considerations.

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

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

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

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

"These panties?" She asked, as she swayed them in front of my face and the scent flowed to my senses.

"Yes, yes, yes, those panties," I repeated, my mouth drooling with this continued marathon tease.

"And what, Mommy," she asked, her panties tantalizing me from mere inches away, "will you do to smell these wet, fresh panties?"

"Anything," I said as I was completely transfixed by the wet panties and the scent drifting towards 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."

"Don't move," she ordered, and a moment later I felt her place the panties over my head with the crotch pressed against my lips and nose like a ski mask.

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

"Only a real panty slut would wear her daughter's panties on their head," she said, as I took whiff after whiff like I was sniffing glue.

"So wonderful," I said, completely overwhelmed with the scent of my daughter.

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

"Yes, yes, oh God, yes," I agreed mindlessly, as I licked the very wet crotch of her panties while also 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 real words could do justice.

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

"So bad," I agreed, knowing it was bad, so bad, yet good, so good.

"Do you like my fresh panties, Mommy?"

"I love them," I said, the panties an attack on my senses. "Can I keep them?"

"If you're a good Mommy I'll make sure you get fresh wet panties every day," she offered, as I was completely intoxicated by the strong scent and the amazing taste.

"I'll do anything," I mindlessly said, repeating my risky guarantee, so captivated by her scent and taste.

Suddenly, the panties were pulled off my head and she ordered, "Come with me."

I followed without hesitation, anything to have those panties back in my face.

Once in her room, she walked to her bed, sat down on the edge, and held out her panties to me.

I rushed to her and smelled them again inhaling her sensuous nectar, frustrated that she didn't release her grip so I could smother my face with them.

She then pulled them away and ordered, "Kneel."

"Amber, I..."

"Now."

I quickly obeyed, my natural submissiveness taking over as did my undeniable lust.

She then moved her panties back to her pussy and rubbed them up and down her pretty pink gash.

I watched mesmerized as she asked, "How long have you been sniffing my panties?"

"Just a couple of weeks," I answered. Just since you started driving me crazy by fucking so many women on the other side of my wall, I didn't say out loud.

"Do you eat pussy too?" She asked, as I watched her begin to push her panties back into her pussy.

"Not since college," I answered, revealing more about my sexual past than most mothers did with their daughters.

"You used to be a pussy muncher?" She asked, as I watched more of the blue panties disappear inside her.

"Yes," I admitted, recalling my wild college days where I explored my bisexuality with a variety of wild experiences.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, "what are you looking at?"

"They are going all the way in," I replied, indirectly answering the question as I watched up close and personal her blue panties disappear.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Stuff them all the way in," I answered, the idea of her pretty panties being soaked in her pussy juices again so fucking hot.

"Ooooh," she moaned as the panties disappeared completely inside her. The soft sensual sound out of her lips enhanced the exotic reality as I stared at the glistening pussy.

"Oh my," I said, as my mouth salivated while I stared at my daughter's pussy. It had been two decades since I savoured the taste of a woman and although I had pushed that part of my past into the deep crevices of my subconscious... it obviously had been brought back up to the surface in a powerful, lustful way.

"You want me to pull them out, Mommy?" She asked, as she moved her hand to her pussy.

"Yes," I answered in a trance like state.

"I'm going to pull them out," she said, as her fingers moved to her pussy lips.

"Please do," I said, my eyes transfixed on her pussy.

"Then I'm going to have you sniff them," she said, as her fingers went inside her pussy. "Do you want to sniff my soaked panties?"

"Yes," I answered, as I saw her slowly begin to pull them out.

"What will you do to sniff your daughter's soaked panties, Mom?" She asked, letting out another moan.

"Anything," I replied, knowing that was true. "I'll give you money to go shopping."

"And?" She asked, as the panties exited her pussy. When I saw them literally dripping her juices, I knew I was lost.

"And I'll let you take the car anytime you want," I continued, even though that would be a great inconvenience for me.

"So, you'll do anything I want?" She asked, as she dangled her panties right in front of me.

"Yes, yes, anything," I said in desperation, wanting to smell those panties so bad, to taste them, to rub them all over my face.

She placed them at my nose and I quickly inhaled as deep as I could in case she pulled them away again. "Here you go, straight out of your teenaged daughter's cunt."

"Oh, God, so perfect," I moaned, amazed at how turned on I was getting just from her scent. Although, her nasty language and being made to beg and obey were certainly escalating all of my feelings.

"Such a panty slut," she mused.

"Yes, a panty slut," I agreed, focusing completely on the scent.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes, they never smelled this good out of your laundry basket before," I said, continuing to inhale.

"You know what you may like even more, Mommy?" she asked.

"What, honey?" I asked, her panties still pressed against my nose.

"Tasting my pussy juices directly from the source," she said, as she moved the panties away, spread her legs wider and said, "I mean your face is already right there."

"I-I-I don't know," I stammered, as I stared at her glistening pussy, my mouth instantly watering with anticipation of her taste.

"We both know you want to eat my pussy, Mommy," she said, as she leaned forward, put her hands on both sides of my head and guided me to her flower.

I didn't say a word.

I didn't resist at all.

With my face plastered against my daughter's pussy I simply gave in and licked... her taste instantly dancing on my tongue.

"That's it, Mommy, lick your daughter's pussy," she moaned.

I parted her pussy lips and licked... instantly falling back into my eager pussy pleasing of twenty years ago.

She moaned, which excited me, "Yes, Mommy, does it taste as good as you fantasized?"

"Better," I said, not wasting time on many words as I licked and created more wetness in her sweet pussy.

"Yes, Mommy, fuck, that feels so good," she moaned.

"You taste so fucking good," I said wanting her to know what I was feeling.

"I know," she said, "everyone says that."

"I bet they do," I said, working her pussy over.

"Don't stop, Mommy," she moaned, "I'm going to come all over your pretty face."

Hearing that excited me even more and I accelerated my eager tongue, wanting to get her off and feel her complete nectar flood my hungry mouth.

"Oh yes, Mommy, right there, right there, don't stop, don't stop, yes, Mommy, yes, yes, fuuuuuuuck," she screamed as her orgasm hit after a couple more minutes of my eager tongue.

Her cunt cum coated my face and I continued to lap up her creamy pussy juice.

I kept licking for a minute-plus before she pulled me up and said, "Let me taste my sweet pussy on your lips."

I kissed her back for a minute or so before she said, "Get on my bed and on all fours."

"Yes, baby," I said, as she handed me her still wet panties.

"Put these back on your head," she ordered. "And wear them so your eyes are covered."

"Yes, baby," I repeated, still in a lustful haze and not wanting this wild day to end. I put the panties back over my head, with their ass over my face. Fortunately, they were so soaked with her pussy juice that my nose and tongue were still doused in her aphrodisiac smell and taste. Then I got on all fours, where I felt so exposed and at Amber's mercy. God, what a feeling.

I wasn't sure what she was doing, but I knelt there for a good couple of minutes before I felt her get on the bed behind me. When I felt her hands on my hips, I shivered in anticipation.

Before I had time to react further than that, I felt a huge dick fill my pussy. I turned my moan of surprise and pleasure into a ridiculous question, "What are you doooooiinngg?"

"Fucking my Mommy-slut," she answered, as she began thrusting into me.

"Oh, God, honey, this is so wrong," I moaned through the fabric stretched over my mouth, even as I allowed my daughter to fuck me and enjoyed the immediate rising orgasm.

"You're my pet-Mommy now," she said, slapping my ass as she fucked me... hard.

"Ooooooh, Amber," I moaned, being called a pet so nasty and hot and reminded me of incest stories where the mother was turned into a Mommy pet, a freeuse sex slave to her child or children.

"You want to be my pet, Mommy?" She asked, stopping deep in me.

"Yes, yes, I want to be your Mommy-pet, your Mommy-slut, your submissive Mommy slave," I listed off, the derogatory terms coming out of my mouth enhancing the pleasure inside me even more.

"I'll be sitting on your face and fucking you whenever I want," she promised, as she resumed fucking me.

Both those ideas so hot, I moaned, "Yes, I'll eat my baby girl's pussy whenever she beckons me, I'll bend over the kitchen table for you to fuck me, and please, please continue giving your submissive slut your soiled, cum-soaked panties."

"I'll make sure you get a fresh pair every day," she said, her hand reaching her panties still on my head and pulling back as she began to really fuck me from behind, as her panties were pulled back

on my face.

"Thank you, Mistress," I moaned, using a term from many of the stories I read, although I didn't mean to say it.

"You want me to be your Mistress, Mommy?" She asked, really giving me hard, deep back shots.

The word hung there only a heartbeat before the mix of my daughter's obvious excitement and my body's uncontrollable lust, made me respond with pathetic enthusiasm, "Yes, honey, please. Please be my Mistress."

"I'm going to use you so good," she said, fucking me so hard as my orgasm was about to erupt.

"I'll be your sex slave," I declared, each of the five words being forced out through my lips by one of her powerful thrusts as rapture was consuming me... her strong scent plastered to my face adding to the complete euphoria and inevitable explosion.

"Come, Mommy, come my panty-addicted slut," she ordered.

"Oh yes, so close, don't stop, fuck, fuck, fuck, Mommy's cooooooooooming," I declared as an utterly surreal orgasm hit me unlike any I had ever experienced.

"That's it, Mommy," she said, slowing down as my body quaked uncontrollably.

"So good," I said, as I enjoyed the most intense orgasm I could remember ever experiencing.

She pulled out and a gush of wetness squirted out of me and onto the bed.

She then pulled the panties off my head and got off the bed. I looked over at her to see her taking off a pretty big black dick on a harness.

"When did you get yourself a strap-on?" I asked.

"Mrs. Walker bought it for me as a graduation gift last year," she said, as she slid it off her legs.

"Mrs. Walker, your high school English teacher?" I questioned.

"Yeah, she was the first adult woman I seduced," my daughter said, getting back on the bed, moving in front of me, adjusting the pillows and then spreading her legs.

"You have a lot of stories to tell me," I said, looking up into her eyes.

"And you and I will be making some new ones," she said.

"We have to keep this between you and me," I pointed out, as I glanced down at her very wet pussy, hoping for a chance at seconds.

"Oh, I can't do that," she said, "but why don't you come and get the panties that have been marinating in my pussy while I fucked you out."

"Really?" I asked, instantly distracted from my original concern when the idea of another pair of pussy-coated panties were mentioned. She must have stuffed them up there while my eyes were covered and she was putting on her strap-on. The idea that she had actually fucked me with a pair of panties jammed up her twat made me swoon.

"Yes, and use your tongue," she ordered,

I quickly crawled to her pussy and buried my face between her swollen lips. I probed the hole as best I could with my tongue, but those panties were in there good. After a couple of minutes of fruitless attempts, although I was definitely enjoying the fruits of my labour, I said, "May I use a finger to get them out a little bit?"

"You may," she said. I meant to just quickly hook the panties, but as it dawned on me that I was about to penetrate my own daughter's vagina for the very first time, I slowed down to appreciate the moment of outrageous perversion. First, I ran my fingertip slowly around her swelling labia, appreciating their shaven beauty. Then, when I began inserting my lucky digit, I continued rubbing it around the edges... the inside walls of Amber's vagina were heavenly velvet. When I finally snagged the panties it was almost by accident and I pulled them out just a smidge. Then I put my mouth back on my Mistress Daughter's pussy, pressing my lips hard against hers, before sending my tongue in deep and pulling the panties out to where my teeth could grab them.

"Ooooooh, yes, nice and slow," my daughter sighed as I eased out a pair of black, silk panties.

"Mmmmmmmmm," I moaned, the scent enveloping me yet again as I obeyed.

Once out, and hanging in my mouth, she said, "You look so cute like that."

"Thanks," I said, while barely opening my mouth and keeping the panties firmly grasped between my teeth.

"Are you going to keep those for later?"

"May I?"

"You may, my pet," she said. "Now tell me how they smell and taste."

I instantly moved them to my nose and sucked on them at the same time and said, "They have never been this wet before."

"Give them here," she said, a few seconds later.

I reluctantly did.

"I'm going to come all over them," she said, as she placed them on her pussy and began to rub herself.

"Yes, please come on them for Mommy," I encouraged, watching in a trance.

As she rubbed frantically, she asked, "What are you going to do with these cum-coated panties?"

"Sleep with my face buried deep in them," I replied, knowing my husband wouldn't notice once he crashed.

"What about Daddy?"

"Once he is out, he is out," I said.

"So, I could come to your bed and sit on your face when he is asleep?" She asked, her moans getting louder as she rubbed herself.

"You are so bad," I said, but nodded. "He wouldn't move."

"Such a wicked idea," she smiled.

"Rub your cunt all over those panties, baby girl," I encouraged.

"Your baby girl is about to come, Mommy," she moaned, as she ground her hips up and down as she rubbed the panties on her pussy.

"Come for Mommy, baby, come all over those panties for Mommy," I encouraged.

"Yes, yes, yessss!" she screamed and came, holding the panties right against her gushing cunt.

A minute later, her orgasm subsiding, she handed the wet panties to me and I instantly inhaled her fragrant scent.

"Do you like the smell of my sin, Mommy?"

"I've never smelt anything more pure in my life," I answered, her scent drawing me in completely once again. "No wonder I couldn't stay out of your laundry basket."

"Well, now you can get them right off my body," she said.

"This is heaven," I said. "I must always get your panties first before they go into the wash."

As she got off the bed, she said, tossing me the blue pair as well, "Don't let Daddy find them."

As she left the room, I rolled onto my back and placed the blue panties against my face, sniffing and sucking and just enjoying the exotic scent and taste of my daughter. Then I took my Mistress's black undies and began feeding them into my own hungry pussy, imagining how my daughter's cum would soon be inside of me as if she was a boy who'd ejaculated in me, only so much sweeter. God, I love panties.

The end