

# A MOTHER: TEMPTED AND SEDUCED

***Briterotic***

*A daughter's crush develops into mutual desire.*

Incest/Taboo

4.83

20.6k words

Saturday 22nd October 2022: just after 9.15 am

Fiona's mouth was dry, and her head felt thick with the effects of way too much alcohol. She felt a dull throbbing between her ears as she rolled onto her back. Unexpectedly, her right arm and shoulder made contact with another person, she froze for a moment; not daring to look at the person with whom she was sharing a bed. The first thought that flashed through her mind was that she'd got drunk and fucked some man; God, she hoped it was a stranger she'd picked up, and not someone she knew. Then she slowly became aware that she was in Annabelle's room, and the body lying next to her was her eighteen year old daughter of that name.

Disjointed memories struggled to the surface of her mind. She vaguely recollected being held by Annabelle, and pleading with her, and drinking, how much had she drunk? Then she remembered being helped upstairs by her, and clothes being tugged at and removed. She rolled back onto her left side, and tried hard to piece these memories together, as she did so, Annabelle stirred and cuddled into her back, nuzzling her neck just below her ear.

A sudden sense of panic came over Fiona, her mind was still in complete turmoil; what the fuck had happened? She began to suspect the very worst, and then immediately tried to push it out of her mind, but before she could convince herself that there must be an innocent explanation for finding herself in bed with her daughter, Annabelle caressed her shoulder, lazily swept her hand down over her breasts, traced her finger tips across her abdomen, and cupped her hairy mound. With her daughter's nipples pressing into her back, and her fingers clutching her pussy, Fiona understood, in that moment, that she had been involved in something depraved and very, very wrong.

"Morning Mother, my God you're an incredible fuck," drawled a sleepy Annabelle.

"Oh shit, what the fuck happened? Shit! Annabelle for God's sake..." cried an fearful Fiona as she quickly got out of bed, picked up her navy-blue, pinstriped miniskirt that was lying on the floor, and clutched it to her naked body in a futile attempt to protect her modesty.

"Mother! Don't be coy, you knew exactly what was happening last night when I ate your pussy."

"Oh my God! Please don't joke Annabelle, this isn't funny, I couldn't, I wouldn't..."

"You did mother, we did. Do you really not remember? Oh my God, you don't do you?"

"Annabelle, please don't..."

"What do you want me to say? We ate each other's pussies last night mother, it was incredible, I've been trying to get you into bed for months, you know I have. We started kissing in the kitchen, and I finally got you where I wanted you, on your back, underneath me."

"Oh God!"

Fiona left her daughter's bedroom with considerable haste, and locked herself in the main bathroom. She sat forlornly on the toilet seat, still clutching her short pencil skirt to her breasts. She felt sick with the effects of alcohol and the slowly dawning realisation of what had happened last night.

She closed her eyes, and images of her lustful deprivation started to fall into place. She remembered trying, half heartedly, to resist her daughter's sexual advances, struggling with the immorality of her desire to be fucked by her. She remembered the moment that her resistance broke, when Annabelle pressed her fingers against her pussy through her skirt. She gave a low moan as she realised that she had at last yielded to her daughter, had consented to their sexual union.

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Six months earlier:

It had all started on her daughter's eighteenth birthday. Annabelle had always been a precocious child, she was clever, Fiona realised early on that she could be manipulative. After her husband left them, when Annabelle was eight-years-old, Fiona had brought up her daughter on her own. It hadn't been easy, as a partner in a successful firm of solicitors, she often worked long hours, and had to rely on childcare for much of Annabelle's upbringing.

Annabelle had gone through a 'wild' period in her teens, she was often in trouble, took to smoking the occasional joint, managed to get herself expelled from the expensive private school that her mother had got her into, and had reduced more than one nanny to tears.

Despite all her troubles, she managed eventually to get decent enough grades to get a place in higher education. She was in no rush though, on her eighteenth birthday, she announced to her mother that she would delay university for a year, so that she could continue to live with her, and 'make up for lost time.' When Fiona asked her what she meant, Annabelle gave her one of her enigmatic smiles, and said that she was old enough now to understand the sacrifices that she had made for her, and she wanted to get 'closer' to her, before she made her own way in the world.

Annabelle wasn't entirely sure why she felt that way, without realising it, she'd begun to develop a deep crush on her mother. In the last few months, she'd started to see her not only as her mother, but also as a woman. She admired her, she loved that her mother was so successful in her profession, she loved her style and the clothes that she wore; she was proud of her mother and wanted to be associated with her.

This was a marked change from the indifference that she felt towards her mother in her early and mid teens. She no longer saw Fiona as someone who made her life unnecessarily difficult, who didn't understand her; in short, Annabelle had grown up.

Fiona had noticed the gradual change in her daughter's attitude towards her. She didn't necessarily understand it, but it pleased her. Her beautiful, troublesome daughter had grown into someone she could be proud of. She felt a warm glow at the thought of Annabelle wanting to take a year at home with her before going to university.

Annabelle was keen not to waste the year doing nothing, a few days after announcing that she wanted to get to know her mother better, she told her that she'd find a job, so that she could support herself financially.

"Have you got any idea what sort of thing you'd like to do darling?"

"I don't know really, perhaps waitressing, or a working in a supermarket, it doesn't matter really."

"If you like, and I hope you don't think I'm interfering, but, I could ask a couple of our rival law firms if they've got anything suitable. It would only be junior clerical work, nothing too onerous, but it might be ideal for twelve months or so."

"Yes please do, that would be perfect. I'd be home before you each day, so I could cook dinner and tidy the house for you."

"Dinner would be lovely darling, but I don't want you to put the cleaner out of work."

"Oh I'd be sure to leave Tina enough to do, I'd just like to be useful to you that's all."

"Good, well that's settled then, I'll make a couple of phone calls tomorrow and we'll see what there is for you."

Fiona was as good as her word, on the following afternoon, she sent Annabelle a WhatsApp message, with news of a job that she'd managed to arrange for her, at one of the legal firms operating in the city; just down the road from her office. Annabelle was thrilled by the news and couldn't wait for her mother to come home from work.

She'd been busy during the day, tidying around the house, and preparing dinner, then she changed into her best tight jeans, a tight long sleeved top, and white trainers; she wanted to make an effort for her mother.

She played with her long, dark-red hair as she waited expectantly for Fiona to return home from work. She heard her car pull onto the driveway and she looked out of the lounge window. The evening sun reflected off the car windows as she watched her mother open the driver's door, and place one shapely leg on the driveway, while she'd looked distractedly at her phone; the other leg was still in the footwell. Fiona's pinstriped skirt rode up and pulled taut across her thighs, there was a flash of stocking tops as she eventually swivelled out of the car seat, unaware that anyone was watching her. Annabelle felt a little flutter in her chest as she watched her mother stride confidently in her high heels towards the front door.

The door opened and Fiona found her daughter waiting for her in the hallway; green eyes shining and full of anticipation. She dropped her briefcase next to the umbrella stand and smiled at her.

"Hello darling, are you pleased with your mother then?"

"Oh yes, it's fantastic mother, I'm so grateful to you, thank you so much," cried Annabelle as she embraced her mother for a long moment. She loved the feminine feel of her mother, the waft of scent, the pretty lace bra peeping out of her blouse, and the discreet amount of alluring cleavage.

"So what have you been up to today?" asked Fiona as her daughter released her from her embrace.

"I've made us a chicken caesar salad, and I've tidied up the house."

"Wonderful, I could get used to this. You look nice, are you going out after dinner?"

"Yes, I'm meeting Sophie, we're going to see a film at the arts centre."

"Lovely, what are you going to see?"

"'Carol,' it's based on a Patricia Highsmith novel. I've heard good things about it, we've both read the book so we thought we'd see how the film compares."

"I see... I read the book years ago, it was quite groundbreaking in its time, subtle eroticism too? Do I sense that there's another conversation about your sexuality on the horizon."

"Mother, please can we not talk about it now?"

"Of course darling, I didn't mean to pry, you know I'm always here if you want to talk about anything. Despite appearances, I've had some interesting life experiences that might surprise you."

They chatted as they ate dinner, Annabelle insisted on clearing up afterwards, and Fiona changed out of her formal skirt suit, into a pair of tight black leggings and a loose fitting dark-green top. Annabelle made a fuss of how sexy her mother looked in her casual attire, with her hazel coloured eyes and shoulder length auburn hair. She told her that she'd look gorgeous in just a bin bag. Then she went upstairs and swapped her white trainers for black stilettos, put on some makeup, and, when Sophie's car appeared on the driveway, kissed her mother on the cheek, and slinked out in her heels and skin tight jeans, to be picked up by her friend.

Now it was Fiona's turn to watch from the lounge window and wonder where this grown up, sensual, stunning young woman had suddenly come from. She wondered whether Annabelle had slept with Sophie yet, she'd told her mother several weeks earlier that she thought she preferred women. A not completely surprised Fiona had been supportive and told her that, if she wasn't sure, she should take her time finding out.

Annabelle was not convinced of the need for patience. She'd been out with Sophie several times as friends, but they both harboured hopes of taking their friendship along a more intimate path. After their trip to the cinema, and inspired by the sexual chemistry between Cate Blanchett and Rooney Mara, they drove to a secluded parking spot close to the local canal, ensured that the car doors were locked, and explored each other's pussies. With Annabelle's hand up her friend's little miniskirt, and her friend's hand inside her jeans, they came together, breathlessly.

Besides her own, Sophie's sensual, clever fingers were the first to touch Annabelle's pussy. Her orgasm was heavenly, but she hadn't expected to be thinking of her mother as she came. It was as though her mother's scent was still in her nostrils, an image of her mother's inviting naked breasts flashed across her mind at the point of climax.

The following day at breakfast, Fiona asked her daughter about her night out.

"Did you enjoy the film last night?"

"Yes, it was amazing, their love affair was so tender and so right, but it was against a backdrop of disapproval, and they were taking enormous risks just so that they could find fulfilment with each other. I'd hate to have lived in times like that."

"Yes, attitudes have certainly changed, thank goodness. I heard you come in, you were quite late."

"Yes, we er... we went for a drink and then a drive afterwards, and.. well, I know now that I am attracted to women."

"I thought that might be the explanation. Annie darling, I don't like the thought of you doing your, er... love making in a car, in the middle of nowhere like that. I'm worried about your safety. You're

an adult now, and if you want to take your girlfriend to bed, you must bring her home with you, I mean it, I really don't mind, and at least I'd know you were safe."

"That's so understanding of you mother, thank you."

They both got up from the table, and Annabelle hugged her mother warmly as she was preparing to leave for work. Fiona's perfume and alluring cleavage filled her senses, a sudden thrill of excitement dampened Annabelle's pussy at the memory of the previous night's orgasm.

"Oh, by the way, I'm taking you shopping on Saturday, you'll need a couple of suits for work, I'd let you wear some of mine but you're at least three inches taller than me and then there's the question of hemlines, I dare say mine won't be anywhere near short enough for your liking."

"For God's sake mother, you've got fabulous legs, and you're only forty-one, you could still wear miniskirts if you wanted."

"It's kind of you to say so darling, but you know what I mean."

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Annabelle looked very professional, and rather desirable, in her new skirt suit on the first day in her new job. She felt good, her mother had told her how classy and sexy she looked, and how proud she was of her beautiful daughter. The dark-grey suit fitted her shapely figure perfectly. The skirt clung to her buttocks and swept curvaceously down to the hemline; six inches above her knees, just low enough for her to wear the opaque black hold up stockings that her mother had suggested to her.

Fiona had explained that she always wore stockings and suspenders because it made her feel alluring, and in control of every situation. She persuaded Annabelle to try hold up stocking and see how she got on with them.

"They're lovely mother, very comfortable, and I feel a little bit horny in them."

"Yes, you've put it rather more bluntly than I did, but I think we're on the same page. You're a bright, intelligent girl and you'll do well in life I'm sure, but never be afraid to use the power of your considerable feminine sexuality to get what you want."

"Mother, I had no idea that you were such a harlot."

"Oh ha-ha, very amusing, I think you know exactly what I'm getting at."

"Yes mummy, I'm just teasing,"

Annabelle drew her mother into a tight embrace for several seconds, just before she released her, she ran one hand lightly over her buttocks and kissed her neck. Fiona was taken by surprise, and felt slightly embarrassed at her daughter's over familiar touch. She also felt an unexpected little frisson of excitement, her nipples started to set hard inside her bra. She turned away from her daughter so that she couldn't see the effect she'd had on her.

Fiona dismissed the incident as an accidental, innocent coming together of her daughter's hand and her backside. Annabelle knew otherwise, but couldn't explain, even to herself, why she had felt the urge to touch her mother in such a sexualised manner.

The junior legal clerk role was pretty routine. Annabelle found herself undertaking mundane tasks like searching for briefs, copying legal documents, answering the phone and making tea and coffee. She was happy with the job, she hadn't expected anything more, and it gave her plenty of time to talk to colleagues, and to daydream.

At the end of the first week, she was tucked away at the back of the archive room, looking for a file, when she heard two colleagues talking in the corridor. Josephine was a solicitor in her thirties and Laura was a senior legal clerk in her forties.

"By the way, how's Annabelle getting on?" asked Josephine.

"Oh she's fine, bright girl, but you'd expect that considering that she's Fiona Hathaway's daughter."

"Is she really, I was in court with her this morning, a class act as always."

"Yes, she's usually on the winning side."

"I'm sure my barrister has got the hots for her, he couldn't keep his eyes off her."

"Yes, I gather she's had a few flings since she separated from her husband, God that must be ten years ago now."

"Well I can see why, she's very attractive, I imagine she could have just about any man she wants."

Annabelle listened intently, she kept herself hidden away, but she could hear every word the two colleagues were saying about her mother. She felt a sense of pride that they were talking in such admiring terms about Fiona. She also felt exhilarated that they had no idea that she was a witness to their conversation. Then she heard the words that made her chest tighten and her pulse quicken.

"Not just men."

"What?"

"I heard that she had an affair with Sylvie DuPont a few years back."

"You're joking!"

"No, I'm serious, a friend who works at the Crowne Plaza used to see them together, often, whenever Sylvie was working in town; she caught them kissing in the lift once."

"Wow, imagine those two in bed together, it's enough to make me change sides."

"Steady Jo, your husband might have something to say about that," laughed Laura.

"Don't worry, he's seen Sylvie, he'd be cheering me on."

"You dirty cow, I can see that I'll have to keep an eye on you."

"You wish!"

"Stop it."

Annabelle heard footsteps receding into the distance, so she came out from her hiding place and breathed deeply, her chest heaving at the news of her mother's lesbian affair. As well as being

surprised, she felt very turned on. She had no idea who Sylvie DuPont was, so she returned to her desk and put her name into the Google search box.

Images of a sultry, brown eyed beauty, with long dark hair, filled the screen. She found out that she was a successful prosecution barrister, now working in London. There was one photo that showed her in her wig and long gown, striding along the street outside The Old Bailey.

Underneath her open gown, she was wearing a black suit with a short skirt, black stockings and black stilettos. She looked stunning and very sexy, Annabelle's pussy clenched at the sight of her; she wondered how long Sylvie and her mother had been lovers.

The discovery of her mother's affair was a revelation, she was so turned on at the thought of it, that she sat on the bus on her way home, squeezing her thighs together, and enjoying the erotic arousal that she could feel between her legs. As soon as she arrived home, she ordered a home delivered meal from a local curry house, and opened a bottle of Chablis Premier Cru. She took one sip of the wine and looked at the kitchen clock.

She wondered if she would have time to masturbate before her mother got home from work. It was a Friday, Fiona was usually home earlier on a Friday, so she decided to save her fantasy of her mother being fucked by Sylvie for bedtime. She couldn't wait to touch herself, but she was even more eager to see her mother.

Annabelle paced in front of the lounge window, waiting for her mother to arrive. She was on her second glass of wine when Fiona's car pulled onto the driveway. She watched her mother flash her stocking tops again as she got out of the car, unaware that she was being watched by her very aroused daughter.

Fiona dropped her briefcase next to the umbrella stand and let out a sigh.

"Ahhh, another busy week over, hello darling, did you have a good day," she said as she leant forward to kiss Annabelle on the cheek. Annabelle surprised her by kissing her on the lips, hugging her and speaking softly into her ear.

"I've had a very interesting day mother."

The hug was lingering and intimate, Annabelle pressed into her mother. It was the second time that day that Fiona wondered whether her daughter was deliberately being inappropriate with her. A feeling reinforced when Annabelle placed a hand on her mother's buttocks, pulled their pelvises into close contact and whispered, "The girls at work think you're so hot, and so do I," before turning away smartly and leaving her mother stunned yet electrified. The words that came out her mouth bore little relation to what she was really thinking.

"Annie, what's got into you? You shouldn't hold me like that and say those things to me, I'm your mother for goodness' sake."

"You love it really mummy," said Annabelle as she slowly ascended the stairs, with her mother watching her shapely legs as she disappeared from view in her tight fitting miniskirt. She wasn't wrong, Fiona did secretly love being cuddled and caressed by her daughter, she convinced herself that it was merely natural affection between mother and daughter, but she couldn't completely bury the slight feeling of arousal.

After they had finished their meal, and loaded the dishwasher, they relaxed together in their leggings and baggy sweatshirts, and finished the wine. Fiona sat at one end of the settee with her daughter's feet on her lap. She gave Annabelle a foot massage as they watched tv together. The heel of her daughter's right foot kept drifting along her thighs and ending up near her pussy.

"Annie, please keep your feet still darling."

"Sorry mother, hang on, I'll turn around and put my head on your lap."

Annabelle did so, her mother stroked her hair and looked her beautiful daughter in the eye. Annabelle's head was resting just above Fiona's pussy, they gazed at each other for several seconds before Fiona lost her nerve and made to get up.

"Oh, I'm tired darling, I think I'll go to bed now."

"Me too mummy."

For different reasons, they were both turned on. Annabelle because she found the idea of her mother in bed with a woman extremely hot. She started to masturbate as soon as she got underneath her quilt. She imagined her mother being fingered to an orgasm by Sylvie, and she came in no time. Fiona could hear her daughter coming, she'd guessed that she sometimes played with herself, but this was the first time she had actually heard her.

She lay touching her clitoris as she listened, she became so aroused when she heard Annabelle climax, that she got her vibrator out of her bedside cabinet, and finished herself off with a magnificent orgasm. Afterwards, she was deeply troubled that she had been imagining her daughter masturbating as she came.

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Fiona was no stranger to her vibrator since her husband had left her a decade earlier. He hated her working long hours, and the fact that she earned three times his salary left him feeling emasculated. He'd had several affairs, and ended up going to live in Canada with one of his former mistresses, whom he'd married eventually.

After her divorce, Fiona had gone through something of a wild spell. She was careful to always protect her professional persona in her role as a solicitor, but she used her sexual charisma to seduce, and bed, numerous men that she met in the course of her work. Her conquests included a twenty-one year old trainee clerk, who fucked her several times in a local motel, and a client with a criminal record who once took her in a store cupboard at Crown Court. The sense of danger, and the fear of being found out, propelled her to three consecutive orgasms in the store cupboard. He had her several more times in various locations, before he was jailed for grievous bodily harm.

Her greatest conquest was Sylvie DuPont. Actually, it would be more accurate to say that she was Sylvie's conquest. She'd always admired the beautiful, alluring barrister. She felt a thrill of excitement whenever they met in court, or in the legal profession's local drinking dens. So despite never having been with a woman before, she was easily enticed by Sylvie when they came across each other in the toilets at court one day.

Fiona had been doing an excellent job of supporting the defence barrister in a case where Sylvie was prosecuting. The the jury was out and the verdict was in the balance. As Fiona entered the ladies toilet, she found Sylvie drying her hands on the towel roll. Sylvie strode up to her looking



formidable and alluring as always. She backed Fiona against the wall and looked seductively into her eyes for several seconds.

"You're quite the little operator aren't you?"

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm a bad loser, and if I loose this case, you'll need to be taught a lesson. Come to my hotel room this evening."

"What?"

"You heard me," said Sylvie as she turned to leave."

"Which hotel," blurted out Fiona after a short pause.

"The Crowne Plaza," said Sylvie, over her shoulder as she let the door swing closed behind her.

Sylvie fucked Fiona harder than she ever been fucked in her life. She took her with a strap on, then insisted that Fiona eat her cunt. The relationship lasted for eighteen months. During that time, whenever Sylvie was working in the city, Fiona visited her hotel room and surrendered her pussy to her. Sylvie was definitely the dominant partner, the affair ended when she moved to a new law firm in London.

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Fiona couldn't explain the growing physical attraction that she felt towards her daughter, she dealt with it by convincing herself that it was normal for them to show each other love and affection so regularly. After all, they were rebuilding their relationship, following several very difficult years. When Annabelle was fifteen, she had been adamant that she wanted to go to live with her father in Canada. Thankfully, as far as Fiona was concerned, he refused to take her in. For once, his selfishness had worked in her favour.

She'd watched her troublesome daughter become a desirable and captivating young woman. What was more normal than for a mother to appreciate her daughter's beauty and to be proud of her? There was nothing wrong with admiring her, and admitting to herself that her daughter was sexually attractive.

Annabelle sometimes touched her and kissed her in ways that were a little too affectionate, but she felt that she could stay in control of that; she knew there was a line that must not be crossed. In the meantime, she realised that Annabelle's infatuation with her would not last forever, so why not make the most of it and enjoy the attention?

Fiona was sure that the feelings of lightness in her chest, and the flutterings in her pussy, when her daughter hugged her in close, and planted kisses on her lips, were nothing to worry about. If she needed to tell Annabelle not to be inappropriate with her, she would do so, but she didn't want to push her away altogether, the physical contact was nice.

For the next couple of months, there were plenty of nights where they cosied up on the settee while watching tv. They hugged and kissed each other lightly on the lips, in greeting, or in the mornings when they left for work. Annabelle found plenty of reasons to touch her mother much more intimately than most daughters would touch their mothers, and, although Fiona sometimes admonished her, she loved the attention and human contact.

Sophie had stayed over several times, and Fiona had used her vibrator while she listened to them making each other come, noisily, in the bedroom next to hers. What was the harm? She was just being swept along with the mood, it meant nothing really, besides, who wouldn't be turned on by the sound of two sexy young women coming together? One night, after coming whilst listening to their love making, Fiona drifted off to sleep, only to awake at around two thirty in the morning. She needed to go to the toilet, redecorations had put her en-suite room out of action, so she crept along the landing to the main bathroom as quietly as possible, so as not to wake her daughter and Sophie.

On the way back to her room, she noticed that her daughter's bedroom door was slightly ajar and she could hear the telltale noises of pleasure being given and received. She was sure that the door was closed, when she'd passed by a couple of minutes earlier, on her way to the bathroom. She carefully prised it open a little further, and was mesmerised by what she saw in the dim light of the table lamp. Sophie was on her knees at the end of the bed, with her back to Fiona, her head between Annabelle's thighs. Annabelle looked straight at her mother as though she had been expecting her. A lascivious smile played across her lips as she fixed her gaze on her stunned mother.

Fiona was rooted to the spot as she watched her daughter put her hands around the back of her girlfriend's head, and pull her face into her pussy. With her eyes still fixed firmly on her mother, Annabelle began to show signs of arousal. Fiona suddenly shook herself out of her mesmeric state and tiptoed back into her own room. With an image of Annabelle's lustful, seductive eyes emblazoned on her mind, she fell onto her bed, opened her legs wide, then plunged her fingers into her wet hole; she listened to her daughter's groaning climax as her own pelvis reached for the ceiling in a back arching, orgasmic thrust.

The next morning was a Sunday, and Fiona sat drinking coffee at the breakfast table, when a sleepy Annabelle came into the kitchen. She hugged her hesitant mother from behind, and kissed her neck while she fondled her braless breasts through her sweatshirt.

"Annabelle please, you shouldn't do that to me."

"What's the matter Mummy?"

"Don't play the innocent, you know what you're doing."

"I'm just showing you affection, that's all."

Annabelle sauntered over to the kettle, picked it up and filled it from the kitchen tap.

"I hope we didn't keep you awake last night."

Fiona sat in silence, she looked uncomfortable, she wasn't ready to discuss watching her own daughter have an orgasm.

"We thought we'd spend the morning in bed, that is if you don't mind?"

"Is Sophie staying the weekend?"

"Yes, is that okay?"

"Will you be in bed with her all weekend, or will I have the pleasure of your company at some point?"

"Are you jealous?"

"What?"

"When was the last time you slept with anyone mother?"

"That's none of your business young lady."

"I'd like to make it my business."

"Pardon?"

"Well I think you could do much better than a vibrator."

"How do you know that I...?"

"Come on Mum, you need to find a better hiding place than your underwear drawer."

"Have you been looking through my things? Hang on, I found it out on the bedside cabinet last week and I assumed that I'd forgotten to put it away. It was you wasn't it, Jesus, you used it didn't you."

"I came especially hard knowing that it had been inside you," grinned Annabelle as she carried two mugs of coffee upstairs.

She'd been feeling particularly horny one afternoon in the previous week, and had opened the drawer where her mother kept her lingerie. She'd felt even more aroused when she'd found the vibrator, so she'd removed her clothes and put on a pair of her mother's stockings, and one of her suspender belts, and had fucked herself with the device. It gave her an enormous thrill to lie on her mother's bed, in her mother's underwear, and to make herself come with her mother's sex toy.

Fiona was left stunned, her daughter had got the better of her again. She really needed to have a serious conversation with her, but that would be impossible while Sophie was around. To her relief, Sophie went home on Sunday afternoon, so she asked Annabelle to join her in the lounge to clear the air.

"We need to talk."

"Would you sleep with Sophie?"

"No, don't be ridiculous, she's your girlfriend for goodness sake."

"What if she wasn't?"

"I want to talk about us, not Sophie."

"Is there an us?"

"You know what I mean."

"You didn't deny that you wouldn't mind sleeping with a woman."

"What? Annabelle will you please stick to the point."

"You know that I'd go to bed with you if you asked me to."

"For God's sake, Annabelle, that's completely inappropriate, it's a good thing that I recognise your perverted sense of humour, will you stop this nonsense now please?"

"I mean it, no one should have to go without when someone who loves them is willing to give them sexual fulfilment. It's not as if you don't like women, I know you had an affair with Sylvie DuPont, I don't blame you, I googled her, she could have me any time."

"Oh God, how did you find out?"

"I overheard some gossip at work when no one knew that I was listening. It's hot to think of you in bed with with her."

"Well don't."

"Come on Mummy, I know you got off on watching Sophie making me come last night."

"That was completely unintentional."

"On your part, perhaps."

"That's enough now Annabelle. You must put all of this nonsense out of your mind. I don't mind you being tactile with me, but there are limits you know, and you can't just say whatever you like to me."

"Okay Mummy, you win, for now. What's on the telly, you choose something for us to watch and I'll make us a cup of tea."

Fiona knew that it was no good pursuing the matter any further while her daughter was in one of her playful moods. She let her cuddle up to her on the settee while they watched tv together, and she enjoyed the warmth of her breast pressing into the back of her arm. She could feel a hard nipple poking into her elbow; she did nothing to avoid the contact.

She had to admit to herself that the line between tactile, platonic affection, and incestuous seduction, was beginning to blur. She no longer kidded herself that she could enjoy her daughter's flirtation without consequences. She wasn't completely certain, but she had a strong feeling that her daughter was serious when she'd offered to sleep with her.

What was even worse, was that she had become mildly aroused at her daughter's suggestion; she hoped that the damp patch, that she knew had appeared in her panties, had not soaked through to her leggings. She didn't want to think about it just now, so she played with Annabelle's long hair as they sat together.

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The events of the weekend had taken Fiona and Annabelle's relationship into uncertain territory. On the Monday morning, in the hallway, in their tight skirt suits, heels and stockings, Annabelle pulled her mother into a clinch, caressed her right buttock with her left hand, and kissed her on the lips. She did the same thing when her mother came home from work in the evening. Fiona no longer bothered to admonish her for fondling her backside, and gradually an emboldened Annabelle started to take even more liberties.

Her embraces lasted longer, her kisses were now more than just a brief meeting of lips; they lingered for a second or two. She brushed none existent crumbs off her mothers breasts, she

started to embrace her from behind, pressing into her back and buttocks, and wrapping her arms around her midriff and feeling the weight of her breasts on the backs of her hands; holding her in this way for long moments and kissing her neck.

Fiona was usually the first to break away from their sensual embraces, she knew that she ought to put a stop to them, but she couldn't bring herself to do so. As the summer months passed by, she allowed herself to get drawn deeper and deeper into Annabelle's clutches. She couldn't help herself, she felt a frisson of excitement and arousal when Annabelle held her, but she'd convinced herself that she was still in control of her own actions, and wouldn't do anything that she shouldn't.

Annabelle was by now completely besotted by her mother, she wanted her so badly, and she made up her mind to make it happen. She started to touch and kiss her mother at every opportunity. She fondled her thighs and suspender straps, squeezed her breasts, pressed her against the kitchen sink and the freezer cabinet door. On one occasion, she even bent her over the kitchen table and tried to kiss her on the lips. Fiona drew the line at that and pushed her away, but she started to wonder how much longer she could hold out.

One Sunday evening in early October, Annabelle came home with the news that she'd finished her relationship with Sophie. Her mother commiserated with her, she couldn't tell at first whether she seemed happy or unhappy with the breakup.

They stood in the kitchen, Annabelle in her skin tight jeans and stilettos, and a tight angora wool top that showed off her breasts, and always made Fiona want to caress them whenever she wore it. Fiona was in tight leggings, and a three quarter length sleeve, cropped, boat neck sweater that lay nicely over her breasts and hung loosely at her waist.

"Was it a mutual decision darling," asked Fiona as she stroked her daughter's hair.

"Sort of I suppose."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Yes, can we, it involves you," said Annabelle with an enigmatic smile.

"Me? How so?"

Annabelle approached her mother, placed her hands on her shoulders, and eased her back into the right angle of the kitchen worktop. Then she leaned into Fiona and hugged her lovingly. Fiona responded by embracing her daughter and putting her head onto her shoulder. Perhaps this would be a moment where she could comfort her daughter like a normal mother.

"I'm intrigued darling, how could it involve me? Have I done something she disapproved of?"

"Sadly not."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, don't get me wrong, she's very good in bed, but I wanted to explore other possibilities."

Annabelle lifted her head from her mother's shoulder and looked directly into her eyes as she pressed her pelvis into her.

"What other possibilities?"

"I sort of told her that I wanted to try a threesome."

Fiona stayed silent, she had no idea what was coming next as her daughter played with the loose hem of her sweater.

"We were fantasising about who we'd like to fuck if we could have anyone we wanted, and I said that I'd like to watch you and her in bed together."

Fiona felt a jolt of arousal in her pussy. She knew that she should be appalled, but she wasn't.

"She seemed slightly shocked," continued Annabelle, "but I could tell she was aroused by the idea. Eventually, she said that she definitely would fuck you, but without me watching because that would be creepy."

Fiona wanted to say that she understood why Sophie would feel that way, but the words would not come out of her mouth.

"Then I told her that I'd want to join in and make it a threesome. She said 'What? Are you telling me that you want to fuck your mother? That's gross.' She just sat with her back to me and refused to speak me. I told her that I wasn't going to apologise for the way I felt about you, and she told me to go."

Fiona's heart was thumping in her chest. Despite her efforts to keep it in check, her pussy misbehaved. It didn't help that her daughter's pubic mound was pressing into hers. Her nipples hardened, she could feel her pussy juice beginning to trickle into her panties.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything Mummy?" Asked Annabelle as she slipped her hands up under the cropped hem of her mother's sweater, over her warm torso, and squeezed her firm breasts through her bra.

"Annabelle don't do that, stop it," cried Fiona as she grabbed her daughter's arms and used all of her strength to push her away.

A clearly shaken Fiona tried to deflect attention from what had just happened, by going to the sink to fill the kettle. Annabelle followed her, hugged her from behind, and kissed the nape of her neck. Fiona struggled free again and gave her daughter an admonishing look, but she still couldn't find the will to tell Annabelle what she should have told her many times now. She knew she should have addressed the issue head on, and said that she was her mother, and she would never allow herself to have sex with her, under any circumstances.

What was stopping her, was a fear that openly acknowledging the subject would make it exist in reality, and, if that happened, she knew deep down that she would succumb to her daughter's advances.

"Alright mother, I'll leave you alone if that's what you want, but I don't think you want me to really."

"I'm making tea, would you like one?" asked Fiona in an attempt to introduce some normality into the conversation.

Fiona was relieved when Annabelle decided to change the subject.

"Yes please, I'd love one. So, are you ready for your big case this week?"

"I think so, I think we've got a good chance of getting her off, it was her partner that did the real damage."

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Fiona's legal team were defending a female police constable in her mid twenties. She had been charged with assault, her partner, an older, much more experienced male officer, had been charged with murder. They had been called to a disturbance at the home of the deceased. The male officer had tasered the man, and was accused of kicking him in the head and upper body. The female officer had used her baton and it was alleged that she had struck the man twice across one of his arms and his back.

The case was high profile because the deceased was a well known guitarist with mental health problems, and it would attract lots of news media attention. The male officer was being represented by a legal team from the chambers where Annabelle was currently working. The trial was scheduled to last a week, in the end, it lasted two weeks.

Throughout the trial, Annabelle knew that she needed to support her mother, and to make life easy for her. She still kissed and fondled her every morning and evening, but she didn't come on to her like she had been doing lately. The case was covered on the national and regional tv news, and was in all of the national daily newspapers.

On the first day of the trial, Annabelle watched the BBC TV national news, followed by the regional programme. The film footage showed the defendants and their legal teams arriving at Crown Court and climbing the steps up to the entrance. Annabelle watched her mother walking next to her client, the camera lingered on them both; two sexy women in pencil dresses and heels. She imagined that many thousands of men up and down the country would be watching and fantasising about fucking her gorgeous shapely mother. When Fiona arrived home, after their by now mandatory hug, and kiss on the lips, they talked about the case in detail and Fiona explained her team's approach.

"You were on the tv news mother, you looked fabulous, so sexy, how did it go in court?"

"Quite well I think, did you see the defendant?"

"Yes, she's not quite how I imagined her, nothing like those photos of her in her police uniform."

"Good, that's part of the plan, her best hope is to put plenty of distance between her and her colleague. She's young, and we're presenting her as a novice copper under the supervision of an experienced colleague, we're trying to lay all of the blame at his doorstep. That shouldn't be too difficult because it's mostly true, but we're not leaving anything to chance. Did you see how she dressed, and how she carried herself?"

"Yes, she looked quite sexy too."

"That's because I advised her on her appearance. Appearance isn't everything with a jury, but it can go a long way. I told her that she needed to look sexy, yet vulnerable, to wear figure hugging dresses, not too short, a respectable knee length, and high heels, but not too much makeup. I suggested that she should walk tall, but she mustn't on any account smile, and she should try to cultivate a slightly injured look."

"Well it worked perfectly, that's just how she came across. The cameras dwelt on the two of you, no one else got a look in. God, you should have seen the footage of your two shapely backsides swaying up the court steps in your high heels, you've got this in the bag."

"Not yet darling, there are lots of detailed legal arguments going on at the moment, but the cross examination should get started tomorrow, or maybe on Wednesday."

After dinner, Annabelle spent the rest of the evening with her mother's stockinged feet in her lap, treating her to a welcome foot massage, then stroking her calves and ankles as they watched tv. From time to time, as her mother shifted the position of her legs slightly, Annabelle was treated to a view up her skirt. The stocking tops and suspender clips looked very sexy, and on one occasion, she got a good look at her silky white panty gusset.

"Let me up darling, I want to go and change out of my work clothes."

"That's a shame mother, I was just enjoying the view," confided Annabelle as she gazed at her mother's shapely legs with her skirt riding half way up her thighs, "did anyone ever tell you what gorgeous legs you've got?"

"Yes darling, and you've managed to inherit them."

Annabelle was still in her work attire, and her black miniskirt had also ridden up her thighs as far as the beginnings of the lace welt of her barely-black hold up stockings.

"How are things at work darling? Are you enjoying the job?"

"The job's okay, nothing special, but it's a really interesting place to work."

"Now that Sophie's out of the picture, have you got your eye on anyone special?" Fiona braced herself, she knew the question was stupid mistake as soon as the words were out of her mouth.

"There's only one woman that I'm interested in," she replied as she stroked her mother's knee. Fiona gently pushed her hand away.

"Annabelle, please don't."

"I'm sorry mother, I promised myself that I wouldn't pester you while you'd got this big case on. I won't do it again, I promise. Would you like me to make you a cup of tea?"

"Yes please darling, that would be lovely."

Annabelle came back into the lounge just as the ten o'clock news was starting on the tv.

"Oh look mummy, there you are, I told you that you looked great on tv. I'm going to dine out on this for a long time."

After the headlines, the first news item was the trial, Fiona watched herself climbing the court steps with her client, and was secretly pleased at how professional, yet sexy and attractive, she looked. She'd had messages from close friends and colleagues, all telling her how good she looked. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw a message from 'DuPont.S' which said 'Still as foxy as ever Hathaway, there's a warm place between my thighs waiting for you if you're ever down this way.'

Fiona basked in the knowledge that the gorgeous Sylvie was still turned on by her. She was also pleased with the news report, she felt that most men would have fantasised about getting into her



client's panties, and most women would find it difficult to believe that such a demure, feminine looking woman would be capable of violence.

The news reports were aired on a daily basis throughout the whole trial. Fiona got used to seeing herself on tv; walking to the court in her high heels and pinstriped skirt suit, or pencil cut shift dress. Annabelle looked after her well, she was as tactile and flirtatious as ever but she didn't cross the line by attempting overt incestuous seduction. Instead, she masturbated daily with her new vibrator, sometimes twice a day. She loved to watch herself, in the bedroom mirror, as she pulled the hem of her short skirt up over her stocking tops, before slipping off her panties and inserting the irresistible implement into her wet cunt.

The jury was sent out to reach a verdict on the Thursday afternoon of the second week. On the Friday morning, Fiona took special care with her outfit and makeup. She wore a black six strap suspender belt with matching balcony bra and panties, black opaque stockings and her black four and a half inch stilettos. She found her shortest pinstriped skirt, from the back of her wardrobe; she hadn't worn it since the days of her affair with Sylvie DuPont. It was tight, pencil cut style, and the hem was six inches above the knee.

She adjusted her suspender straps to their shortest setting and wore her longest stockings. Every morning so far, the press and tv cameras had practically 'upskirted' her as she climbed the steps to the court entrance. Several of the trashy, salacious tabloid newspapers had used these images extensively on the pretext of reporting the trial. She wanted to tease them today, to show them as much shapely leg as she dare, but not enough for them to catch a glimpse of her stocking tops.

Her fitted white cotton blouse looked classy, and showed no trace of her black underwear. Her auburn hair was taken up in an unstructured chignon that looked sophisticated yet, effortless. This would be her last filmed walk to the court building and up the steps to the entrance; she wanted to make her best impression yet.

She knew that she'd been dubbed as 'the sexy solicitor' on social media and that, together with her curvaceous client, she had caused quite a stir, and had attracted numerous online proposals of marriage. The public mood seemed to favour her client, Fiona knew that, for better or worse, this was partly down to the way she had advised her to dress and comport herself; she hoped the jury had been similarly influenced.

Fiona had booked a taxi to get them both to work. She knew that, win or loose the case, she would end up in the pub celebrating, or drowning her sorrows, and would be in no state to drive home. Annabelle was waiting for her in the hallway when the cab arrived.

"The taxi's here mother," she called up the stairs.

"Okay, I'm coming."

Moments later Fiona appeared at the top of the staircase. Annabelle's heart leapt at the sight of her sexy, sophisticated mother.

"My God! You look absolutely stunning, you'll crash the social media sites today. Come and let me hug you."

"Careful darling, don't damage the goods," said Fiona as she surrendered to her daughter's embrace. She felt Annabelle's hand on her buttocks and her thigh pressing into her pussy. She didn't object, in fact she kissed her daughter playfully on the lips.

"So, do you think your Mummy is hot?"

"Fuck yes, whatever the outcome of the case, I'm going to have my prize tonight."

"Oh Annabelle stop it, you know you shouldn't say things like that, even in jest."

"I'm sorry mother, but I've been holding back for two weeks now, I haven't pestered you, but the dam's about to burst," replied a feverishly lustful Annabelle.

"Come on, don't be silly, you need to find yourself a nice girl to relieve you of some of that pent up desire."

"I've found one, I just need her to realise that she's mine."

Fiona caught sight of them both in the hallway mirror, two shapely, miniskirted women in heels, pressing together in a clinch; they looked made for each other, she felt an overwhelming urge to kiss her daughter passionately, to run her hands over her firm body. A horn sounded from outside, it broke the spell of their sensual embrace and they hurried out to the waiting taxi.

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The verdicts were delivered just before lunch, Fiona's client was found not guilty, her colleague officer was found guilty of a lesser charge of manslaughter, and would be sentenced during the following week. Pandemonium erupted in the court room, there was cheering mixed with shouts of 'shame' from the public gallery, journalists were scrambling to get comments for their reports.

Fiona, her barrister and their legal team congratulated one another, their mood in stark contrast to the team from Annabelle's chambers, who'd had the task of defending the guilty male officer.

As the throng left the courtroom, Fiona's client managed to make her way from the dock to where she was standing. Her client held her close for almost a minute in an emotional, heartfelt hug.

She cried 'thank you, thank you so much, you've saved me' over and over into her ear. Her tears of joy ran down Fiona's neck, she breathed onto her ear and her lips rested on her earlobe; however unintentional it might have been on the part of her client, Fiona, already high from the outcome of the case, felt hugely aroused, she wanted to kiss her client on the lips, and imagined fucking the tearful woman as she held her close.

The woman eventually released her, and they agreed to meet again in Fiona's office during the following week, for a debrief, and to tie up loose ends. A sudden strong feeling of desire passed between them, Fiona decided that if, when they met, a remnant of that erotic charge remained, she would ask her client to go to bed with her.

Fiona, her client and the legal team grabbed coffees, and spent twenty minutes drafting a statement that Fiona would read out, to the press and tv reporters, on the court steps at two-thirty. When the time came, she stood flanked by her legal team, her client, and her client's parents and sister, in front of a mass of microphones, and a battery of flashing cameras, while she calmly and assertively read out the detailed statement.

She knew that these images would dominate tv and newspaper reports for the next twenty four hours. She also knew that social media sites would be full of, mostly, men that wanted to fuck her. To calm her nerves, she imagined them all on their knees, clutching at her skirt, and begging her to

let them fuck her. She felt magnificent, she felt as though, for a few minutes, while she read the statement to the massed throng, she was the nation's dominatrix.

After the statement, her client and family thanked her again, and she went to celebrate with her legal team. On the way to the pub, she sent a message to Annabelle, "WE WON," followed minutes later by another message, "At pub now, will be home late and probably half pissed."

Annabelle was delighted for her mother and sent her congratulations. She got home in time to watch the six o'clock news. She was so proud of her gorgeous, sexy mother, she started to finger herself while she watched the very attractive blonde haired newsreader, an occasional subject of her masturbation fantasies, say her mother's name, and show footage of the statement on the steps. She knew that the local news would probably air an even longer report at six thirty, so she went into the kitchen, opened a bottle of wine, poured herself a large glass and messaged her mother again, "Mother, Don't get too drunk, and don't be too late, I've got plans for us. xxx."

After going up to her room to remove her panties, and fetch her vibrator, she settled herself down in front of the tv and made inroads into her large glass of wine. She refilled her glass as the regional news came on, opened her legs, pulled her miniskirt up to her hips, admired her lace stocking tops and her shaved pussy with its 'landing strip,' and plunged the buzzing sex toy into her wet cunt. She came twice as she watched the report through hooded eyelids, but she saved her third, and most intense orgasm, for the moment when her impressive and imposing mother read out the statement on the steps.

She left the tv on as background noise, and waited impatiently for her mother to come home. She knew that she'd probably be a couple of hours yet, so she eventually decided to have a long lazy bath, after which, she took special care with her makeup, and laid out her skin tight jeans, and fluffy angora sweater, on her bed. She put on clean pale-pink underwear and 'volumised' her long dark-red hair, so that it fell sexily over her shoulders, back and ample breasts.

While Annabelle was preparing for the night of her life, her mother was still soaking up the compliments and congratulations in the pub; she'd soaked up a fair amount of alcohol as well. She'd had lots of text messages, including an offer of a date with an old acquaintance that she'd slept with several times over the years. She ignored his message, but as she was reading it, a message from her client flashed up on her phone.

"Thank you again, so, so much. I can't thank you enough, you've saved my life, if there's ever anything I can do for you, please just say the word, I mean anything!!!"

The message was signed off with a big red heart emoji, followed by an imprint of red lips. Fiona could picture her client, slightly drunk, feeling very uninhibited, shutting herself away in the toilet for a moment to escape family celebrations, and sending her the message. Her pussy twitched as she composed her reply; she too was feeling uninhibited.

"If you want to show me how grateful you are, wear your blue dress and those black stilettos when we meet next week."

As Fiona watched the three ellipses pulsing in the WhatsApp dialogue box, she knew that a response was on the way.

"I'll wear the dress if you promise to help me out of it," came the amorous reply.

"I'll help you out of your stockings too."

"How did you know I wear stockings?"

"I didn't."

"I see, you're too clever for me. I usually wear hold ups, but I'm guessing you want the full works?"

"Of course, I'm touching my pussy now and thinking about undoing your suspender clips," lied Fiona for erotic effect.

"Oh fuck, you're making me wet, you know how to turn a girl on don't you?"

"I've had plenty of practice. You?"

"Me what?"

"Have you been with a woman before?"

"No but I've often wanted to."

"Well you're going to get your wish."

Fiona closed her phone case and joined in the banter again. A few minutes later she was still holding her phone in her hand when she felt it vibrate. It was a message from Sylvie DuPont.

"So Hathaway, I'm not used to being ignored, I want to fuck you, get in touch."

Fiona typed her response, "The balance of power between us has shifted, I've got the upper hand now, I'll fuck you when I'm ready and not before," her finger hovered over the send button for several seconds, then she deleted the message and put her phone away. Ms. DuPont could wait for now.

Back at home, Annabelle zipped up her skin tight jeans and stepped into her ferocious black stilettos. She was impatient now, so she picked up her phone to message her mother. As she did so, she hoped that Fiona was happily drunk and uninhibited. She planned to ply her with a large gin and tonic if necessary, she wanted her just drunk enough but not so drunk that she'd pass out and spoil her plans.

"Sexy Mummy, please come home, I'm missing you. Your Darling Daughter xxx," she attached an emoji showing two women and a big red heart. Fiona responded straight away.

"Darling Daughter, Taxi just arrived, shd be home 10 mins, looking fwd to your hugs and kisses xxx."

Fiona was happily drunk and didn't mind flirting with her daughter, but she had no idea what lay in store for her. Annabelle watched from the lounge window as the taxi pulled onto the driveway, her mother emerged from the cab, and swayed slightly as she made her way to the front door. Annabelle moved swiftly into the hallway and opened the door before her mother could get her key into the lock. They hugged warmly and kissed briefly on the lips.

"Hello Annie you lovely daughter, I'm sorry, I've had a little too much to drink darling."

"You're telling me, but don't worry mother you deserve to let off a bit of steam."

Annabelle realised that her mother was a little worse for wear, and if she was going to take her mother in the way she intended, the last thing Fiona needed was more alcohol.

"Help me with my jacket darling."

She stood behind her mother and lifted her jacket off her shoulders, as she did so, a waft of Fiona's perfume mixed with the musky, slightly sweet natural odour of her body, aroused her greatly. She guided her mother through to the kitchen and sat her down on a chair. Fiona crossed her legs, her miniskirt rode halfway up her thighs. Annabelle breathed out a long slow breath of approval through her nose as she feasted her eyes on her half drunk, but gloriously sexy mother. Fiona looked very desirable showing plenty of shapely leg in her stilettos, her fitted blouse emphasised her breasts, slim waist and flat stomach.

Although it was clear that Fiona was drunk, she wasn't passing out or losing control of herself. Annabelle put the kettle on and filled a large glass with water. It was just gone nine-fifteen, there was time to sober her mother up enough for her to know and feel what was happening.

"Here, drink this now, and I'll make you a coffee, I want you to watch the ten o'clock news with me."

"Okay, darling," slurred Fiona, "anything you say."

Annabelle kissed her affectionately on the forehead, watched her drink the water, and poured her a mug of strong black filter coffee. She added a splash of cold water to the mug, so that her mother could drink it more or less straight away. Fiona shook her head, miraculously the loosely structured bun in her hair was still in place. Annabelle was so turned on by her that she wanted to fuck her now, but she knew she had to be patient.

"So, tell me all about it mother, you must have felt elated when the verdict was delivered?"

Fiona's head was beginning to clear and she was already sounding more lucid than when she'd arrived home.

"God yes, it was touch and go as you know. She had actually struck him with her truncheon, twice according to witnesses; I'm glad I persuaded her to confess to it in her testimony, because she would have been in big trouble if she'd been exposed as a liar. We were able to present her as an inexperienced young officer, following the orders of a much more experienced colleague. Witnesses actually heard him shout at her to hit him, so we presented her as this young feminine creature, wearing high heels and red nail varnish, who wouldn't have been capable of hitting anyone hard. Dreadfully sexist I'm afraid, but thankfully it worked, because it could have gone either way."

"What will happen to her now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, will she still be able to be a police officer?"

"She would have faced a disciplinary investigation and hearing, but she's going to resign, she realises that there's no future for her in the police force now. How was the mood at your chambers?"

"Subdued, but no one really expected him to be found not guilty, they're talking about a possible appeal though."

"Then they're being very optimistic, I can't see any grounds for appeal, but we'll see?"

Fiona had finished her coffee, and Annabelle thought about making her another, when her mother uncrossed her legs; the hem of her skirt pulled taut across her thighs, just an inch above the beginnings of her stocking tops. Annabelle felt a surge of erotic arousal, she moved over to her mother and sat on her lap facing her, her legs spread wide in her skin tight jeans. She bent her head and kissed her mother on the lips. Fiona was receptive at first, but, when she realised that it was more than an affectionate kiss, she turned her head away, and admonished her daughter.

"Annie no, no don't do that."

"Come on Mummy, you know you want me to really."

"No, no let me up please."

Fiona got up slowly and stood in front of the kitchen window, sucking in air, with both hands on the worktop. It was pitch black outside, she could see Annabelle's reflection as she moved in behind her and put both of her arms around her waist. She felt her daughter nuzzle the nape of her neck, a shiver travelled down her spine and into her pussy. Annabelle sensed her mother's arousal, so she cupped her breasts and squeezed her nipples. For a moment, it felt to Annabelle as though Fiona had stopped resisting, she felt her mother melt back into her embrace, she slowly moved her right hand down over Fiona's abdomen and made ready to press her fingers against her mother's pussy, but Fiona grabbed her wrist and turned away from her in one movement.

Fiona stepped further away from her daughter, her head was still thick with alcohol but she knew that this was a watershed moment; it had been coming for months: half of her wanted to put a complete stop to Annabelle's sexual advances, to do the right and moral thing, to have the mindset of a normal, responsible mother, to say no, never, to go off to bed, on her own; the other half wanted to fall into an erotic, incestuous abyss, to surrender at last to her alluring, seductive daughter, to feel her fingers plunging into her cunt, to be fucked and made to come by her own daughter.

She was still waiting to know which way the dice would fall as Annabelle approached her. She had time to turn and make her way out of the kitchen and upstairs to bed, but she felt trapped by her daughter's alluring gaze and couldn't move away from her. Annabelle took hold of her wrists and pushed her back against the freezer door, then she forced her arms behind her back and tried to kiss her again. Fiona was surprised by her daughter's strength, Annabelle was pressing into her, the top of her right thigh against her pubic mound.

Fiona's head turned from side to side as she tried to avoid her daughter's lips.

"No Annie, no, stop it please."

"Let me kiss you mother, I can tell from the way you're breathing that you want me to."

"No, no Annie, I don't, I don't. Let me go please."

Annabelle was leaning against Fiona's right flank, she trapped her mother's right arm between their bodies, but still gripped her left wrist with her right hand. Then, with her free left hand, she took a tight hold of her mother's loose bun and tilted her head back, so that she was looking up at her, and unable to turn her head away. They breathed hard into each other's mouths for several seconds, then Annabelle's lips closed over her mother's and she kissed her long and sumptuously. Gradually, the soft, warm moist feel of her daughter's lips overcame Fiona's resistance, she parted her own lips slightly and her daughter's tongue slipped between them and into her mouth.

Fiona kissed her daughter with a passion, their tongues and mouths danced together in a slow soft swirl. Her pussy flooded with arousal; but even as she surrendered to her daughter, Fiona tried to cling to the rapidly fading notion that she might still be able to resist. Annabelle, though, was sure that she'd won her prize, but she wanted to be absolutely certain.

Still kissing her mother, she reached behind her and gripped her left wrist with her left hand so that her right hand was free. Then she started to unbutton her mother's blouse. Fiona broke their kiss and made a breathless plea.

"Annie, no please don't do that, kissing you was lovely, but we must stop now."

Annabelle stayed silent, she knew that she was in control, she unbuttoned her mother's blouse down to the waistband of her miniskirt. She eased the blouse over her shoulders, so that she could see her mother's glorious breasts, nestling together in her black balcony bra. She massaged her mother's breasts and pinched her rock hard nipples. Still Fiona was pinned against the freezer door and couldn't escape her daughter's clutches.

Fiona began to breathe heavily, she moaned with pleasure. Her body began to relax, Annabelle kissed her again, and massaged her breasts at the same time. She let go of her mother's wrist and Fiona let her arms fall to her waist; a sign of her complete surrender. Slowly, as they continued to kiss, Annabelle let her right hand fall between them to caress her mother's stomach, before stroking it down over the material of her miniskirt and letting it rest on her pussy. She probed the material of her mother's skirt and pressed her strong fingers into her mound.

Fiona gasped, then kissed her daughter hungrily, by now she was deeply aroused by the incestuous thoughts racing the rough her mind, and she knew there was no way back. After kissing her mother passionately, and massaging her pussy for the best part of a minute, Annabelle eased herself away from her, and took two steps back. Fiona stood leaning against the freezer with her blouse still tucked into her skirt and draping around her hips; the cuffs were still buttoned at her wrists. Annabelle thought that she looked so very sexy and fuckable in her dishevelled state; her auburn hair now hanging loosely about her shoulders.

They looked into each other's smouldering eyes for a long time, then Fiona moved slowly towards her daughter as she spoke.

"Okay Annabelle, you win, I can't resist you any longer, I'll let you fuck me... I want you to fuck me, fuck me... darling please fuck your Mummy."

Annabelle had never seen her mother look as seductive as she did right now. Her pussy clenched with intense desire for the woman standing in front of her; almost touching her, but not quite. Fiona had never wanted sex with anyone as much as she wanted it with her daughter now. She had fallen into the abyss and there was no way out. Her head still swam with the effects of alcohol, but she'd never been more sure of what she wanted.

Annabelle felt a surge of arousal at her mother's words, all of the flirting, the pursuit, the long relentless seduction, was over. She took hold of her mother's hand and led her into the lounge as the opening theme of the ten o'clock news began to play.

She removed her mother's blouse and bra, pushed her down onto the settee, propped her head up on a cushion so that she could see the tv, then she laid on top of her and kissed her. She opened Fiona's legs; as the news report started, Annabelle reached under her mother's miniskirt and ran her hand over her stocking tops. Fiona groaned and opened her legs wider, just as film footage of the

headline stories was being shown. As her daughter's hand made contact with her wet panty gusset, she saw herself on screen, on the court steps, reading out the statement. Annabelle slipped her hand inside the leg of her mother's panties, and pressed the heel of her palm against her clitoris, her fingers probed her cunt.

Whether by luck or judgement, she found her mother's g-spot straight away. A surge of delicious, erotic depravity coursed through Fiona's pussy, she let out a deep growl and came hard at the touch of her daughter's incestuous fingers. Annabelle probed the same spot and made her come again, almost as soon as she'd finished her first orgasm. The deeply depraved sense of immorality had magnified Fiona's sexual arousal, she felt as though she would never stop coming for her daughter.

"Oh Annie, darling, that was wonderful, please make me come again."

"I will mother, but not just yet."

The case was the first item on the news programme. Annabelle spoke to her mother as they watched footage of a reporter discussing the outcome with the newsreader.

"You'll be on in a moment; you were magnificent."

"Oh God Annie, fuck me again please."

Annabelle knew that the reading of the statement was about to be televised again, so she knelt on the settee, between her mother's legs, pushed the hem of her miniskirt up to her hips, and buried her face in her mother's pussy. Fiona watched herself on the tv as her daughter licked her with her long wet tongue, and pushed the middle finger of her right hand into her cunt.

She watched through half closed eyelids, the camera closed in on her and her client as they stood together on the steps. With her daughter's tongue and fingers bringing her close, she listened to her own assertive voice coming out of the tv's speakers, but it was soon drowned out by her moans and groans as her third orgasm surged through her pelvis. As she came, she watched her daughter's head moving rhythmically between her thighs, and she imagined her own head between the stocking clad legs of her client, after she'd laid her flat on her back on her desk.

Fiona was left almost spent, her third intense orgasm in five minutes, together with the effects of the alcohol that she had consumed, left her tired and sleepy. Annabelle helped her up from the settee in her heels, stockings and miniskirt. They climbed the stairs to Annabelle's bedroom and she sat Fiona on the bed. Her mother slumped onto her side, her legs dangling over the edge of the bed, so Annabelle unzipped and removed her skirt. Then she rolled Fiona onto her back while she carefully unclipped her six suspender straps and rolled her stockings down to her knees. Next, she unclipped and removed her suspender belt, before taking off her stilettos and stockings.

She managed to manoeuvre her fully mother onto the bed and cover her with the quilt, then she got into bed with her. The pulling, prodding and pushing had awoken Fiona slightly, she put her arms around her daughter and spoke quietly into her ear.

"Darling, what you did to me downstairs was sensational, but I haven't made you come yet."

"That's okay mother, you can look forward to making me come tomorrow, go to sleep now."

"No, it's not fair on you, let me make you come now," said Fiona as she stroked her daughter's pussy for the first time.



"Okay mother, if you're up to it, but I want your tongue as well as your fingers."

Fiona slid down underneath the quilt and spread her daughter's legs wide. She licked and sucked her pussy as she finger fucked her wet cunt. Annabelle had been consumed by incestuous lust all evening, it didn't take long before she arched her back and savoured her first orgasm at the hands, and tongue, of her mother.

Fiona, satisfied that all was right with the world, emerged from underneath the quilt and kissed her daughter on the lips. Annabelle tasted herself on her mother, then Fiona fell into a deep, drunken sleep.

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Saturday 22nd October 2022: almost 9.20 am

Annabelle became concerned about her mother's reaction to the knowledge that they had fucked each other the night before. She tapped on the bathroom door and called her name; there was no response. She tried the door handle but it was locked, she called out again.

"Mother, please open the door, I've got a driving lesson at ten-thirty and I need to get ready."

After a short pause, the door opened slightly and her mother peered sheepishly through the gap.

"Are you alright, you do remember what we did last night don't you? I mean you were the worse for drink, but you must remember surely."

"I can't talk about it now, my head's throbbing, I'm going to get into my bed; just let me sleep."

"Okay, well I'll see you later this afternoon, I'm meeting some old school friends for lunch so I'll be back by about fourish. Do you want me to get you anything?"

"Just a glass of water please, and paracetamol," said Fiona as she made her way unsteadily to her own bed.

"Okay, but just tell me, are you angry with me?"

"No, I just need to sleep." She put on a pair of pyjamas and got into bed, she was asleep again before Annabelle put a glass of water, and the tablets, on her bedside cabinet.

It was almost noon when Fiona eventually awoke. She took several gulps of water with the tablets, got to her feet, and put on her dressing gown. As she made her way downstairs, she studiously avoided looking at any mirrors; she didn't want to see her shame faced reflection as she tried to make sense of what had happened between her and her daughter.

She was on her second cup of strong black coffee before she began to feel human again. She'd begun to piece together the events of the previous night, she recalled being pursued across the kitchen by Annabelle, being pushed up against the freezer door, and the feel of her daughter's tongue in her mouth. Then she remembered her daughter's tongue on her pussy as she watched herself on tv. An ever deeper memory surfaced when she recalled going down on Annabelle in her bed. She could smell and taste her again now, a sweet salty flavour that sent her pussy into spasms as she drained the last of her coffee.

As the fog of her hangover began to lift, she started to recall drinking and celebrating in the pub with her colleagues. She wondered if anyone had messaged her, so she picked up her phone and saw that she had several new WhatsApp messages. Two of them were from married men she knew who wanted to go for a 'drink' with her; she deleted them both. As she read through the other messages of congratulations, and queries about her state of health, after such a heavy session, she spotted last night's messages from Sylvie DuPont and from her client.

Fiona couldn't remember exchanging messages with either of them, so she opened Sylvie's first and felt a warm glow of satisfaction at being pursued by her for sex. She decided to let her stew a few days more, before casually getting in touch, and feigning indifference to her advances. She knew that, if she played her cards right, Sylvie would eventually come to her, desperate to put her scent mark on her again. This time she'd have the upper hand, and would ride her former lover with her own strap on cock. Sylvie had always worn the strap on previously but now the tables had turned; she couldn't wait to look down at the gorgeous bitch's face as she fucked her brains out.

Then she opened the thread of messages between herself and her client. She was shocked, the colour rose in her cheeks, she'd practically made love to the woman on her phone last night, and she'd more or less arranged to fuck her when they met for a post trial discussion. Her shock turned to amusement, when she realised that they both must have been pretty drunk last night, but she couldn't help wondering if she still had a realistic chance of getting the woman into bed with her.

She made a mental note to ask her secretary to arrange a meeting for mid Friday afternoon, so that, if the prevailing mood was right, she could suggest to her client that they continue the meeting somewhere more 'comfortable' than her office.

Fiona started to relax and revel in her new found notoriety, she was surprised at the extent to which it had acted as an aphrodisiac, both for her, and for the numerous men and women who now wanted to know her carnally. She thought about her daughter and began to relive the events of the previous night as she recalled more of the detail. She remembered again the moment in which her resistance, to Annabelle's incestuous pursuit, had crumbled. It was when her daughter had pressed her fingers into her miniskirt and probed her pussy. It had been intensely arousing and erotic; complete surrender was her only option.

As she was thinking about her overwhelming desire to be fucked by her daughter, she switched on the tv and found the BBC News Channel. She only had to wait a moment and, as she had hoped, it started to show reports of the court case. There she was again on the steps, speaking into the massed microphones, there was her client looking serious and emotional; Fiona's pussy leaked at the thought of fucking her. Why shouldn't she? They were both consenting adults.

She turned the phrase over in her mind, 'consenting adults,' is that what she and Annabelle were? She liked to think so, even though she knew that society would take a different view. But society didn't have to find out about their incest. She started to long for her daughter, she was certain now that they would share a bed again, today, tomorrow and every day.

A surge of love and desire for her daughter swept through her. She needed to prepare for her coming home. She wanted to dress sexily for her, to surprise her as she came through the door. She thought of all of the times that she had come home to Annabelle and had been kissed and hugged in greeting. This time, Annabelle would be coming home to her, and she would be pressing her lips onto her daughter's mouth, she would be embracing her and squeezing her buttocks.

She went upstairs and ran a hot bath, while she watched the steaming water gushing from the taps, she had an idea. She took a pair of scissors and her ladies' razor from the bathroom cabinet, sat on her bidet, cut and soaped her bush, before carefully shaving around her pussy. Content with her handiwork, she got into the bath and laid up to her neck in the water. The skin around her pussy felt the shock of the hot water but the pain soon passed and she began to enjoy the pleasant glow.

After she had dried herself, she lightly moisturised around her pussy with a neutral, unscented cream, and laid out a black four strap suspender belt, and a pair of black seamed stockings, on her bed. Then she sat in front her dressing table and applied her make up. She put on a little more mascara and eyeshadow than usual; she wanted to look her vampish best for her daughter.

By the time she'd put on her scarlet lipstick and painted her finger and toenails bright red, it was almost three-fifteen. She fastened her suspender belt in place, then sat on the bed and slowly and sensually pulled her seamed stockings up her legs, admiring them as she did so. She clipped the front two straps to the top of each stocking, then she stood up and reached around to clip the rear straps in place, carefully ensuring that the seams were straight.

Satisfied with the positioning of her seams, she stepped into black high heeled stilettos, with an open toe and a thick ankle strap. Once she had the shoes in place, she put on her best black silk dressing gown with red lapels and cuffs, and a Chinese dragon motif on the back. She planned to disrobe as soon as Annabelle had closed the front door.

She was impatient for her daughter to come home, so she settled herself on the settee with a glass of Chablis and called her on her mobile phone. Annabelle was still with her three friends, they had finished lunch and would soon be making a move, she got up from her seat and moved to a quiet corner of the lobby to answer her phone.

"Hello Mother, is everything okay?"

"Yes darling, I'm sorry that I was a like a bear with a sore head this morning, and I'm sorry I lost it in the bedroom when I woke up next to you."

"That's okay Mum, as long as you're alright, you are alright aren't you?"

"Yes honestly, I've had time to think, and I realise now that what happened between us had become inevitable during the past few months."

"Okay."

"Yes, I was stupid enough to think that I could just flirt with you, just enjoy your hugs and kisses, and only make love to you in my fantasies, but I realise now that I was playing with fire, and I got burned; and now I want to feel your heat again."

"I'm so relieved Mother, after this morning, I thought it might never happen again, that it might have to be just a fond memory."

"Oh it will definitely happen again Annie, will you be home soon? I'm missing you so much, I want to hold you and kiss you."

"Don't worry, we're all set to make a move here. I've just got a bit of shopping to do; now that I know you're comfortable with what happened, I'm going to buy us a present, I know you'll like it."

"What is it darling."

"If I tell you now, it'll spoil the surprise."

"Okay, I look forward to being surprised... and more, please hurry home, I want you, I want your pussy."

"Oh God, Mother, don't talk dirty to me now, I've got to say goodbye to my friends and they'll be wondering why I look so aroused."

"Do they all know which way you swing?"

"Yes, but they don't know that I fucked my mother last night."

"Are you saying that you haven't told them yet?"

"Very funny Mother, you're enjoying this aren't you?"

"Very much so, I enjoy teasing my hot little daughter on the phone, but I'd much sooner do it in person."

"Okay, I'll say my goodbyes, do my shopping, then I'll get a taxi. I'll be home by four at the latest."

"Good, what are you wearing?"

"Why?"

"Tell me."

"Okay, a short brown skirt, hold ups, heels and my yellow jumper, why do you ask?"

"I want to think about you, and how I'll undress you when you get home."

"Mmm, I like the way this conversation is going, now tell me what you're wearing so that when I play with myself in the taxi, I'll be able picture you waiting for me."

"Ah, that's my surprise for you darling, you'll also have to wait and see."

"Fuck, Mother, you're really turning me on."

"Am I darling?"

"You know you are, we must do phone sex sometime, I've got a feeling we'd both enjoy it enormously."

"If you hurry home, you'll be enjoying the real thing in less than an hour."

"I can't wait. Bye sexy Mummy."

"Bye gorgeous."

After saying goodbye to her friends, Annabelle marched quickly to the shop that she was keen to visit. Then she jumped into a taxi and was home in no time. During the short taxi ride, she'd had her tote bag on her lap with the present inside. The present was packaged in a smart box, just over a foot long and four inches wide. She couldn't resist poking one corner of the box through her skirt, and into her pubic mound. By the time she was home, she was nicely stirred, and ready for action.

Fiona had been sipping her wine and stroking the smooth flesh around her newly hairless pussy. By the time the taxi pulled onto the driveway, she was considerably turned on and couldn't wait to surprise her daughter.

Annabelle suspected that her mother would not be in the mood to waste time with small talk. The front door opened as she approached it, and she saw Fiona, in her silk gown, standing like a mysterious, seductive 'femme fatale' inviting her in to her lair. As soon as the door was closed behind her, Annabelle was embraced and kissed passionately on the mouth by her mother. When Fiona released her, Annabelle started to ask what she was wearing underneath her silk dressing gown. Fiona put a finger to her daughter's lips to silence her, eased her back against the door, and crouched down in front of her.

She still had her tote bag over her right shoulder as her mother slowly raised the hem of her short skirt up over her brown lace stocking tops. Fiona peeled her daughter's plain white cotton panties down to her ankles, and pushed gently against the inside of her thighs so that she opened her legs for her. She lifted Annabelle's right foot slightly, so that she could untangle it from her panties and widen her stance. Her little white panties now lay around her left ankle as Fiona's warm tongue slipped in between her labia.

Annabelle let the door take her weight, and let out a groan of pleasure as her mother's tongue slid along the valley between her cunt lips, and then circled her clitoris. It sent a tingle through Annabelle's pussy and gave her goosebumps on her forearms. Fiona sucked her daughter's swollen labia, and played her tongue around the entrance to her hole before slipping it several inches inside her.

Annabelle let her tote bag slide off her shoulder, it fell to the floor with a soft thud. With her mother's tongue working away inside her, she stroked her hair and let out a strangled cry of intense arousal. Fiona realised that her daughter was well on her way to an orgasm, so she withdrew her tongue, kissed her clitoris, and stood up in front of her now frustrated daughter.

"Please finish me off Mummy."

"Not yet my girl, I haven't shown you your surprise yet."

Fiona kissed her deeply, her pussy lubricated tongue and lips slipping and sliding all over, and inside Annabelle's mouth. Then she took half a step back from her daughter, and put the end of her gown's tie belt in her hand, and told her to pull. Annabelle trembled slightly as she tugged at the loosely tied bow, the silk robe fell open, her mother stepped back two more paces and let it fall off her shoulders onto the floor.

Annabelle was astonished, her mother had shaved her pussy. She was astonished and delighted at the vampish looking creature standing before her in her stilettos, seamed stockings and suspender belt. Fiona took her hand and led her speechless daughter into the lounge. She sat down at one end of the settee and lifted her right foot onto the seat cushion. With her left foot planted firmly on the carpet, she spread her legs wide open and pointed to her glistening, wet pussy.

"Take off your jumper and bra, and kiss my cunt."

"Yes Mummy."

Annabelle did as she was told, climbed onto the settee in her brown short skirt, brown hold ups and heels, knelt between her mother's open legs and began licking her shaved pussy with relish. Fiona

watched her daughter's head moving up and down, and side to side, as she did all manner of wonderful things to her. Soon, knowing that she was close to the point of no return, she told her daughter to lie on her back on the carpet.

Both women were highly aroused, their pussies were crying out for the touch of each other's tongues. Fiona raised the hem of her daughter's skirt and lowered face onto her pretty little cunt. With her knees either side of her daughter's head, she lowered her own cunt onto Annabelle's mouth. Instantly, their tongues and lips were gliding over each other, slipping and sliding into folds and crevices. They gripped each other's buttocks, and with their mouths sucking and their tongues probing, mother and daughter felt their orgasms rising simultaneously.

Muffled squeals and ecstatic cries began to fill the room, Annabelle pulled her mother's cunt hard into her face and pushed her tongue several inches into her hole, then she rubbed and squeezed her clit. Fiona gave a muffled scream and started to come, her orgasm was long and intense. As it slowly subsided, she returned the favour and pushed her tongue inside her daughter's cunt. Annabelle pulled her pussy lubricated face away from her mother's cunt, cried, "Mummy I'm coming," and gave a throaty groan of pleasure as she too came intensely. Then she eased herself from underneath her mother and turned so that they lay together cleaning pussy juice from each other's faces.

"Mother that was awesome, please keep yourself shaved for me, I love your smoothness."

"I'm glad you liked your surprise darling, that was the best sex I've ever had, the only thing that could possibly improve on that would be if we both had cocks as well as vaginas. Still, one mustn't be greedy, your little pussy is more than enough for me."

Annabelle suddenly remembered her shopping purchase, "Wait there, I've got a surprise for you."

She made her way into the hall, picked up her tote bag and retrieved the box containing the surprise. Fiona got up off the floor and sat on the settee, she heard Annabelle going upstairs and calling out to her that she wouldn't be a moment. When she got to her bedroom, Annabelle took off her skirt and opened the package, pulling out a double ended strap on dildo. She pushed one end into her cunt and strapped the device to her pelvis.

Fiona's mouth fell open as her daughter strode into the lounge in her heels and hold up stockings, with a large pink false cock swaying in front of her.

"Be careful what you wish for mother."

"Oh my God! Annie, you gloriously dirty little bitch, Christ, please tell me that you're going to fuck your mummy with that now."

"Come upstairs with me and find out," said Annabelle as she took her mother by the hand and led her up to her bedroom.

They climbed the staircase hand in hand, in their stockings and heels. Without a word being uttered by either of them, Fiona laid on her bed on her back, opened her legs and guided her daughter's false cock into her clenching wet hole. Annabelle rode her mother for a very long time, her rhythmic gyrating and thrusting kept them both on the verge of an orgasm for ages. They kissed tenderly, and sucked each other's breasts until late into the afternoon, then they came together and lay side by side, spent and satiated.

Fiona took hold of her daughter's hand and kissed it lovingly, then she brushed her long dark-red hair away from her face and spoke to her.

"What was it that made you realise that you were sexually attracted to me darling?"

"Well, I suppose that all my life I've watched you getting ready for work, or for a date, pulling on stockings and figure hugging clothes, striding around in high heels. I've watched men, and some women, look at you with desire in their eyes, like they wanted to possess you. I've always loved that part of you, been proud of the way you looked; that the most beautiful and desirable woman in the room was always my mother."

"Wow, that's some compliment."

"Yes but it's true; I know that I went through a difficult phase in my early to mid teens, I must have been hell to live with."

"It was challenging at times, but I always loved you darling."

"Exactly, although I would never have admitted it, I always loved you as well, and then about a year ago, I began to see you in a new light. I'd grown up and I began to realise that I wasn't just watching other people admire you, I was no longer seeing you through their eyes, I was seeing you as I saw you, and I loved what I saw. I developed a huge crush on you, and I used to fantasise about you in bed."

"Mmmm, tell me more."

"Well it wasn't long before I started masturbating to fantasies of you fucking, and being fucked by other women. I used to imagine you in bed with friends and work colleagues, even Sophie sometimes. Then I broke the ultimate taboo, one night in the early hours, when I couldn't sleep, I heard you masturbating. It was so hot, you were making all these sexy little noises as you gradually got closer to coming; I was so turned on by the sounds you were making, that I started to touch myself. I imagined what it would be like to slide under the quilt with you, to kiss you and touch you between your legs, to have your fingers inside me, and I came so hard, I'd never had an orgasm so intense as the one I had that night."

"Fuck darling, you're turning me on."

Annabelle slipped her left hand under the quilt and cupped her mother's pubic mound softly. Fiona let out a long sigh.

"After that, if ever I couldn't sleep, I'd listen for you masturbating, I heard you a few times and I joined in very quietly so that you wouldn't realise. I even tried to make sure we came at the same time, it was so dirty and forbidden, that I was even more turned on by the depravity of what I was doing."

"Mmmm, yes, I feel that too."

"One night, I crept along the landing and listened at your bedroom door; you're like me, you never close it completely. I could hear the sound of your vibrator, and the sounds you were making were incredible; I could tell that you were trying not to be too loud, but the sounds you make when you come are so fucking hot and arousing."

"I thought I was keeping quiet enough so as not to disturb you."

"But what you didn't realise was that I was already awake and listening out for you."

"Well, I used to listen for you making love to Sophie, I could hear you both coming, which I think you know, because you saw me watching you one night."

"Yes, I'd heard you go to the bathroom, so I woke her and asked her to eat my pussy so that you'd see us as you came back to bed. Something passed between us in those few seconds that our eyes met; that was when I knew that I'd eventually end up fucking you. I always used to make sure that we were loud enough for you to hear us, I used to hope that you were turned on by it."

"God yes, I was very turned on, I used to slip my vibrator inside me and come several times as I listened to you both. That night when I saw Sophie eating you, I just fell onto the bed and fucked myself so hard; I was on the ceiling."

"When I started to flirt with you, and to kiss you on the lips before and after work, I could tell that you were sexually attracted to me. I could tell that you were pretending that it was all very mother and daughter platonic, but I knew you would be there for the taking one day. I knew that I turned you on; like you turned me on. Did you begin to feel that it was inevitable?"

"No, I mean I was very flattered by your attention, I was having orgasms thinking about making love to you, but I stupidly thought that I could stay in control of it, that I could have you in my fantasies, but keep it flirty and affectionate on the surface. I was worried about allowing my selfish desires to hurt you, or damage you in some way. After all, what we've done is not normal, and I don't want to get in the way of you falling in love, and finding happiness, with someone closer to your own age; someone that you're not related to," smiled Fiona.

"Would it be very selfish of me to keep on wanting to go to bed with you even if I was in another relationship?"

"Well let's cross that bridge if we come to it, in principle, I'd have no objection to being your secret lover, but if you fall in love with someone else, you might not want to have sex with your mother."

"Oh but I'm sure I will."

"Well, let's see."

"What about you Mother? I think you should feel able to take other lovers if you want. It's not like a marriage is it? You and I can't get divorced."

"Yes, I see what you mean."

"We'll always be here for each other won't we? I mean we're mother and daughter, that part of our relationship is very strong, it's just that we're highly sexually attracted to each other as well."

"Yes, that's how I feel."

"Good, because I want to fuck you at every opportunity my beautiful, sexy mother, but I don't want you to feel that you can't go with other people. I know you like men and women, that's where we differ, and I don't want to think that you're passing up opportunities for my sake. To be honest, it would really turn me on to think of you in bed with someone else, especially a woman."

"Well, it's funny you should mention it, but I think I might end up screwing one of my clients this week."



"Really? Oh God, Mother, you must, and you must tell me all about it afterwards while I fuck you."

"You honestly don't mind?"

"God no, I can feel my pussy juices making me wet now as I think about it."

Fiona reached for her daughter's pussy.

"Yes you are wet aren't you?"

"So tell me, who are you going to fuck? Is it that policewoman? She looked really hot on the telly."

"Yes, we exchanged drunken messages last night. I had no memory of it, and then I saw them around midday when I got up. We'd practically had sex just by messaging each other."

"Mmm, well you've got me really turned on now Mummy, what are you going to do about it?"

"Be a good girl and put your fingers inside me," said Fiona as she kissed her daughter, and slipped her fingers through the folds of her pussy, and into her slick, wet cunt.

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At exactly three o'clock on the following Friday afternoon, the intercom on Fiona's desk chimed, her assistant announced that her visitor had arrived.

"Thank you Carol, send her in please."

"Will do."

The door opened and Carol showed Fiona's client into her office, she was clutching a handbag to her as though it contained a hidden secret. Fiona got up and greeted her with a handshake.

"Welcome, it's good to see you again. Please take a seat," she gestured to a group of three low, easy chairs arranged around a coffee table.

"Thank you Carol, if there are no other pressing matters, you can go now, I'll close things up when we're finished here."

"Thank you Mrs Hathaway, enjoy your weekend."

"You too Carol, bye."

Fiona, in a smart white blouse, open at the neck, her pinstriped, knee-length pencil skirt, black stockings and stilettos, picked up a file from her desk and sat opposite her client. She crossed her legs, showing a tasteful amount of shapely thigh, and smiled at the woman.

"I see you're wearing your blue dress."

Her client had been sitting demurely in her knee-length pencil dress, with her knees together, but now she crossed her legs, slowly and deliberately, allowing Fiona to see her tan coloured stocking tops and a hint of smooth pale flesh. Fiona's pussy spasmed, she knew the direction that events would take for the rest of the afternoon.

"Would you like to know what else I'm wearing?"

"I think I can guess, but don't let me spoil your fun."

Her client ran her right hand over her dress, from the top of her thigh down to the hem, and pulled the material taut, so that an impression of a suspender clip appeared in relief through the blue material.

"My my, what an arresting sight, did you bring your handcuffs?"

"I never go anywhere without them."

"Mmm, in that case, I'll come quietly officer."

"Really, you don't seem the type to come quietly."

"Well let's just say that I'll try not to make too much noise."

"Have you thought about me much in the past week?"

"Yes, I've missed you, I got very close to you during those two weeks in court, not as close as I'd like to have been though."

"I've thought about you a lot, almost every night."

"Really?"

"Yes, in a very satisfying way, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do, I've thought about you in that way too."

"So what do you intend to do about it?" Said her client as she slowly uncrossed and crossed her legs again.

"Well, you've been a dream client in many ways, always willing to take my advice, perhaps you might continue in that spirit and do exactly as I say now?"

"This is new territory for me, being... 'advised' by a woman, so I'd be grateful for your guiding hand... wherever you want to put it."

"Good, I'm very happy to show you the ropes, but perhaps we'll leave ropes and handcuffs for another time, unless you insist otherwise of course?"

"Well I have gone to the trouble of bringing my handcuffs with me, I had hoped that they might come in useful this afternoon, it's always possible that, if I get over excited, I might need to be restrained at some point; it's something that I think I'd find deeply satisfying and rewarding if you know what I mean."

"Yes, of course, now you mention it, you do look a little excitable; the idea appeals to me immensely," said Fiona as a trickle of pussy juice seeped into her panty gusset.

"I hope you don't think that I'm being presumptuous."

"No, no not at all, I think we're thinking very much along the same lines. I hope you won't think it presumptuous of me that I've booked a room at the Crowne Plaza. We can't stay here, so we may

as well be comfortable; a large busy hotel will be the safest bet. We must not, on any account, be seen together, the press would have a field day."

"Yes, it would cause quite a stir to say the least."

"Here, take this key card, it's room 411, it's booked in my daughter's name, I asked her to put a bottle of champagne in the fridge, she should also have left a couple of champagne flutes. Help yourself while you're waiting for me. I'll turn up fifteen minutes after you. Just go straight up to the room, but if you think anyone has recognised you, send me a message and I'll be especially careful."

"Don't worry, I'll be careful too."

"Not too careful when I arrive I hope? We've got the room for the night, but of course you can leave whenever you like."

"You won't mind if I leave tonight will you? I'd like to be home after... after we've, erm..."

"After I've fucked you?"

"Yes, this time at least, if I please you, perhaps we can get together again?"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves, you'd better get your shapely backside over to the hotel and wait for me. Will you be able to open a bottle of champagne?"

"Yes, I've got strong hands."

"Mmm, in that case, I think we'll definitely need the handcuffs, if I'm to stand a chance of staying in control of a strong young woman like you."

"I'll be good, I promise."

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Fiona arrived home just after ten-thirty. She'd messaged Annabelle from the hotel room to say that she was on her way. Her daughter had replied to say that she would be ready and waiting for her with open legs. Annabelle had enjoyed playing a small part in her mother's sexual conquest of her client. As she waited for her mother's return, she changed out of her jumper and leggings into hold ups, heels and a tight, short blue dress.

As soon as Fiona had closed the front door, Annabelle had her pressed up against it, kissing her face and lips, and running her tongue around her mouth. She'd insisted that her mother should not shower after sex with her client, because she wanted to smell and taste the woman's pussy on her. She was already aroused, but the scent of another woman on her mother was just as incredibly erotic as she had imagined it would be.

She wanted to pull her mother down onto the hallway floor, still in her long outdoor coat, and thrust her hands up her skirt, where her client's hands had been, to reclaim her territory. For now though, she resisted the urge, and, instead, helped Fiona remove her coat and suit jacket. Then she led her through to the lounge where she had dimmed the lights, and placed an open bottle of claret and two glasses on the small table next to the settee.

"So, how did it go mother? I want all the details, don't leave anything out," said Annabelle as she sat with her legs crossed, with her stocking tops on view, lifting the wine glass to her mouth.

Fiona draped herself sexily at the other end of the settee and crossed her legs. Her pinstriped pencil skirt rode up enough to show the underside of her shapely thigh, with just a hint of stocking top. Her blouse was unbuttoned to just below her cleavage, and her hair looked a little disheveled. She still looked slightly flushed, her whole appearance was that of a woman who had just indulged in vigorous sex and had come hard.

"Well, to borrow one of your phrases, it was awesome darling, and I've got a surprise for you," she said, as she opened her bag and pulled out her panties, her client's panties, and a pair of police issue handcuffs.

"Naughty mummy."

"I thought you'd enjoy seeing my trophies. We'll be able to have hours of fun with these," said Fiona, holding up the handcuffs, "but that's for another time."

"Please can I have her panties?"

"Well I can see that you're not wearing any so I suppose so."

Annabelle took the panties, held them to her nose and breathed in deeply, "She smells better than I had imagined, quite fragrant."

"Do you want mine as well?"

"Yes please," she held her mother's panties to her nose and pushed the clients panties up between her legs and pressed them against her pussy, "tell me mother, tell me what happened,"

Fiona slid along the settee, sat close to her daughter, and stroked her the top of her shin. She spoke slowly, deliberately and seductively as she told her tale.

"Well, it was a week since we'd exchanged those drunken messages, so I wasn't sure whether she'd remembered, or maybe changed her mind. But as soon as Carol showed her into my office, I knew; she was wearing the blue dress and black stilettos that I'd told her to wear. When we sat down, she wasted no time letting me know that she was also wearing stockings and suspenders; another of my alcohol influenced requests."

"She's a bit of a tease then? said Annabelle as she pulled her mother's hand up onto her thigh above her knee."

"I'll say, I wanted her on top of my desk there and ten, but there was no way we could risk that. So I flirted with her until I was sure that Carol had left, then I told her to get a taxi to the hotel. I watched her from my office window as she got into a black cab; all long legs, heels and tight dress, it was a lovely sight."

"Mmmm."

"Yes, I thought so. Anyway, I set off to walk to the hotel, I knew that it would take me about fifteen minutes. When I got to the there, I took the staircase, a bit of climb to the fourth floor but much less chance of being seen. I tapped on the door and as soon as I saw her face, I could tell that she was nervous."

"So, not as sure of herself as she was in your office?"

"Quite, I told her to relax, but she said she didn't know what to do, so I stood close to her and asked her what she would do if she was meeting a man in a hotel room. Then I cupped her face in my hands, drew her towards me, and kissed her. It was so erotic, her kiss was soft and yielding, I haven't written men off completely, but it made me realise that I've started to prefer women."

"I've always said that you've got impeccable taste."

"Like I said, we kissed, but it was obvious that she wanted me to take the lead. So I unzipped her dress, then I sat down in an arm chair and told her to take it off and remove her bra. She looked so sexy as she wiggled and stepped out of her tight dress. Then I told her to come closer, she looked gorgeous in her stockings heels, suspenders and little panties; her breasts were like two small teardrops. When she was standing right next to the armchair, I reached out and pushed her panty gusset up into her wet hole, like this."

Fiona took her clients panties from her daughter and pushed the gusset up between her legs and into her hole. Another layer of cunt juice coated the already crusty material.

"Oh! Mother, oh my God, that's so... oh fuck."

"She thought so too, you should have heard her deep satisfied groan. So, I masturbated her for a while, she looked as though her legs would give way, so I told her to remove her panties. She watched me put her panties into my bag and she gave a little shudder of arousal. I pulled her down onto my lap and opened her legs; she was so wet, my fingers slid into her with ease."

Fiona discarded her client's panties and massaged her daughter's wet pussy as she continued with her erotic tale. They sat side by side on the settee, Annabelle on the right, with her legs open, Fiona on her left with the fingers of her right hand inside her daughter. Fiona pulled her daughter's left leg over her right thigh so that her naked pussy was spread wide and fully exposed. She played slowly and deliberately with her clitoris, then swept her fingers around Annabelle's slick wet labia.

"She made so much noise, and she came so quickly, I mean really quickly. Then she turned her head to look at me with her big doe eyes, and I just had to fuck her again. I told her to give me the handcuffs, then I cuffed her wrists behind her back; she was trembling. I'd told her that I didn't want her trying to escape while I got undressed, she loved it, the pretence I mean; I could tell she was really into role play. I made her stand at the end of the bed, while I stripped slowly, in front of her. When I got down to my heels, stockings and suspenders, I pushed her onto the bed, she was flat on her back and handcuffed, I'd never realised how hot it would be to have a woman in that position; helpless and at my mercy."

Annabelle whimpered with arousal.

"You should have seen her face when I pulled the strap on out of my bag, her eyes were like saucers, she kept urging me to fuck her as I strapped it place, I enjoyed it, so I knelt between her legs and simulated masturbation on the cock, it drove her wild, she was begging me to take her with it. I was really turned on, what with my end of the cock inside me, and her pleading. When I finally sank it inside her, she was so wet that it slid in and out of her with ease."

Annabelle grabbed her mother's upper arm with her left hand and put her right hand over her mother's hand and used it to masturbate herself. She pushed her mother's fingers inside her and played with her own clitoris as she rushed, headlong, towards an orgasm.

"I can tell that you're nearly there darling, so I'll tell you quickly that I was so turned on by fucking my helpless, handcuffed client, that I came so suddenly and so hard; my end of the dildo filled me as I thrust into her, she came hard too, but she still wanted more, so I turned her over and held her down as I took her from behind."

As her mother finished her erotic tale, Annabelle started to come. Her back arched, her hips thrust forward and she shoved her mother's fingers deep into her cunt. Her pelvis jerked and juddered until she came to rest, she breathed deeply, and laid her head on her mother's shoulder.

"That was really kinky Mother, I loved it. Are you going to see her again?"

"Yes, after I'd fucked her with the strap on, I unlocked the handcuffs and she had her first taste of another woman. She was good, she made me come again. Then we got into bed and fucked for several hours. I asked her if she'd enjoyed the bondage and she said 'yes' in such a meek little voice. Anyway, she agreed to dress in her police uniform next time. She promised to wear stockings and suspenders under her unflattering police issue black skirt, and to wear heels that would never pass a uniform inspection. She's going to pretend to arrest me, and I'm going to force her onto her knees and elbows, and take her from behind with her face on the floor and her lovely backside in the air."

"Fuck, Mother, that's so hot, when are you seeing her again?"

"We haven't fixed a date yet, but probably next month."

"You must promise to tell me all about it afterwards, like you did tonight."

"I will darling, I could see how much it turned you on, you're full of surprises my sexy little daughter."

"I just love the thought of you going with other women, then making me come while you tell me all about what you did with them."

"Do you know, I think I'd like that too. I'd really like to hear about you seducing a straight woman, you're so irresistible that I think you could seduce anyone, will you do that for me?"

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact I do. Your driving instructor, Paula, she's separated from her husband, no kids. Nice body, lovely light-brown eyes, sexy, I'd quite like to get my hands on her gear box."

"Mmm, she's was fifty last year though."

"Her age is irrelevant, she's hot and I'll bet she thinks you are too."

"Well she does keep telling me how attractive I am, and she looks at my legs a lot more than necessary."

"Seduce her, tell her she looks amazing for her age, does she know that you like ladies?"

"Yes, I talked about Sophie as my girlfriend."

"Well you're half way there, does she know you haven't got a girlfriend at the moment?"

"Yes, I told her we broke up."

"Good, now all you have to do is tell her that you like older women, make sure she realises you mean much older, say that you really fancy a celebrity the same age as her; someone like that newsreader you're always swooning over."

"Sofia Reywood?"

"Yes, lay it on thick, tell her she looks like her, tell her you feel more comfortable with older women, then ask her if she'll go for a drink with you; put your hand on her knee while you ask her."

"I know, I could pretend that I've forgotten to bring cash to pay the lesson fee, then I could offer to drop it off at her house later."

"That's it, you learn fast, wear your stilettos and tight jeans, she won't be able to keep her hands off you."

"Fuck Mother, you sexy bitch, you've really turned me on now."

Annabelle got up from the settee, delved into her mother's bag and pulled out the strap on cock. She gave it a sniff, turned to her mother and held her hand out.

"Mmm, it still smells of her. Come to bed with me Mummy, I want fantasise about Paula while I fuck you."

"Gladly darling, you can drive me anywhere you like."