

A Midnight Feeding

Kelly reached across the table and gripped her daughter's hand. This small act of affection had great meaning: Kelly was finally comfortable enough around her daughter to show her not only love, but to offer her advice.

"Honey, eat, you're too thin."

"I am eating, Mom. Look, I finished my salad." She pushed her empty salad plate across the table toward her mom. "And now I am working on my sandwich."

Kelly tried to suppress a smile. Since their reunion, this was the first time she heard her daughter say the word "mom" so easily. "More like nibbling at your sandwich. And thanks by the way."

"For?" Julie asked.

"For calling me Mom and acting like it wasn't forced. I know this is hard on you trying to accept me back into your life."

"Hmm . . . not so . . . hard." Kelly replied in between bites of her chicken salad sandwich.

"Don-" Kelly started to correct her daughter before stopping abruptly.

"You were going to say, 'Don't talk with your mouth full, Kelly darling'. You almost were going to sound just like grandma there for a minute."

They both break out in spontaneous laughter at Julie's little jibe aimed at her grandmother. Things were going much better with Julie than Kelly could have ever hoped. The upcoming night will be the first time they will have a chance at being truly alone.

Kelly returned to the small Ohio town of Hunter's Creek for the first time since she left some eighteen years ago. Her deep California tan, pretty blond hair, blue eyes, shapely five-foot-five 36-25-34 figure stood out in stark contrast to most of the other moms in this small town of just over seven thousand people.

In high school, Kelly was successful in everything she tried. She was a co-captain of the cheerleader squad, runner up for prom queen and chairman of the year book committee. Plus she was a star on the girls' volleyball team that took third in the state finals.

Her high school sweetheart was a star linebacker on the football team, and a bit of a jerk off the field, but still, after she got pregnant from him, they made plans to marry.

She was eight months pregnant when Bobby left her. Being dumped in the first place-let alone being eight months pregnant- really flipped her world upside down.

Her parents, Melissa and Doug, conservative to the core, were upset when Julie got knocked up in the first place. She fought bitterly with them, especially after hinting she might get an abortion.

The talk of an abortion was the final straw. Her mother especially was livid telling Kelly in no uncertain terms she would have the baby, and if she did not want it afterwards, it could be arranged so they, Kelly's parents, would adopt the baby as their own.

Kelly, young and headstrong, and full of dreams for her life that did not include raising a baby by herself, took her mother up on the proposal. She gave birth and at the age of 18 headed to California with fanciful dreams of being a starlet in mind.

Like many a small town girl who trod before her, Kelly's dreams of stardom were never realized. Instead of going home and admitting defeat, Kelly secured a job, enrolled in UCLA, and ended up with a law degree. A lucky break here and there, combined with a ton of hard work, allowed her to become a fairly successful Hollywood lawyer.

Eighteen years later, after taking a leave of absence from the law firm, she was back home trying to mend fences with her only child.

At first her parents, always so protective of Julie, refused to let Kelly see her without one of them being present. The supervised visits burned Kelly up, but she agreed not wanting to create additional controversy.

Finally, circumstances would allow Kelly time alone with her daughter. Melissa and Doug were forced to take a trip to western Kentucky to visit Melissa's sister who was in the hospital with a serious illness. They

would be staying overnight and decided to invite Kelly to come spend the night with Julie so she wouldn't have to be home alone.

After finishing their lunch on this cold December afternoon, mother and daughter headed back out to finish their shopping. So far things were going perfectly. They talked, laughed, held hands, and generally acted like they had the perfect mother and teenage daughter relationship.

After shopping, on the way home, Julie implored her mother to stop at a store and get a bottle of wine for the evening. Kelly, playing the role of proper mother, told her 18 year old daughter she was "too young to be drinking."

Julie laughed before asking, "And how old were you when you had your first drink, Mom."

"Hmm, maybe 25 or 26, I think."

"Bullshit!"

"Hey young lady watch your mouth." Kelly snapped.

"You watch your mouth with those lies," Julie snapped back without missing a beat.

"OK, fine, I was seventeen the first time I got drunk. It was the best night of my life." Kelly answered as they pulled into the local liquor store.

"Oh why is that? Did your boyfriend like . . . do you good or something?"

Kelly rolled her eyes at her daughter's crass remark not bothering to respond as they walked into the store. When Julie pressed for an answer, Kelly finally answered quietly, "Because it was the night you were conceived silly."

Kelly picked out two of the store's more expensive bottles of wine: one white and one red, hoping it would not be a mistake allowing her underage daughter to drink.

Back in the car, Julie, seeing the worried expression on her mom's face, told her, "Would you rather have me drinking with some boy or my own mother. Come on how much trouble can I get in to. I wanna live a little with Grandma and Grandpa gone. I mean, Jesus, they don't let me do anything."

"Yeah, they are a bit overbearing at times," Kelly agreed with a wry smile as she settled in behind the wheel of her rented sedan. By the time they reached home the snow was coming down in large white waves much to Kelly's delight. She missed the snow living in sunny Los Angeles.

They spent the evening nestled together on the couch watching a movie while sipping on the white wine. Before too long, the youthful exuberance of Julie caused her to switch from sipping her wine to gulping it down.

By the end of the movie, Julie was passed out on the couch, pressed up against her mother. Kelly paid scant attention to the ending of the movie, instead she was solely focused on enjoying this rare chance to bond with her daughter.

Even though she was eighteen now, it gave Kelly some measure of comfort to think of Julie as "her baby." Sleeping like this, her daughter was a picture of youthful beauty and innocence.

A few minutes later, Julie awoke with a start. The living room was dark except for the soft glow of the TV. Rubbing her eyes she looked around realizing she was alone.

"Mom, where are you?"

"Right here hon." Kelly replied as she hurried down the stairs. She had left a few minutes ago, going to the upstairs' bathroom, to strip out of her jeans and blouse, and into her usual sleeping attire — a pair of shorts and a tank top.

"I was just upstairs getting ready for bed," Kelly answered plopping back down on the couch next to Julie.

"I guess I fell asleep, huh?"

"More like passed out, sweetie. If your grandmother finds out-"

"She won't." Julie said with a sheepish smile. "I guess I drank too fast."

"Yeah, I warned you not to gulp your wine down."

"And just like any good teenage daughter I did not listen."

"And now you are paying the price huh," Kelly pushed a strand of Julie's pretty blond hair out of her face.

"You were cuddling me for a long time right? Even after I passed out?"

"Yes, honey. I guess I was. Is that all right?"

"If that is the price I have to pay for passing out drunk, being cuddled by my mommy while I sleep, I will gladly pay it every night."

"Really, you have upgraded me to 'mommy status' now?"

"I can't help it. The way you were cuddling me so sweetly before I passed out reminded me of the way grandma used to cuddle me when I was a young girl . . . but only better."

"Better how?"

"Well, you smell better than Grandma for one, and second, Grandma never liked to cuddle for too long. Said it hurt her bones or something."

"At least I got that going for me. Strong bones and I don't smell like granny. Well, I think it's time for bed anyways. We are both tired."

"Can't we talk just for a few minutes before going to bed? Maybe start a fire and cuddle some more in front of the fireplace. I want to hear about California, about your life there. You never talk about it."

"For good reason since leaving you to go there was a mistake. Maybe that is why I haven't said much about it. Besides . . ." She stared at the old brick fireplace, sighing as the memory of a story her mother told her many years ago came back to haunt her. "I don't think I could bear to cuddle with you there in front of the fireplace."

"Mom, why?"

"Look let's just go to bed." Kelly replied maybe a little too sharply. She was not willing to share any secrets with her daughter. Not just yet anyways.

"OK." Julie answered suspecting whatever might be bothering her mother about cuddling in front of the fireplace will have to wait for another time.

Going up the stairs, holding hands, they paused after reaching the landing.

"So where are you going to sleep, Mom?"

"Well your grandma said I could sleep in their bed for the night, but I don't know. I think maybe the couch would be better."

"Too much like sleeping with the enemy if you sleep in their bedroom huh?"

Kelly laughed. Julie's sense of humor was much like hers- subtle and sarcastic. "I think it would be just weird, you know. I will just find some blankets and sleep on the couch."

"But only after making sure I get off to bed safely by tucking me in right, Mommy?" replied with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes that caught Kelly off guard.

"Really, you wanna be tucked in huh?"

"Don't all little girls want to be tucked in by their mommy's? Now come on." Julie grabbed Kelly's hand and pulled her down the hallway.

"So now you're my little girl huh and I'm your mommy?"

"Why not. This is our chance to make up for a life time of lost memories . . . Mommy."

There was that word again- Mommy. Hearing it again set Kelly's heart on fire. It was something she thought she would never hear anyone call her.

Reaching Julie's bedroom door, Kelly let out a small sigh of relief. For a moment she thought Julie was going to lead her down to her former bedroom, but instead she went breezing past it, and stopped at what was once the guest bedroom.

As Julie started to enter the bedroom, Kelly made an impulsive decision. She felt playful from the wine and decided to act upon the theme her daughter started. Making her voice stern she barked at Julie, "Little girl, aren't you forgetting something . . . like brushing your teeth before bed."

"Oops, sorry, Mommy. You're right." Julie did an about face and hurried down the hallway toward the bathroom, but not before stopping and giving her mother a quick hug while whispering in her ear, "I like we are doing this. Stick to your role, we both need this."

A minute later Julie was calling from the bathroom. "Mommy, my teeth are all brushed. Where are you?"

"Downstairs sweetie, preparing my bed. I am coming right up."

Kelly finished arranging the blankets on the couch and hurried upstairs where she found an impatient Julie tapping her hand on the railing.

"Come on," she whined, "I hope you didn't forget."

"Forget what sweetie?" Kelly replied following her daughter down the hallway.

"You promised to brush my hair for me tonight before tucking me into bed."

"I did?"

Julie turned with a pouty look on her pretty face. "You are not backing out?"

"Of course not dear, of course not."

Once inside her bedroom, Kelly took a moment to look around and was hit with that singular pain that only the loss of youth can bring. Much of the furnishings in Julie's bedroom were hand me downs from her own bedroom. The night stand, the vanity table and mirror, the small dresser stuck in one corner; all were hers at one time long ago.

Her eyes landed on a framed photo on the nightstand next to Julie's bed. It's a picture of the two of them sharing a selfie shortly after she arrived from California.

Kelly remembered that afternoon well. It was the first time she felt the ice melting between them. She had been home for about two weeks, and thus far things between her and Julie had been awkward at best.

The afternoon of the photo was no different. Kelly and Julie were supposed to go out to lunch—just the two of them—and then her mother invited herself along. Towards the end of lunch, Melissa excused herself to use the bathroom, and as soon as she was out of sight, Julie quickly scooted around to Kelly's side of the table, pulled out her camera, and snapped the picture.

Kelly swiped a hand across her eyes fighting back the tears threatening to spill out just as Julie sat down on the bench in front of her vanity table. Kelly, sniffing, reached out and grabbed the lone brush off the table. The wine was making her emotional.

"Now do it nice and slow, just like I like, Mommy," Julie whispered to her.

Kelly started to stroke her daughter's hair. It was the color of sunshine on a bright day— a soft tumble of golden locks that was beauty personified. Just like her hair, everything about Julie was soft and full of beauty.

While running the brush through her hair Kelly looked at her daughter in the mirror. With her head back and eyes shut she was obviously enjoying the attentions of being pampered by her mommy.

She was beautiful- in that small town, vintage Midwest American way- just like her mother when she only eighteen. Her eyes, a misty blue, could melt the coldest of hearts. Her delicate ears, adorned by the pair of expensive diamond studded ear rings she talked Kelly into buying her several weeks ago, framed a cute button nose. A set of dazzling, angel-white teeth gleamed in perfection casting a spell whenever she smiled.

Her beauty was accented by a broad range of personalities ranging from bubbly to demure. She used each one to achieve whatever goal her headstrong mind set upon. And what she could not achieve by sheer force of personality, she would often then turn to her impish figure with its abundance of youthful, still developing curves. She was a born show off wearing her clothes in a chic and rebellious way that spelled sex and innocence all at the same time.

After a dozen or so long careful strokes of the brush Kelly paused. "You have gorgeous hair honey. Anyone ever tell you that?"

"No, Grandma or Grandpa, neither one of them are exactly full of praise. I am sure you know that." Julie opened her eyes and turned her face up to her mother. She batted those pretty blue eyes at her before saying softly, "This means a lot to me. The way we are playing mommy and her little girl . . . the way you are pampering me."

"Well, I think it's easy to pamper such a lovely princess like yourself pumpkin . . . and who says we are pretending. You are my little girl even if you are a bit grown up now and I will always be your mommy."

Kelly stroked the side of Julie's face and in that moment, for the first time in her life, she felt a real connection with her daughter.

"Pumpkin, I like that. Can that be your secret little nickname for me? And by the way I am not pretending either. I really am your little girl. That is the way I feel. What about you?"

"Of course, I feel the same. I am not pretending. I am your mommy silly. Now, it's late and time to get this adorable pumpkin off to beddy."

"OK, but first . . . Maybe you could help your little girl get undressed?"

"I think some little girl is really pushing it when it comes to being pampered honey. I think you are old enough to get undressed all by yourself."

"Maybe, it's just . . ." Julie stood up, turning around to face her mother. "It's just I have had a lot to drink tonight and my blouse has all these buttons and then there's the tie at the bottom."

Deciding to play along, Kelly started counting aloud. "My, let me see, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ten buttons and

a tie at the bottom. I guess you are right that is a whole lot of buttons for some little drunk girl to manage."

"It is Mommy," Julie giggled grabbing her mom's hand and dragging her across the bedroom to the bed. "Besides if you help me get undressed it's one more thing we can both cross off our list."

"Our list?"

Reaching the bed, Julie pushed her mom down into a sitting position. "The list of things we never got to do because you ran off and left me for the glitter of Hollywood."

"Ahh yes, guilt. A potent weapon indeed." Kelly whispered as Julie moved so she was standing right in front of her mother. Reaching up, her fingers trembling slightly, Kelly undid the first button on her daughter's blouse.

Kelly took her time, being patient-just like any good mother would be in undoing her daughters pretty royal blue blouse.

After getting her blouse unbuttoned all the way, Kelly carefully worked on undoing the large knot at the bottom. Just as she got the knot undone, she paused to look up. "I suppose you will also need help getting out of those tight jeans of yours little girl?"

"Yes, if you don't mind, Mommy?"

"Of course not . . ." Kelly said as she reached up and slipped the blouse off Julie's shoulders. She was wearing a white lace bra underneath that clearly showed off her daughter's youthful tits. Kelly took a quick glance at them wondering just how many boys have had the pleasure of feeling up her daughter by now.

Kelly, her fingers this time trembling noticeably, started to undo her daughter's jeans. They were indeed tight.

"Jesus hon . . ." Kelly strained to pull the jeans down past Julie's hips. "Did you paint these things on?"

"No, of course not, Mommy. What . . . you think I don't look good in them or something?"

"It's not that . . ." Kelly said grunting as she finally managed to wrestle the jeans off her hips. "I am just wondering if I should maybe forbid my little girl from wearing such tight jeans."

"You should coz I bet your wore tight jeans when you were my age."

"Yeah, sometimes, if I was willing to incur the wrath of your grandparents."

"Ahh, their bark is worse than their bite when it comes to complaining about clothes."

"Yes, that is true . . . so now what do you sleep in?" Kelly asked as she stood up.

"A bed . . . duh."

"Hmm, a smart ass little girl. I like it. OK, if I must rephrase my question . . . what do you wear to bed?"

"What do you think?"

"Well, you are a cute little girl and most cute little girls wear jammies to bed I imagine. Now what drawer to keep them in honey."

Julie, trying to stifle a laugh, pointed to the lone dresser in her room.

"Fine, I suppose I have to get them for you."

"Of course, I want to be pampered completely tonight by my mommy."

Kelly pulled open the top drawer of the dresser and found only some neatly folded tee shirts and blouses. She was just shutting the drawer when suddenly Julie cried out, "Whatever you do, don't, ahh check my bottom drawer, Mommy."

"Really, little girl and what are you hiding down there . . . from your grandparents."

Julie giggled. "Nothing, I am a good little girl."

"Is it locked?"

"No. I don't need locks. Grandpa and Grandma may be overbearing sometimes but they do respect my privacy."

'Well, guess what . . . I am not them, but instead your mother so . . ."

Kelly reached for the bottom drawer while turning to gauge Julie's reaction. It looked like she was about to burst out in giggles.

She was surprised, at first, when she found nothing but a bunch of socks, and what looked to be a few old ratty sweatshirts. Then she got a major shock after reaching under the sweatshirts to feel around as her hand bumped up against something long and hard; sleek and smooth.

She pushed the old sweatshirts aside to find herself staring at a good sized vibrator. After pushing another sweater aside, she also found a decent sized flesh colored strap on dildo along with two sets of fur lined handcuffs.

Kelly slammed the door shut and turned to find Julie rolling on the bed in laughter.

"Not funny little girl." Kelly marched over to the bed; more amused than angry. "You had this planned all along I think!"

"Who me? Why I am just an innocent little girl, Mommy." Julie whispered sweetly.

"Of course you are pumpkin. Those sex toys probably aren't even yours."

"They are not mine . . . really, they are my best friend's. Her parents are lame and always searching her room so she stashes them here."

"Fine, if you say so. Now seriously where are your pajamas? You are making mommy very angry with your fooling around."

"Don't be mad, but I actually don't wear jammies to bed anymore. I sleep naked."

"Well that is one thing we have in common anyways."

"Really, I knew there was a reason why I sleep that way. Imitating my mother. So are you going to help me take off her bra and panties, Mommy?"

Kelly, once more, marveled just how full of mischief her daughter really was with the pertinent question being- should she continue to play along. Kelly's inner voice gave the answer. Of course you must . . . otherwise you risk upsetting things when they are going along so nicely.

"OK, turn around hon so I can undo your bra. I swear . . ." She reached down and carefully unhooked Julie's bra. "You are more spoiled than a princess."

After making short work of undoing the bra, Kelly reached up and gently slipped it off her shoulders. As the bra slid off her body Julie immediately reached up and crossed her arms over her chest shyly covering her small breasts.

Turning to her mother, Julie whispered. "And prettier than a princess too right, Mommy?"

"Hmm, a thousand times. Now stand up as I think you can take your own panties off sweetie."

Never uncrossing her arms, Julie slowly rose to her feet. "You do it Mommy. Please. I don't want to have to take my arms away from my chest."

"Well why not pumpkin are you cold or something?"

"Or something . . . yes." Julie answered quietly.

"You wanna tell me what that something is?" Kelly asked after she hooked a pair of fingers in the waistband of her daughter's innocent looking white panties.

"Its . . . I am embarrassed."

"Embarrassed? Why on earth would you be embarrassed?" Kelly leisurely pulled Julie's panties down past her luscious thighs knowing already what that "something" was. She remembered all too well how insecure she was about her breasts when she was her age.

"Come on, pumpkin. Don't you trust me?" Kelly was determined to get the truth out of her daughter, not wanting her to enter young womanhood being overly concerned about the size of her breasts.

"I am too shy to say." Julie responded in a small voice.

"OK. Tell you what, if I guess correctly will you let me know I am right?"

Julie nodded her head yes.

"I think you are embarrassed honey because your breasts are really . . . not that big yet . . . notice, I said yet."

Julie dropped her eyes to her mother's chest. "You mean I still have time for them to get big like yours."

"Mommy's aren't that big. I only wear a 36 D bra hon."

"Wow . . . I mean that is big to me. I only wear a 34B."

"And B is for beautiful hon. Remember that."

"Oh, you are just saying that. My breasts aren't beautiful at all." Julie coyly replied while moving a step closer to her mother. Her chest was mere inches from her mom's face.

"Actually I kind of am because," Kelly said, reaching out with both hands to take her daughter's hands, "some little girl is too shy to show Mommy her breasts."

Kelly, applying gentle pressure, started to pull Julie's arms away from her chest. Julie put up some resistance, before sighing, and allowing her mother to pull her arms down.

Tucking her hands behind her back, Julie offered her mother a slight smile as Kelly's eyes flickered over her daughters perk little tits. Her nipples were fully erect, maybe from the cold, or maybe from something else.

"So are my boobies at least a little bit nice, Mommy?"

"Oh sweetie you truly have an absolutely gorgeous pair of boobies."

Kelly, unthinking, extended her hand out, meaning to . . . what touch one of her daughter's deliciously erect nipples . . . but at the very last moment her hand breezed by, and instead, settled on stroking the side of her face.

"I think you are just saying that to make me feel better."

Julie covered herself with her arms once again.

"I think some little girl lacks confidence and needs a shot of self-esteem. Do you have a mirror here besides the one on your vanity?"

"Yes, on the back of my closet door. A full length one."

"Perfect. Come with me." Kelly felt dizzy as she took Julie by the hand and led her across the bedroom to the closet. She felt the way someone feels when venturing into uncharted territory knowing it might lead to disaster- or rich rewards.

"What are we doing, Mommy?" Julie asked allowing herself to be led across the room while keeping her arms clamped tightly around her chest.

"Just a little exercise in self-esteem that my grandmother, your great-grandmother, taught me. Now just be a good girl and indulge me on this for just a moment sweetie."

Kelly opened the closet door and then directed Julie so she was standing in front of the full length mirror while positioning herself directly behind her.

The taller Kelly leaned down, placing her hands on Julie's shoulders, before whispering in her ear, "Now just relax baby . . . close your eyes and lean your head back against Mommy."

Julie obeyed as Kelly's hands slid across her shoulders, and then on down past her arms, and onto her wrists. She again tried to pull her daughter's arms down, but this time Julie offered much greater resistance.

"Oh come on pumpkin, don't be like that. I promise this will help. Trust me and relax."

Julie let out a sigh and relaxed her arms allowing them to be pulled down to her side.

"Now open your eyes and tell yourself . . . whisper it aloud . . . my breasts are beautiful. Come on try it, please baby."

Julie opened her eyes; they flickered once before finding her mother's eyes in the mirror. And then, in a wavering voice barely rising loud enough to be called a whisper, Julie did as her mother instructed her. "My breasts are beautiful."

"Hmm, good, but louder this time because trust me honey"- Kelly nuzzled her mouth right up to Julie's ear whispering softly- "your tits are gorgeous."

This time Julie has the makings of a little smile on her face when she began to speak with greater confidence. "My breasts are beautiful."

"Much better pumpkin. Now once more."

This time with a shrewd smile and in a louder voice that wavered not at all, she spoke confidently, "My breasts are beautiful."

"That is perfect little girl. Now you do that, maybe every night before you go to bed, or often as you need to until you stop having those silly doubts. Do you understand me?" Kelly said, running her fingers through Julie's hair.

Julie, in one quick motion, turned around and hugged her mother tightly, before giving her a warm kiss on the cheek. "Thanks, Mommy."

Kelly took a step back, thrown off balance by this unexpected display of affection. "Your welcome hon. Now, let's get you off to bed."

"Mommy, can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, hon, but first I think we need to get you tucked into bed." Kelly took a couple steps, heading toward the bed, before she realized Julie wasn't following her.

When Kelly turned back around her daughter was still standing there; hands clasped behind her back with a pensive look on her face. "I want to ask my question . . . now."

"Of course baby, but you really should get into your bed." If for no other reason than to keep me from staring at those gorgeous little boobs of yours, Kelly thought to herself with some shame.

When still Julie didn't budge, Kelly knew, despite the little game they were playing of Julie pretending to be her sweet little girl, her daughter was, in fact, a stubborn teenager with no intention of bending to her mother's will.

"OK baby," Kelly replied with a sigh, before coming back to Julie and slipping behind her once more. "Ask your question."

"Why haven't you given me at least one kiss all day or even told me you loved me. I mean I can understand why you didn't before especially with Nana always hovering around you. But all day, and especially tonight, we have been alone and yet . . ."

Their eyes found each other's in the mirror. Kelly can tell by the way Julie was blinking her eyes rapidly she was on the verge of tears.

My fault, she silently chastised herself, I let her enjoy too much wine, and it has made her highly emotional . . . just like me when I drink.

Kelly needed to tread carefully here, or all the hard work she put in today getting close to her daughter could blow up in her face. She decided the best course of action was to simply tell the truth . . . coached in the sweetest of possible terms.

"Honey, trust me, I do love you, more than you could ever imagine." She paused and placed her hands on Julie's shoulders. "Honestly, I have been fighting the urge to shower you with kisses all night, especially tonight as I feel we are growing closer, but your mother . . . your mommy is scared. I know mommies aren't supposed to be scared, but the sad fact is, I am."

Julie turned to face her mother. "Why are you scared?"

The words came pouring out of Kelly without thinking- without reservation. "I am scared of showing you too much emotion, too soon, and scaring you off. It's only been a little while since I have been back in your life and tonight is the first time we have been really alone so I decided to just take things slow. That is the God's honest truth baby. Trust me . . . Mommy's love for you is boundless as is her desire to shower her most precious pumpkin with kisses."

Julie turned back around, wrapping her mother's hands in hers, before pushing them against her flat tummy. She stared at her seriously in the mirror and then began to speak the words that will set her mother's world on fire.

"Mommy, listen. I stand here before you . . . naked, cold and shivering . . . but will forever refuse my cozy bed so close by. Instead, I am waiting for my first warm kiss and soft whisper of love from a mommy that I have never known, but yet have always loved in my heart of hearts."

Now it was Kelly's turn to fight back the tears. She carefully turned her daughter around knowing what she must do. Leaning down, Kelly gave Julie a tender kiss on one cheek, and then the other. Pulling back, she raised her mouth up applying the lightest of kisses to her daughter's forehead as she whispered, "I love you so much sweetie." And then another light kiss on the forehead before she finished, "So very, very much."

Kelly started to pull away lacking the courage to push for more, but Julie stopped her, reaching up with both hands and drawing her face back down. "I love you too, Mommy . . . so . . . so . . . so . . . very much," she whispered.

A light smacking noise filled the room three times in succession as each "so" was accompanied by the lightest of kisses- each one lasting just a bit longer than the previous- directly on her mother's lips.

Julie, gripped her mother's hands tightly, leading her back toward the bed. In a daze, and on a pair of very shaky legs, Kelly followed as her eyes slipped down to her daughter's bare, perfectly, tanned ass.

Reaching the bed, Julie twisted around, tucking her hands behind her back, and brazenly thrust her small boobs out at her mother. "Now I am ready to be tucked in, Mommy."

Kelly eyes dart to her daughter's tits, which just like her ass, are perfectly tanned. There was something about this, both her ass and tits being so well tanned, that necessitated thinking about, something that just now hits her, but as a shiver came over her body, she knew it will have to wait.

"O-of course honey. Here let me pull the covers back for you, and then into bed with you baby girl."

Julie gave Kelly a disarming smile as she crawled into the bed helped by a hand on her back from her mother that came dangerously close to that sweet little ass of hers.

She had just scolded herself not to think about it, but the thought came anyway. Julie's tits and ass are perfectly tanned which means she must lie out in the sun nude to get such a tan; or maybe she was going to a tanning salon, lying in the tanning bed nude. Either way, or maybe both, it's not the behavior of someone shy and insecure about their body. Am I being played here?

Kelly tucked the covers around Julie's shoulders as she tried to regain her composure. Julie's kisses have left her shaken.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, fiddling with the covers on the bed, Kelly takes a minute to compose herself. "Well, good night pumpkin."

"Good night mommy and don't forget my four kissy poo's."

"Four? Is that all you get baby girl?"

"Hmm, yeah. One here and here." Julie pointed in turn to both of her cheeks. "And one here." She now pointed to her forehead. "And save the best one for last." Finally, she pointed to her lips.

"Mommy would never forget her baby's good night kissy poo's."

Kelly leaned down and planted a kiss tenderly on Julie's forehead, before quickly placing two more on each of her cheeks. She pulled back slightly, and took another deep breath, telling herself to keep this final kiss on the lips brief.

She tried for briefness and failed. Miserably. Deliciously. Closing her eyes, she brushed her lips against Julie's as she breathed, "I love you."

She started to pull away, but Julie raised up refusing to let go so easily. Their final kiss lingered just long enough to, once again, set Kelly's

heart ablaze with forbidden lust. When it was over, Kelly reached over and clicked off the bed side lamp, before heading for the door.

As her mother neared the door, Julie spoke up. "Mommy, can you turn the light on in the closet and leave the door open a bit. I don't like it totally dark."

"Of course, hon." As she walked slowly across the dark bedroom to the closet Kelly was almost disappointed. When Julie first called out to her, Kelly thought- just maybe- she was going to ask her something else — like "Mommy will you sleep with me."

Kelly opened the closet door and flicked the light on leaving the door slightly ajar. She paused giving Julie one last chance to extend the much anticipated invitation.

Silence. She started back across the room, her disappointment growing with every step. Just as she reached the bedroom door and was about to slip back out into the hallway, it came, like a midnight reprieve from the governor, floating across the darkness, her daughter's voice.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, pumpkin," Kelly answered trying to control the excitement in her voice.

"I was wondering if maybe you wanna sleep in my bed tonight, instead of downstairs on that uncomfortable old couch."

"Oh sweetie, that is a wonderful invitation." Kelly said crossing the room and sitting down on the bed. "Although you play the role of Mommy's innocent little girl so very wonderful . . . So wonderful, in fact, you could win an academy award for acting, and it really is a tempting offer, I think I should probably pass."

"Why?" Julie whined.

Kelly smiled in the semi- darkness. Julie's whine was not the whine of a little girl, but of a teenage girl who was used to getting what she wanted.

"I just think maybe you are a bit old to be sleeping with your mother is all." She started to rise from the bed hoping . . .

"Mom, forget my age!!" Julie responded harshly.

The anger, or was it hurt, probably both, was apparent in Julie's voice as Kelly sat back down on the bed, relieved Julie was not letting her go so easily.

"Forget your age? Easy to do when you are playing the role of my little girl so sweetly, but at some point reality has to come back into play baby an-"

"Don't call me baby!!" Julie interjected her anger now more than apparent.

"OK, well, Julie then . . . as I was saying at some point reality has to come back into play and you are eighteen." Kelly paused allowing a chance for a rebuttal.

"Mom, don't you get it?" an exasperated Julie argued. "This is about a mother and daughter reuniting after years of being separated, and sharing something special. My age doesn't matter!"

"We have already had quite the little bonding session tonight in your bedroom."

"Yes, and it has been so wonderful and that is why I don't want it to end." Julie grabbed her mother's hands and brought them to her lips kissing them lightly. "Please, I loved being cuddled by you downstairs on the couch earlier, and that was before."

"Before what hon?"

"Before you were pampering me so sweetly because I was pretending to be your little girl. Now I think you cuddling me now . . . cuddling your little girl would be so much better, especially up here in my nice comfortable bed, instead on the ratty old couch."

"I suppose you do have a point, but I am just wondering. You said, 'pretending to be your little girl'. Is that all it was to you just a big game of pretend?"

"Well, at first, yeah, maybe. I was just kind of fooling around, but as we kept going it just seemed so-"

"Natural." Kelly interjected.

"Exactly. I think the reality of what we were doing is something we both desperately missed."

"You are a very astute young lady. I will give you that. And for me the reality is this . . . I really felt my love blossom for you as I played my role of Mommy."

"So let it blossom some more. Join your little girl in bed."

"So we can bond some more pumpkin?"

"Yes, Mommy." Julie tilted her head while batting those misty blue eyes at her mother. "Please, pretty please . . . with sugar on top."

"You know," Kelly sighed, "Mommy can never deny her little girl anything, especially when she begs so desperately."

"So you will sleep with me then?"

"Of course. Was there ever any doubt?" Kelly replied laughing. "Now scoot over and give your mommy some room huh little girl. Don't be a bed hog."

Kelly started to pull back the covers, ready to crawl in bed with her daughter, when she is hit with one last surprise on this night of infinite surprises.

"Mommy, I thought you said you sleep naked . . . just like me."

"Oh, I do sweetie, but well, that is when I am alone. I just figured it would be maybe more comfortable for you if I wasn't, you know, naked."

"But I thought we were going to bond. Doesn't skin to skin contact promote bonding between mother and child? And remember you owe your baby girl some real bonding time and . . ." She slowly pulled down on the covers letting them fall from her naked breasts. "As you can see I am fully prepared to play my role."

"You're right pumpkin. Skin to skin contact is an important way for a mother and her baby to bond." Kelly stood up, daring not to think too much about what she was about to do. She curved her fingers around the bottom edge of her tank top before pausing just long enough to take a subtle peek at Julie. Much to her secret delight, she is watching-

intently- as Kelly began to slowly pull the tank top up and off of her body.

Dropping her top on the floor, Kelly looked at her daughter. "I suppose you want me to take my shorts off also sweetie."

"Mommy . . . duh . . . if we are really going to share skin to skin bonding you should be completely naked just like me." The tone in her daughter's voice indicated it was a completely dumb question.

Kelly turned shyly away, before pulling down her shorts and panties together in one swift motion. She quickly hopped into the bed as Julie sat there with a triumphant little grin on her adorable face.

After snuggling down under the covers they both began to giggle- maybe to cover the nervousness they felt for being so close, and so very naked, right next to each other.

After their little giggling fit ended, Kelly whispered, "So does grandmother know you sleep naked pumpkin?"

"No, she doesn't come into my room hardly ever now that I'm older."

"What about when you were younger? I remember she never was one for tucking in or good night kisses . . . at least not with me."

"Me neither."

"One time though I had a really bad dream where I woke up screaming and she came into my room and held me and gave me Eskimo kisses until I fell back to sleep."

"Really, I feel deprived. I never got Eskimo kisses from her."

Kelly snuggled closer to her daughter under the covers. She leaned her head down so their foreheads were just touching. "Well I can give you Eskimo kisses baby. Like this."

Kelly rubbed her nose against her daughter's in the traditional fashion as Julie started to giggle. "Those are nice but I prefer the real thing, Mommy."

Kelly pursed her lips and gave Julie several small kisses on first her nose, and then her forehead, while Julie slipped her arms over her shoulders. "Not bad, but this is better."

Their lips come together gently as they share several unhurried kisses, sweet and delicate, before irrefutably they began to turn into something more serious. The kisses continued unabated as they slid deeper under the covers, and deeper into their love for one another. At the very last possible moment, sensing things were spinning out of control, Kelly pulled back.

"Time to go to sleep baby," she whispered.

"I suppose so . . ." Julie sighed turning her back on her mother.

With neither saying a word, it seemed to have come natural to them, they shifted their bodies into a spooning position. Both fell quickly asleep in each other's tight embrace. It was a fitting end to a night full of loving mischief.

As they slept peacefully it snowed; piling up a good ten to twelve inches by the dawn. The blanket of snow stretched from southern Ohio all the way down into Kentucky. Looking out the front window and seeing a lovely unbroken plain of snow, Kelly, had a sense of hope. Maybe her parents will get snowed in, and won't be able to make it home from Kentucky, giving her another night alone with Julie.

As she made breakfast, and listened to the weather forecast for the day, her hope grew. The forecast called for high winds and more snow, resulting in unsafe travel conditions. The snow might even last into the next day.

Around ten thirty, just after she finished up with the eggs and bacon her phone buzzed. It was her mom with the news they are going to be spending a second night in Kentucky.

Her mood brightened, Kelly decided to surprise her daughter by bringing her breakfast in bed. She prepared a tray while praying Julie didn't wake up and ruin her surprise.

Her prayers were answered when, after entering the bedroom, tray in hand, she observed Julie still sleeping peacefully. Not wanting her breakfast to get cold, Kelly sat the tray down on the nightstand, leaned over and gave Julie a small kiss on her forehead.

"Wake up sleepy head, your mom brought you breakfast in bed."

"No . . . more sleep," Julie grumbled trying to turn away.

"Uh-uh, it's already almost eleven, time for you to get up and face the day. Now don't be a grumble bunny and give me a hard time as I have good news."

Julie slowly sat up as Kelly handed her a tee shirt from the closet. "Here put this on. You maybe can sleep naked, but you can't eat your breakfast naked hon."

Julie smiled and pulled the tee shirt on over her head. "So what's the good news?"

"Your grandparents are going to be stuck in Kentucky for another day."

"That is good news, Mom!"

They decided to spend the day outside playing in the snow. First, they built a snowman, complete with carrot nose, and then engaged in a long running snowball fight, before finally taking a break for lunch.

After lunch, they headed back outside for some sledding on the large hill that sloped down from the backyard.

It reminded Kelly of her childhood, but only better. She had been an only child with few friends to play with. Now, finally, she had someone to share in her snow play. Just as it started to get dark, they finally headed inside, tired and cold from playing in the snow the whole day.

Julie surprised her mother by insisting on making dinner. "Unlike you Mom," she teased, "I listened to Grandma when she gave me cooking tips."

"Well you got me there, sweetie. I never was one much for cooking. I suppose you wanna just slum it and sit in front of the TV like a couple of hobos while we eat dinner?"

"Actually, I was thinking, if I am going to go all out in cooking my specialty-"

"What is your specialty?"

"Secret . . . Anyways I am thinking quite the opposite would be nice. Instead of sitting in front of the TV why don't we . . ." She paused, breaking into a mischievous smile that Kelly has come to understand meant her daughter was cooking something up in that fledgling teenage brain of hers- besides what she was planning for dinner.

"Well, come on, don't keep me in suspense. Tell me."

"OK, how about we totally unplug for the night. Go old fashioned all the way."

"Sounds interesting. Do explain daughter."

"First, we both turn off our phones and put them out of sight. They don't exist. Second, no TV . . . in fact as soon as I am done cooking in the kitchen we kill the power throughout the whole house. We will turn off the breakers for everything except the fridge. Don't want to spoil the food."

"Hey that does sound interesting, but what are we going to do eat in the dark, and then spend the rest of the night stumbling around in it."

"Come on Mom, you know Grandma's motto . . . always be prepared."

"Oh, yes of course, candles. She used to always have plenty of candles on hand . . . just in case."

"Nothing has changed. Are you up for a candlelight dinner and then staying unplugged the rest of the night? I just think it would be really nice to share a quiet evening at home with my mother. No buzzing phones, no racket on the TV, no bright lights, just peace and quiet with you and me connecting on a human level without all the gadgets."

"Well-" Kelly was about to answer when a sudden loud racket rumbled throughout the old farmhouse. It was the furnace down in the basement kicking on. "That will be no good coming on and off all night for your idea of peace and quiet. Jesus, I thought they would have replaced that thing by now."

"They did replace it . . . like ten years ago. The new one, if you can call it that, is getting as bad as the old one they replaced. When we turn off the breakers we can kill the power to that dumb old thing."

"What and freeze to death in our dark home?" Kelly said with a laugh.

"Oh Mother, don't be so dramatic. We have blankets to keep warm, a fireplace, and best of all . . . each other."

"You make it sound so tempting how can I say no? Can we at least keep the furnace on until dinner so I can enjoy whatever secret dish you plan on preparing in relative warmth?"

"I guess so." Julie replied heading back into the kitchen while reminding her mother she was not allowed there. Kelly agreed once again marveling at her daughter's sense of drama.

Kelly took her time upstairs; putting on makeup and fixing up her hair nicely before slipping back into her only pair of jeans and putting on the nicer of the two spare sweaters she packed for her overnight trip.

Going back downstairs, the first thing that hit her was the enticing aroma of baked chicken coming from the kitchen. Approaching the entrance, she paused and called out, "How much longer hon? And it smells delicious by the way."

"Just finished. Hey, can you go down to the basement and kill the power."

"Sure," Kelly answered before heading to the basement.

Ten minutes later, they were sitting across from each other at the candle lit dining room table enjoying Julie's special dinner: baked chicken, with homemade mashed potatoes.

With dinner out of the way, there was nothing left to do but allow the quiet ambiance of the silent house, flickering candles, and maybe most of all, the delicious red wine, to weave a spell around both of their hearts.

During the meal, Kelly consumed roughly a glass and half of the red wine, while Julie was only about half way through her first glass. At the consistent urging of her mother to "not drink too much, too fast, like last night," Julie was carefully pacing herself.

After dinner, still sitting relaxed at the table, they made small talk before Julie, now picking up the pace and sipping her wine faster, started to tease her mother.

"You know it would only be fair if you got really wasted like me last night, Mom, so why don't you stop nursing that wine and start drinking. I am catching up you know."

Kelly, responding to her daughter's challenge, took a large drink of her wine, polishing off the last bit of it. "Why would it be fair?"

Julie quickly refilled both their glasses from the bottle sitting between them. "It's simple. Last night you got to see me drunk while you barely had anything to drink."

"Hey, I had enough to where I was not exactly sober."

"But you weren't smashed like me either."

"True."

"So tonight, how about you drink enough to let me see how you act when you're drunk. It will be fun."

"Maybe. I mean I haven't been drunk in a long time, but sweetie, your mother . . . ahh, tends to get really emotional when drunk. Maybe you don't want to see that."

"Yes I do," Julie snapped right back, "please, do it for me so you can start spilling all your secrets about California and other stuff."

Kelly knew if she allowed herself to get drunk, like her daughter obviously wanted, she probably would spill all her secrets. Kelly sighed, tipping the glass back, and draining the balance of her wine in three quick swallows.

The full glass of wine, her third, left Kelly feeling dizzy, but more importantly, it left her wanting more as they retired to the family room.

Together they managed to get a nice fire going, before settling down next to each other on the sofa. "So what secrets do you want to hear first?" Kelly asked her.

"Tell me about your life in exotic California."

Kelly smiled to herself at Julie calling California "exotic". She remembered, being eighteen and thinking of California in exactly the same manner. Maybe it's natural for all juvenile girls from small Midwestern towns to think of life in sunny California as being exotic.

While sipping on her wine almost continuously, Kelly told Julie all about her life there. By the time she was done answering all of Julie's breathless questions the temperature inside the house had dropped to the point where sitting on the sofa across the room from the fire was not keeping them warm.

"Mom, I am cold." Julie complained after sitting her empty wine glass down on the coffee table. She was, just like her mother, dressed in a sweater and pair of jeans.

"Yeah, me too. Maybe it time we thought about going to bed, but not naked like last night honey. I hope you agree that is probably much too cold for that."

"Yeah, especially without the furnace on the bedrooms upstairs will be really cold."

"We could always turn it back on."

"No way! It will ruin our peace and quiet. Besides, I have a better idea," Julie whispered to her mother.

"I'm all e-ears," Kelly said, suppressing a burp as her speech was starting to slur. She had polished off, by her last count, four glasses of wine which was about one past her normal limit.

"Well I was thinking we could sleep cuddled together down here in front of the fire. I could bring down some blankets and pillows and we could make a nice little sleeping area right in front of the fireplace."

"I'm not sure about that, hon. Maybe I will let you sleep here with a couple blankets and I will be OK over on the couch."

"Mom," Kelly reached out touching her arm lightly. "I know there is something bothering you about . . . you know, cuddling with me in front of the old fireplace. I was not so drunk last night that I didn't catch that."

"Oh honey . . . I'm not-"

"Don't you trust me?"

"Of course, but what is really bothering me. It's embarrassing and could be hurtful to you."

"Listen, I am going upstairs for a minute to grab the blankets and change into my jammies since Mommy told her little girl we can't sleep naked tonight."

"Oh Christ Julie, that again . . . more role playing."

"Well if you don't want to fine." Julie retorted quickly. "I will be back in a minute then . . . Mother." She headed off toward the stairs, stomping, before Kelly decided she better not let her leave mad.

"Honey, wait. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. It's jus-"

Julie reached the stairs then whirled on her mother. "Mom, you hurt me by keeping secrets and not trusting me."

"Actually, you are right . . . if I can't trust my little girl who can I trust? You go upstairs and put your jammies on and grab some blankets while I freshen up the fire and then get ready for bed myself and then we can talk."

"Cuddled in front of the fireplace, Mommy?"

"Yes little girl, cuddled in front of the fireplace."

Kelly went to the downstairs bathroom after grabbing her small overnight suitcase. Inside the bathroom, she pinned her pretty blond hair up, stripped off her Levi's and sweater, and threw on her favorite powder blue UCLA sweatshirt.

Coming back out to the couch, she refilled her wine glass, figuring one more glass should do the trick making her just drunk enough to confess everything.

Julie paused at the bottom of the stairs just in time to watch her mother finish off the last of her wine. She grinned to herself, knowing her mother drinking more when she has obviously already had enough, can only mean one thing — she planned on making a full confession. She took a deep breath ready to reprise her role from last night as "mommy's little girl".

"Mommy, is getting really drunk I see." Julie announced as she bounded into the room carrying a load of blankets. She put a couple

down on the couch, before dropping the rest on the floor in front of the fireplace.

"Y-yes s-she is . . . and you should be warned I am feeling really vulnerable so you should be extra nice to me."

Being careful to use her sweetest "little girl" voice, Julie replied. "Of course, Mommy." She began to spread the blankets out on the rug in front of the dancing fire.

Kelly watched her a moment. "Those are some jammies honey. Maybe not the best ones for a cold night."

"Lucky then I have you to keep me warm during the night," Julie answered straightening back up and turning to her mother with a bright smile on her face.

"And lucky I have some cute little kitty to keep me warm also." Kelly replied with a smirk making an obvious reference to her daughter's sexy attire. The little white half tee shirt she was wearing, along with the matching white panties with pink piping, were adorned with the whimsical Hello Kitty logo.

As Julie stood there, hands clasped behind her back, Kelly noticed how her daughter's half tee shirt was easily short enough, coming down to just barely below her tits, to leave her perfectly flat teenage tummy uncovered, while also tight enough to make the fact she wasn't wearing a bra blatantly obvious.

I guess she is in a mood to show off so my talking to her last night about having beautiful breasts must have went straight to her head, Kelly mused before reaching out and grabbing one of the blankets off the couch. She carefully wrapped it around herself before plopping down on the couch.

Patting the couch, she invited Julie to sit down. Julie accepted happily nestling her head on her mother's shoulder as Kelly adjusted the blanket so it covered the both of them.

Kelly took a deep breath preparing to spill her guts. She decided she must talk slowly, carefully so as to not slur her words. The last thing she wanted was for her confession to sound like the ramblings of some drunk person.

"It was such a romantic dream at first . . . me and Tommy, high school sweethearts. He was so perfect that even your grandparents could not find fault with him. After I got pregnant, the plan was for him to move in with us after we got married."

"Wait, you mean he didn't leave right away after he found out you were pregnant."

"No, at first he seemed fine with it. He would have graduated by the time the baby came and your grandfather was going to get him a job at the plant over in South Millington. Me . . . silly me . . . my only concern was finding a dress for the wedding and decorating what was going to

be your room. Once I found out I was having a girl I started imagining what your room would look like."

Kelly paused turning to Julie. "Do I have to tell you everything, pumpkin?"

Julie smiled, grabbing the bottle of wine, she filled up the empty wine glass sitting nearby on the coffee table. She took a big swallow of it, draining half the glass, before offering it to her mother.

"Hon, I have had enough."

"It will make it easier. Please I need to hear everything."

Kelly sighed, knowing she was already way past her limit, but took the glass anyways taking a pair of large swallows.

"Fine, here is the rest of the sad story." Kelly pulled the blanket around them tighter. "I was about eight months pregnant looking as big as a house and feeling totally unattractive when Tommy told me he wasn't ready for a baby or ready to be married."

"What an asshole. I am glad he is not in my life or I would smack him."

"You and me both, sweetie. Anyways, I freaked out. God this is embarrassing, but I even talked about getting an abortion. Sorry honey, but you wanted to hear everything."

Julie squeezed her hand. "It's OK. A good friend of mine got knocked up her junior year in high school and she had one. I talked to her and I think I understand why."

"So you can forgive me?"

"Only if you promise to make it up to me tonight."

"I promise. I swear honey you are the bes-"

"Shh save it for later, Mommy. For when we are curled up under the blankets in each other arms, but for now just tell me the rest."

"The rest . . ." Kelly snorted, "all makes me look like crap. Your grandmother would hear nothing of me having an abortion. No matter though as it was only a passing thing for me. I mean if I really wanted one I would have done it anyways. Like you I was a headstrong teenager back then. We came to an agreement after I started planning to go to California. I would have the baby and then sign all parental rights over to them and . . . well, that is what happened."

"You gave me up and went to California? By yourself? You didn't run off with another man or anything?"

"No, there was never another man. I just seen my life as a single mother all laid out. No college, a job as an office worker at the plant, trying to

find a man to accept me and my new born baby. Hmm, good luck with that is this little shit town. I had hopes and dreams of something better than being a mommy I guess. Looking at you now and knowing what I missed I see how wrong I was to go running off."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough already."

"I think you are leaving one thing out," Julie said quietly.

"Tell me what you think I am leaving out."

"Last night I wanted us to cuddle in front of the fireplace and you got kind of teary eyed . . ." Julie pulled back looking at her mother sharply before going on. "You said, I remember it well . . . 'I can't bear to cuddle with you, especially here in front of the fireplace.' Mom, there was something about the way you almost cried, staring at the fireplace and the way you didn't want to talk about it anymore."

Julie paused, pointing at the fireplace before finishing, "It got me thinking. Maybe something traumatic happened to you there? I wanna know what. You promised to tell me everything."

"I guess I have to, although I was really hoping you would not have brought that up."

"Well, I didn't forget so tell me."

"OK, I was like, six months pregnant. Everything was still perfect at that point. Me and Mom had went shopping for baby clothes while Dad and Tommy went up north to Michigan to go fishing. After we got home, she had a glass of wine or two and was feeling a little talkative and friendly."

"Yeah I seen her like that. Not very often but, it's funny."

"Yeah, she is funny when she gets a little wine in her. Anyways, it was a cold night in late November I think . . . maybe even early December and after shopping me and Mom were sitting in front of the fireplace, like we are now, talking. I think it was snowing and she was holding me tight. She started telling me about a family tradition and it really touched my heart." Kelly paused-trying not to cry. It worked, but just barely.

"I am sure you know this house has been in our family forever and ever. Mom told me going back at least three generations mothers have nursed their babies in front of this old brick fireplace. Your grandmother, feeling nostalgic probably because of the wine started remembering how it was nursing me. She said I was especially fond of waking around midnight and wanting to be fed. She called it our special "midnight feeding" time together."

Kelly took her daughter's hands into her own and squeezed them tight. Julie can see the tears forming in her mother's eyes. The moment of truth was near.

"After that I was so . . . so very much looking forward to continuing that tradition. To nursing my little girl in front of a warm fire on a cold night . . ." Now the tears did flow. Julie hugged her mother tight as she finished up. "I never got the chance coz I'm so stupid and ran off. Worse even, I guess you should know this too, shortly after moving to California I was in a bad car accident. The accident left me unable to have children. You, honey, are it. My one and only and I blew it so bad. No more second chances for me."

"You didn't blow it. You were just scared, Mommy, and that is why you ran off."

"More stupid than scared, I think."

"So you wanna make it up to me?"

"Yes, of course. I would do anything."

"Then come, over by the fire, on the floor, let's snuggle under the blankets and you can hold me." It was obvious, to someone even as young as Julie, how hurt her mother was by never getting a chance to carry on with the family tradition.

Kelly, leaning on her daughter for support, allowed herself to be pulled off the couch, and over to the fireplace. Under the blankets, Julie tenderly kissed her mother's tears away so sweetly that it caused Kelly

to cry even more. It was to those sweet kisses that she passed out to as they snuggled tight under the blankets.

A couple hours later, Kelly came awake with a start feeling scared and disoriented. She was suffering from the aftereffects of a horrific dream.

"Mom, are you alright?" Julie whispered waking up next to her.

"I don't think so. Look at me, I'm shaking."

"Are you cold? I'll put some more logs on the fire." Julie crawled out from under the blankets feeding several more logs and some kindling into the dying fire. The fire blazed back to life as she sat back down next to her mother.

"Better?"

"Not really, actually now I'm too warm. I was shaking from . . . nerves I think. From the dream I just had."

"First, it's no wonder you are warm . . . being under the blankets with your sweatshirt on. You should take it off."

Kelly sighed. "You are probably right." She peeled her UCLA sweatshirt off and laid back down.

"That is better," Julie announced eyeing her mother's matching turquoise bra and panties. "Mommy, that is a very pretty bra and panties you are wearing. You know turquoise is my favorite color?"

"Yes, I remember you mentioning that to me over lunch one day."

Kelly wondered, as she crawled back under the blankets next to Julie, if it was just a coincidence, or something deeper, that caused her to buy the bra and panty set she was now wearing in her daughter's favorite color. She had purchased them the very day after her daughter causally mentioned turquoise being her favorite color.

Julie, glanced back at the ancient grandfather clock stuck in the near corner next to the fireplace; she noticed it was almost midnight.

"Mom, you are still trembling. You need to tell me about your bad dream."

"Honey, no . . . it's maybe better not to talk abo-"

Kelly stopped abruptly knowing by the pouty look on her daughter's face she was not going to get away with keeping her dream a secret.

"OK, OK. I will tell you. What I can remember anyways. You were leaving me. I was like chasing you . . . trying to prevent you from leaving me." '

"Where we in a house . . . was it this one?"

"I think so, but anyways, no matter how hard I tried to catch you I couldn't. You were laughing at me, teasing me as I chased you around. It was horrible." Kelly twisted the blankets in her hands nervously as she paused. "Finally, I caught you at the front door, but you slipped out of my grasp and slammed the door in my face. I yanked open the door but there was nothing there . . . just darkness and gloom . . . and your echoing laughter dying away. I just knew you were gone forever."

Julie got out from under the blankets, and finding one of the empty wine glasses on the coffee table, she refilled it with the last of the wine. "Take a drink and relax Mom. I am right here. You don't have to chase me."

Kelly, her hand still visibly trembling, took the glass from her daughter and swallowed it down quickly. The wine seemed to calm her shattered nerves just as the grandfather clock in the corner started to strike midnight.

"Mom, I would never leave you. Ever."

"Promise baby?" Kelly whispered.

The clock struck a second and a third time as Julie answered, "I will do more than promise, Mommy. I will show you." She grabbed a couple of large throw pillows off the couch

Julie pushed Kelly back gently against the throw pillows after carefully arranging them behind her. "Close your eyes and relax . . . let go of your dream." The clock chimed a fourth time.

Kelly felt the brush of her daughter's lips against her own. "I love you so much, Mommy."

Julie's kisses slipped down onto Kelly's throat as Julie fingers started to undo her mother's bra. The bra unhooked in the front making the job easy for Julie.

Two more chimes, the fifth and sixth passed, as the first two hooks quickly came undone. "What are you doing little girl?" Kelly whispered raising up on her elbows.

"I'm hungry, Mommy." One hook to go. The clock struck a seventh time.

"I'm . . . not . . . sure-" Kelly's pulse was racing as Julie's actions- her words- struck home.

The clock tolled an eighth time. "Shh, I want this, but you need this. It's our family bonding tradition." Kelly's lovely turquoise bra came undone.

Julie gazed at her mother's heaving chest. Her perfectly formed tear shaped breasts were magnificent to behold as the clock tolled for a ninth time.

Julie stretched her hands out, brushing her fingertips lightly across her mother's ripe nipples. They came fully erect almost instantly.

"God you have such beautiful tits, Mommy and I am so . . ." Julie lowered her mouth kissing her mother tenderly on the flat area of her chest just above her boobs. "So . . . very . . ." Julie accented each spoken word with tender kisses that slipped down onto the rounded part of her mom's boobs as the clock chimed a tenth time, and then an eleventh time, "Hungry."

Just as the clock sounded for the final time, Kelly let out a soft sigh as her daughter's tongue circled around her nipple. Julie, her confidence growing, opened her mouth, drawing Kelly's sweet tasting nipple deep into her mouth.

Kelly squirmed, wrapping one hand around the back of Julie's head as she sunk back against the throw pillows. She was in paradise feeling the tender love flow from her daughter's lips onto her breasts.

Julie raised up, momentarily breaking contact with her mother's tits. Their eyes met. "I am truly your baby girl now huh, Mommy?" Julie whispered.

"Oh, pumpkin you are. Please don't . . . don't stop," Kelly begged as she watched Julie lower her mouth to her other nipple.

"Oh God baby that feels so good." Like a love starved hungry little kitten, Julie suckled on her mother's tits, moving her mouth carefully between them as their little bonding session kicked into high gear.

For the next few rapturous moments, the light smacking of young lips suckling so hungrily can be heard over the gentle crackle of the fire. Finally, Julie lifted her mouth up as her fingers circumnavigated their way around her mother's tummy, tracing small lines here and there. "I want to go home, Mommy."

Kelly opened her eyes. She wondered for a moment if this all but a dream, but looking down at her nipples, jutting out, covered with her daughter's saliva, she realized what is happening was a blissful reality. "But you are home pumpkin." Kelly told her daughter.

"No, Mommy, my first home. I wanna touch it." Her hand glided lower.

Kelly realized too late what Julie was referring to in saying she wanted to go home. Her hand, slipping under her mom's turquoise panty and into her wetness, was already there.

Julie's inexperienced fingers twisted and circled, seeking her mother's secret spot. Kelly writhed all over the rug before -losing all sense of decorum- she hissed at her daughter, "Take Mommy's panties off of her baby . . . Hurry!!"

Julie, giggling, raised up, hooking a pair of fingers on the sides of the panties, and pulled them down. She held them up for a brief moment, like some kind of trophy, before tossing them unceremoniously aside.

She moved slowly, carefully, like a cat stalking its prey; using both hands, she gently parted her mother's thighs, before positioning herself in between them. Kelly's only response was a deep sigh as she watched her daughter staring down at her wet pussy.

"Mommy, can I kiss you in that special spot I came from eighteen years ago."

Not waiting for an answer, Julie leaned forward bringing her mouth down to one of her mother's muscular thighs. She lapped at it teasingly in soft semi circles drawing ever nearer to the dripping treasure trove that was her mommy's pussy.

The teasing, to a desperate Kelly anyways, seemed to last forever. Julie carefully painted one inner thigh, and then the other, with her tongue as Kelly twitched in mad anticipation for what must come next.

She was soon reduced to begging. "Please pumpkin . . . stop teasing Mommy and kiss me there."

"Hmm, beg some more and I might," Julie replied lifting up. She smiled demurely at her mother before stretching one finger out, gently stroking the soft tufts of dark hair surrounding Kelly's vagina.

"Nice kitty cat," Julie purred before breaking out in giggles.

"That is not funny little girl." Kelly breathed as she lifted her head up and stared harshly at Julie.

"Lay back down or I won't wanna play anymore, Mommy," Julie snapped at her mother letting her know who was in control.

Kelly briefly considered disobeying, but her curiosity got the better of her. She settled back down anxious to see where this delightful little bonding session will ultimately take them.

"As I was saying, nice kitty cat . . ." Julie caressed Kelly's pubic hair again tenderly before she carefully pushed one finger deep inside of her mother making her hiss.

Wriggling her finger around, Julie decided to experiment. She brought her thumb around exerting soft pressure on her mommy's clit making her first fidget, and then moan loudly, as she circled her secret spot with increasing pressure.

"Oh God, honey that's it. You found my weak spot . . . Ohh . . ."

Kelly surrendered praying Julie didn't stop.

In and out, faster, and then slower, Julie worked her fingers inside her mother's cunt. When she sensed her mother was near to coming she abruptly stopped.

"OH CHRIST LITTLE GIRL . . . WHY DID YOU STOP?!" Kelly panted.

"Because I want to be nearer when I send you over the edge. Like this."

Julie lowered her mouth to one of her mom's trembling thighs.

"Please no more teasing baby."

But, of course, teasing was exactly what Julie specialized in and exactly what she did to her mom over the course of the next few glorious minutes.

Julie's sweet little kisses, soft little licks, and tender little nibbling came ever so closer and closer- without ever quite getting there. She skipped from one of her mom's inner thighs to the next; she paused in between her mother's wide open thighs and gently blew a soft stream of air through her pursed lips onto Kelly's wet, aching pussy.

Kelly bit her lip, not wanting to beg, but she couldn't help herself as once again Julie stopped just short of the Promised Land. "Please baby, stop teasing your mother."

Julie responded to the begging by moving her face closer to Kelly's quivering pussy; her lips were mere inches from the moistness when her tongue finally snaked out tasting the forbidden fruit for just the briefest of moments.

Again and again she employed this tactic until finally Kelly, unable to help herself, reached down and snarled her fingers through her daughter's golden locks, shoving her face down, as she thrust her hips upwards- almost violently.

The teasing came to an abrupt end as Julie's face was buried in between her mother's thighs. She responded by twisting her tongue all around — trying her best to imitate the girl on girl porn she was fond of watching- her mother's pussy. Remembering more of what she learned from watching porn, she added a finger to the mix, working it in and out faster and then slower and then faster once more.

It seemed to work. Kelly was moaning loudly before she began to shake just as Julie's tongue lapped urgently at her clit. "OH GOD BABY . . . I AM CUMMING."

Julie redoubled her efforts; her eager tongue flew all around as her fingers pumped in and out. Kelly tipped over the edge experiencing one of the most delicious orgasms she ever experienced in her life.

Afterwards, they clung to each other under the blankets where, most appropriately, Julie actually fell asleep suckling on her mother's boobs while Kelly stroked her hair offering soft encouragement.

As sleep over took her, Kelly prayed-please let it snow some more- just one more night to keep her parents stuck in Kentucky

They slept until late in the morning, awakening to find nearly another three inches of fresh snow on the ground. Kelly dug her phone out of her purse hoping to find a message from her parents.

She smiled. Good news-they would be staying yet another night in Kentucky as the roads were still a mess. Over a late breakfast, so late it might have actually been an early lunch, both Kelly and Julie were quiet with neither bringing up the prior events of the past night.

Later that afternoon, as Kelly was downstairs in the kitchen washing the dishes, Julie came sneaking up behind her mother. She wrapped her arms around her mom giving her several light kisses on the neck.

Kelly turned smiling brightly at her loving daughter. "Ahh, finally you came to help me finish up the dishes?"

"No, ahh, I came for something else," Julie whispered slyly staring at her mother's chest. She was wearing a simple button up blouse. "I am hungry again."

"Well let me check the fridge-"

"What I want is not in the fridge . . . Mommy." Julie took a small step forward looking up into her mother's eyes. "It's right here." She slowly reached out and started to unbutton her mother's blouse.

"Honey . . . no . . . you can't," Kelly whined.

Julie ignored her, continuing to undo the buttons on her mom's blouse. After the fourth button came undone, Julie looked up at her mother again. "Hmm, no bra. I guess you knew your little girl would be hungry for more this morning and wanted to make it easy for me."

"Or . . ." Kelly shot back, "I only brought two bras and they both are in the wash."

"I like my version better." Julie grasped her mother by the hands and led her over to the small kitchen table. A few assorted empty dishes from their late breakfast still were scattered about the table.

Turning her around so she was backed against the table, Julie pulled her mother's unbuttoned blouse out from her jeans. Patiently, she brought her hands up massaging her mother's bare breasts.

Kelly closed her eyes and leaned back against the table, prepared to allow her daughter full access once again. Julie immediately dropped her mouth to her mom's chest and began to suckle on her tits.

Her hands floated down, clawing at the front of her mother's jeans. "Let's get these off of you, Mom," Julie cried in a voice hoarse with shameless passion. Kelly's jeans, along with her panties, ended up in a heap on the kitchen floor. "Here climb up on the table. It will make it easier."

Kelly jumped, butt first, onto the table leaning back on her arms, thrusting her tits out for her daughter to enjoy. Julie nibbled on her mother's delicious boobs for a quick moment before licking her way down making a bee line for her pussy. There would be no gentle teasing this afternoon.

Burying her face between her mom's legs, Julie slipped her tongue out lashing forcefully at Kelly's swollen clit while gradually inserting a finger deep inside her mother's moist cunt.

Having her daughter's finger deep inside her pussy while she nibbled on her clit, caused Kelly to wriggle all over the table. It appeared as if a mid- winter earthquake-with all the dishes clattering and shaking on the table- had suddenly struck in southern Ohio.

Kelly's quivering body was already rushing toward an intense orgasm even as Julie decelerated her tongue play down just enough to delay things. Expertly, licking up and down carefully along the folds of her mother's luscious pussy lips caused Kelly to consider the fact her daughter appeared to be developing a real taste for carpet munching. This was indeed an undeniable fact Kelly was enjoying to the utmost as she squirmed all over the table.

Kelly usually didn't come this quick, but the sudden lustful attentions of her daughter was like a violent summer storm that simply could not be denied.

As she felt Julie's tongue dart back into her wet hole, once again circling her clit, her whole body started to shake. Thrashing her arms out, she knocked a coffee cup, along with two small plates onto the kitchen floor. The dishes shattered on the hard tile floor just as Kelly was rocked by a tumultuous orgasm.

Lifting her head up from between her mom's legs, a whimsical Julie commented, "I guess some orgasms instead of being earth shattering like you read about in those trashy romance novels are . . ." She paused, glancing at the mess on the floor, "dish shattering."

"Hey, I like those trashy romantic novels little girl," Kelly replied as she lifted her naked body off the kitchen table.

"You would, Mom." Julie bent over helping her mother pick up her clothes off the floor.

The rest of the day, compared to the after breakfast hijinks, was boring. After watching a thoroughly uninspiring movie on Netflix, Kelly suggested it was time for bed.

Deciding to sleep in the master bedroom with its king sized bed, they headed up the stairs.

After reaching the landing, Julie paused. "Mommy, the movie . . . your movie was boring. I think you owe your little girl an exciting bedtime story to make up for it."

"Yeah, I suppose, it was a bit slow hon. So does my little pumpkin have a favorite book of bedtime stories that maybe we can find for mommy to read from?"

"No, I think Nana has all my books locked away in the attic. You are going to have to make up a story. Didn't you say you took creative writing or something when you went off to that big college in California?"

"I did, I did. Mommy was quite the inspiring writer at one time."

Heading into the master bedroom Julie turned saying, "Hey I have a good idea . . . make me up a story, Mommy. A good one . . . a naughty one!"

"Tell you a made up story. Hmm, that is interesting but I'm not really sure if I could make one up out of the blue just like that baby. I do better with pen and paper so I can, you know, make a broad outline of my story."

"So let's find you some paper and a pen," Julie stated eagerly with a mischievous grin. By now, Kelly knew that look well- it meant her little girl was cooking something naughty up in that teenage brain of hers.

Julie headed to her bedroom to grab a notebook and pen while Kelly started thinking about just what kind of impending naughty story to cook up for her daughter.

Coming back into the bedroom Julie was in high spirits. "I was thinking-"

"That is dangerous." Kelly replied smiling at her daughter as they relaxed on the bed next to each other.

"Funny . . . anyways I think the story should have me as the star, the heroine in distress, and you as the villain."

"Sure why not," Kelly answered quietly while musing how this might turn out to be a fun night after all. "And maybe you can help me write the story as it goes hon."

"Ahh, I don't do the writing stuff actually very well. I am no good at those English thingy's and grammar and stuff. Maybe I can be . . . what do you call it . . . your muse or something like that?"

"Muse, yes, perfect. You be my muse and your job is to help inspire me with an idea or two. Give me a good start and let's make it maybe a little scary for our pretty heroine. Something realistic though that will capture your attention right away and then I will go from there."

Kelly jotted down three words: naughty, scary and exciting on the notepad.

"OK, how about this? A pretty young teenage girl is all alone on a cold December night . . . it's kinda of late and she is taking a bath when suddenly somewhere downstairs in the old farmhouse where she lives with her grandparents . . . hmm they are away . . . I guess it doesn't matter where?"

"No, not really, as long as there is no chance of them coming home soon and spoiling whatever danger our little teenage heroine might find herself in."

"No, no, they are gone for the night. Maybe visiting a sick relative out of state."

"That will work even if it does sound a bit familiar," Kelly said scratching a few notes down on the notepad.

"You know what they say art imitates life . . . or is it the other way around."

"I think it can work both ways hon. Go on with your story. You are getting my creative juices flowing."

"Fine, fine. OK so she hears this noise a thud . . . or a banging . . . as she is taking her bath. It's coming from downstairs and it scares her enough

to where she decided to stop her playtime, you know what I mean, in the bathtub." Julie paused giving Kelly a chance to intervene.

"Too bad because I think she was . . . just . . . about . . . there when she heard this noise. Scared, the girl grabs a towel and hurriedly dries off her beautiful young body. Coming out of the bathroom she pauses in the middle of the bedroom . . . straining to hear if there is any more noises coming from the darkness downstairs."

"This is good. Go on add some more and then next time you stop it will be my turn."

"Fine, so standing still in the middle of the bedroom she has just finished drying off. So far she has heard nothing further and is just starting to relax when all of a sudden the lights in the bedroom go off. Frantic, she stumbles over to the lamp . . . clicks it several times . . . nothing . . . stumbles over to the bathroom . . . tries that light . . . again nothing. The intruder downstairs had heard someone walking around upstairs and found the fuse box killing the lights in the house."

Kelly paused, using shorthand to make her notes for the story quickly. Julie decided the pause was her cue to pick up on the story.

"Alone in the dark and scared the teenage girl stumbles back to the bed where she stripped off her clothes earlier prior to her bath. She manages to find her bra and panties and her blouse fairly easily, but her jeans she can't seem to locate in the dark. Hearing more banging coming from downstairs . . . maybe purposefully by the intruder to lure her downstairs she hurriedly slips back on her underwear and blouse

deciding she doesn't have time to waste looking for her jeans in the dark."

Julie paused and stared at her mom; she was writing furiously on the notepad. "Your turn, Mom, come on you are the creative one."

"You are doing quite well yourself baby. I am proud of you."

"Really? But it's still your turn so come on put me in some danger from my intruder downstairs. Remember you are the villain so the burglar should be a woman . . . blond and pretty like you."

"And just barely old enough to be your mother maybe?"

"Yeah, with a real nice body . . . and kind of big tits . . . And she should be mean, yet nice, all at once. Can we do that?"

"It's a story baby, we can do anything. Here let me show you. So the young lady creeps down the stairs in the dark. Shaking from fear. Her plan is to get to the kitchen, maybe to the knife drawer, get a weapon, or at the very least a candle or two, but just as she is passing through the dining room getting ready to enter the kitchen a shape comes at her out of the darkness-

"My turn," Julie interjected. "I think they should have a struggle . . . but the intruder is strong and has a knife and as soon as the poor girl feels the cold steel blade against her throat she gives up crying out 'Please,

sir, don't hurt me.' The intruder quickly growls 'relax honey, stop fighting and you won't get hurt.'"

Julie paused making Kelly think it was her turn. "And then-"

"No wait, Mom, I'm not done yet. I was just thinking. The feminine voice surprised our heroine so she cried out, 'you're a woman' to which the intruder replies by giving her a hard stinging slap across the face barking, 'Yeah I am, but I'm not going to be soft with you. If you think so remember that slap.' Or something like that . . . anyways the slap is important as it lets me know things are serious. Now it's your turn."

"The burglar drags the scared teen girl upstairs asking which one is her bedroom saying something mean and tough like, 'I know a rich little bitch like you must be spoiled. I bet you have lots of jewelry and other nice stuff. Show me.' And then after they are inside her bedroom-"

"Mom, wait . . . don't tell me anymore. Let's me and you just kind of improvise the rest."

"Improvise the rest hon? Really . . . Hmm, that could be fun."

"Well, I am a real good actor and I bet you are too so . . . let act it out."

"Yes you are a good actor baby. I found out that out two nights ago remember . . . little girl."

"Mom, I am serious. I am in the drama club and have been the female lead in all the big plays we did all through high school. I even got a couple really good write ups in the local newspaper."

"Wow, that is great honey," Kelly said with a painful smile as the regret of not seeing her darling daughter be the lead in her high school play was one of those lost moments one can never get back. "I starred in a couple play myself you know."

"See . . . so you know how to act also. So what do you think? Can we turn this story into our own little two character play? Me as the young teenage girl."

"And me as the intruder." Kelly said with a grin already warming to the thought of being an intruder with bad intent.

"Exactly. We will do things like just like we have talked about so far. You know, I will take my bath, and you stay downstairs and after a few minutes make some noises and that will be my cue."

"You are serious about this, hon?"

"Yeah, come on, it will be fun."

"Probably it might, but how does it end? I mean what direction do you want to take this? You stopped me just as the intruder was taking the

girl upstairs demanding to know where the jewelry and the other nice stuff was."

"Yes, but . . . but . . . give me a minute, I'm thinking."

"Take your time hon. I am going to run to the bathroom really quick."

Kelly crossed the room to her parents attached bathroom and was just finishing up when Julie called out. "Hey Mom, I got it. Start running the tub with hot water OK."

"Sure," Kelly called back. She hurried over to the tub twisting the knob for the hot water. A sense of excitement was growing inside of her as she kept thinking of how Julie wanted the story to be . . . naughty. She can't help but to think nothing has changed on that account and now . . . now my God they are going to be acting the story out!!

Kelly emerged from the bathroom to find her daughter was no longer sitting; instead she was pacing the bedroom floor. "So let me hear what you got."

"Alright, well, I am thinking so far the story is exciting, and scary like I wanted but not very naughty. I think we need to improvise things so the rest of the story is really, really, naughty."

"I see. Come over here baby . . . sit down . . . tell me exactly what you mean by naughty?"

Julie came back over and sat down on the bed next to her mother. "Just that I want our play acting to become naughty at some point after you drag me upstairs. But I don't want you to tell me any details. Surprise me. Remember you have the knife and I am just a helpless little teenage girl so I will be at your mercy. I guess you could maybe do anything you want to me at this point."

"Anything?"

"Yeah, anything! I think this is where the story should turn . . . naughty."

"A little or a lot naughty hon?"

Julie picked up her mother's hand and stroked it softly. "I guess that will be up to you. Like I said, you are the strong intruder with the knife . . . You are in control . . . total control as I am just a helpless . . . young . . . scared . . . teenage girl . . . eighteen years old but still sexually naive and very much a virgin."

"Is that the truth honey? Or are you just saying that for the sake of our story."

"Both actually. Last night, and this afternoon were my first, you know, sexual experiences, Mom. You know how strict Grandpa and Grandma are . . . I mean especially Grandma. She barely lets me date."

"Let me guess, she told you, 'I don't want you to end up like your mother'."

"Exactly, anyways we gotta hurry the water is running remember?"

"Oh yeah, so I guess if I am understanding you correctly since I am the intruder I get to pick how the story ends . . . a little naughty or a lot naughty . . . or even, I suppose, not naughty at all."

"Right, but I hope you don't chose not naughty as that would be boring."

Kelly squeezed Julie's hand. "We will see. I guess you will just have to be surprised baby girl. Now go hop into your bath while I go try and find something that a female burglar might wear to a break in."

"So we are really going to do this then?" Julie exclaimed, beaming as she jumped to her feet.

"Yes. Remember our little improv doesn't start until we get upstairs hon, before that we should follow the script and if we are going to really do this we should both take it seriously-"

"I will mother, and you had better too . . . please."

"I will, if you will."

"I promise. Once you go downstairs, as far as I am concerned, I will be all alone in the house, until I hear noises. And then when I go downstairs to investigate the prowler who attacks me is not my mother . . . No not my mother at all, but a total stranger . . . maybe bent on doing me harm."

"Or something else," Kelly added with a twinkle in her eye.

"Or yes, something else, which means you should not hold back at all when you attack me."

"I won't hold back as long as I know you are not holding back in defending yourself."

"Oh I won't. Promise."

"Good, then go take your bath . . . Ms. Young Teenage Girl all alone in the house."

Kelly headed to her mom's closet to find some "burglar" clothes. She ended up putting on a pair of dark sweatpants and a matching navy blue sweatshirt before heading downstairs.

She went to the kitchen and selected a steak knife as her weapon, and then grabbed a small flashlight from the kitchen drawer. Back in the

living room, she stuffed the knife and flashlight into her small overnight bag before retiring to the couch to wait.

Kelly, after waiting a few minutes, dropped a pair of large books from the bookcase onto the floor causing a pair of loud thuds. Julie, relaxing in the tub, playing with herself, getting herself all worked up, heard the thuds.

She scrambled out of the tub imagining just how she would feel if she truly was home alone and heard those ominous noises. Back in the bedroom, she took her time drying off, reminding herself over and over to stay in character after their drama started. A minute later, when the lights suddenly go out she knew there was no turning back . . . it was game on.

Julie left the bedroom wearing just what they discussed while making up the story: a blouse, no pants, pink panties and a white bra.

The house was pitch black as she navigated the stairs slowly reminding herself I am a young teenage girl, alone and scared. I think there is maybe a prowler in the house. My nerves are on edge.

Julie kept repeating this mantra to herself as she made her way tentatively down the stairs feeling her way along the wall. She had just moved off the last step when, out of the darkness, the "prowler" attacked, catching her off guard. While she knew her mother was going to attack- at some point- she thought it would not be until she was near the kitchen.

Julie fought back, swinging one arm out wildly, both feeling, and hearing, the satisfying smack of her open hand against the prowler's face.

The grip around her loosened as she continued to fight back hard holding nothing back, hoping it will help her remain in character. In her mind, she refused to acknowledge the prowler was her mother, allowing her the freedom to react violently to her attacker.

"Why you little bitch," the prowler hissed as she grabbed the girl by the arm. Kelly, staying in character, repeated to herself silently how this was just some girl, a total stranger, and meant nothing to her. She twisted the girl's arm behind her back smiling when she heard her yelp.

"Ow, you're hurting me!" Julie whined.

"Relax or I will break it," the prowler whispered in her ear. "Or maybe you would prefer to feel my knife in your ribs little girl." The harshness of her mother's voice, along with the way she was twisting her arm behind her back, caught Julie off guard.

Christ, Mom was taking her role very seriously! Julie had time to think just as she felt the business end of the aforementioned knife poking her in the ribs causing her to go limp in the prowler's arms.

"That is better. Now hold still while I turn on my flashlight and get a look at you."

Kelly loosened her grip, reaching down into the sweatpants pocket where she had moved the flashlight prior to her attack. This turned out to be a mistake.

As soon as she felt the prowler's grip loosen, Julie violently twisted out of her grasp. Her eyes, now adjusted to the darkness allowed her to easily spot the dark outline of the kitchen doorway as she went dashing toward it.

Kelly quickly gave chase. Catching her as they passed through the living room, the two of them end up sprawled on the couch pulling and tugging at each other. The prowler, upset by her quarry's escape attempt, quickly overcame her victim's struggles.

Yanking her onto her feet the prowler barked, "Do that again and I will use the knife."

"You are stronger and quicker than I expected," Julie honestly replied. "I will be good now as I see escape is really not an option."

"Good girl. You learn quickly. I guess you're smart." Kelly replied reaching into her pocket, carefully this time, to pull out the flashlight. She played the light over Julie before stepping back. "And pretty also. Come on show me your bedroom as I bet a pretty young girl like you has some nice jewelry."

Kelly prodded her daughter up the stairs, relishing the idea more and more of playing her role of prowler the longer they continued this drama.

Upon reaching her bedroom Julie turned to the burglar. "Hey lady, if you are looking for nice jewelry I really don't have any."

Playing the light around the room, Kelly replied. "No jewelry. Well, what about some cash."

"A little. Like thirty dollars maybe. In the top dresser drawer. Over there." Julie gestured to her dresser.

Kelly handed a small gym bag she found in the downstairs closet to Julie. "Put whatever cash you have in here."

Julie stuffed three tens and two ones into the bag and then turned to the prowler. "Thirty two dollars."

"What else you got valuable in that drawer. You sure you don't have any jewelry?"

"Look if you wanna search be my guest. I only have some old clothes and . . ." Julie paused waiting for her mom to push the subject. They both knew what was in the bottom drawer.

"And what. Look if I have to, I will tear apart your room. I think it's obvious you are hiding something."

"Be my guest," Julie said a bit sarcastically.

"Fine. Come here and sit on the bed. Don't move." Kelly hurried across the room to the dresser drawer.

Aiming the beam of the flashlight at the dresser, she quickly checked the first three drawers, her excitement growing. She yanked open the bottom drawer and smiled as she turned to Julie.

"So this is what you were hiding huh. Naughty, naughty, little girl."

"They aren't mine."

"Of course they aren't . . . probably a friend's. Well, no matter, throw me my bag, they are mine now." Kelly scooped the sex toys, along with the two sets of handcuffs and keys, into her bag before announcing, "Now let's go to your parent's room. I am thinking your mom must have some nice jewelry."

Inside the master bedroom, Julie prompted the thief to check the bottom drawer of the five drawer dresser saying, "My parents keep some extra cash down there I think."

Kelly, hoping to invite an attack, purposefully turned away from Julie, ignoring her as she pawed through an assortment of her dad's socks and tee shirts.

The attack soon came just as suspected. Julie rushed over knocking the prowler to the ground with a solid two handed shove, and then made for the door. Kelly somersaulted to her feet, the flashlight rolling away, and then dashed to her left, cutting off the girl's pathway to the bedroom door.

After a mad chap chase in the darkness of the bedroom- both of them suppressing the urge to giggle out loud- they ended up on the four poster king sized bed in a heap. Julie made it a point, as they wrestled around on the bed, to grab a cheap feel on her mom's boobs, before she gave in allowing herself to be pinned to the bed.

"Now stay there. I am done fooling around with you." Kelly slowly got off the bed keeping one eye on Julie's dark shape while she went to retrieve the flashlight. Fortunately, it had not clicked off as it rolled across the carpeted bedroom floor.

She picked up the flashlight, playing it around until she found her gym bag. Shining the light into the bag as she moved toward the bed, Kelly fished the handcuffs out and tossed them to Julie.

"Secure yourself to one of those posts. You are not to be trusted."

Julie snapped the cuffs around her wrist trying to squash a smile as she attached herself to the nearest post at the foot of the bed.

"W-what are you going to do to me," Julie said in a scared little voice.

"Teach you a lesson little girl, but first I need some light. I am tired of fooling around with this flashlight."

"Why don't you just go back downstairs and turn the power back on?"

"Right and then I will have to drag you all the way down to the basement with me?"

"You could leave me here."

"Alone? Not hardly. Does your parents keep candles in their room?"

"I think my mom keeps some tea light candles, and maybe some pillar candles in her nightstand drawer."

A minute later the bedroom was awash in soft candle light. Kelly, after finding the small key to the handcuffs in the bottom of the gym bag, released her daughter. The final act of their drama was about to begin.

"On your feet," Kelly snapped.

Julie hopped to her feet and stood next to the bed as her mother slowly approached her with a wicked smile.

"Now hands behind your back. Do it quickly unless you want to feel my knife."

"No, no I will be good from now on. Please, knives scare me . . . bad." Julie cried as she immediately put her hands behind her back.

"Oh do they? Kelly replied quietly to herself. A deliciously evil idea was beginning to form in the back of her mind.

Kelly secured her daughter's hands behind her back before turning away. She moved across the room to the small globe mini bar in the corner of the bedroom. She filled two shot glasses not quite full with whiskey, and brought them back over to the bed.

"Sit down."

Julie obeyed without comment.

"I think if I get you a little drunk maybe you will be a bit more cooperative. Here drink this." Kelly held the shot glass to Julie's lips. "Down it in one gulp."

Julie did as she was told downing the shot of Jim Beam in one quick gulp. She had snuck a few drinks of her parent's whiskey over the past summer so she was able to handle this first shot fairly well.

Kelly, after downing her own shot, headed back to the bar. She again filled the shot glasses up, this time all the way, and brought them back over to the bed.

"You downed that first one so nicely you deserve a second."

"You are going to get me drunk lady. I don't drink whiskey . . . much."

"Yeah, well, as I said, if you are drunk maybe you will be a bit more cooperative."

Kelly again held the full shot glass up to Julie's lips. She took a deep breath before downing it again. The full shot burned its way down her throat immediately making her feel lighted head. She looked at her mother, dumping her own shot down her throat, just knowing the story they were playing out was about to get a whiskey fueled naughty ending.

Kelly turned to her daughter as she began to speak. "Now let's see if the whiskey has made you cooperative like I was hoping. Come here and stand in front of me."

Julie moved slowly over to the prowler reminding herself to stay in character. Yes this stranger, this prowler, who is in a position to do God knows what to me. The thought caused Julie's heart to race.

"Now I think you owe me an apology."

"Apology for what?" Julie replied sweetly. She would be meek and docile from now on allowing her beautiful captor to do whatever she pleased to her . . . as if- considering she was handcuffed and quite helpless by now- she had a choice.

"For giving me a hard time, making me chase you, wrestle you."

"Oh, yeah, I am sorry. I didn't mean to give you a hard time, Ms. Prowler Lady."

"Hmm, just like you didn't mean to grab my tits when we were wrestling I suppose."

Julie started to stammer out a denial, "I didn-"

"Silence!" Kelly moved closer, staring down at her helpless daughter. She slowly used one finger to turn Julie's face up toward her. "Did I say I minded you feeling me up?"

Their eyes locked for a brief moment as something deep passed between them. They both knew they were about to once again explore forbidden frontiers.

"You didn't mind?" Julie whispered as she batted her pretty eyes up at her mother.

"No," Kelly breathed as she closed her eyes and leaned down. Their lips came slowly together again and again.

Kelly pulled back, whispering, "Not bad, but I think you are holding out on me little girl. Come on, don't be shy . . . give me a real kiss this time."

Julie stabbed her tongue deep in her mother's mouth swirling it around as Kelly's pulled her daughter closer. They now engaged in a series of inflamed kisses before Kelly stepped back sinking down on the edge of the bed.

Reaching out, she pulled Julie closer to her. "That was nice . . . almost as nice as what I think you might be hiding under this little blouse of yours."

Julie watched as her mother begin to slowly unbutton her blouse. Being sure to make her voice small and frightened she whispered, "A-are you going to rape me prowler lady."

"Rape? I don't hear you protesting? Besides somehow, I suspect, even if you didn't have the cuffs on honey you would let me unbutton your blouse."

The last of her buttons came undone as Julie whispered sweetly, "Maybe I am not protesting coz I do kind of like you."

The prowler carefully slipped the blouse off her victim's shoulders pulling it down until it reached the handcuffs. She leaned back, admiring the cute little pink panties and innocent looking white bra her victim was wearing.

The prowler pulled out the knife from the nearby bag preparing to scare the girl just a bit before rewarding her. She thinks the fear will increase the pleasure of the coming reward immensely as she carefully scraped the flat side of the cold knife along Julie's tummy.

"Please, lady . . . I . . . I'll do a-anything you want," Julie cried making her voice tremble just as the knife ascended, bit by bit, toward her quivering boobs.

"Shh," Kelly touched her daughter's lips with one finger as she turned the sharp edge of the knife against the thin ribbon strap of Julie's bra.

Using a quick sawing motion, Kelly cut through the strap in the center of the bra, smirking as it fell open.

"Hmm, nice tits young lady . . . very nice," Kelly whispered as she stared at Julie's chest. "Now be very still as I would not want to have an accident."

Julie took a deep breath, making sure to remain perfectly still, as her mother dragged the sharp point of the knife carefully across the small rise of her left breast, and then watched as the pointy end of the knife- it was cold- began to delicately play with her nipples.

Although she understood perfectly she was in no real danger from the "prowler", still the implied danger-along with the growing sexual tension and her innate fear of knives- made the experience exhilarating.

Kelly alternated the sharp end of the knife with the flat side to meticulously tweak both of her daughter's nipples until they were fully erect.

Kelly pulled back analyzing her handiwork; she stared admiring the way her daughter's gorgeous nipples appear to be dreadfully erect. A wicked desire coursed through her body just as Julie started to whine. "Please lady, no more, the knife is . . . cold. My poor nipples are sensitive you know."

"Yes I see that and I have one question and you had better tell me the truth."

"OK, I will, I promise."

Kelly waved the knife in front of Julie's face. "Tell me, are those gorgeous little tits of yours . . . are they virgins."

"Yes, no one has ever touched them."

"Good, so I will give you a choice now. You can have more of the cold knife . . . or my warm mouth on those beautiful little boobs of yours."

Julie hesitated briefly before answering in a whisper, "Your warm mouth . . . please."

The knife fell to the floor forgotten as Kelly encircled Julie's cold nipple in her mouth causing her daughter to let out a gentle sigh of contentment.

"Oh God, that feels so good, lady . . . please don't stop," Julie whimpered as Kelly's tongue lathered her daughter's tender young nipples with loving strokes.

After a moment, Kelly pulled back bringing her hands up to carefully knead Julie's tits as their lips came together. They shared several wild kisses with Kelly's hands roaming all over her daughter's body.

Kelly showered the upper half of Julie's naked body with a rain of tender kisses that patiently slipped downward. Dropping to her knees, she looped a pair of excited fingers under the waistband of the girl's innocent looking pink panties.

"Let's get these off of you, honey."

"P-please lady, I am an innocent virgin. I have never been touched there."

"Well, I think it's time you lost some of that innocence," Kelly replied her voice husky with pent up desire. The panties joined the knife on the floor.

Julie looked down as her mother's fingers traced small circles gliding over her thighs before stealing around to her backside. Her mom's fingertips coasting tenderly over her bare ass made Julie squirm.

"Here," Kelly whispered, "sit down on the bed little girl." Kelly directed her captive to the edge of the bed pushing her down onto it softly.

Turning to face her, Kelly was still crouched on her knees, running her fingers up Julie's thighs in a teasing manner as the raw sexual tension between them grew to nearly unbearable levels.

"What . . . what are you going to do to me lady?" Kelly noted the fright in her daughter's voice causing her to wonder if maybe Julie was the one who belonged out in Hollywood considering her acting abilities.

"Are you scared? Don't be . . . pretend I am somebody you know." A sudden inspiration came over Kelly-a way to turn this game they are

playing full circle. "Like your mommy maybe. Surely," Kelly reached up, tenderly stroking the side of Julie's face, "you trust your mommy right little girl."

"Yes, you . . . you kind of remind me of her . . . in a way." Julie replied easily picking up on this new twist in their game.

"Good, then come on spread your legs for me honey . . . let her see that pretty little virgin cunt of yours."

"Oh . . . OK . . . I guess I can show my mommy my little pussy huh. I guess that would be OK," Julie replied softly as she ever so slowly spread her legs.

Kelly ran her fingers lightly along Julie's parting thighs before letting out a soft hiss as the moist folds of her daughter's juicy young snatch was revealed to her.

"Hmm, nice . . . can Mommy touch it baby. Can Mommy play with her little girl's pussy?"

"You are silly Mommy, you can do anything you want to me. Remember I am your captive."

"And what a sweet little," Kelly carefully pushed one finger inside of her daughter's pussy, "captive you are my dear." She pulled her finger

out, bringing up to her lips, before licking it clean. "Hmm, and tasty too."

Kelly reached back down parting Julie's thighs wider before shoving her index finger deep inside her daughter and wriggling it around just a bit.

"Oh God Mommy, what are you doing to me?" Julie panted. "Please, don't stop."

"Well," Kelly jumped to her feet, pulling her finger out, remembering the teasing Julie gave her just the other night. "I am afraid that is all you get for now young lady. If you want more you have to earn it."

"Earn it how?"

"By pleasing me."

Kelly proceeded to slowly strip off the sweatpants and dark sweater revealing her naked body to her panting captive.

Slipping a hand around the back of her daughter's head, Kelly took a step forward bringing her boobs in line with Julie's eager mouth.

"Now suck on them you naughty little girl. Suck on kidnapper's big boobies. Do it now!" the prowler growled at her captive.

Julie buried her face between her mom's tits and began to suck on them with such a fierce passion that it momentarily caught Kelly off guard. She looked down, smiling at her daughter's unbridled passion.

The whole scene seemed surreal to Kelly. Her daughter's wrists tightly clasped behind her back, her pretty face snuggled between her twin peaks, her mouth flying back and forth between her ripe nipples suckling on them as if her very life depended on it.

Kelly took another step back breaking contact. "Now that was nice young lady and my, my you are the eager one aren't you? Now let's see how eager you are to eat my pussy."

"No, please, lady I can't do that. It's too much."

"Nonsense," Kelly said grabbing her daughter roughly by the arm and pulling her to her feet. "You will eat my pussy and that is final. Now drop to your knees and face the bed."

Julie obeyed as she dropped to her knees facing her mom who was perched on the edge of the bed with her legs spread wide.

"Please I can't do this . . . don't make me," Julie pleaded.

The prowler said nothing; instead, she rudely tangled her fingers deep in the girl's hair forcing her face between her legs. Having the added

twist of being "forced" to eat her mom's pussy turned Julie into nothing short of a wanton little wildcat as she enthusiastically attacked her mom's pussy with a voracious appetite.

This was the third time Julie had her face buried in between her mom's legs in order to snack on some moist mommy cunt making her somewhat of an expert in the matter.

After finding her clit, Julie started with a series of slow, hard strokes while gradually increasing her speed, before she lifted her mouth up, staring up at her mother.

"Am, I doing OK, lady?"

"Just fine sweetie . . . please keep going . . . please!" Kelly found herself once again on the cusp of begging her daughter to eat her pussy. Grabbing a handful of her hair, Kelly shoved her daughter's face back in between her legs.

Indeed the third time was the charm with Julie's mouth expertly assailing Kelly's clit with a lapping, darting tongue. Kelly was soon moaning loudly bucking her hips as her daughter's tongue went to town on her pussy.

Kelly's whole body began to shudder as it headed to yet another intense orgasm courtesy of her daughter. She moaned loudly, bucking her hips upward as Julie furiously lapped at her clit.

"OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD," Kelly moaned as the orgasm washed over her and then slowly began to fade.

Getting to her feet, Kelly looked down at Julie sitting on her knees, smacking her lips, wondering if they should continue with their role playing.

Julie made the decision easy for her as she jumped to her feet whispering, "It's my turn."

"Your turn to be pleased you mean."

"Yes."

Kelly again remembered just how Julie teased her something awful the other night and decided she would now have her full revenge. She uncuffed Julie before pushing her rudely onto the bed.

As Julie tumbled onto her back her mother barked at her. "Now spread your arms out toward the upper posts. Do it now!"

After cuffing each of her wrists to the upper posts, Kelly looked down at the now thoroughly helpless daughter. The power she possessed to do anything to this girl caused a soft shiver of excitement to go crawling up her spine. Bringing her bag over to the bed she announced loudly, "I should leave your cunt licking little ass just like this for your mom and dad to find."

"Please no . . . I will do anything you want." Julie cried after suppressing an urge to laugh as she pictured the reaction her grandparents might have if they really were to find her like this.

Deciding one more thing was needed, Kelly rummaged around her mom's room until she found a dark stocking.

She carefully wrapped it around Julie's head, securing the stocking directly over her eyes, cutting off her vision.

"Now you are truly helpless young lady."

Julie imagined just how scared, and excited, she would be if this was an unknown stranger who had her in this position. She does her best to make believe this was truly the case.

Settling down on the bed next to her hostage, Kelly experienced the high that comes with power- she has complete domination over this young lady. Even better, she was supposed to be bad, very bad, in her role of prowler lady. With this thought squarely in mind she goes to work being just that-bad.

The prowler spent an inordinate amount of time carefully massaging nearly every inch of her captive's naked body with a pair of soft probing hands. Her long fingernails, stroking tenderly, caused small goosebumps to breakout all over the girl's body.

Julie squirmed as she heard the hum of the vibrator start up. After applying a generous amount of the lube to the vibrator, Kelly dragged the humming toy across her daughter's tummy letting her feel the steady hum of vibrations; Julie's whole body began to twitch in anticipation of having that humming monster invade her pussy. She had never been able to work up the courage- although she had dreamed about it often- to actually try using the toy on herself.

Kelly worked the vibrator slowly across Julie's quivering thighs just as she leaned down and began to shower her daughter's lovely little boobs with the tender kisses. Her tongue rotated lovingly over Julie's nipples just as she pushed the vibrator up and in between her thighs.

Julie let out a soft moan as the humming toy pulsed against her clit. Kelly clicked the speed button from low to medium. The vibrator hummed louder while slipping up and inside Julie's wet cunt.

"Oh God, Mommy that feels so good. Don't stop!" Kelly pushed the vibrator deeper inside once or twice before pulling it out. She rotated it against Julie's clit making her squirm and cry out with greater urgency.

Please, I . . . I'm going to come, Mommy. Oh God . . . Yes!!!"

Kelly yanked the toy out making an impulsive decision. "W-what did you stop for? I was almost there."

"Exactly, honey," Kelly replied reaching up to untie the stocking around her daughter's head. "Mommy doesn't want this stupid toy to have the honor of being the first to make her pretty young daughter come. She wants that honor."

Julie blinked her eyes staring up at her mother. "Really I-"

Kelly touched a finger to Julie's lips whispering. "Shh, baby . . . first, no more role playing pumpkin. OK?"

"OK, Mommy."

"Second, now just watch."

Julie obeyed, watching her mother pull the strap on dildo out of the nearby bag. Smiling at her, she carefully strapped the dildo in place. As she approached the bed, Julie's eyes became transfixed by the dildo knowing it was meant for her. She was about to lose her virginity—to her mother.

Kelly released Julie from the handcuffs. "Mommy is going to make love to her little girl."

They tumbled into each other's arms rolling around on the large bed exchanging a series of fervent kisses.

Time seemed to slow down as Kelly carefully positioned Julie on her back. She parted her daughter's thighs as Julie stared up at her, watching her apply lube to the dildo.

Kelly, hovering just over Julie's outstretched body, used one hand to guide the dildo to the very edge of her daughter's wet opening. Julie panted as her mother moved closer.

"Please Mommy, I want you inside of me so bad."

Kelly replied gently, whispering in Julie's ear, before slipping the dildo inside. "I love you pumpkin."

Kelly slowly moved her hips up and down breaking her daughter in nice and slow as their mouths found each other's again. Their kisses, imitating their lovemaking, were slow and sweet.

Arching her hips upward, Julie accepted her mother's cock with increasingly pleasure. They clung desperately to each other while Kelly increased the speed pushing herself deeper inside Julie making her beg for more.

"Oh God . . . that's it Mommy . . . I am going to come. Don't stop."

Kelly looked down at her baby. Her beautiful golden blonde hair was a mess; her face a mask of forbidden pleasure, she bucked her hips pushing the dildo in harder and faster.

Julie's whole body began to quiver and then shake violently as the dildo rocked inside of her again and again. Three last pushes, nice and slow and deep this time, brought about the desired result as Julie tipped over the edge crying out as a luscious beautiful orgasm carried her away.

They clung to each other for several long moments before Julie pushed her mother away. She had a corrupt look on her face.

"Oh no, what are you thinking young lady."

"About our story and the sweet way it ended."

"That was sweet huh," Kelly replied.

"What if it had a different ending though," Julie whispered. "Like somehow the prowler lady let her guard down and the young girl pounced on the opportunity."

"A turning of the tables so to speak," Kelly said unbuckling the harness of the strap on dildo. "I guess I won't be needing this anymore huh?"

"No, not you," Julie said with a smile taking it from her mother.

"You huh, and now I suppose you want me in the cuffs with the poor burglar now finding herself in a most vulnerable position?"

"Exactly . . ." Julie replied her voice trembling with excitement. She was thrilled her mother still wanted to play. "I don't want you on your back though. Here . . . turn around and face the headboard."

Kelly obeyed positioning herself just as Julie wanted. A minute later she rested on her knees facing the headboard, her lovely ass stuck up in the air as her outstretched hands were cuffed by the wrists to the upper posts of the bed.

Kelly turned her head around as Julie got off the bed. She fully expected to see her daughter strapping on the dildo she just used on her, but instead Julie was heading for the door.

"Where are you going? Aren't you going to put it on and . . . you know?"

Julie stopped, halfway across the bedroom, placing her hands on her hips, she smiled innocently at her mother saying nothing for a long moment. Kelly thought her daughter looked like a beautiful little angel standing there; her youthful naked body seemed to shimmer in the candle light. The only thing missing was a glowing halo over her head. Then she began to speak and the angel's words were decidedly - evil.

"Listen you burglar bitch. You came into my home, took my virginity and now I shall have my revenge."

Kelly's heart jumped. The predator was now the prey. "Look honey you are a sweet little girl and I . . ." Kelly paused collecting her thoughts.

"Go on, try and talk you way out of this. I will give you one chance."

"I was seduced by your beauty so yes I took your virginity sweetheart. Can you forgive me please and let me go."

"I don't think so. The prowler lady is going to get what is coming to her now."

"Which is?"

"A good hard fucking."

"But . . . I mean you are leaving. Heading for the door. The . . . the thing is right there on the bed." Kelly gestured with her head toward the strap on dildo still sitting on the bed where Julie dropped it earlier.

"Oh, I am not going to use that one. That one is much too small for you. I have another one, stashed in my closet. Be right back." Julie turned and started to skip out of the room before having a sudden thought.

Julie grabbed the same black stocking that her mother used on her earlier and carefully wrapped it around her mom's head cutting off her vision just as it had been done to her earlier.

Much too small? Kelly's mind whirled with the implications. While the strap on toy she just used on her daughter was not big by any means neither was it small. If she had to guess she would say it was a good five to six inches. Now Julie left, obviously to go get a bigger one, leaving Kelly to wonder - just how much bigger?

Kelly heard her daughter enter the bedroom and then felt the bed move. Julie snuggled up next to her mother whispering in her ear, "I will show you some mercy by giving you a little foreplay Ms. Bugler Bitch . . . before I give you the good fucking you deserve."

"How very generous of you little girl," Kelly replied letting her sarcasm show. She would not let her daughter see any fear.

Wrapping a hand around the back of her mother's head, Julie twisted her face to her. They kissed. Roughly. Tongues darted and swirled around as Julie reached under and started to fondle her mother's hanging breasts.

Julie's kisses slipped off her mother's mouth and around to her neck. She found her mom's sensitive spot and attacked it with reckless abandon with a series of rough kisses mixed with several playful bites while she gently cupped her mom's tits bouncing them in her hands tenderly.

"Oh God, little girl you are turning me on so much."

"Hmm, am I? Enough where you feel ready to handle my cock you bitch?"

Kelly, fully immersing herself in their new game, spat the words out at her daughter. "Stick it in me you little fucking cunt. I have handled bigger."

Kelly was taunting her daughter to see how she would react knowing more than likely it would get the desired reaction.

"Are you sure." Julie answered softly as she squirted a generous amount of lube on her big fake cock. "Here," Julie reached up and untied the stocking letting it fall to the bed, "I had better let you see what you claim to be ready for."

Kelly turned her head around and . . . Oh My God.

Swinging ominously from Julie's crotch was a thick nine inch flesh colored strap on dildo. Kelly swallowed hard as she watched Julie position herself slowly behind her.

"No . . . please honey . . . it's . . . too big." Kelly voice quaked with fear . . . and desire as she decided maybe it had not been such a good idea taunting her daughter.

"Please no bab-" Julie rammed the nine inches inside her mother- hard-cutting off her final plea.

Showing some semblance of mercy, Julie went slow at first, allowing her mother to adjust to the toy's size. Gripping her mom's hips, she slowly pushed the strap on in and out several times, before giving her a quick taste of what was to come ramming the dildo in fast and hard forcing a loud grunt out of her mother before slowing down once again.

"My cock feel good bitch? But oh yeah, you've handled bigger though slut." Julie drove the dildo in harder and harder making the bed shake and her mom quiver with each of her cock's hammer blows.

Kelly gripped the headboard trying her best to take the heavy pounding from her daughter without crying out . . . but in the end it was just too much. "No . . . I please . . . too hard," she panted.

Julie slackened the pace-not from her mother's pleas but only to catch her breath. This allowed Kelly to concentrate on what this good hard fucking was doing to her. She had not been fucked this hard- ever- and it caused an odd mixture of both pleasure and pain all at once.

Struggling against the cuffs, she twisted her head around, her eyes pleading for mercy from her captor. It was a mistake. Her mom's show of weakness only served to fuel Julie's savage impulse to fuck her mom harder.

She started a fresh series of hammer blows rocking the fake cock into her mother with such force that the bed itself seemed on the verge of collapsing. Scared she was actually going to break the damn bed, Julie

relented just a bit. She slowed down driving her cock into her mother at a more measured pace.

Kelly responded with a loud series of moans as she was now enjoying the slackened pace. Mother and daughter fell into a nice rhythm both losing themselves in the moment.

Julie reached over and scooped up the keys to the cuffs off the bed. The initial wanton need of wanting to fuck her mother was beginning to ebb being replaced by something deeper. She now was feeling an urgent need to simply make love to her mommy.

Kelly, released from her bondage, toppled into her daughter's loving arms. Mother and daughter became one being connected by the love toy as it tenderly entered the mom's aching pussy.

Julie showered her mother's lovely face with dozens of soft kisses as Kelly arched her back accepting all of her daughter. They whispered quiet words of love and affection for one another as Julie pushed her cock deep inside her mom.

The love soon began to turn to lust as they clawed at each other when Julie pushed the dildo in her mother's wet cunt harder and faster.

"Oh that is it baby . . . fuck me. Oh Jesus . . . I . . . I am going to come."

Julie raised up, pumping her hips forward, staring down at her mother. She wanted to watch her reach orgasm. A pair of final deep thrusts sent Kelly rocketing over the edge. Her whole body began to first quiver, and then shake, as a powerful orgasm swept her away.

Julie collapsed down into her mother's waiting arms knowing their relationship was truly on hallowed ground now. Somehow she sensed her mother would not be heading back to California anytime soon.