Love between blood

by Teratophiliac

Summary

I felt like writing mother daughter smut. So here it is :V

Notes

I have plans for two more chapters if people really like this, if not then it will either take a lot of time to make them or they won't happen at all. That's why feedback is important folks :D

Anyway leave your comments, criticisms, corrections, thoughts and butts where they go. I hope you enjoy! <3

love between blood
Though storms bring disaster; A figment of the mind to corrode and disrupt the willful. Disaster brings hope… A beacon that brings the most diverse together like the arms of a caring mother to her kin.

Light rainfall they said. Sure for a weatherman that was blind, intoxicated and had never done a weather casting in their life surely that would make sense but this... Apocalyptic wind speeds and downpour worthy of a Guinness record is more was like it. Diana stirred in her bed restless and bored. Its not like a grown adult to throw a fit over something this mundane, especially to an audience of one. But nights that made it hard for the heaviest sleepers to catch a wink can bring the worst out of anyone.

Realizing sleep just was not a thing that would happen any time soon she threw the blanket off herself with the objective of finding something to bide her time. Her legs seemingly by habit brought her to the vanity adjacent her bed. Sitting down on the stool she looked into the reflection. Staring down each 'imperfection' with the gaze of death as if it were to just poof them out of existence. Mirrors were fickle things. Windows to the past, an eye of the present, and a notion to the future. Not something for the old or feeble. Was she either? No. No there was no one more beautiful and perfectly carved to fit the image of a deity than yours truly. Or so she would say in her moments of vainglory.

At the sight of her youth there was nothing more entrancing than the fluffed curly black hair she cared for with such pride. A Perfectly formed face, lips like the curves of an ocean that sweep words right over your head while you sit stunned in her muse of beauty, small well structured nose from bridge to philtrum, long brown eyes like gleaming sardonyx crystals, supple yet strong eyebrows all arranged decadently on deep chocolate skin your eyes would bore right into if you stared too long. Always seen with oversized hooped earrings and a one piece tight fit dress that only someone with the body of viper tongued sex goddess could pull off. Never alone she was always with a man or woman by her side and a sucker in her mouth, she would skate around the little city she grew up in like she owned the damn place. Truth be told though, she did. When you can take the glance of anyone regardless of their sex and make them wonder just about the nastiest things its like you have the world at your fingertips. She was youthful and able to take advantage of that and was truly a staple of the times. But time is then again something that makes mortality dwindle. Bringing the soft sting of nostalgia to the mind and the calm chill of life into view.

Pictures lined the frame of the little window into the past. Photographs of once loved people of all types and identities accompanied with friends of a different time. All whom no doubt had their own lives, their own problems, their own dreams and families. 'Is it dreary weather like this that puts you in such a mood?' Diana thought to herself. She didn't often get stuck in head spaces that demanded to be heard or felt but when she did they were like the thickest quicksand you could find. A murky subterfuge of depression and self loathing. Only the tedious and repetitive actions one takes on when they are forced to could break the knot of these ties like the perfectly placed needles of an acupuncturist. Something that she had time for now that a storm kept her from the sweet embrace of sleep. Grabbing a comb from the corner of the vanity she began tugging soft lines through her now shoulder length hair. Years may pass but they won't take anything from she who retains herself through an intrinsic bedtime ritual!

As the trickling feeling of her mind calming set in, a harsh clap of thunder rippled across the sky. Breaking any levels of comfort like the drop of a headsman’s axe. The sound was a shot of adrenaline straight to the bloodstream. Perking every hair on her body tingling from the base of the neck down to her legs booming tides of monstrous audio accompanied by the flickers of light glinted through the window. Jumping from her seat to close the blinds she peered through what seemed like a portal to an entirely different world. Fast winds tangling up loose branches in their wake flying past at break neck speeds. Garbage cans from neighboring houses crashing into whatever unfortunate
object lay in their path, and a multitude of debris cluttering every available spot it could against the house. It was near horror movie quality disaster weather. Thick dark clouds curling into the sky, wisps of air carrying the current forewarning of devastation to come. Or so it would feel and seem.

'Oh no...Poor Stephanie!' The poor girl was all she could think about. Months before, her ex husband had passed away. Leaving their daughter to live with her. A seemingly out of nowhere transaction by fate but what was she to do? The girl had very little places to go, and this was her time to make up for... past mistakes. Close had never been what they were but she knew still quiet a lot about her. Phone calls here and there gave her that devilishly observant mind of hers the time to prod through all the things she knew, and plan around, against, or with them accordingly. But fear was something she knew very little about the girl. They had only spent one storm together and the poor girl was shrill as the dead! A quivering mess from head to toes. The terrified little face was all too vivid in her mind. There was little time to waste before she would either hear footsteps at her door or a high pitched scream depending on just how mortified her daughter would be and she wasn't about to find out which came first; if she could help it.

Just as her hand was ready to turn the knob and open the door, creaking of wood and dim light of the hallways crept into the room. A smaller figure stood in-front of her. Knees close together, trembling underneath the short baby blue nightgown she adorned. Staring up at her with the short but still noticeable size difference in between the two women, the younger girl lifted the stuffed bear she held close to her chest. Smothering her lips to the back of its head in what seemed like a shy display of disconsolation. Bright brown eyes, tears strolling the water line daring to fall. Sitting on the edge just waiting to be pushed over in a waterfall of emotions. The freckles on her deep hazelnut skin only adding to the detail of just how much distress was filling her mild.

“I... I know I should have knocked but-” Before the girl could finished speaking she was swept into a hug, the door being closing from behind. Comforting low heat of the embrace filled her with the clarity to think, even if she still had to fight back the tears in her eyes.

Sniffles and tiny breaths were all to be heard through the long well needed hug. Her hands wrapping around her mothers waist dropping the stuffed bear, head pressed close to heart. Ignoring the awkward amount of cleavage she had wound up in it was all but to wonderful to keep nuzzling into her more. Slashes of thunder pierced the roof top. Her heart rising back up! Arms wrapping tighter around her mothers waist. It would have been nearly impossible to give something as emotionally beautiful when you are still uncomfortable with someone, but fear was a powerful thing. A hand graced the back of her head rocking the frail soul of hers side to side, shushing her with low hums. A calm melody that she vaguely remembered. The more the hums grew, the more her mother would stroke against the long brown ringlets of hair. Pushing her finger nails against the soft scalp to massage and work away the little wisps of stress in her mind. A few minutes of this and her conscious was adequately soothed, looking back up at her mothers face. Wiping the remaining tears from her cheeks she spoke sheepishly. “I uhm. I know I should have knocked. But I got scared from the lightning...”

Diana smiled. Laying the back of her hand to caress the side of her daughters cheek. It was cute when she made such little mistakes that only a mother could care to correct, even for a nearly fully grown and literate girl. “The thunder my dear. You were scared by the thunder.” Her smile growing with a soft harmless chuckle. She picked up the small stuffed teddy bear from the ground, dusting its head of and gave it a kiss before returning it to the ready to receive open arms.

“I uhm...”Stephanie's face flushed in anxiety.

“Yes dear?”
“Do uhm you think... I could...”

“Stephanie what have I told you about muttering?”

Her cheeks only got brighter it felt stupid to be embarrassed in front of your own mother, but living away from her made trying to be comfortable a very delicate living experience. She swallowed her words and looked back up again mustering all the courage to speak in her little heart.

“Do you think I could sleep in your bed tonight?”

Diana’s face lit up. If there was anything she had fought for in the past few months it was to get closer to her daughter. There was no more than a peck on the cheek or a small exchange of words each day before work and school had consumed them both until they were back at home. Too tired to entertain any ideas on how they could bond. So this was not only a shock but a welcomed one! 'Perhaps the storm was not all bad after all...'

“Yes of course buttercup! You're always welcome to come sleep in my room if you don't feel safe!”

The words were satisfying to say. Its near painful to feel so strongly towards someone especially in the way that a mother does to her child, and be unable to express it. Like knowing someone is hurting just on the other side of the door yet you are locked behind it. You can't break it down, you can't scream to them, you just have to listen to them suffer. Listen to them hurt. Until they open the door themselves and embrace you. But in this case… She blasted open that door right the hell open with a buckshot straight from the motherhood blaster 9000. Kicked that manifestation of fear and abuse with a bone shattering strike and swept her baby girl into her arms like the super hero mama she was! Or some other form of corny inner super-mom fantasy Diana hoped other parents dreamed up in their times of feeling like they were a shitty parent. Otherwise this was one heck of an embarrassing inner thought.

Taking her mothers hand and crawling onto the fluffy bed Stephanie felt almost at ease. Yet growing almost jealous? It was a massive bed! A large mahogany backboard with soft cushioning in the middle bridging to the lining of the stained wood. Two spires on each side with ornate obelisk carvings atop each one. A soft mattress you could almost feel your energy drain from each body part that touched it just from how comfortable it was. Like the will to do anything other than just stay in bed was ebbbed out of you. Not that it felt like a bad thing either! All accompanied by the softest pillows that money could buy. At-least it had all seemed that way. To her mother it may just be nothing more than something to sleep on.

Pulling the covers over Stephanie, keeping the weighted blanket away from her face if not to preserve the view of her beautiful child's features then to keep the fluffy mammoth of a blanket from suffocating her. Satisfaction glowed throughout her essence. It was something she yearned to do for so long. Something she never had the chance to do as her little girl grew up from beyond her reach. Becoming more and more capable each year that had passed. Even if this was something other mothers in the world did every night without seeing just how privileged they were in this world.

Cuddling into the sheets and tucking her legs in. Stephanie sunk into the bed like a rock in mud. Comfortably was an understatement! This was near godly! Aside from the shivers of cold that struck up her back when her mother lifted the sheets to get under this was on its own something that kept her thoughts off the storm. It was all so peaceful. The rain spattering against the window was a nice touch to the aura the room had given. Baubles and nick-nacks lined the nightstand closest to her. The room was dim lit, like the comforting copper glow of a fire in the distance of a great long hall. The smell of recently smudged out incense fluttered into her nostrils, tones of safety resonating further into her chest. This room seemed so new to her! Ever since she got here it was like this room was one she never bothered to enter. Not that she felt able to do so or that it was her part of the house but
it was full of more and seemingly more things that she found generally interesting the more she looked around the room. Though yet again, probably completely mundane to her mother.

She looked back to see the beautiful tall woman she called her mother reading a book and minding to her own. Something to do with self help or along the lines of it by the passage on the back. Their eyes locked for a second, each carrying a shut eyed smile though the tiny awkward pause. She turned over briefly to sleep only to look back in hesitation to say goodnight. Stephanie was met with a pair of lips pressed dangerously close to hers. A soft peck landing just below her nose, catching her upper lip. Heat rose from her belly to her cheeks like the smog of a forest fire. Lighting up in her eyes as a very blatant sign that she was embarrassed and shocked beyond human compatibility. Her mother looked as if she shared the same feeling as she shot back holding her hand to her lips before speaking.

“Oh im sorry! Uhm... Here you must be thirsty! I’ll grab you a glass of water!” Diana rushed her words as quickly as she made her way out of the room, the redness from her cheeks only driving her to move faster from whatever nervous mess she had no doubt was left in her wake.

Standing alone in the kitchen leaning against a the table for a good solid minute. Her mind spinning with what had just happened. Thoughts were shooting back and forth like bullet trains. Kicking up winds in her mind knocking whatever glorious plans or ideas she had in her mind for 'getting closer to her kid' straight into the gutter of all things that could go wrong.'This isn't something I should get so worked up over! It was just a mistake. That's all. Oh god im screwing this all up...’ Though… The way Stephanie’s lips felt. The surprise in her eyes didn't make her feel how it should have no. The way Diana felt was alien to her. She felt riven with what to do next. Her mind set on that slender body of hers, the cute posture and timid stance. 'No! No! This is wrong, I just... I need to relax. It's all fine! Everything is okay! I'm just going to get her a glass of water. Say goodnight and that will be the end of this!' Her teeth bit her lip of their own accord, she couldn't stop what was going through her mind, she never would be able to. Now all there was left to do is try and play things off until thing sort themselves out. She filled a glass of water swiftly making her way back to her room feet not even let her walk straight. The last time she was this nervous high school was still something on her mind and knocking on her own door made it painfully obvious the nervousness in her chest hadn't passed. The little voice from the other side muttered enough affirmation to come in.

Stephanie lay against the backboard. Blanket covered up to her neck, riddled with the remaining confusion inside her. She took the glass from her mother, sipping away like she was actually thirsty. Using it as a tool to avoid any form of conversation while her caretaker strutted back to the other-side of the bed.

They laid backs to each other, awkwardly hoping for the other to say something that might strike up a bit of dialogue to kill the awkward haze filling the room like thick fog. The storm stirred up again, howls of wind whipped past the window lashing as something huge fell past the window, crashing down beside the house in drums of noise! Stephanie hid under the blankets, shivering in an almost feeble manner.

Turning over and scooting herself to the back of her kin. Diana crept her arms around and under Stephanie, holding the two of them in a close embrace. The warmth of her slender smooth skin gliding against her body was nice. Tense and shivering the little frightened faun like girl so easy to hold. Her entire body begged for comfort. As the minutes passed and she could feel her muscles relax the longer they laid there. Breathing returning once again to a moderate pace whimpers dissipating. Fear is a truly jaw dropping aspect of life. How it can bring someone to such a brittle state of being is beyond comparison.

“It's alright baby, im here. Mama's got you.” It was strange how a persons voice can be so calming.
Like words of silk woven into a blanket of safety to coddle your trembling soul. Even if that fear was from that of something that could never hurt you. The comfort and knowledge that you are being safeguarded was just something else.

Stephanie nuzzled her head into whatever soft part of her mother she was closest to. Slipping into the feeling of home, of safety, of bliss, in this little sanctuary of a room. Her legs curled in while her mother pressed her stomach closer to her back. 'Her skin is so soft!' She thought jealously in hope of having skin just as soft as hers. Unaware that she already was sleeker than a satin sweater shooting down a slide of astroglide lubricant. It was impossible not to admire the glossy feeling of something that was actually softer than the heavy fluffed up blankets that encased them both. The pair trilled to their company, poking each other in a ludic tone. Playing little games of finger tag to keep their mind of the tempest outside. Killing time until Stephanie was almost asleep. Her little face dozing closer into the pillow. Her little body laid still for a moment before she was snoring in a pitch so high it sounded like a kittens mewl. 'My little angel...'

Diana went to return to her side of the bed. Finding her hand being tugged on by a soft grip. Turning back seeing those big bright brown eyes staring back up at her. Like they were shooting through her. 'How can I say no to such a cute face?'

"Such an innocent little thing you are you know that?" She laid a hand on Stephanie's tummy, looming above her before leaning in to kiss her forehead. Her hand bumped up against one of her breasts. Feeling a hard little nub brush against the back of her knuckle, eyes growing wide in shock. 'Her nipple is erect! Is she aroused? Did I cause this? What the hell do I do?' Heat flurried back into her face, she didn't know how to react; maybe it was better to just pretend like nothing happened? Or maybe they could play this off like nothing was even the matter. (Yeah right)

Stephanie hid under the blanket, frozen with embarrassment. 'Oh shit! Did she hear me whimper? Oh god I hope not. Please, please, please! I hope she didn't hear me whimper...' The cover was taken off of her. Shaking hands gave her little resistance to hide effectively. Not that hiding would do her any good. Light poured into her eyes as lightning cracked across the sky. Sending a flash of blindness through her pupils. Before sight was regained the feeling of lips met hers. Soft and warm perfectly shaped to fit her own. Her mothers eyes closed ever so softly. The freckles dotting the landscape of her face that may very well have been mirrored onto herself when she was born, speckled the details to the beauty of who she was kissing. Dark curled hair draped down each side over her face. Her arms raced upwards going to push off but fell short. Just falling to her sides while her eyes eased closed like resistance was never even there. Accepting how it felt. Warm little movements from each tiny kiss. She wasn't in control, she wasn't sure what was happening and she liked it. There was so many feelings stricken through her mind. It felt wrong! But it felt right! It all felt confusing and wicked, but consummate and blissful. The feeling flooded her body. Like breathing in silk or sinking into a warm bath. Slipping into a warm surreal coma of mind clearing mist.

As their lips moved quicker the room heated up. Nervous wet smooches turned into making out and moans soon followed. It was getting hotter by the second. Diana swept her hand over Stephanie's head pulling the little curls off her face, cracking a wide smile looking down at her sweet innocent daughter. Stephanie's cheeks were flushed deep red; as if she could be to blame. Its not everyday your mother kisses you in THAT way.

Taking her hand to the back of her daughters head, her lips lunged for Stephanie's neck. Free hand sliding up the small smooth body. Lips were met with soft smooth flesh. Eagerly sinking her teeth into tease and pinch. Fingertips teased the soft under-breast. Matching the soft suckling with the tantalizing slugs pace towards the tip of her small yet perky boobs. Stephanie's legs were writhing underneath her, bumping up against her sex. Diana could feel the arousal bubbling up like magma.
Driving the deviant mind of hers to tease harder. Each breath drawn, every moan and whimper, every tiny movement that was made from the pleasure that she gave was returned ten fold in the desire to show the ultimate thrill to the one she held closest.

Stephanie was in shock from the stimulation. No one had touched her like this before! Let alone her own mother! There was the soft rubbing on her breasts dribbling down the inside of her body making her wet inside. Coupled with slow and deep sucks against the side of her neck it was hard not to shake a little bit. The feeling was nice, It hurt but the breaths against her neck where turning her on more than enough to override the pain. Hips rose up, knees clamping together rubbing against one another. It was evident she was horny beyond measure. This is... incredible! Does it always feel like this? Warm deep echoes of happiness? I guess I can see why people like being dirty so much then! Stephanie's virgin thoughts could have very well been audible at this point, it seemed like her mother was feeding off her imagination. Taking to her purity like a sledge hammer to a brick wall. Or like a vampire to her next thrall.

Pulling her lips from the soft bruise like hickey that was now left on her daughters neck. Diana sucked away the spit from her lips taking pride in the little mess she as making of her daughters throat. There was a bonfire burning in her chest, fueling up into her eyes. This was the kind of thing she missed, being able to feel her gaze sink through ones chest. Tickling the predatory part of her that demanded to take over. She felt young again. Young and horny. Restless with the need to feel satisfaction. Satisfaction and need to corrupt the reluctant and the pure.

Her wicked mind turned to what was in her fingers, pinching her digits together over the tiny tip of Stephanie's breast brought her so much joy. Drinking up the shock in her kins eyes as her little chest sucked in a deep rushed breath, stomach rising in sexual agony. The sight was intoxicating. Like the deep drag of a cigarette through weeks of nothing to burn. This the night of their lives, or so her mind sought to make sure it was.

Diana took to making soft tight circles over the erect little gumdrop nipples, her tongue rolled across her teeth, every little mewl was so delectable. Like the bite from a drop of whiskey. So venomous and painful yet filling her with such dark pleasure. Taking a hand around the slim waist of her kin, she let the little nub of pleasure go reluctantly. Grabbing the skimpy nightgown tugging it off and aside. Her eyes dilated. Looking down at the dark creamy skin; the supple curves that were met with the fairly sized breasts molded to perfection of her figure, and a timid smile hidden behind her arms was the cherry on top to give the perfect cute persona her little one retained.

"My my... you've gotten quiet big in the chest haven't you?"

Her lips puckered, leaning in to kiss one of the now visibly hard nipples. Keeping a soft muttering exhale over it just before letting her tongue stroll out of her mouth as slowly as one can. Making sure every moment in this was going to make Stephanie as aroused as she could get.

"Th-there only C cups.." Stephanie mumbled, still riven with what was happening. But nearly drowning in how the warm breath felt when it washed over her breast.

As her tongue made contact with the cold dark soft skin, her eyes looked up at her now gasping daughter. The look on her face was divine. It was like she couldn't make out what was happening. Like the whole world just collapsed in on itself and this was the only thing that mattered. To feel what was going on, and it was most definitely good feeling. Out of reaction Stephanie put a hand on the back of her head, scratching her little fingernails in the dense layers of curls. Diana sneered. This was exactly the kind of reaction she wanted.

Stephanie couldn't help but moan. The single most sensual moment of her life and it was with her mother! It felt wrong, it felt dirty, it felt like something you wouldn't see in the light of day. Yet here
it was, it was the best someone had ever touched her and she fucking loved it.

Her mother switched from breast to breast, making sure to give enough attention to each. The cold air cooling the saliva that was left on one, while feeling the heat from her mothers lips clasped around the other. Tongue beating back and forth over and over again like the fast fluttering of a hummingbirds wings.

Her head fell against the back board almost out of her control, lounging there as her nipples were lapped away like a kitten to milk. Ironically enough through the cat theme she realized that she sounded like she was purring. Unable to really control how she sounded and felt it was kind of embarrassing. Being so easily toyed with and grasped into the clutch of someone more experienced. The humiliation only fueled her lust for more pleasure like water to a fire birthed by oil. Her eyes falling closed in the serene trance of affection she was in.

Warmth left her breasts as her mother drew away. Opening her eyes to see the now naked figure. Her jaw dropped to see the large breasts nearly hanging in front of her. 'How in the hell does she deal with the back pain from those fuckers...' Her lips got wet. Closing her mouth before drool dripped from the sides she spoke in awe. "Mom those are...

“Big? Yes, I could tell you were thinking that since you blanked out staring at them for a half a minute” Diana said chucking behind a curled finger.

“E cups. As big as they are, they are absolute murder on the back. Im sure yours are the perfect size that you get to cheat that aspect of life though haha!”

'E cups?! Well that answers that...’ Stephanie thought to herself, adjusting her position as her mother crept forward. The curves over her body swaying from side to side hips rolling back and forth like the pendulum of massive clock. The feelings washing over her were indescribable. It wasn't like it was fear. No fear would be do easy to explain. Maybe it was anxiety? No that would be too easy to quell. But it also rooted from the fact that if anything in this night she was inexperienced. Who better to show you the ropes than your own mother?

Diana pressed herself against Stephanie. Making sure to shove her chest as much against her as she could while their lips connected. Why not flaunt a little bit while you can? The first night is always the best now isn't it? If vanity was not her style then there was no style she could fit into.

She smirked through the kissing, shoving her tongue into the back of Stephanie's mouth and reaching for the nape of her neck. The light stuff is over now... time to please! Her free hand reached out to the side. Grasping Stephanie's hand and placing it on one of her breasts. She could feel the anxiety in the palm of her kins grasp. She would get past it, and when she did she might even be able to please as well as her dearest mother could. Her mind was so brilliantly seductive at times even to herself.

Stephanie groped and fondled through the hard twists of her mother tongue. Enjoying how another woman's boobs felt. It was almost cathartic? Needing and squishing at them. Feeling your own was nice, but it doesn't really do much for you. Its kind of like a privilege that you really don't care about. Whoopee-do I have boobs. That sort of thing.

After a little time and probably a little more to give a grace period for Stephanie's brain to grab a hold of everything, Diana separated the two of them. Moving down Stephanie's body like a serpent. She stopped at her belly, looking at the little naval jewelry admiring how it fit the girls skin tone. Pressing her lips against her tummy. Planting the smallest of kisses above her bellybutton. Circling around and down to her panties. Dancing her lips over the panty-line making her daughter giggle and protest. Avoiding the reveal of just what Stephanie's kitten looked like. Her maw meandered sidewards to her thighs. Biting and nipping with the gentle pinch resembling that of a timid animal. Feeling the
shoots of neural stimulation she was causing by the writhing that her kin made. Her chuckles stood the tiny hairs on Stephanie's legs. The amount of control she had was almost insulting. Even an experienced sub couldn't give up this much of their mind and body could they? To let the smallest of touches ripple over them like a shock-wave? Perhaps it had been so long that she forgot what a virgin body can do when given a dose of pure ecstasy.

Placing her hands at Stephanie's thighs, sliding flat underneath her panties Diana leaned her fingers outwards. Tugging down the small cloth that dared to be in the way of her and her prized possessions goodies.

Her nostrils flared, eyelashes fluttering in a dazed stupor. The aroma the came from the swift release of her panties left a mark on her mind. Like the branding of hot iron it sunk into her brain that this was the sweetest smelling pussy she had ever come across. In the years that she spent exploring with other women she never had such a purge of delectable fragrance bless her like so. Was this what she had created? A girl so divine in her aspects of womanhood that this was how beautifully scented she was?

She killed the process of indulging to much and looked down to see a decently well kept bush. Small and soft, with very little volume to it. It was like she naturally had a tiny amount of hair down there. 'Maybe she did inherit at-least something decent from her father...' Jests like that seemed to bounce in and out of her mind at the oddest of times. A nice little clitoral hood with minimal features to it other than the tiny birthmark almost in the shape of the Aries star-sign was adorned at the top of her sex. Small perfectly molded inner labia lips were to follow in the cascade of overwhelmingly beautiful aspects of her daughters lower department. Ending with the tight soaking entrance to what was no doubt-ably, a virgin hole.

"Honey you are so remarkable beautiful in every way I may just have to keep you to myself for the rest of my days!" Her words riddled with slight sarcasm and actuality.

Stephanie blushed, reaching down past her mothers face. Not avoiding the small kiss she was given on the wrist as her hand moved downwards. Slipping her fingers into her completely drenched slit, trying not to her carried away with how good it felt she spread her labia for her mother to see exactly how wound of up she was.

Diana looked down at the slight sparkling of the clear juices endowed on her young's cunt in the small cracks of light that peered through the window. She could not bare to wait any longer. Her meal was set and ready to be devoured. Placing her lips against the sticky wet entrance and dragging her tongue in one glorious heavy lick up to her clit. The loudest and possibly most erotic noise escaped from Stephanie. Her eyebrows raised she repeated the process a few times, giving the girl just what she wanted from her mother. The deeper and longer she dragged out the licks the more those sensual groans deluged out from her lungs.

“Oh darling you think that feels good? Just you wait...” Diana moved up a bit. A finger pulling back on the little hood to see the progress of how swollen her little pearl had gotten. She pushed her tongue as far as it could go outwards, almost painfully so! And pressed it on the sensitive little spot. Slurping upwards while her tongue recoiled back into her mouth. When the tip reached its destination she kept it there to flail and please. Stephanie was a wailing mess. Hand over her mouth like it would do anything to cut waves of screeching she made. There were enough bedsheets in her clenched sweaty little fist to make a skirt out of.

After prodding enough, Diana sanctioned her tongue to onto Stephanie's clit. Beating back and forth through the pool of saliva and sexual nectar. It was like gliding her finger through the frosting on a perfectly decorated cake. A warm, delectable, sticky, virgin cake. Like she had been on a diet for the
past twenty years and today. Well… Today was cheat day.

Trying not to buck her hips to much Stephanie lurched forward mewling. Her toes curling from the lapping motions that her mother was giving her. Attentive pitter-pattering of that godly tongue gave felt like her entire body was stuck onto the strings of a puppet master, being pulled back and forth at anyone but her own will.

'Oh my god this is happening.. I can't believe this is happening!' Her mind was driving off the edge of all things sane, her stomach was in knots that felt like fireworks all around her abdomen, and her pussy.. well she could barely focus on anything else. The sheets of the bed were soon clenched in a fist of tremors. Looking down and seeing the bright brown eyes and a wriggling pink tongue made it hard not to cum quickly. But in what felt like an eternity, but was really 5 minutes. A high pitched squeal burst from her mouth. Her stomach arched upwards as the growing orgasm blared through her core, crackling upwards into her lungs as her breaths got more elongated and deep. The longer it persisted the harder she bleated and squirmed. Heels dug deep into the bed shaking the giant wooden mass against the wall.

Keeping a tight grip on Stephanie's inner thighs Diana enjoyed the entire scene from the view of a creator. From someone who just witnessed something that they knew they could bring to life, and executed it perfectly. The tensing of her daughters muscles and spasms from the pleasure was enough to make her want to touch herself. Lest her screams not be forgotten. This really must have been the first orgasm someone had given her! It was like she was being controlled from the inside out.

A few minutes after calming down from the explosion of an orgasm, Stephanie laid still. Drawing in breaths of unmanageable sizes for her stature. Diana however could not be more than pleased with how well her daughter reacted, or at least until her mind went craving to please some more. Crawling up the slender dark skinned body that she was coming to adore more and more, She placed her hand on Stephanie's tummy. Just feeling the waves of breathing like a boat on the ocean.

Stephanie was almost passed out. Her head cocked to the side, shoulders slumped and heart starting to slow down. Lips pressed against her. She smiled through them, giggling in a stupor of love and bliss. It was definitely a much better night than she had expected. Hating the feeling of the kiss being broken she let out a low grumble and tried to fall to the side, being caught before her head hit the pillows.

"Don't you fall asleep on me yet Steph.”Her mothers words rang through her head, just before pleasure struck through her body shooting her eyes wide open.

"Im not done with you!"

The words would have echoed through her brain, had rationalization not been destroyed the second she felt a finger pressed against her hole. Causing her to bleat outwards, not through pain but through the unknowing. Even if everything thus far into the night was a surprise and completely new to her, this came as the biggest shock. Her head turned back to her mother who was looking at her with baited eyes and a heavy breath. Just the view of her beautiful face with a smeared deviant almost intimidating grin was enough to make her sex go mad with hormonal rage; twisting her mind to drive back into the pool of lust and desire it was drowning in before she came.

Warmth clung to Diana's finger as she slide it out from her daughters cunt. Bringing her catch back up to her lips. Pausing for a second only to smirk and bring the sticky digit into Stephanie's open mouth. A muffled gasp coming from her before she piped down and sucked on the juices. Staring up at back up at her and holding her hand. “That's right. Taste your juices little one. I hope you enjoy that sweetness... because that it exactly what you taste like.” She spoke in a low evil tone, it turned
her on when she was dominant, no doubt it had the same effect on Steph. The little tongue cleaning her finger stirred the mixing pot of desire in her stomach. Pulling it back out after she thought was long enough. Returning it back down to the little warm pussy she was going to take from feeling good to feeling amazing.

Stephanie's mouth still had the lingering taste of her vaginal secretions. It was odd tasting, somewhat sweet but a flavor only defined by what she guessed wine tasted like. All though never having tasted any alcohol made it hard to really say what either tasted like in comparison to anything. This was something she had never really thought of taking part of. It was alien to her, but got her hornier all the same just imagining. Though having someone push you forward to do something, Is most definitely more arousing than doing it yourself.

Fingers graced her pussy again, spreading the lips and running circles over her sex. Moans drooled from her open mouth like a waterfall of lust. Quelled by her mothers deep kisses. Each time she was given a small teasing of tongue, a finger pushed into her. Never going deep enough to make the tight ring of pain in her spike up. Maybe this was what her hymen was? It felt like a small circle skirting around her insides, feeling tight and stinging when the pushing went to deep.

A few light thrusts forward and she was barely able to keep composure, her mom knew what she was doing. There was no time to rest though her body demanded it, just feeling the tight pumps into her little flecks of pain at the tip of each plunge. Stephanie squeaked past the tongue that was swirling in her mouth each time it dared to push her forward. Hot squishing sounds was the only thing louder than their moans, arousing them both.

Diana slipped her tongue from Stephanie's mouth, trailing down her lips down to the little lightly skinned areolas. Using them as targets for her lips to clasp over. Grazing her tongue over the soft nipple. Swiftly followed by her teeth which pressed dangerously close to the epicenter of the breast not yet biting down but laying them against the sensitive little nubs. Just as the moans started to get louder she hiked her finger deeper into her kins little cunt biting down enjoying how hard the little button got. Shrieks of no doubt-ably pain and pleasure shot through the room, hands grabbing hard on the back of her head pulling at her hair painfully. It didn't vex her a single bit. She pressed on pumping hard with subtle archs into the wet little treasure she was spoiling, the tightness inside was easing up slowly but surely. It was near painful on her fingers just how well molded her daughter was. But she knew how to be careful about it. Pleasuring a virgin can be tricky if you don't take the time to work through it all.

“Ack... ow!” Stephanie's winced.

Diana quickly snapped into mother mode. Releasing Steph's breast. Pulling her finger out as slowly as she could. “Oh im sorry sweetheart was I going to rough? Did I hurt you badly?” Her clean hand stroking through the long curled hair of her daughters. Kissing around her featured affectionately. Bathing her daughter in love to make up for whatever pain or discomfort she just caused her.

“No no im okay!” Her cheeks flushed. All she really wanted was to cum, but knowing just how much her mother cared made tears almost swell up in her face. “Please... please don't stop it feel so good!”

She was still a little embarrassed asking for this. There was no greed in her words yet she could feel the pit of need in her gut.

“Hahaha oh you naughty little minx! If I didn't know better id say that you probably enjoyed that little bit of pain just then!” Diana smirked putting her legs on each side of Stephanie's waist pinning her down essentially. Giving a long nice kiss as they pushed against the back board. She leaned back behind herself, sliding a finger up and down the little wet slit and back into Stephanie's pussy. Using
her free hand to hold up one of her tits bringing it closer to Stephanie's lips.

Gazing only for a moment Stephanie placed her lips on the big breast in-front of her. Putting a hand underneath it to hold it up. Squeezing here and there while her little tongue worked away. Taking the other one into her hand to grope. It was nice to hear her mother enjoy herself through all of this. Looking up at her pleasure hazed face teeth digging into her lip. It gave a bit of satisfaction. Like she was giving back through all this pleasure she was being given.

As her tongue worked away, the wet spot she thought she felt a few seconds ago. Became the wet spot on her stomach that she couldn't ignore. Her mother was getting viciously horny and only went to show as another finger was slipped inside of her. “F-Fuck!” Her little voiced yelped as her pussy got stuffed more. She wanted to feel shame from swearing in front of her mother, but only found what looked like arousal and pride in those light chocolate eyes.

Diana tried to do her best just to focus on Steph, but was straddling the wet folds of her undercarriage on the soft skin of the Stephanie's tummy subconsciously. Feeling the slick smooth surface dampen while she continued to finger fuck her daughter. Trying not to make it too obvious that the tiny jewel that was embedded in her naval bar was hitting her clit in all the right places when she would grind hard enough. The moaning got longer as she went harder, it was time to make things happen and now. She curled her fingers dragging tips across the fleshy ridges of her daughter g-spot. It didn't take long before Stephanie was looking like she was going to shrivel and melt her way into her next orgasm.

"M-mom... I th-think im gunna.."

She rubbed upwards hard, curling in the well known 'come here' motion for one final push over the edge. “No... Don't think... Just... feel!” She kissed Stephanie as her body convulsed. Moaning and writhing underneath her. Muscles contorting and contracting against her undercarriage. Tight clenches onto her finger didn't stop her from driving the bull-rushed orgasm harder and harder. She wanted to make this moment special for the both of them. Tongues interlocking and swirling, hot wet gushing sounds drowned out by the muffled moaning and grunting. The hard finger fucking carried on for a good few minutes before they both unplugged. Diana falling flat beside Stephanie; who was already laying on her back in exhaustion.

The two laid in their own exhausted and comfortable positions. Not talking or making any noise beyond heavy breathing until they both rejuvenated from the overload. “I love you mom.” Broke the silence. The words had a definitely much deeper and different meaning than the times they had been said before, lighting Diana's heart up just from the sound. “I love you too sweet-pea”

They laughed for a bit, living in the glowing ecstasy of the moment. Kissing passionately under the humid tone in the air, getting closer and closer until they were cuddling. Legs interlocked just face to face in each others messy torpor of sexually content sighs. Well. At-least for one. Stephanie pressed her leg to close to her mothers pussy. Causing a slight uproar of noise from her. “Do you want me to. Uhm. Help?” Diana looked a little confused. She had no intention of reaching orgasm tonight but it was a little hard to say no. Even if she could put everything down at the drop of a pin for her daughter. Her pussy could be extremely demanding. “You don't have to do anything sweetie this night has been enough. Just being this close to you was lovely!” The smile on her face was interrupted mid curve with a deep kiss. 'W-where did this come from?'.

“Mom I want to make you feel good! Please I wanna make you feel the way you made me felt!” Stephanie was being cute, trying to act like the bigger one of the night. “Then lets see how you can do sweetie. I will admit I am interested to see how you think I taste haha!” Diana said chortling. Stephanie scrunched her face, her mother always did have a personality to laugh at the oddest of
times but she wasn't going to take it in a bad way.

Using all her strength and probably from much help from her mother she was able to get the larger woman atop her, smiling through her triumph. ’Uhm okay what now...’ It was hard figuring out how to please someone, maybe trying to do something you would see in a dirty video or from a movie that gave a little depth to the sex scenes would give you some advantage but when you know almost nothing about sex it makes it an uphill battle. “Do you wanna try 69?” Diana looked a little confused “Now how would you know about that hmm?” Stephanie blushed. “Uhm... books?” It was a shitty lie, but her mother chuckled it off and complied. Turning around to reveal what was one hell of a sight for a young girl with zero experience in sex aside from the beginning of the night. Her eyes went wide, her entire view was just the roundness of the dark chubby bottom looming only a few inches from her face, and at the closest point to her what looked like an almost dripping tanned pussy.

She stared for just a while as her mouth salivated. It wasn't like she ever considered herself to be a lesbian, or incestuous. But this was more arousing than she had imagined. The heat given off just from being close to it made her feel dirty, and the smell it gave off was divine! Coupled with the unorthodox nature of having sex with someone of blood made it all into a package of mischievous sensually-natured adventure she was happy to deluge in. But I guess that only made it more beautiful in the end. A little love between blood didn't hurt anybody did it?

Diana snickered. She could feel Stephanie’s breath on her ass, but no movement. Maybe she had got in over her head, or the she was feeling to timid to do anything. Stephanie had a way of making anything she did so sweet and hard not to adore, especially when she takes on roles that she may never be able to complete without the gumption of another being to bring the inertia to the job. Such as delving ones lips into the succulent chasm of their mother pussy. “Nervous are we swee- ohh fuck...” Her words were easily cut off by the wet tongue pressing into her hole. Wasting no time to start wriggling around inside of her. Depth did not matter, it was the amount of time that she had spent alone, and the person she was with that made this so amazing. She was practically rocking just by the feeling. So nice to get something in return even if unexpected. The slimy shirked through her slit moving down to her clit, moans rising from her stomach and out of her mouth. She spread her daughters legs and began to reciprocate. Sucking and licking around the swollen no doubt still fairly aroused clitoris. ‘She is really enjoying this! Maybe she has the same hunger for sex as I had at her age?’ Diana chuckled in her head, taking a mouthful of the sweet less-virgin cunt she had been pleasuring all night and began to sync up with the motions Stephanie was making. The two intertwined moaning into each other sex's licking up and down, swirling over each others bits.

Placing her hands on her mothers chubby rump, pushing past how much she wanted to just lay there and take the licking on her over sensitized pussy. Stephanie grounded herself to gripping on to the soft skin and lapping as much as she could. When she would wind her tongue in constricted circles her mother would do the same. Playing the game of follow the leader, seeing who could keep to the pattern the best. The more creative one got, the other would be sure to follow, making for an enjoyable escalation of both their pleasure. She had no idea what she was doing most of the time but the moans where at least a good reactions. Taking a moment to breath she pressed two fingers into the sopping wet entrance, gliding down to the webbing of her hand with ease. Shrieks pouring from her mothers chest, hips shuddering. She could feel the weakness grow in her legs. The moans were so sexy, just the sound from the ridges of pleasure, the spike of pitch and how her voice fluttered was a gift on its own from working so hard at her cunt. Not to mention her mothers voice was a lot deeper than hers. Sultry, and thick like honey. Hard not to fall in love with just from the way she spoke.

“Three! Three fingers honey please.. oh you're doing so fucking good!” Her mother rested face down on top of her belly. Grunting and whining against the thrusts of her fingers. She had never
heard such nice sounds come from her. Especially once she slid in a third finger, the deep guttural moan that coursed out from her was nothing short of erotic and astounding. A little while passed and she didn't know what to do next, until she was reminded of what made her cum. The tips of her fingers were met with a patch of what felt like warped feeling flesh. An area where of ridged and textured inner workings. 'It's worth a shot I guess?' Her inner monologue of doubts were put to death as she curled her fingers and the loud cries of pleasure filled the air. Her mothers body nearly collapsing on top of her as she gave it her all! Pride fueled her arms not to give in even if she was so embarrassingly weak that she had wanted to stop a few minutes ago.

Hearing her stomach growl, hips shaking Diana wept in a pleasure bound fit. She had already had a few smaller orgasms but wasn't going to stop just how good the feeling was. “Oh god Steph! This is so good! Fuck! I… I can't take much more!” It was hard not to be vocal. Each thrust into her felt like a punch to the stomach. Squeezing her lungs tight up into her throat and bursting the screams of euphoria into the air. Like eruptions of messy heat plummeting through her body, frying the nerves all the way up and out.

Stephanie dragged her fingers from her mothers sex, sucking the juices off of her digits. It tasted sweet, not sickly sweet or even to the level of sugar that you would put in a cup of crappy coffee to balance out the terrible flavor. But like the light sweetness of a honeysuckle. Perhaps this was why people always referred to a vagina as a flower?

Taking her hands and guiding them down in an attempt to get a little more variety into the night. Stephanie pulled down her mother rear onto her face, sticking her tongue out flat for it docked with her chin. Sliding down like the two were meant to be together her tongue slid down the opening through the river like slit. Spear heading the tip of her tongue just far enough to flick at the little agitated clit. A hum of satisfaction escaped her lips. Causing quiet the shiver to come from her mother, unintentional body functions were about to become a lot more intentional!

Sweat was dripping down Diana's forehead and onto her nose. A single bead marking a checkpoint of just how much she was enjoying the night and how much of a workout it was. The hums coming from her daughters mouth vibrated her already tired legs into jelly. Palms were pressed down on the smaller girls abdomen, thighs clenching up and butt undulating back and forth on the slimy railing like tongue that she was given to glide on. The river started flowing, the gears turning, all the possible ways you could subtly say that she was reaching the apex of her orgasm were just about right when coming to describe how big of a tidal wave she felt it coming. “S-steph i'm... i'm coming!” the crack in her voice mid sentence sounded like it almost hurt. But as the core shaking pleasure coursed through her body. Her hands slid up her curves and over her head. Tugging on the long strands of curls, her head wailing back and forth whilst her hips grind harder. Like she was dancing on the waves of rapture.

Stephanie was holding onto her mothers hips for dear life. Tips of her fingers dug into the soft flesh of her sides like she was in danger. The way her body was moving, the squealing of the bed and gushing of juices that dribbled into her mouth set the tone to a much more decadent type of climax. The way her arms flailed, her hair moved and her body struggled to maintain a form of composure was a show on its own. Like watching a beautiful tree sway in the winds of a disastrous storm, just moving with whatever there is to be thrown at it. Surviving through it all with grace and illustrious talent.

Once again the two split apart after the room cooled. Diana falling to her side, laying still as just a twitching mess of hormonal maelstrom like tremors that jolted around her entire lower half. Stephanie gasping for air and chuckling a little, feeling just how covered her face was. A slick almost beard shaped covering masked everywhere from just under her nose to all the way down her neck. The only thing she could smell was the scent of her mothers juices. Like a veil of pheromones and love. It
was a scent she would most definitely never want to forget.

“I think we are going to need one heck of a shower in the morning wont we?” Stephanie said giggling, back to being ripe with bashfulness. Diana nodded chuckling crawling back up to her kins side, nestling around her as if to steal the blankets one and only job. “And I would love to enjoy that shower with you. If you'd like? After all its not like we haven’t seen each other naked! Haha!” The low always somewhat suggestive tone of her mothers voice laid against the back of her neck had nice soft vibrations to them, springing up pleasures of the past.

“Hey mum? Can you hum to me like you used to when you and dad were together?” Diana smiled, petting the now fairly messy brown hair that was pressed against her breasts. “Of course sweetie. Close your eyes, lets go to sleep...”

Chapter one end

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