

Motherly Love

Miss D'Mena



Have I ever considered that I could be attracted to another woman? Never! I've been married and produced a beautiful daughter. I've masturbated to pictures of naked men in magazines, drooling over the sight of their erections. When my marriage ended, I dated other men, admittedly, none of those relationships lasted, but they reinforced the image of myself as a heterosexual female.

My daughter Rosie was nineteen and wasn't due back at university until the autumn, still over two months away when my sister Maggie phoned me one evening.

'Hi Carole, I'm wondering if you could do me a favour?'

She was always phoning me for favours and if I could, I would. She and her husband were going on holiday and of course, Pippa, her daughter, having now turned nineteen like Rosie, had no wish to accompany them.

'Would it be ok if she stayed with you, sis? It's not that I don't trust her, but I remember what we were like as teenagers and

we don't want to return and find the house trashed.' We both laughed, remembering the things we had got up to.

It was no trouble for me as I happily agreed. Rosie and Pippa saw each other regularly, had gone to the same schools together and were now going to the same university. They would have seen each other anyway during their summer break and so it was no hardship to have her come and stay with us.

When Rosie returned home, I told her the news, 'Pippa is staying with us for two weeks while your aunt and uncle are away, you don't mind do you? We can get the spare room ready for her.'

She was delighted, 'That's cool mum..... but we don't need the spare room, she can share my bedroom. It can be like a two-week slumber party.'

I raised my eyebrows, 'Remember, I'm at work so I don't want you two laughing and giggling all night, some of us have to get up early.'

As it turned out, laughing and giggling were to be the least of my worries when the time came.

It was still two weeks away as I made preparations, buying extra food, and getting the spare room ready anyway. If their antics became too boisterous, then one or the other would be sleeping in there I determined.

When the time came, Maggie dropped Pippa off on Friday evening along with a suitcase full of clothes. 'I don't know why she has brought so many; she could simply walk around to our home and get what she wants,' my sister laughed.

'It's fine Maggie, remember what we were like?' We laughed together as we reminisced about our teenage years.

So far, everything was as normal as it appeared, that was until later that evening when the girls decided to change into their nightwear. Rosie came down first in the night clothes she normally wore, a pair of old baggy shorts and a t-shirt top. When Pippa appeared, I had to do a double-take, her attire, while similar to my daughters was certainly revealing. The shorts were cut high on the leg, slanting up from her groin and nearly reaching her hip. The top was gossamer thin, and I was able to clearly see her pert well-formed breasts, and large areola through it. What was even more distracting was the fact that her nipples were erect, two prominent buttons pushing the sheer material outwards.

Her long dark hair, which was normally worn in a ponytail was loose, hanging halfway down her back, and flicking from side to side as she spoke and turned her head.

For the first time in my life, an unrecognisable thought sprang into my head. 'My God, Pippa was gorgeous. No! She was more than that. She was perfection.' I looked at her, taking in her facial features, her prominent breasts and small waist, flaring into desirable hips and long tanned legs.

My face suddenly felt flushed as I realised, I had been staring at her body, only to find her watching me, her sultry eyes appraising me in the same manner as I had been doing with her. She gave me a smouldering smile and then her face changed, Rosie's cousin once more.

'Thanks for having me auntie Carole, I promise not to be a nuisance.'

I smiled and nodded because at that moment I was lost for words. As the two girls chatted, I was trying to come to terms with the sudden realisation that for whatever reason, my vagina was wet and my nipples were hard and throbbing, a sudden image in my head of my mouth suckling on my niece's erect teats.

'I think I'll have an early night,' I told them, 'Make sure you switch everything off when you come up.'

In my bedroom, I was shaking and couldn't stop, what had just happened and where had it come from? There was no denying that I felt aroused, but I couldn't understand what had brought it on. Alone, I may have masturbated, but with two girls in the house, even if they were downstairs, I did not want to take the chance and have them hear me.

Thankfully, a good night's sleep seemed to have cured whatever had overcome me the previous evening.

Throwing a robe over my naked body, I made my way to the bathroom, desperate to pee. With it being the weekend and still reasonably early, normally I wouldn't have thought twice, Rosie would still be in her pit, and I could complete my ablutions leisurely. The door was slightly ajar, and the sound of water was coming from within as I knocked and called out.

'Is somebody in here?'

'Just me aunty Carole.'

'Will you be long?' I asked, 'I'm dying for the loo.'

'It's ok aunty Carole, just come in, I don't mind.'

I hesitated, but the demand from my vagina was telling me that if I didn't piss soon, I was going to wet myself and leave a puddle on the floor no matter how much I crossed my legs. Poking my head around the door, thankfully the shower cubicle was steamed up as I flew across to the toilet, raised my robe and sat.

'Ahhhhh, that's better,' the relief came out as a quiet sigh as my bladder emptied, thankfully the sound disguised by the running water in the shower. It's funny how sitting on the loo, my mind has the time for contemplation, this morning it was the realisation as to how comfortable toilet seats were when you consider what they were designed for. Absent-mindedly I allowed my robe to fall open as I pulled several tissues from the roll and dried myself. It was only as I glanced up that I

noticed that an area of the shower screen had been cleared of steam.

While the rest was still misty it was easy to see Pippa's naked form as she tilted her head back and allowed the water to spray over her, my eyes taking in her perfectly formed bottom. As I ogled it, she turned, giving me a view of her full breasts, her flat stomach, and the tufts of hair between her legs.

I'd already dried myself, but now my pussy was wet again, my nipples straining against the thin material of my robe. Before I could move, the cubicle door opened and Pippa stepped out, reaching for a towel as she started to dry her body.

Trying to avert my eyes, I stood. 'I'll get out of your way and let you finish.'

'It's ok, aunty Carole, stay and talk to me, mum often does, we have great conversations in the bathroom.'

'Yes, but she's your mum!' It had just come out; the first thing I could think of saying.

'Well, you're my aunt, we are both women and my body is no different to yours.'

'I wish.' Again, the words had popped out unprompted.

Pippa was now facing me, openly displaying her nudity and completely unfazed that I was staring at her.

'Oh, I don't know aunty Carole, from what I have just seen, you still have a great body..... *sexy!*'

It was her eyes again, the way she was looking at me, as though she was about to devour me. No! that was the wrong word, it was as though she was wanting to do things to me, things of a sexual nature. When the tip of her tongue slithered across her

upper lip, a shiver run down my spine, accompanied by a sudden fire in my belly.

'Must get on,' I stammered, taking my chance to escape this beguiling young woman.

Ensconced in my bedroom with the door closed, the feeling from the previous evening had returned, my body aroused and the urge to masturbate strong. What was presently disturbing me was that the thoughts in my head did not concern men with erect cocks, but Pippa's lithe delectable body.

When I heard her exit the bathroom and head for Rosie's room, I wrapped my robe tightly around me and went for my shower, standing for a few moments as it ran cold, before drying and then back to my room to dress.

Downstairs, I prepared breakfast for three, just cereal, fruit, and yoghurt. When the two girls appeared I asked them what they had planned for the day.

'We are going into town first, Pippa wants to pick up a few things and then we thought that this evening, the three of us could go out together.' Rosie's cousin looked excited at the prospect of me accompanying them.

'Why not,' I said. It had been a while since I'd been out, and I was sure that an evening with my daughter and niece would be fun.

While they were out, I searched through my wardrobe, trying to find clothes that wouldn't look out of place compared to what I imagined they would be wearing. There wasn't a lot to choose from, most of my clothes were what a nearly forty-year-old woman wears. I laid a few things out on my bed, 'I'll ask Rosie when she gets back,' I thought.

They returned mid-afternoon, Pippa taking bags up to the bedroom. Later, we had our evening meal and then everyone went up to start getting ready.

'Rosie? Have you got a minute?'

My daughter entered the bedroom as I indicated the clothes spread out on my bed. 'What do you think?' Pippa had tagged along, staring at the items of clothing, and shaking her head.

'Aunty Carole, those are old women's clothes.'

'Well! I am an older woman; I'd look ridiculous dressed as you two do.'

The two girls looked at each other and laughed. 'Mum,' Rosie said, 'stay here and give us a minute.'

They disappeared, returning about ten minutes later. 'Here, try these on,' Pippa handed me an item.

The pants she gave me were the type of leggings all the young girls wore. I had to sit on the bed and wriggle into them,

pulling my dress up for a moment as I dragged them to my waist.

'Pull your dress up and turn around,' Pippa said. She shook her head again. 'Those will wait for a minute. Try this top on.'

I felt embarrassed as I got rid of my dress, standing in front of my niece in my bra. If it had just been Rosie, I wouldn't have bothered, but it was the way that Pippa kept looking at me that caused that shiver again. The top was one of those wrap-over, tie-around things that left my navel and midriff bare.

'That's better mum, you look good. Right, I'm going to change. My daughter headed for her own room.

Pippa was eyeing me up and down. 'Back in a second.' When she returned, she handed me a tiny red thong. 'Get rid of the big knickers. Oh, and lose the bra, your tits are good enough.' She gave me that look again, as though now that she had dressed me, she was undressing me slowly, licking her lips all the while. 'Shit hot aunty Carole, you look a sexy fucking

bitch!' There was that smouldering smile again and the sultry look before she disappeared to change.

For a moment, I was in a state of shock, not just because of what I was feeling, but the way Pippa had expressed it. I took off the top and wriggled out of the leggings, changing my knickers for the tiny piece of material that she had handed me. Looking in the mirror, I was horrified. I checked the time, still enough I thought as I threw on my robe and dashed for the bathroom.

Returning, I did my hair and make-up before pulling on the thong and adjusting it, that simple act, suddenly made me feel sexy as I stared at my now hairless mound and pussy. Wriggling back into the leggings, I looked at my image in the mirror, the thong and leggings fitting snugly against my vagina, emphasised my camel toe.

Ditching my bra, I pulled on the top, wrapping it around and tying it before adjusting my breasts, for some reason my nipples were hard again.

There was a knock on my bedroom door.

'Come in.'

'Try these on..... Aunty Carole!'

Pippa stood in the open doorway, a pair of ankle boots in her hand. 'Fucking hell, auntie..... you look gorgeous.' Her eyes were devouring me again, my eyes taking in what she was wearing. The white dress which just about covered her arse was virtually see-thru and I could see the tiny white panties she was wearing. A lacy design covered her nipple and areola but left the rest of her breast visible and as I stared at her, those buds in the centre of each orb expanded and pushed the material outwards.

My nipples ached, my pussy spasming as we stood and stared at each other and for the first time in my life, I wondered what

it may be like to undress this young woman and have her make love to me.

Thankfully, we were interrupted as Rosie came into my room. 'Ready mum?' She was dressed similarly, leggings like me but teamed with a see-thru top which like her cousin had a design that covered her nipples and areolas while exposing the rest of her breasts.

I don't think until that moment, that I had appreciated how beautiful my daughter was.

'Right, let's go. Watch out boys, the girls are out tonight.' Pippa fist pumped as we headed downstairs and heard the taxi pull up outside.

After initially feeling like mutton dressed as lamb, I began to enjoy myself, the drinks flowing like water as we moved from the pubs to a club. I found myself being chatted up by men young enough to be my son, enjoying the flirtation but knowing that none of them would be going home with me at

the end of the night. Both Pippa and Rosie flirted but to my surprise, it seemed that it was other females that attracted their attention.

The music was loud and the three of us were slowly getting drunk, me, a little bit quicker than the two girls I thought, who were used to this habit of downing shots. I'd left them on the dancefloor, snatching a quick breather at the bar as I ordered more drinks. The next moment, Pippa was by my side, and with the sound of it, the drinks were catching up with her. Staying power, that, was what a night out was all about, well at least it was in my day. Nowadays it seemed to be about getting pissed as quickly as possible and Pippa now seemed to have surpassed me.

'Where's Rosie?

My niece indicated the dancefloor, 'She's spit-swapping.'

I looked over and sure enough, my daughter was kissing someone, someone who was another female. It's surprising

how fast a realisation can sober you up. She had never said, and I'd had no idea. Was my daughter gay?

I looked back to Pippa but before I could ask, she suddenly lurched forward and kissed me. It was the shock, as I jerked my head back.

'Pippa? What are you doing?'

'I'm doing what you have been imagining me doing, and I suspect what you would like to do to me.'

I shook my head, not because I was denying it, but to clear my thoughts.

'You know I want you,' she said, sounding drunker than I'd imagined. 'I want to undress you; I want to touch you and kiss you. I want to feel your naked skin pressing against mine, and I want to make love to you.'

I was stunned. Rosie was gay, and Pippa was gay as well?

She continued to stare at me intently, her face slowly moving closer, only this time I didn't pull away as our lips met. Closing my eyes I responded, savouring the taste of her lips and the smell and taste of alcohol on her breath. It was a heady combination, our mouths grinding together before her tongue invaded and I fought back as they tangoed.

I blamed it on the drink, but, my god, it was heaven, and then she raked it up to another level as her hand surreptitiously manoeuvred between us and a finger caressed my erect nipple.

My body shook, and if she didn't stop in a minute, I was going to climax. 'I want you, Carole. I've wanted you for so long. I have imagined making love to you, will you let me come to your room when we get home?'

I found myself nodding and then distracted as Rosie returned.

'You have never told me you are gay,' I said, not exactly the tone I meant to take.

'Does it matter mum?' She had to shout quite loud to overcome the music

I shook my head, 'Not to me it doesn't. You're my daughter and I love you. I just wish you could have told me.'

She shrugged her shoulders. 'It just didn't seem important.' Pippa excused herself as she headed for the toilets. Rosie watched her go. 'Anyway, what about you?' she laughed. 'I saw you kissing Pippa. You know she has been in love with you for years.'

I was startled, I'd had no idea, either that my daughter or niece were gay, or that Pippa had designs on me.

'Have you and her?'

'Of course, we have, mother!' Another laugh.

It suddenly came to me why the two girls were sharing the same room. 'Is it serious?' I asked. I scolded myself, what a stupid question. Rosie laughed again.

'No, it's simply good friends with benefits,' she said blithely. "Are you going to sleep with her?' The question was asked so openly, as though she was asking if I wanted another drink, 'Let's face it, your choice of men hasn't been great, perhaps it's about time you tried a female partner.'

'I don't know.'

I had told Pippa, yes, but now I was having doubts.

'Have a few more drinks and try it. If it's not for you, then it is only one night. What have you got to lose?'

As she saw Pippa returning, she headed back to the dancefloor and the attractive girl she had been dancing with.

'Let's move,' she mouthed at me, pointing to an area away from the dancefloor and where the music wasn't as loud, and where we could hear each other speak. Finding a booth, Pippa ushered me in first and put our drinks on the table.

'Now, where were we,' Her face closed on mine once more as she nibbled at my lips, forcing them open and then letting her tongue invade my mouth. I couldn't help but respond, that fire was back in my belly, and I could feel my arousal mounting. In the darkness of the booth, Pippa's hand returned to my chest, only this time she slipped it inside the top, cupping my breast as she toyed with the erect nipple.

It has been a while since I'd last had sex, a while since I have even masturbated. Her fingers, twisting and teasing my teat had me close to the edge already. Coming up for air, she nuzzled my neck, biting and licking my ear.

'You can touch..... I won't bite,' she whispered.

I was as nervous as hell as my hand gravitated to her breast, cupping the unfettered flesh, and finding her hardened bud pressing into my palm as I caressed and fondled it, Pippa emitting a growl of delight.

I nearly jumped again when I felt her hand on my leg, but by then our mouths were locked together once more and I was giving her breasts the same intimate treatment that she was giving mine. The hand started to move, higher up my leg, inner thigh, coming closer, into my groin and then a finger stroked my slit and I climaxed.

I clung to this young woman, at first going rigid and then shaking violently. 'Pippa? Oh my god, Pippa. Ohhh, fuck!' I couldn't stop, the orgasm shaking me like a baby's rattle. She was speaking and I was trying to concentrate on her words.

'It's ok Carole, just let go, let it take you, let it consume you.'
her finger was still rubbing softly at my pussy and my orgasm refused to subside.

To anyone watching I must have looked a spectacle, eyes blank and staring, mouth open as I gasped for air while my body shook as though having a fit. The first orgasm became a second, Pippa had the flat her hand against my cunt now, applying pressure as she used the heel of it to massage my clit.

'It must be a good one, I can feel how wet you are.'

When she finally allowed me back to earth and removed her hand, I couldn't believe that she had made me climax in the middle of a club with hundreds of people around us. 'Does that feel better?' She asked, my head nodding because I was finding it difficult to speak.

'Let's get you cleaned up.'

I allowed her to take my hand and lead me toward the ladies. Inside she found an empty cubicle and locked the door behind her. 'Let me see.'

Her hand slid down the front of my pants and inside the panties, lingering for a moment as she smirked at me. 'Carole, you sexy randy bitch,' She'd no idea that I had shaved my pubes. The hand curved over my mound, and I opened my legs wider, giving her greater access and waiting in anticipation for her finger to slide into my hot wet cunt as I let out a moan that must have been heard in all of the other cubicles.

When she withdrew the finger, it glistened in the light, covered in my cum and juices as she opened her mouth and inserted it, licking, and sucking it clean. 'You taste especially nice Carole. I'm going to lick your pussy clean when we get home.'

I was a woman, a mature woman. How many times had I had sex, more than she'd probably had hot dinners, and yet here I

was, acting as though I was still a virgin? Her manner, her brazenness and the choice of words had me highly aroused as I did something completely out of character. 'Now it was my turn,' I thought, spinning her around and placing her back against the wall of the cubicle.

The expression on my face implied that I was in charge, my mouth locking against hers once more, but this time the kiss was so full of passion and arousal that I could feel her trying to moan and groan, with only a rumbling managing to escape, My right hand went under her dress and straight down the front of her panties, quickly finding her open wet pussy and sliding a finger inside as I began to frig her. My left hand went to her tits, squeezing and kneading the flesh, pulling, and twisting at her nipples as a second finger joined the first in her cunt.

When I pulled my head back to let her breathe, a third finger joined the other two and I friggd her as fast and hard as I could until I thought my arm would drop off. Her eyes glazed over, mouth opening and saliva dribbling down her chin as I made her orgasm, Pippa suddenly like a rag doll in my hands

as her body jerked, limbs flailing as she started to wail. To silence her, we kissed again, my fingers continuing to pound her cunt as she bounced off the cubicle wall, eyes rolling up into her head. Deciding she'd had enough for the moment, my hand slowed, now gently massaging her pussy as her juices flowed into my palm and splattered onto the tiled floor.

Slowly, she was coming back to reality, tears flowing down her cheek, as her arms went around me. 'I love you, Carole. I've always been in love with you.'

When I withdrew my hand, it was well and truly covered in her cum. I held it up so that she could see and then slowly began to clean it with my tongue, Pippa joining me as we sucked a finger each.

'And now, we had better properly get cleaned up and find Rosie.'

The lights had gone up and security was ushering people out, it seemed strange without the sound of music booming away.

'Well?' Rosie asked her cousin; her mother up ahead forcing her way towards the taxi rank.

'Jesus, Rosie. I really enjoy what we do together. But what your mum did to me in the toilets was fucking out of this world. She made me feel like a child, as though that was the first time a woman had touched me. I've never cum as hard in my life. I love her Rosie; I really love your mother.'

The taxi ride home seemed silent compared to the club, even though Rosie and Pippa talked non-stop. Despite what had already happened, I was beginning to have doubts again, I know I had told her 'yes,' but could I go through with it?

'I'm going up. I'll see you in the morning.' Pippa did not attempt to follow me, and I felt relieved as I closed my bedroom door. Maybe she was too drunk to remember.

Staring at myself in the mirror I felt quite proud of the way I looked. All right, my face gave the game away, there was no chance I looked as young as my daughter, but in these clothes, I still looked quite sexy. That was the problem though, the clothes hid the lumps and bumps, the orange peel on my thighs, the bit of a tummy and the signs of sag that said my tits were heading south.

I know what Pippa had said, but that was dressed up. When she saw me naked, she was going to be disappointed. I was about to undress, the tapping at my door distracting me and making me jump. Was that Pippa? I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

'Come in.' I managed.

Rosie's face appeared, giving me a concerned smile.

'Pippa wasn't sure if you had changed your mind.'

'Neither am I,' the hesitation and apprehension evident.

Taking my hand, we sat on my bed. 'I'm old Rosie. What's she going to think when I undress?'

'She's going to think that you look fantastic and sexy..... because you do.' I wasn't paying attention to her words.

'I bet everyone she has been with is your age, young and slim, everything where it should be, not like me.' I was close to tears.

'If I tell you something, you must promise not to say a word, or let on to Pippa that you know.'

I nodded, wondering what the secret could be.

'Pippa has slept with an older woman. She knows what to expect and she has fantasised about you for so long.'

'What? Someone from the club? Where are you meeting older women?' The concern was for my daughter. 'Who was it?'

Rosie's head was down, unable to meet my eyes. 'Aunt Maggie..... your sister..... her mum!'

Talk about knocking me down with a feather. I was dumbstruck, my mouth opening and closing but with nothing coming out while my mind worked feverously. Maggie! My sister Maggie had slept with her daughter! My sister Maggie had indulged in lesbian sex! And then another image crept into my head.

Rosie? Have you..... you know..... have you slept with your aunt?' There, the words were out.

She looked at me seriously. 'Yeah, of course, I've slept with Maggie, she is dammed good in bed.' The aunt part had disappeared.

It felt like someone had just snuck up behind me and smashed me in the back of my head with a hammer.

I don't know how long we sat in silence, but at last, my daughter stood.

'I'll tell her you have changed your mind.'

I hesitated. 'Tell her to give me five minutes, I'll be waiting for her.' Rosie grinned as she disappeared.

Quickly I undressed, turned out the main light and put on a bedside lamp. In my bed, the temptation was to pull the covers up to my chin, I resisted, pulling them to my hips and leaving my upper torso naked as I waited patiently, my heart thudding in my chest.

A knock came at my door. 'Come in Pippa.'

The girl who entered was simply that, a girl still, and from the look of it, now unsure of herself.

I used her own words, 'It's ok, I won't bite,' as I pulled the covers back on the side of the bed next to me.

Having committed, I watched with mounting excitement as she undressed. Still, in her going-out clothes, there wasn't a lot to remove and then I waited expectantly as her perfect body climbed into the bed next to me. Sliding down, I turned and faced her, Pippa seemed to have lost some of her confidence.

'Are you not going to kiss me again?' I tried to make my voice as sultry and sexy as possible.

A light went on behind her eyes and then she was moving closer, lips meeting, our naked skin pressed against each other, legs entangled, and pussies pressed tightly against thighs. The kiss became feverish, my hands cupping her breasts and Pippa tweaking my nipples. She was humping my

leg, I was humping hers, wet cunts leaving a trail of slippery lubricant up and down smooth skin.

Humping wasn't enough, I wanted to feel her fingers inside me. Pippa wanted the same.

'Finger me, Carole. I want to feel your fingers inside my pussy. See how wet I am for you.'

I inserted two fingers, jiggling them about as I massaged her moist internal flesh. My legs opened so that this gorgeous young woman could do the same to me. Our lips separated and then reattached; it was like I couldn't get enough of her mouth. I wanted to bite, bite hard, I wanted to suck her tongue down my throat. My body was alive to her touch, my arousal mounting, a nervous pulsating energy that was building.

My pussy was on fire, juices flowing freely, her hand and fingers now massaging my clit.

'Fuck. Ohhh shit, yes, yes, just there Pippa..... Oh my god, that, is fantastic.'

Lips breaking apart once more, my mouth going to her beautiful breasts, my tongue roaming over her areola, teeth teasing her nipples. When my lips latched onto her teat and I suckled, Pippa shivered.

Somehow a hand came free, two of my fingers still in her pussy. My desire and arousal now overrode any reservations as I inserted another two fingers into her cunt, four in all and with my free hand slid one up her anus, frigging both orifices fast and hard.

Pippa stared at me, a look of surprise spreading, her eyes opening wide and her mouth falling open, she was on the brink, her face displaying how close she was as I redoubled my efforts. And then I thought for a moment she was going to cry as she started shaking.

Her face was silently pleading, and then her eyes went blank as her body went rigid. She was still staring at me, but she wasn't seeing anymore, her body and brain now controlled by her orgasm and my fingers in her pussy. Continuing to frig her, she went limp initially and then I felt her pussy spasm, followed by her thighs and then her tummy. It progressed through her body, her magnificent orbs beginning to bounce and then her shoulders lifted from the mattress as the loudest wail I had heard erupted from her lips. She raised her head, mouth still open and then flopped back again, repeating the action over and over, half words spilling forth but nothing that made sense.

When my hand and arm became tired, I slowed, gently massaging her pussy before eventually moving and laying with my head on her tummy watching her chest rise and fall. Every so often I would kiss her soft smooth skin, running my tongue in and around her belly button. I could smell her musk, the scent of sex. My arousal had subsided but was still bubbling beneath the surface. I had been correct; Pippa was perfection from head to toe.

At last, her hand moved, stroking my hair, face and cheek, a single finger tracing a pattern across my lips and which I took into my mouth and sucked, tasting my drying juices on it. Pippa raised her head, and I gave her a smile, one of affection and desire.

'I love you, Carole, I always have, and I always will.'

Twisting around, I lay next to her, my face level with her breasts, she had a satisfied smile on her face which when I leant across and kissed her nipples, changed. It was as though I had flicked a switch, the look of arousal behind those dark eyes of hers. She moved, sliding past me, and urging that I move up the bed.

'On your back,' she commanded, opening my legs wide once I turned and I knew what she was going to do.

A smile of devilment, a twinkle in her eyes and then her mouth attached itself to my pussy. Parting my labia, she gaped me, one long slow lick that started nearly at my ring

piece and went across my wet open pussy and finished as it flicked and tickled my clitoris.

My body shook, my hand going to her head as I stroked her hair.

'Pippa? Holy shit. Jesus, that is so good Pippa.' Her head lifted for a second; a smile and my juices spread across her face.

'I said I was going to lick you clean Carole.'

Her head went back down and then I cried aloud, her tongue had just poked itself into my cunt and was licking and slurping at every inch of wet pink flesh that it could reach.

I have had many men do this to me, but none with the same finesse and artistry that Pippa exhibited as her tongue seemed to reach parts of the body that others couldn't. She knew exactly where to place her tongue or lips, and how much pressure to apply to extract the ultimate amount of pleasure.

I have never felt as turned on or aroused in my life, my body in constant turmoil as to what she would do next.

'Oh fuckkkkk.' Her tongue had just circled and then tickled my puckered entrance, her fingers now in my cunt. I felt two and then three, my pussy was expanding as she added more, taking the time to let me become accustomed until eventually and much to my astonishment, her fist was in my cunt.

'Jesus fucking Christ Pippa, it feels like a massive cock up there.'

She giggled, 'It will do in a minute.' Slowly it withdrew and then surged forward again, back, and forth, getting faster as my pussy began to produce and then lose juices. And then it was fucking me, the beautiful devil incarnate was fucking my pussy with a giant cock as my insides exploded, my brain turning to mush and the world spinning around me. The orgasm in the club had been astounding, this one was out of this world as I screeched and writhed, words pouring from my lips which I had no control over as this darling girl took

me to another realm. She was relentless, paying me back for the way I had tormented her and with no release until she had made me climax twice.

I don't know what time we fell asleep, the early hours of the morning I suspect, wrapped in each other arms after we had both experienced numerable orgasms. I heard the door open and then the rattle of a cup and saucer as it was placed by the side of the bed.

My bleary eyes opened, 'Hi princess, how are you feeling?'

'Jealous,' came Rosie's reply.

Sitting up, the covers slid away, it didn't even register that my top half was naked, something I may not have done as easily in the past, not even with my daughter. Looking at the sleeping figure next to me, I was ashamed. She was Rosie's friend, in a way, her partner, and last night I had stolen her, enticed her into my bed and had sex with her.

It must have been hard for my daughter, it was not as though we had been quiet, alone in her room, she must have heard her mother and her friend fucking, she had every right to be jealous.

'Well?'

'Well, what?' came my reply.

'One night only, or something you want to do again?'

I must have looked smug. 'Well, I suppose..... it was the best sex I have ever had.'

'Welcome to the sisterhood mum.'

I heard Pippa wake and then move, her breasts pushing against my back as she kissed my shoulder.

'Anybody mind if I jump in the shower first?'

Still drinking my brew, I told her to go for it, apologising to my daughter once the young woman was out of the room.

'I'm sorry Rosie. That wasn't exactly fair of me, pinching your girlfriend like that.'

She laughed loudly. 'Mum! She isn't my girlfriend, partner, or anything else. It's just a convenience when we are both at a loose end. I don't love her or anything like that. Pippa has always made it plain who she is in love with.'

'But all the noise last night.'

'It doesn't matter mum. If you enjoyed it, which with the noise coming from this room, I suspect you did, then go for it. I'm happy for you.'

Go for it I did, not necessarily clubbing again, although there were another couple of nights that I went out with them, Pippa choosing some quite outrageous clothes for me to wear, and which left me feeling as though I was parading around half-naked, and which aroused me considerably.

I still had work during the day, which meant during the week I wasn't up for late nights, or in Pippa's case, early hours of the morning. That wasn't to say I did not accommodate her; those two weeks flew past in a blur of sexual depravity as I allowed her to abuse my body and I took great delight in devouring hers.

When my sister returned and arrived to pick her daughter up, I felt quite miffed, but inside, I knew I needed to say something to her. I had fucked her daughter; she had a right to know.

'Has she behaved Carole?'

'She has been a dream, Maggie. No problem at all.'

As the girls took the suitcase out to the car, I pulled my sister to one side.

'I need to have a word with you..... in private.' She looked at me quizzically.

'Has she done something wrong?'

'No, no, nothing like that. Something completely different.'

'Come round tomorrow afternoon, Jimmy will be out and I'm sure the girls will be distracted.'

I was there prompt, the house empty, which was a relief.

Sat in the lounge, I just came out with it. 'I need to tell you something. There is no easy way, so I'm just going to come

out with it and then you can shout at me..... I've slept with Pippa, or rather, I've had sex with Pippa.'

There was no outburst, only a roar of laughter. I looked at her puzzled, 'Did you hear me. I've had sex with your daughter.' That only seemed to make her laugh louder.

'Carole! She's a grown woman, she can do what she wants. More to the point, did you enjoy it?'

She had left me speechless.

I suppose I sounded slightly bemused. 'Well, yes, in fact, I did.'

Well then, what's the problem?' I hadn't a clue at that moment, I suppose there was no problem.

And then I remembered Rosie's words.

'I believe you have as well Maggie. How did that happen?'

My sister blushed for a moment before recounting her story. 'Her eighteenth birthday, I was drunk, she was drunk, Jimmy was paralytic. Pippa has always known she was gay, even from an early age. You do know that she is in love with you. It started when she was a little girl,' She heightened the sound of her voice, trying to imitate Pippa as a child. 'I love aunty Carole and I'm going to marry her one day.'

'I tried to explain about men and women, but she was too young, and I imagined she would grow out of it..... but she never did. It continued over the years, my daughter continually telling me she was in love with you. She was sixteen when she came out and told me seriously that she was gay. It didn't matter to me; it wouldn't stop me from loving her. But even then, it was the same thing, "Aunty Carole," she was in love with aunty Carole. I explained that she had no chance, that you liked men, but she was adamant.'

'Anyway, her birthday, both of us drunk and playing silly games, just like we, used to do. One thing led to another, and we kissed, and then the kiss led to something else, and then the next thing I know, we are naked down here on the rug having sex while Jimmy is passed out upstairs. I've got to admit sis, I enjoyed it. It was refreshing and different. We are not at it all the time, just occasionally, when the need arises.'

'And Rosie?' I asked.

'Ahh, Who told you?

'Rosie did when I was hesitating.'

'Pippa told me that Rosie was gay as well and that she fancied me. I suppose it did my ego a world of good. It was exciting and arousing to still be considered sexy and desirable. I'm afraid I've slept with your daughter a lot more than I have slept with mine.'

And there it was, out in the open, my sister was having a lesbian affair with my daughter.

'I'll bet there is something she hasn't told you.' Maggie had the same devilment in her face that her daughter got as she gave me a smirk.

Has Rosie told you that she wants to sleep with you, as in S.E.X?'

I was in that place again where my mouth refused to form words and my mind was like a merry-go-round at full speed.

'What? No! Now you are making fun of me.'

Maggie took my hand. 'Rosie knows that I have sex with Pippa from time to time. The two girls have sex from time to time. They don't seem to bother the same, they don't see a casual partner as cheating, it's just..... Normal?'

'Pippa never stops going on about you and I suppose Rosie wants to experience that mother, daughter thing.'

When I left her house, was I considering having sex with my sister? No. I was still coming to terms with having spent nearly two weeks having sex with Pippa and her constantly telling me that she loved me. Now, I had just learnt that she wasn't the only one who had designs on me.

That weekend, I kept to myself, staying out of the way, no Rosie, no Pippa, my mind in turmoil. Monday morning and work came as a relief, an escape from thinking.

Rosie was becoming concerned about me locking myself away, but as yet I was not prepared to discuss my thoughts. Friday night, Pippa was there as normal, was she expecting to spend the weekend with me. I've got to say, that I was missing her, she had fulfilled something that seemed to be missing in my life.

'Can you give us a few minutes Rosie?'

Sitting on the couch, Pippa, of course, wanted to sit next to me but I kept her at a distance, the disappointment and distress plainly obvious on her face, hurt me.

'Cheer up, it's not as bad as you think, but I don't want to see you tonight or tomorrow.' I'm sure I saw a tear. 'Sunday, let's go out the three of us, will you choose something for me to wear, something daring.'

'Ok,' I took a breath, 'From next week, If you want, I am yours. You can visit whenever you want, you can stay as long as you want. There are conditions, but I will discuss them with you on Sunday. It is just that I want tonight and tomorrow with my daughter, do you understand?'

Her disappointed face turned into a huge grin, as now, I allowed her to come closer. When I kissed her, it was as an equal, someone I wanted to be with, I'm not going to say I was in love with her yet, but she was someone who I wanted to spend time with and to be part of my life going forward.

Rosie must have heard the door close as she reappeared.
'Where's Pippa?'

'I've sent her away.' Rosie's face dropped. 'What happened?
Why? I thought you two were getting on.'

'It's complicated and there is something that I need to get out
of the way first if that's ok?'

She nodded her head, but I could see that she didn't
understand. Upstairs in my bedroom, I undressed and
climbed into bed. If I was going to do this, it had better be
soon before I lost the courage.

Raising my voice, I shouted. 'Rosie, have you got a minute
please.'

I heard her ascending the stairs and then my room door
opened. 'What's wrong mum?'

I could see her eyes roving over my body, the sheet only covering my legs and the beginning of my vagina, the rest of me naked.

I'm sorry baby, you told me, but I wasn't listening. I was being a stupid woman. So, this is me offering myself to you if that is what you would like. Tonight, and tomorrow if you want, I am all yours.'

At first, I don't think my daughter could believe what she was hearing, she was as hesitant as I had been after discovering that Pippa wanted to sleep with me. Taking the same approach, I pulled the cover next to me to one side. 'Why don't you join me?'

I watched as Rosie started to undress, first her jumper and then jeans standing at the end of my bed in her bra and knickers. How many times had I seen her dressed like this without either of us feeling awkward? But then previously, she had not been undressing with the intention of having sex with her mother.

It felt strange, a lot stranger than it had felt with my niece. This was my daughter, and I was about to commit incest with her. Finally naked she climbed in next to me and I was able to observe her up close, her short blonde hair and facial features reminded me of myself at her age. Her breasts were larger than mine or Pippa's, each orb topped by a tan areola and a cherry red nipple. Her waist was tiny, her tummy flat and then that same blond hair, neatly trimmed, covered her mound.

I'm sure she was far more nervous than I was which is why I took the lead. I'm her mother, why wouldn't I want to make my daughter happy. Inching closer, I felt that initial contact of my naked skin against hers, my hand cupping her face as my lips approached and then that heady feeling of arousal as they met, and we kissed.

It seemed to bring her alive, her hand reaching for my breast, her fingers touching, and then squashing and rolling my nipple. The tiny bud expanded and grew rapidly as it became erect, a guttural groan escaping my throat and letting her

know that I was enjoying what she was doing. She broke the kiss, pushing me onto my back as her head went down to my chest and her mouth latched onto a teat exactly as he had as a baby.

The feelings in my pussy erupted as she suckled, rolling her tongue over my areola and nipple, licking sucking, and nipping it between her teeth. From one, she moved to the other, her hands, cupping, fondling, and massaging my tits.

'My pussy, Rosie, I want to feel you touch my pussy, I want to feel your fingers enter me.'

As her hand slid over my belly and encountered my hairless pussy she hesitated, gently caressing the smooth soft skin. 'Mmmm. Mum! When did you do this?'

'That first night out. It makes it feel more sensual and so I've kept it like that.'

My hand slid beneath her hip so that I could reach around and grip her arse, my fingers stroking and caressing her butt cheeks. When her hand slid between my thighs and a finger traced a pattern over my pussy lips, my hips raised, trying to mash my fanny against it, the hand on her buttocks pulling her cheeks apart and delving into the cleft.

She applied pressure, my lips opening, her fingers sliding easily now, covered in my secretions.

Rosie? Oh fuck, yes, Rosie, Rosie!

My body went rigid for a second, arching from the bed as the digit penetrated my cunt. The fingers exploring her butt found her puckered entrance and stroked, teasing her back passage, and then straining to reach a little further as they located her pussy and I delved inside her hot moist centre.

'Mum? Oh my god, mummy.....Jesus, fucking hell!' She shivered and jerked, her face going blank for a second as I explored her cunt.

Pulling her head down, we kissed again, mouths grinding against each other as our tongues invaded. We fucked, or fingered, whatever you want to call it, punishing each other's cunts as our arousal escalated. Our bodies pressed, gyrated, and writhed against each other; limbs entangled as our climaxes approached. The room was full of grunts, moans and groans, expressions of desire and passion at fever pitch as we both uttered crudities, exciting the other person, urging them to increase this fantastic abuse.

I beat Rosie to it by seconds, my pussy spasming and then the full thrust of my orgasm as I shook violently, having to concentrate momentarily as I continued to ram fingers into her pussy, rewarded as she convulsed, and my daughter covered my hand and fingers with her cum.

Now I understood why Maggie, my sister, did it. There was something highly erotic, sensual, and thrilling about having sex with my daughter, about making her cum and about her doing the same to me. It seemed to add something to that mother-daughter bond.

When we had recovered Rosie turned so that now we were top to toe, her head disappearing between my thighs as she opened her legs to accommodate me. I felt her breath on my pussy as I pulled her lips apart, stared at the shiny moist flesh for a second and then poked my tongue into her hole and started licking and wiggling it about, my head moving back and forth as I fucked her with it.

Grasping my buttocks, she dragged herself further between my legs, the two of us curling around each other as we bent at the hips. The positioning had opened me up, Rosie taking the opportunity to run her tongue around my anus, working her way forward to my pussy and then back again. The sensations were divine, my tongue beginning to match hers as I did the same. When her finger penetrated my puckered entrance and another slid into my cunt, I matched her action for action, inserting fingers into both her orifices and then returning my mouth and tongue to her quim.

The smell of her musk, the tangy slightly salty taste, maybe a mixture of cum and sweat. Whatever it was, it was the taste of

sex and I lapped it up. She beat me to it, pushing the hood back from my clit and exposing the tiny bud, her tongue flicking it as she teased before wrapping her lips around it and sucking.

'Slow down..... slooow dooown, oh fuck.' My words went unheeded, Rosie's mouth and lips firmly attached to my clitoris and intending to abuse it until I climaxed

I had one chance to level the playing field otherwise I was going to burst and there would be nothing I could do to stop it. Reaching out, my hand fumbled beneath the pillow. I had no idea if Rosie had ever used one, but for the occasions when men were not forthcoming, I had a backup; a huge rubber vibrating cock.

She grumbled when my mouth was removed, the appendage between my lips as I covered it in saliva. Her pussy gaped as I placed the knob against her entrance and began to slide it home. The abuse of my clit stopped. At least it was a respite for a moment.

'Holyyy Shiiit!' She let loose.

When I turned the knob on its end and it started vibrating and extending, Rosie screamed.

With the position we were in, I simply gripped her head between my thighs, opened her legs wider and plunged the rubber shaft in and out of her cunt. Her passage was sodden, the cock coated with her love juices in seconds as I used it to fuck my daughter. She had nowhere to go, no way of getting free, she was trapped as I hammered her pussy with it.

Her twat was the first to start quivering, followed by her legs and the cheeks of her arse. I could feel her body start to vibrate and then shake as she climaxed. Releasing her and moving position the rubber cock continued to be thrust into her cunt, Rosie literally bouncing on the mattress as I knelt over her, holding her hips firmly as I fucked her with the artificial cock.

When the sensations had subsided, she opened her eyes, struggling at first to focus. 'Bloody hell mum. No wonder Pippa can't stop talking about the things you have done to her. That was fantastic.'

As it turned out she had used dildos and vibrators and many other toys that I hadn't even considered but it surprised her to find that I had my own stash.

Of course, she returned the favour, having me resting against the pillows with my legs raised and open as she slid the rubber cock in and out of my cunt. I had used it on myself many times, but it felt completely different having my daughter slide it in and out of my pussy, her other hand caressing my breasts and playing with my nipples. When I started to climax, her hand went to my clit, rubbing at it as my world turned topsy-turvy. Rosie was my daughter, I loved her unconditionally, add into the mix an explosive orgasm that she had brought about and at that moment, I would have promised her the world.

We spent the rest of Friday in bed, sleeping together that night. Saturday, we didn't get up until dinner time and were back in bed by late afternoon.

'What is going to happen with Pippa?' Rosie asked.

'We're all going out tomorrow and then I'm going to give a relationship with her a try. Is that ok princess?'

Rosie, it seemed, was quite happy about it. 'And anytime you want to repeat this, you only need to say.'

Rosie, the naughty girl, did say. At that point, I had not considered a threesome.

Pippa was here first thing on Sunday, like a lost puppy. Rosie gave us some space to talk, nipping down the shops for a few bits and pieces.

'Ok, as I said, from now on you can come and go as you want. If you want to sleep with me each night, then I can see no reason, why not. I'm not going to tell you I am in love; we will see what happens. I suggest that you still spend some nights at home, your mum will kill me if you suddenly just do a flit.'

'That's fine Carole, I'm happy with everything you are offering. It's far more than I expected at the start.'

'There are conditions I'm afraid, although the first one, I'm sure you will enjoy. I have had sex with Rosie, and I have promised that we can repeat it wherever she wants. She is quite happy with that, particularly if it involves threesomes.'

Pippa's face broke into a huge grin. 'I've no problem at all with that Carole.' She was laughing now. 'Does she want to sleep with you tonight?' She had that look of devilment on her face as she licked her lips. I knew what she was already imagining as I rolled my eyes.

'Lastly, I'm not a lesbian. There are going to be times when I need a proper cock. I will limit it as much as I can, but there it is. It won't be every week or even every month, but when the time comes, can you live with that.'

My shoulders slammed against the upright of the couch as Pippa leapt on me, sitting in my lap, and facing me. 'As long as I'm with you, then that is a small price to pay. I accept all of your conditions.'

Her kiss somehow felt different, not only arousing but also, loving, the kind of kiss you get at the start of a relationship.

Did I ever consider that I may be attracted to another female? No. I've been married to a man, and we have a daughter. After my divorce, I went out with men, I masturbated to men's cock in magazines. And then my world changed, and I am now, a bisexual woman.

It is over four years since that fateful summer, Pippa, and I, still together. When she finished university, it was all change,

Rosie moved out and has a full-time partner of her own and Pippa moved in. Surprisingly, we are considering a civil partnership soon, and I've got to say, she makes me happy. Rosie still pops home frequently, especially if there is a threesome in the offering. And as far as I know, she and Pippa still sleep with my sister. Have I? Not as yet. But the more I think about it, well, let's see what happens.

What about the other thing you ask, 'Cock?'

Well, it was my daughter and niece that hit upon the idea. We had gone out on that Sunday evening and Pippa had dressed me. A pair of what I shall call "Ali Baba" pants, which were split up the sides from the cuff around my ankle nearly to the waistband and which meant I had to wear the tiniest thong imaginable to make it seem that there were no panties beneath. She teamed this with another one of her see-thru tops that only covered my nipples.

I felt like a slut, but at the same time, sexy erotic and highly aroused all evening, especially as the side slits meant Pippa could get her hand to my pussy anytime she wanted.

My attire attracted men and boys like flies to shit and it was Rosie who initially made the suggestion.

'There you go, mum. When you need cock, take your pick. Some lucky young man gets to fuck you for one night and then you wave him bye, bye, never to be seen again.'

And so that is what I do, it's only occasionally and they never get to stay the night. A good fucking and out they go, and I return to my girlfriend or should I say, soon-to-be, official partner.

THE END