

Emma still wets her bed – Ch.2 (2)
(Emma comes home with the much appreciated help)

The continuation and conclusion of the story “Emma still wets her bed – Ch.1”

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This story contains light incest between mother and daughter, lesbian kinky fetishes with pee, some foot fetish and anal, and quite a lot of conversations.

- A LOT OF Caring Friendly Conversations
- between the characters!

DO NOT! DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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The camp ended and now everyone’s saying their goodbyes to everyone. I saw Angela in the crowd, hugging and cheek-kissing a lot...it bothered me some. Not much, but I wanted her with me, alone and just the two of us. So I stood there counting the hugs and kisses as they said their goodbyes and drove away one by one.

Finally, the squeezing came to an end and her warm soft hand found mine and led me to her car. Leaning me against the car she put her hand down my shorts and rubbed my pussy. She told me not to wear panties today...so I didn’t, and she did not waste any time not taking advantage of that. With a huge smile on her face, she licked her sticky wet fingers thoroughly clean.

– You taste so good Emma; I could do this all day. But I want more than this and I guess you too feel a need to use the ladies room? Not now, but...

I nodded.

– Fine, let’s go to your place, or your mom’s to be specific...so you can shower me there.

I wasn’t exactly sure about what she meant, if she wanted us to take a shower together or something else. I guess it was something else.

We talked a lot on the way home, mixed with silent pauses just looking at each other...mostly me at her, since she was watching the road. A couple of times though I had to turn her head, set her focus straight...and every time she licked my fingers.

Her presence boosts me and I fingered myself to show her that. She liked it a lot and had a hard time letting my fingers free from her sucking mouth. I liked it too when she sucked on them, it turned me on and I’d really like for us to be home soon...

...at last, we parked outside and ding-donged the door as we entered.

– Moooooom, I’m home! We’re here now...me and Angela I told you about.

– Well, hello there...oh, I'm soooo happy you're home again. I missed you honey.

As she hugged me, I saw she reacted on my smell. Angela said we could shower and clean ourselves when we got home and settled in, maybe then.

– Didn't the showers work at camp dear? You smell Emma, a lot...not very nice when we have visitors. Hi, by the way...so nice meeting you again, it's been some time. How are you Angela?

– I'm fine, thank you Miss Miller. Yes, it's been a while. How are you? It's so nice to see you again. And just a side note; I don't mind Emma's smell...quite the opposite actually. I like it, and I like her very much.

– Is that so? Well, that's good to hear. You know my daughter's problem make friendship, sleepovers, and boys; a bit more difficult...a lot of setbacks there.

– Yes, I know about them...and I'm eager to be her friend. A very close friend and long lasting relationship I hope. We get along great together, sometimes it's like we're two sweaty peas in the same stinky pod.

– Oh, you do, well that's fantastic. An odd saying there, but I'm so glad to hear you say that.

– It makes me incredibly happy saying it, Miss Miller...in-need-of-a-shower-happy actually, so maybe we can...

My mom looked at us quietly...not sure what she was thinking, not sure I wanted to...so I grabbed my bag and said, "Okay then, let's go upstairs."

Mom blinked and woke up from her trance, "Perfect, great idea. I have the guestroom all set for you and dinner's ready, it's a salad in the fridge, so whenever you want to eat."

– Thanks mom, give us maybe fifteen minutes or so.

– Of course, do what you need to do and come down after.

As we walked up the stairs, Angela whispered, "I just want to do your smelly daughter, Miss Miller." Then she pushed me forward with her head buried in my shorts-covered butt.

With the bags dropped at the doorstep to my room Angela nibbled my neck and ear from behind and whispered, "Your butt smell fantastic, do you know that? Remind me to hide my head there more often in the future. I hide and you come looking for me."

I got goosebumps from her nibbling, but

– What's wrong, don't you like it? I thought you did...it felt like it too.

– No, it's not that, I...I thought about the stairs and your face.

– Yeah, it was so hot, right?! Everyone's dream, to hide up your butt.

– I wished that aroused me...I take the compliment, I do...but I got scared when you did that.....because I peed some in my shorts on the way here. And all I could think about with your head deep in there was shame about my incontinence. I'm sorry.

Angela stopped nibbling, instead nuzzled her head on my shoulder and hugged me.

– *Don't you dare say that you're sorry; it's me who should apologize to you Emma.*
I'm new to this, what you've had nineteen years; I've 'had' about a week.
I did that as a sexy prank and because I care for you, I never thought it'd backfire like that...
...so, how do you feel right now? Sad, glad, horny, scared?

– I guess, all of them.

– Your wish is my command. Show me the way forward.
Do you want to sleep, eat, take a bath, sleep alone...do you want me to leave?
Tell me and I'll do it.

A million thoughts were spinning around in my head, and most of all I just wanted to go to bed, alone, sleep and get away from all this.....but then I just wake up in a wet bed tomorrow, like usual...and alone, like usual. No Angela beside me or in the next room...and I didn't like that, not one bit.

So I turned around, buried my head in her shoulder and hugged her hard.

After a while I wiped my tears and with a sniveling low voice I said, "I need to pee."

– Me too. Do you want to go alone?

– Angela, if we are going to do this, then you need to be by my side and support me unconditionally, stay with me no matter what. If I give myself completely to you, and you leave me in a month or two, for...whatever reason...that would break me. I'd break apart permanently.

Angela grabbed my chin and looked straight into my eyes.

– You are a lot stronger than you give yourself credit, and you could easily find boys and girls just dying to be by your side, adoring you for the person you are. Also...if you looked at yourself, really looked at yourself in the mirror...I mean, look at this work of art, you have the power to replace me just like that...in the blink of an eye. But, the thing is...the thing is Emma, *you have my heart.*

– I know I mostly talk about kinky sex-stuff, and I guess that's who I am. But there's more to me than that. The first time I saw you on the boat I fell for you...I had to pry away my arm around you, 'cause I didn't want to let you go. It hurt inside.

And when I hugged you from behind...you know, when I licked and tasted your perfect feet...I cried when I walked away. *I love you, Emma.*

– I can't, and won't say, I promise to be with you forever. It hurts saying that to you, because I want exactly that...to be with you forever. But things change, sometimes for the better and sometimes not. What I'm saying in a rambling sort of way, is...I love you, and in all the future I can foresee ahead, I'll stand by you; unconditionally and no matter what, I will never leave your side, because I'm not whole when you're not there...beside me.

After we both wiped away tears from our eyes, mom shouted if we were coming down soon, and I half whimpering replied, "We'll be down soon..."

Then I took Angela's hand and led her to the bathroom.

– I really need to pee now, and I want you so much it hurts...so, how do you want me?

Angela smiled the sweetest smile, kissed me real quick...then stripped completely naked in record time, sat down on the floor with her back against the bathtub and motioned to me to the same.

– Undress my love, get naked and shower me.

She sat with her hair over the side of the tub...saying I should shampoo her with all I could give her. And since I was about to burst, I positioned myself right above and just let go. My pee showered her hair and she just loved it, she moaned and rubbed it in, enjoying every drop I squeezed out. When the stream weakened, she looked up, flashed a loving smile, then opened her mouth and started sucking on my pussy. It felt so fucking good. She sucked, licked and swallowed all at once all over my throbbing vagina. She did things I never thought possible with her tongue, it was amazing how she found...all...my pleasure zones...it...was...soooo good, aahhhh, aaall theeee spots, l..caaaaaaaame so hard in her mouth, grabbing her head to keep my balance as my orgasm filled up that beautiful mouth eagerly swallowing all my gushing juices.

As the wonderful peak subsided, I looked up and saw two things...one was Angela still lapping away, and the second was my mother standing in the door.

When my passionately licking love saw my focus shifted, she followed my gaze...and saw what I saw.

Mom just stood there looking at us for what felt like minutes but were a bunch of seconds...then she said, "Maybe you should come down and eat now, both of you.", then she closed the door and left.

Angela turned her head and stuck her tongue as deep in me as she could, then slowly licked her way up to my mouth where she went equally deep as she kissed me.

I sucked her tongue and pushed it out of my mouth, I just had to ask her, "Wow, is that how I smell and taste down there? It kind of stinks...from so many things. You're okay with that, for real okay?"

Her almost constant smile changed to a more serious expression.

– I told you that already. No, I'm not ookay with that...I love it! Smelly cunts and dirty asses turn me on so much I don't know how to describe it. I like a clean girl too, fresh out of the shower...but a sweaty stinky one...I'm borderline coming just thinking about the delicious aroma.

And you dear, and this is me being hundred percent honest...you dear, have the best taste and smell ever. I love the smell of your pee, I love the taste of your unclean hairy pussy, I loved your juices flowing in my mouth...and I love you for giving all this to me.

And there was that smile and amazing glow again. I kissed her hard and started grinding against her leg...when a reminder hit me...

– Right, dinner...and mom, right. We should get down there and eat.

And we should definitely clean up before...like really really shower, but no time for that now. Use one of the large towels to wipe and let's go down.

I wiped kind of thorough with my towel, then got my clothes back on, Angela did a quick wipe, got dressed, then used the same towel to turban her hair.

And now we ate dinner. All three ate tasty salad with good appetite, and without saying a word.

Mom looked at me, then Angela...then back at me. I returned her looks but focused on Angela. She in turn looked exclusively on me...and briefly on her plate.

Finally, we were finished. Thanked so much for the lovely meal...then almost rushed up the stairs straight into the bathroom again. We stripped; I started the shower and pushed Angela against the wall, under the flowing stream of water. I licked her lips and kissed her hysterically...I didn't know what to do with all the feelings just overflowing. My hands were everywhere. Held her head, touched her arms, circled her breasts.....I felt dizzy and bit hard on her shoulder, then pee just ran out of me. I started crying and hugged her. I sniveled and sobbed my way through our in-depth detailed cleanse.

Though it was kind of early, we went straight to bed after the scrubbing. I was the first one in bed in the guest room, and as soon as she joined me under the covers, I spooned myself in Angela's warm embrace.

After a while I heard the door to my room open, then steps to this one...and it opened. I pretended to sleep, guess we both did...since mom gave up and left after staring at us far too long.

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We started the next with a late breakfast and by ourselves; mom was on one of her daily runs probably. It felt good to avoid what was coming a bit more, yet clearly knowing what's about to happen...and there, the front door opened.

A sweaty mom entered, putting a stop to our playful feeding and giggling.

– So, not smelling like a gym bag full of dirty old clothes today, I see.

– No, we showered before bed. Cleaned really

Angela cut in, "That's my fault Miss Miller. Emma's strict with her hygiene but I'm the opposite, I like clean girls, but *love* girls, and *especially* Emma...when they smell like a dirty public toilet, not cleaned for days. I love that, and I love your daughter...she makes my heart beat faster and I get goosebumps just looking at her. Sorry for announcing it bluntly like this, Emma's mom."

If looks could kill...mom's empty gaze was locked on something on the table, "Angela, can you leave us? Please go upstairs."

Angela looked at me, then hurried up to the second floor. Well almost all the way...I saw her sitting halfway up, so she could watch us, or me or something.

Mom switched her empty look to a kinder one and turned to me, "This is something, I must say. What is this? One not terrible camp and you're a lesbian and comes home with a girlfriend, is that it? I don't get it...I thought you liked boys."

– I do like boys, and girls. I've always liked both I guess...it just happened to be a girl this time is all.

– Just happened, now? Do tell, please.

– First, I don't think I'm gay. Maybe bisexual, I don't know. I just know I dated boys...worked so and so...and now at camp, the way Angela helped me...and the person she is...I mean, I fell for her like a ton of bricks. She's completely amazing, and she says she likes me a lot, loves me too.

– Likes you and loves you?! She’s playing you; using you for a while then dumps you like all the others did.

– Use me and dump me...is this your way of supporting me? Aren’t you supposed to be happy for me? The boys didn’t work, so maybe give a girl a chance? Maybe a girl can stand to be around your piss-poor joke of a daughter.

Mom looked down and said in a much lower voice, “You’re not a poor joke...don’t say things like that, and it’s not that I’m not supporting you or not happy you found someone who cares for you, it’s...”

– It’s...?

– I’m straight out jealous, okay. When I split up with my boyfriend and your last one ended, I thought...

– You thought...?

– You know, the problems you been having for a long time now, they affect me too. In many ways, both up and down...well not so much up, but still, affect me. I’ve been extra protective, looking out for you and...you know, protective. That and when I massaged your feet on your 18th birthday, and we kissed...it...stirred up feelings in me...for you.

– I thought that was a drunken thing, the too long and too many kisses.

– Not on my part, I laughed it away but really wanted more. That’s why I touch and play with your feet...I wanted us...to do more. But never had the courage, or nerve...or kept restraining myself, nevertheless...I want my daughter the same sexual way Angela has you now. And it was a real blow when I understood something was going on between the two of you and a kick in the teeth when I saw you in the bathroom...

– Wow, if I only knew this before I went to the camp...way before I went.

– Yes, but if you’d known...would you have acted on it, done anything with me, to me?

–I don’t know. Maybe...at least tried something together.

– Oh Emma, that makes me so happy to hear. What do you think the something could’ve been?

– So we’re really digging into this one...okay...I’m not sure, maybe making out, second base, things with our feet...you tell me.

– Yes...I could tell you. I so would have liked to do all that with you, that and more.

– Yeah? Maybe a threesome then?! You on the table with me and Angela mounted on top of you.

– What?!

– I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that. Don’t know where that came from.

– Your mind is elsewhere, it shows.

Mom got out of her sneakers, socks, running pants and panties...then looked at me with an I-want-to-sex-you-up-look. "I know it's not me you're thinking of, but I'm so turned on right now, I'm going to seize this moment...and Emma, you're going to help me. Take your shorts off and your panties and make yourself comfortable on the table dear."

She helped and supported me a lot and now she needed my help, so no more thinking...just do this...focus, and do this now. So I pulled down my shorts and spread myself on the non-breakfast side.

– Of course you don't have any panties. Your girlfriend told you right?

Mom kissed my feet, and legs up to...

– Don't you shave or trim downstairs Emma?

– No, I did to please my ex, but it's really not my thing. I like it natural and the bounty is just a fold away, so...

– You've got a point.

With that she got up on the table and 69 me.

– Lick me Emma; make me come like you two do.

She lowered her vagina just inches away from my mouth. I smelled her arousal and sweat from running, also a vague scent of pee. I wished it was Angela's sex begging for my tongue...but it wasn't...though it's kind of the next best thing, kind of...so I started licking. And she really licked me...really slurped around my pussy.

Suddenly she stopped the loud slurping, got up a bit and separated us.

– Emma, you call that licking? If this is how you two please one another...you have much to learn. No get to it, I mean it!

Again, I got her aroused sex on my mouth and started licking. She moved and motioned me to do better and I was about to push her away from me, when I heard someone coming up to us. I lit up like a thousand bright lights when I saw Angela looking down at me. I started to move my body towards her, but she put her hands on my head stopping me...then kissed my forehead and nose and winked her eyes that I should keep on licking.

She bent down and sniffed my mother's sweaty feet. Got the left one in her hands and kissed the toes, licked the sole and heel...let her tongue moist a path along the leg up to mom's butt cheeks. There she kissed the cheeks, placed her hands on them...and parted them almost a bit rough. Then put her tongue at the top of the crack, and licked down to the rose...she turned her head and looked in my eyes as she planted a sloppy kiss on my mother's sweaty butthole. I got so turned on I started licking like a maniac, and when Angela pushed her tongue inside and French kissed that filthy hole, I was rapidly getting close to the edge.

It didn't take long before mom loudly announced her climax, actually remarkably fast. But I guess the dual tongues and especially the one probing her butt did the trick.

As soon as mom tensed and started broadcasting, Angela pulled out her tongue; put her hands on my cheeks...kissed me and said she loved me, then disappeared from my sight.

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Mom climbed down from the table and looked at me with a huge smile.

– I'm not sure if I expected the extra tongue come to your aid, or not...but I got to say, it was something else. I've never felt anything like that before.

I mean, in the beginning...you were terrible, didn't have a clue of what you were doing...but when she joined in. You lit up like, I don't know...and the way she kissed and licked me, mmmmm. Completely amazing what she did, you are one lucky girl I'll tell you Emma.

With teary eyes, mom got my shorts...dressed me, kissed me soft on my lips and told me to hurry upstairs.

When I opened the door to my room, I saw a naked goddess fingering herself with my panties over her face. That was my reeking panties from camp she frantically inhaled and stunk up the room with.....stopped immediately though when she sensed me in the room.

Without removing my underwear, "Am I exiled, to leave immediately?"

I climbed into bed and on top of her.

– Do you know how adorable you are? I don't know what to do with all the feelings I have for you, even now...when you're a superhero covered in my soiled undies. Hero by the way...more like a villain the way you stink up the place. Pew, I must open the window.

Angela grabbed my arm and looked at me, "Don't get up..."

Then she let go, allowing me to open the window.

The letting go obviously had alternative motive, so as soon as it was opened, she tugged my shorts, "Can you please undress and please get back on top of me, ándale."

When she said the last part, I heard her voice started to crack...

I climbed on top again, reveling the feeling of her skin, then focused on the sniveling panties, "Are you sad Angela?"

– You didn't answer me...no answer equals bad news.

– I didn't answer because I had to tell you how adorable you are. And even if mom kicked you out and you had to leave.....you wouldn't be leaving alone. I'd come with you, of course. I'm your girlfriend remember?

Not to worry though, we're safe for now. And I'm sure she'll come around when it comes to you.

– Now stinky-pants...much happening here and I am thinking about an afternoon nap, is it okay if I nest on top of you and tuck in between your breasts?

My undies nodded, and I fell asleep right away.

Angela woke up feeling a small stream of pee trickle down her thigh. As the flow on her leg intensified, she pushed herself hard against Emma. Her body was on fire and she slid under Emma, fingering herself with one hand while pushing against Emma's lower part of the stomach with the other...forcing out more pee. And she succeeded. She released a flood, which also woke Emma up.

When Angela saw the open eyes, she wiggled up and pressed her lips on Emma, “Ooh, my sweeeteest and best Eeemmmaa in the world, I’m coooming.”
Angela climaxed in a volcano-like eruption and kissed Emma’s lips and all over her face...then she hugged her way to hard and buried her head in Emma’s shoulder.

Emma let her wind down a bit, then kind of sleepy said, “I see you weren’t kidding when you said you’d come if I peed on you when we were sleeping together. Night or day didn’t seem to matter.”

Angela snorted in her shoulder, “I’m sorry for taking advantage of your misfortune, using your nightmare to elevate my orgasms. I can’t help it...it just feels like we’re so close when it happens. I know you do this with or without me, but I kind of want to think that your body knows I’m here...and when you totally relaxed, just let yourself go, on me...it feels like we’re merged into one. Tighter than humanly possible, and the immense love I have for you, multiplies by infinity then.....and so does my climax. I love every square inch of you, and if you or your body discharge anything on me, I will come, hard...that’s how weird I am.”

Emma now fully awake, separated them and looked in Angela’s eyes, “Let’s keep my body fluids on you to pee then, shall we?”

With her lips locked to me in a soft kiss, Angela said, “For now my love, for now.”

I got up from the bed, moving my unwillingly blanket and made it stand next to me on the floor as I gathered the sheets. Dressed us both in extra-long t-shirts, then showed Angela the multi-layer protective sheet underneath the regular sheet, saving the mattress...got that one as well and told her we should go.

When passing the bathroom I got a towel, stopped at the stairs, then nudged my load of sheets so Angela got hold of it...quick wiped our legs and stack the towel in Angela’s arms. She immediately pressed it to her face and inhaled deeply. After doing that twice she lowered the smelling sensation and said, “You know, if you want to some time, I wouldn’t mind licking your mother again. She’s not you, not even close...but I liked her taste, and I loved doing her together with you.”

I took Angela’s hands and said, “I can guarantee you that she would like that...she would like that sooooo much.”

Angela looked at me with eyes bursting with love...and tears.

I kissed her briefly, “Wow, aren’t you the strangest of all strange ducks Angela. But you’re the perfect duck for me, and the duck I love. I will never ever let you go my perfect duck.”

– Now quacky...let me show you the first of a billion washes we will be doing together.