

Sally Gladwyne

Sally Gladwyne watched her dad's car roll down the drive. It was Friday morning and Sally knew that he would be in Phoenix until late on Sunday.

Sally's feelings were mixed, she liked it when her father was home, but his business trips were when Sally and her mom, Karen, had their special "girls nights." Tonight would be one of those.

Sally got home around 4:30; it had been hard to go through the school day waiting for tonight. Sally had practically leapt off the school bus and sprinted to her house. Karen would be home by five, so Sally did not have long.

The 16 year old quickly ate a little snack in the kitchen. Then, unbuttoning her white school blouse as she did so, Sally headed down the hallway to her room.

Sally was shrugging off the blouse as she walked into her room; the garment dropped to the heap on the floor (just like the other clothing Karen was always telling her to tidy up). The long navy skirt soon joined it and Sally paused to watch her reflection in the tall mirror that faced her bed.

Dressed only in her white cotton bra, panties and knee socks, Sally looked very pretty. "I wish my boobs were bigger." the blond teen thought, "Mom says they'll get there, but I wonder when."

She dismissed the thought and unhooked the bra. It joined the pile, as did the socks. Sally slipped her panties off and again paused to consider how much hairier her mom was down there. Of course, Karen's hair was black while Sally's pubes were an almost invisible gold, but Sally again felt a slight envy of her mother's looks. Dropping the panties to the floor, Sally headed to the bathroom.

The pretty teen stepped into the steaming hot shower and lathered up. She loved the feel of the soap against her body and the motion of the bar across her flesh. Sally was tempted to play with the showerhead a little but resisted, her mom would be home soon enough.

Sally heard the front door open as she was drying herself off. Karen called her name and Sally cried back "I'm in the bathroom, Mom!"

"Ok, good girl. When you're ready, come to the kitchen."

"K"

Sally finished drying and left the towel in the laundry hamper outside the

bathroom.

When she returned to her room, she opened the top drawer of her dresser and selected the special bra and panty set she wore just for nights like these: They were almost completely made of lilac mesh and did little or nothing to hide either Sally's titties or her cunt. Sally applied her make up just the way Karen had shown her and nodded at the mature look it gave her.

Skipping to her closet, sally pulled out the dress Karen had bought for her when they went shopping the previous weekend. The violet silk felt lovely against Sally's skin as she slipped it over her head. Sally took one look at herself in the mirror and smiled at the hot young woman she saw smiling back.

As Sally passed by her parents' room, she heard Karen speaking on the phone.

"Yes. So it's a reservation at six under the name of Gladwyne. Thank you."

Sally carried on down the hall to the kitchen. Presently Karen entered.

The older woman was momentarily awed by how beautiful her daughter looked, then she smiled and said "Franco's are holding a table for us and I stopped off on the way home and picked up something."

Karen opened the fridge and pulled out a large bottle of Krug Champaign "I thought we could have some after dinner." she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh you mean before 'desert'?" Sally said and winked at her mother.

Karen nodded "And during, if you like. I need to get ready, but that shouldn't take long."

Sally loved Franco's, it was one of the best Italian restaurants in town and Sally's favourite. She loved the food and the atmosphere. She also loved the way all the waiters, and some of the other diners, kept stealing glances at their table. Karen's green silk dress was a near twin of her daughter's and the raven-haired woman looked just as ravishing.

Sally finished her plate of gnocchi and drained her water glass. After a short wait, Jeff, their usual waiter collected both Sally and Karen's plates. Sally noticed how Jeff couldn't keep his eyes off Karen as he asked "and will you want any desert Mrs. Gladwyne? Sally?"

Karen placed her hand on Jeff's forearm and shook her head, "Just the bill tonight, Jeff. We'll have something at home." Jeff's cheeks were a little flushed as he nodded. Sally noticed that his half apron appeared to be sticking out more

than it had only moments before.

Sally and Karen sat side by side in the family room of their house. The Champaign magnum was already half-empty, not that Karen and Sally were keeping track.

The dark haired woman and her teenaged daughter were preoccupied with each other. Their dresses lay besides the sofa and the two women kissed and fondled each other in their underwear. Sally had unhooked Karen's bra and was now slowly covering her mother's quivering tit flesh with tiny kisses, just as Karen had taught her.

Meanwhile, Karen was busying herself with her young daughter's panty covered pussy, stoking her thumb up and down the mesh that stretched across Sally's moist slit.

"So, ready for 'desert'?" Karen panted; her thumb had not stopped its massaging of the 16-year-old's cunt.

Sally did not speak, but simply nodded her readiness.

Karen stood up and held out her hand for her daughter to take. Together the Gladwyne women walked to Karen's bedroom. At the doorway, Sally and her mother kissed, their tongues coiling around each other for a few minutes before going in.

"Uhhhhh Good girl, Sally." Karen panted as she revelled in the feelings of her young daughter lapping at her clit.

Both Karen and Sally were completely naked and Sally was again proving to be an almost perfect student; she ate her mother's pussy as if she was born to the act.

Karen rested her heel on Sally's pert ass and slowly pushed her cheeks apart. Karen knew that this would not only reveal her daughter's tight little butt-hole but also her equally tight pussy.

As they were the only ones in the room, the curious might wonder why she did this, Karen knew, but Sally did not and the thrill of keeping the secret from her daughter turned Karen on even more.



Karen and Sally Gladwyne lay on Karen's bed in post coital bliss. Sally rested her head against her mother's large, soft tits and in a drowsy voice murmured, "Love you, Mom."

"And I love you, Sally." Karen replied and kissed her daughter on the top of her head.

Then she winked at the hidden camera that her husband, Carl, had set up prior to Karen beginning Sally's education. She thought about Sunday night and how horny Carl would be watching their daughter licking and fucking with her momma. Karen could not wait.