

# COMFORTING MOM

***silkstockingslover***

*18-year-old lesbian daughter slyly seduces her lonely mother.*

Incest/Taboo

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**Summary:** 18-year-old lesbian daughter slyly seduces her lonely mother.

**Note 1:** This is a **Valentines' Day 2018 Contest Story**, so please vote.

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## COMFORTING MOM

Witnessing my Mom falling so deeply into despair was the most painful thing I'd ever done. I wished with all my heart that I knew what to do to help her climb back out and find some happiness.

She was a sweet woman and a great mother who deserved far better. She'd been there for me my entire life. She'd been strict with me when I needed it, but never with anger. Every day of my life, whether I was behaving or misbehaving that day, I knew she loved me. She convinced me I was special.

When I'd been five and thrown a mammoth tantrum over something incredibly important that I don't even remember anymore, she'd carried me up to my room, still crying and struggling and calling her names, and explained through my hysteria she was declaring a time out. I was to remain in my room until I had spent ninety continuous minutes with no loud noises. Any fresh outbursts and I would start over. She then quietly locked me in and went back downstairs while I continued caterwauling. When I finally calmed down and had completed thirty minutes of silence, she brought me a brownie, saying, "Well done, sweetheart, carry on." When I'd reached an hour, she brought me another. When I'd completed the whole ninety minutes, she came in, gave me a big hug and kisses all over my face, tickled me until I giggled, and took me out for ice cream! That was my very last tantrum, ever.

In my freshman year of high school, when she'd grounded me for toilet papering the house of a girl who'd been bullying me, our evenings were spent together watching TV or playing Scrabble until she released me from 'the joint' a week early for good behaviour, and started taking me to Karate class. A couple months later my bully ambushed me again, but ended up with cause to apologise.

I could tell you dozens of stories about times she'd acted effectively to correct my behaviour, then did everything she could to resolve the situation that had caused me to act out in the first place. Even though I wasn't always the sweet angel she said I was, she'd never struck me or done anything to me out of anger. Not once in eighteen years!

When I was sad, she offered me her shoulder and her ear and long cuddles. When I was angry, she asked me sympathetic questions and listened for as long as I needed and never offered suggestions until I'd talked myself out and asked for them. When I was good, she just loved me and made me feel like the most wonderful girl in the world.

Whenever I misbehaved, she'd never tell my father, knowing he would spank my bare bottom with his belt until he saw blood, like all his brothers did to their children, no matter their gender or age. Thanks to my Mom, he'd never once found cause.

My father, the asshole that he was, had left Mom on December first for a woman only four years older than me... four fucking years!

It had completely crushed Mom. Seeing her like that completely crushed *me*.

Mom was forty-two and had never had a job, since she'd married my father at eighteen. For the first several years of her marriage she'd insisted on going for a degree in English and had obtained her Bachelor's diploma two months before giving birth to my older brother, but had never had a job. Instead, she'd always been a stay-at-home mom for Conner and me.

Dad made lots of money as a stockbroker and insisted his wife shouldn't work.

Mom stayed home in a comfortable house, in many ways a stereotypical 1950s housewife.

Now that she was divorced, Mom had no idea what to do with herself. Thanks to his money and connections, Dad had achieved an amazingly quick divorce: he'd wanted to retire and start traveling ASAP with his cradle-robbd sexpot. He'd easily gotten the divorce because Mom was too disheartened to put up much of a fight, and anyway why fight to keep a man who no longer loved you, but he didn't get everything he wanted. Thanks to a perceptive judge money wouldn't ever be a problem for Mom, but she felt cast adrift: what was she *for*?

Conner, my brother, was at college.

I was in my senior year of high school and would be leaving for college in less than a year.

I knew empty nest syndrome was going to hit her really hard. Dad, Conner and I had always been her entire life.

The heartless bastard I used to call Dad had abandoned her... and me, but I didn't give a fuck, I was glad he was gone. He'd abandoned her during the holiday season, which only made him a bigger dick than I'd already thought he was.

He was one of the reasons I was a lesbian.

Oh sure, sexual attraction was the main one, but my hatred for the way my dad had treated Mom my entire life had generalised itself into a very early dislike for men, thus boys, and at eighteen I was definitely one hundred percent lesbian. He didn't *make* me into a lesbian, but he sure made it easier for me to accept that any great love in my life would definitely be wearing a skirt. Or wearing a whatever; you know what I mean.

Mom didn't know I was lez.

I was perceived by Mom and by most people who knew me as a sweet, shy, nerdy young woman. I was far from that, but I didn't mind letting most people think I was. Shy around boys vs couldn't care less about boys didn't look so different from the outside. Either way I wasn't dating any, or even flirting.

Few, besides my best friend and partner in crime Amanda, a still in the closet athlete Brittany (I knew where her closet was and visited her there regularly), a neighbour Mrs. Benson, a teacher Mrs.

Walker, and a few other trusted souls had any clue that I was a lesbian.

I hadn't originally planned on seducing my Mom, but one thing led to another and... well... here's the story of the craziest life-altering Valentine's Day ever.

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I came home from school, and although she smiled resolutely as she greeted me, it was obvious Mom had been crying... again... and it broke my heart... again.

I asked the stupid question, "Are you okay, Mom?"

"I'm fine, honey," she answered like she always did, as she wiped away some streaks of evidence to the contrary, attempting to be casual. Today was Valentine's Day and it was her first one since Dad had left two months ago. She was obviously feeling extra sad she was alone on the Day of Love, while her ex was drinking Mai Tais on the beaches of Hawaii with his new slutfriend (something we'd learned from Facebook pictures).

She was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee, so I sat across the corner from her and looked into her eyes gently. "Mom, you know you can talk to me," I said, letting her know I loved her and wasn't buying any bull crap about her feeling fine. "I'm eighteen. I'm an adult. And he left me, too."

This seemed to make Mom even sadder.

"I know, honey," she nodded. "It's just that... I don't want to burden you with my troubles."

"Mom, your troubles are my troubles, too," I said, taking her hands in mine. "After all the things you've done for me my whole life, I wouldn't have it any other way."

"It's just... I don't know, I'm still in denial mode," Mom said.

I smiled, "I've moved on to angry mode."

"I think I'm in a lot of modes," she laughed. "Denial, anger, frustration..."

"Frustration?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," she said, quickly pulling her hands away and moving to the kitchen counter. I followed, of course.

"You can't confide something you feel and then not explain," I protested, always hating when people did that.

"It's just personal, honey," she said, avoiding eye contact.

"Personal, shmersonal! Mom, you can tell me anything," I offered.

"It's just..." she began and paused.

"It's just what?" I asked.

"I feel like such a failure," she admitted, although I could tell that wasn't what she really meant.

I pulled Mom into a hug and said, "Mom, you're not a failure. Dad is. He's a failure as a husband and as a father."

"Oh, honey," Mom said, bursting into tears again.

"You deserve better than Dad," I conditioned. "He treated you like a slave."

"I don't know what I did wrong," she wailed through her tears.

"All you did was love your children and get older," I told her. "You're better off without him. *We* are better off without him. Dad is an asshole!"

"Hannah!" Mom gasped.

"Mom, he is, and he always has been!" I insisted.

"Hannah, please don't speak about...."

I interrupted, now angry not only at him, but at my mom for trying to defend him, "Mom, be *thankful* he's gone! He was a terrible insensitive husband and a useless father. It's only thanks to you he was never a child-beater, too!"

"Hannah, it was never that black and white," she continued to defend him.

"Mom, ENOUGH!" I shouted, slamming my palm onto the counter, a technique my father had often used to silence Mom.

She looked at me in shock as I took control, took her hand, and led her to the couch.

"Mom, no more defending him," I lectured, not holding back my anger. "He's an unfaithful, insensitive, arrogant *prick* of a man and we both deserve better," I ranted so vehemently I could feel my face turning red.

"But he's your *father*," Mom pointed out.

"He's my *sperm donor*," I corrected. "No more, no less. Well, actually *far* less. Any damn fool can ejaculate in a cunt."

"Hannah, language," Mom scolded, swearing not something I usually did in front of my mother or she in front of me.

"Sorry, Mom," I apologized much more softly, putting my hand on her nylon-clad leg. "I just hate how he still makes you feel worthless. You're a special woman, and you deserve to be treated like a goddess."

"Oh, Hannah," she smiled, suddenly near tears of a different kind. "I needed to hear that."

"Mom, you're a beautiful woman inside and out," I continued, a sweet idea popping into my head. Maybe I *could* help her out of this funk!

"Thank you, honey," she said, enjoying the compliments, noticing my hand slithering at a snail's pace up her thigh.

"Where do you get these nylons; they're super soft," I said, knowing they were real sheer silk and not some cheap brand.

"Some girls spend their money on shoes, I spend mine on nylons," she replied, seeming to be comfortable with the fact I was gently caressing her legs.

"Good choice," I approved. "They're as soft as silk and really make your lovely legs stand out."

"Thank you, honey," she smiled again. "Your father never seemed to notice."

"His loss," I said, moving my hand ever so slightly under her dress to discover she was actually wearing stockings and a garter. "Mom!" I asked, surprised. "This is some lovely stuff! Who are you wearing it for?"

"Myself," she answered with a shy smile, allowing me to lift up her dress enough to admire her black lace garter.

I took her hands, pulled her up off the sofa and dropped to my knees.

Did part of me want to bury my face in my mother's pussy?

God, yes. I wanted it badly and I knew she needed it badly, but a slow seduction was much better for a potential long-term goal.

Mom asked, surprised as she looked down at me, "Hannah, what are you doing?"

"Just taking a look at this lovely garter," I dissembled, which was partly true. I was also doing hygiene recon to see if my Mom was shaved.

She was!

"Oh, I bought it online. I buy all my nylons and lingerie online," she answered, and stood there like a sexy mannequin as I traced my hand over the garter belt, resisting the temptation to touch her cute black panties... which looked like a thong.

"Are you wearing a thong?"

"Thongs are all I own," she admitted.

"Mom, *you* are a complete enigma," I said, as I took the risk and flicked my hands around to her ass to grab the thong and tug it out of, then snap it back into her ass.

"Hannah!" she gasped, moving away slightly.

"Sorry," I apologized again. "It's just something we do in the change room to girls in thongs."

"Really?" She asked.

"Yep," I nodded. "Guys whip towels at each other's asses and we tug thongs."

"Why?" she asked.

"I literally have no idea," I answered, which was true. So was the fact that we did indeed tug thongs. It was a tradition, but no one seemed to know where it started.

"Weird," she said, although she didn't move away from me.

"Do you have any more of these sheer nylons?" I asked, an idea of how to seduce my mother slowly blossoming in my head.

"Quite a few," she laughed. "It's my shopping addiction."

"Can I try on a pair?" I asked, standing up. "All I wear are these cheap ones."

"Sure," she nodded, so I took her hand.

"Let's go try some now," I said.

"Now?" she asked.

"I can't think of a better way to cheer a girl up than by trying on clothes," I pointed out.

"Well, okay," she said, following me, even though she was trying to process how clothes were going to cheer her up.

I said, "Nothing cheers me up more than shopping, and shopping in my mom's closet seems like the ultimate."

"What do I get out of this?" she asked playfully, catching the mood.

"I have some *fashionable* stuff you can try on," I said, deciding I was going to play Barbie with my mom.

"Hey!" she objected as she realized I was being critical of her fashion choices.

"You dress like a housewife," I pointed out.

"I *am* a housewife," she countered. "Or was, anyway."

"Exactly," I nodded. "But as I'm learning this very afternoon, looks can be deceiving."

"How so?" she asked, as she went to her dresser drawer and pulled out a few pairs of stockings, still in the package.

"Well, underneath your prissy mother-goes-to-market clothes, you're wearing some very sexy lingerie," I pointed out.

"I like wearing lace bras, garters and stockings underneath," she said. "They make me feel sexy."

"They make you *look* sexy, too, I imagine," I complimented, "let's see," as I reached around her and unzipped her dress.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I want to see your lingerie," I explained. "Did you say lace bra?"

"But I'm your mother," she protested.

"We're both adults, Mom," I reminded her. "I see girls completely naked almost every day." I withheld the part where we were naked so they could lick me and vice versa.

"I guess," she responded tentatively.

When she didn't move away, I slipped the dress off her shoulders and down her torso to her hips. Stepping a foot back for a better view, I unveiled her sexy lingerie, and gasped, a little overdramatically I suppose, "Holy shit, Mom! You have an amazing body!"

"Hannah!" she reproved me, although clearly appreciating the compliment.

"Seriously," I continued, knowing flattery worked wonders, and that was doubly true for insecure women, at least from my experience. "Your body is better than most high school girls'."

"You're being silly," she responded, but didn't move away as I finally dropped her dress to the floor.

Taking a slight risk, I quickly unclasped her bra.

"Hannah!" she repeated, again surprised by my boldness.

I ignored her protests as I tossed her bra onto the floor and quickly cupped her big, firm breasts. As she stood there shocked, I told her, "I got your eyes and your hair, but not these."

"Hannah, I..." she began, but I interrupted her.

"Seriously, your breasts are huge, and mine are so small," I said, pouting, as I jerked my sweater off. "See?"

"You're not wearing a bra," she pointed out, surprised.

Truth was I'd left it at Amanda's after a quickie 69 after school, but that information could remain hidden a little while longer as I continued my slow seduction. I played self-insecurity as I replied, cupping my *pitiful* 34B breasts, "I don't need any bra for these."

"Honey, trust me: yours are the perfect size," she said.

"How so?" I asked, even though I wasn't really insecure about my breasts. Truth was, they *were* almost the perfect size: not too big, not too small; as Goldilocks would say, they were just right.

She cupped her own tits and said, growing more comfortable about her semi-nudity with me, "These mommas are back breakers."

"I can imagine," I nodded, knowing that was true for Elle, a big breasted chubby but dirty girl who had first introduced me to the world of pussy munching at camp.

"You have an amazing body, too," she complimented.

"Thanks," I smiled, enjoying compliments myself. After a pause I asked, as I walked to the bed where the packages all were, "So can I try on a pair of these fancy nylons?"

"Go ahead, honey," she offered.

I looked at the wide array of packages. I laughed, "You like variety."

"I do," she nodded, as I gazed at the variety of colors that included black, beige, mocha, white, tan, navy and red. "I treat my hosiery like I do my jewelry, as an accessory to enhance the entire package."

"I couldn't agree more," I approved, as I removed my skirt to reveal I also was not wearing panties, and I had a pair of thigh highs on.

"You're deceiving, too," she said with a smirk.

"Like mother, like daughter," I quipped, sliding one thigh high off my leg.

"Do you usually go without panties?" she asked, not accusingly, just curiously.

"Sometimes," I shrugged. "You?" I asked.

"Just thongs," she answered.

"You should try commando; it's quite liberating," I encouraged, "and in the winter you can feel Jack Frost nipping at your... you know," as I removed my second thigh high.

"And since when did you start wearing thigh highs?" Mom asked.

"Blame Amanda," I answered, who was my best friend and the one I messed around with the most. She said she liked quick access to my pussy when she wanted a quick snack, and that was often (at lunchtime in the bathroom, in the car, at her house and even once in an empty movie theatre). Amanda said I had the sweetest pussy she'd ever tasted (something several girls had said to me) and thus she had a second home between my legs. I now wondered if my yummy pussy taste was hereditary.

"Blame her why?" Mom asked, as I selected the mocha pair, which was my favourite color: it really enhanced my rather pale legs.

"She convinced me they were sexier and more comfortable than pantyhose," I answered.

"I can't argue with that," Mom nodded, before adding, as I rolled up the first stocking in my hands, "but there is *nothing* sexier than stockings with a garter-belt."

As I began putting the first stocking on my foot, I smiled, getting turned on by the sight of my mother in only a thong, garter and stockings, "You're wonderful proof of that statement."

"Oh, thanks," Mom blushed.

"God, these feel so sexy," I said, in awe of how much softer they were than my usual nylons.

"I know, it's the only kind I wear now," she replied.

As I pulled the stocking up my leg, I said, feigning incompetence, "Shoot, I'm going to need a garter-belt for these."

"Give me a second," she offered, going to her drawer. She shuffled through it for a second before returning with a red one. "This one is a great contrast with the mocha stockings. They really set each other off."

"You're a lingerie guru," I joked, as I took the garter, something I'd never worn before.

I strapped it around my waist, then decided to try and accelerate the seduction I planned on completing today. "Can you help me with this Mom?" I asked, standing up.



"Sure, honey," she said, dropping to her knees in front of me... which made me damp and I felt a slight gush leak out of me.

She clasped the first clasp onto the stocking as she explained, "Always take your time fastening the clasps."

"Okay, Mom," I said, my body trembling at her fingers and at the subtle touch of her breath unintentionally tickling my thigh.

She glanced at my pussy as she finished the front clasp, undeniably noticing the wetness glistening on my labia.

She then moved around back and clasped the one behind before she surprised me by picking up the second stocking and ordering me, "Sit on the edge of the bed and lift your foot up."

I wanted to say something playful, but resisted, and just like the little girl I no longer was, I did exactly as she instructed, and watched as she rolled the sheer stocking onto my leg.

She then pulled me back up and dropped back to her knees where she did the front clasp and definitely took another look at my wet pussy.

A chill went up my spine as I sensed this sly seduction was working and having an even better effect than I'd anticipated.

She moved around back, did that clasp, and then asked, "Want to try on something kinda sexy?"

"You said we should never say kinda," I teased, my mother, with an English degree, hating the careless word.

"Brat," she scolded playfully, going back to her dresser for another treasure.

"Just showing you I was listening all those years you corrected my speech, teach," I countered, wondering if maybe it wasn't time for her to try to get a teaching job now... finally get her life back. That said, that was a conversation for another time, I had a very clear task at hand to complete first.

She came back with a red teddy and said, "Try this on."

I joked as I took it, and being very careful not to appear opposed to the idea replied, "Really? Now I feel like we're playing Naughty Barbie."

She laughed as I willingly put the sexy teddy on, "This *is* getting a little out there."

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours? I'm dressing *you* next," I countered, already knowing what I was going to put on her.

"What is Barbie's mom's name?" she wondered.

"I have no idea, you should google it," I said, realizing I had no idea even after all those years of playing with Barbies.

"You look amazing in that," Mom complimented.

I thought about asking 'good enough to eat?' but held back from that one: too forward. Instead I turned to the mirror and said, "Wow, I *do* look hot."

I then added, "It sure does showcase all my assets."

"It sure does," she nodded, again looking at my pussy, which was still in full view and still well hydrated.

I wondered if Mom had ever experimented with girls. Deciding it was time to reveal my sexual bias, I added, "Amanda will love me in this."

"What?" she asked.

I repeated, "I'm sure Amanda will love me in this. She has a thing for nylons, and if I wear this outfit, these nylons, she'll be on her knees in no time."

Mom stared at me silently, wheels turning, processing.

She was trying to think of an alternate to the obvious meaning of my words.

Deciding to help her, "Mom, you do know I'm a lesbian, right?"

"I, um, no," she responded, still in shock.

"I blame my sperm donor," I continued. "I saw how he treated someone as wonderful as you, extrapolated a little, and have never really been interested in boys."

"That never occurred to me at all," Mom said, still processing.

"What, that I like girls?" I asked, avoiding saying something crude like I love licking pussy.

"Yeah," she nodded, even as she again glanced ever so briefly at my ripe, juicy pussy. I was pretty sure she really liked what she saw, but didn't want me to know that.

"I'm sorry to just spring this on you! Are you okay with it?" I asked, suddenly feeling slightly vulnerable. I always assumed Mom would be okay with it; she wasn't judgmental at all, but her obvious and continuing confusion had me feeling insecure.

"Oh, honey," she said, coming over and giving me a big reassuring hug, her large breasts pressing deliciously against mine, "of course I am."

I hugged her back, feeling good again about where we were, and therefore returning to my focus of seducing her, "I tried guys a couple times, but I never got off from them."

"Tell me about it!" she laughed.

"Girls," I smiled, "on the other hand, get me off every time."

"Hannah!" she said.

"Often multiple times," I added, offering sly glimpses of the perks of a woman between her legs.

I noticed her nipples were rock hard, just like mine. I thought of her reluctance, not so much to admire my pussy, but instead to let me see that she was drawn to my pussy. Rather than seducing her, was it my job today simply to awaken something in her that was already very close to the surface? Instead of needing to overcome her reluctance, did I just need to make it okay for her to pursue desires that were already there?

"Oh, to be young again," she sighed.

"Mom, you're only forty-two," I pointed out, taking her hand, "and we're about to make you look even younger."

"Good luck," my mostly naked mother retorted as she followed me into my room.

I ordered, as I let go of her hand, "Wait here."

"Yes, ma'am," she responded with a cute smile, which made me wonder if she was secretly submissive.

I knew a couple gals who were, and they always tried to hide it from the world, while also trying to offer sly hints to the receptive, like calling me Ms. Hannah (my first MILF, the town librarian, had first piqued my interest that way).

"Good girl," I responded, giving her the response she would crave if she was submissive, knowing from experience that good submissives need constant approval to shine.

Neither Amanda nor I were really submissive, although each of us could either take control or be the pet. If anything, I was more in charge than Amanda, if only because she craved my pussy 24/7.

I grabbed a plaid skirt and a white blouse that I knew would be too tight for her, and brought them over to her.

"You want me to dress like a schoolgirl?" she questioned, arching an eyebrow.

"You're my Barbie Mom and you'll wear whatever I tell you to," I replied, taking control, "Is that clear, Barbie Mom?"

"Fine!" she replied dramatically, taking the blouse, but I could tell she was secretly excited at this sudden new direction. She was enjoying the attention, but also the idea of her daughter taking charge.

I called her bluff. "Don't *fine* me. You're *loving* being my Barbie Mom!"

She laughed as she shrugged the blouse on, "*Fine*, you caught me, Barbie!"

"On that note," I said, picking up my phone. "Let's see what Barbie's mom's name is."

"It's probably Amber," Mom joked, as she tried to button the blouse. She then pointed out the obvious, "This blouse is pretty tight."

"Just button it up," I ordered, as I googled Barbie's Mom's name.

"So bossy," she teased, but she did as she was told.

After a few more seconds I burst out laughing.

"What?" she asked, suddenly self-conscious.

"You really *are* my Barbie Mommy," I said, noticing her hard nipples clearly poking out the tight white blouse.

"What do you mean?" she asked, finishing the last button.

"Barbie's mom's name is Margaret," I revealed, which was also my mom's name.

"No way!" she scoffed.

"Look," I said, handing her my phone.

"We'll I'll be," she said, standing in front of me in a too tight blouse, a thong, and a garter-belt with stockings.

"Your tits really *are* a lot bigger than mine," I smiled, looking at her huge tits trying to break through the tight, thin fabric.

"Breasts," she corrected.

"I like the word tits," I refuted boldly, "I also like the word pussy, and although many are offended by the term, my favourite word is cunt."

"Hannah!" Mom gasped, this somehow seeming to offend her more than all the other shocking revelations of the day.

"Mother!" I countered and then continued my filthy language assault, "When Dad fucked you, did you moan, 'Please stroke your penis in and out of my vagina'?"

"Hannah, that is too much," Mom protested.

"No, you begged him to fuck your cunt," I continued, before adding, "the walls are thin, Mom."

"Oh my God!" Mom said, shocked I had heard her and Dad having sex.

"That's usually what you screamed when you faked your orgasms, isn't it?" I asked.

"I can't believe you heard us," she said, shaking her head, her cheeks ruby red.

I shrugged, "Parents fuck. I get it. I mean I was born and all. Plus, you're pretty loud."

"I'm not sure I like this enlightened you," she said, her face still ruby red.

"You look tense," I said, "lie on my bed. I'll give you a massage."

"You're the one who *made* me tense," she pointed out.

"Then let me make it up to you by helping relieve your stress," I offered, pointing to my bed. "Lie on your stomach."

"Okay," she said tentatively.

"Wait! Take off the blouse," I ordered. "It'll be easier to massage you without it."

"Put it on, take it off," she mock complained, as she did indeed take it back off, and I realized I still hadn't put her into the plaid skirt. At this point it would probably just be a distraction. The only roles I wanted to play at this point is daughter seduces Mom, Mom stops crying about her lost sperm donor and we all come happily ever after, maybe inviting Amanda over.

"Now lie down on the bed," I ordered, deciding her sensual massage would begin with my hands and continue with my mouth.

"Yes, ma'am," she repeated, matter-of-factly this time, relaxing into my leadership as she got onto the bed and lay down on her stomach.

I brought a chair to the end of my bed, sat down and took her right stocking-clad foot in my hands. The moment my thumbs put pressure on her arch, she gave a soft moan. Very few people understand the impact a foot massage can have.

It mellows the receiver.

It relaxes her.

It slowly, slyly, turns her on.

Amanda loved having her feet massaged and I loved doing it... it was all part of our unique, role-swapping relationship. Sometimes I served her; sometimes she served me. There was no hierarchy, just a willingness in each to please the other.

I methodically massaged the entire sole of her foot, taking my time. Each tiny portion of a sole has a nerve ending connected to some organ in the body, so each tiny portion matters. By the time I finished, every organ in her entire body was subtly different, better supplied with blood, less constricted, more *alive*. Then I did her ankle. Then each toe individually. Now I wanted to suck on her toes. Although I hadn't at all enjoyed either of the two cocks I'd once sucked, I always enjoyed sucking on each individual toe when I gave a massage... knowing it sent sexual stimulation directly to a woman's pussy.

Deciding to take the risk, I said, "Mom, I'm going to do something a little unorthodox, and I need you not to freak out.

"Um, okay," she said, tentatively.

"Turn onto your back," I instructed.

She obeyed, her entire body shivering as she did so. I hadn't even begun the sensual part of the massage, just the awakening part, and she was already turned on.

I noticed her nipples were still rock hard, and when I glanced between her legs I also noticed a big damp spot on her thong.

As she watched from her pillow, I separated her pinkie toe from its neighbor and sucked it into my mouth.

"Ohhhh, what are you doing?" Mom asked, although as I'd hoped, she didn't attempt to move her foot away.

"I'm giving you the most intimate, special and relaxing massage I can," I replied, as I removed her toe from my mouth for a moment.

"Now lie back and enjoy," I ordered.

"But you're my daughter," she protested.

"I'm not eating your cunt, Mom," I said, "I'm just giving you a unique foot massage."

"Um, okay," she said, as she leaned back but added, "I'm still not sure about this."

"Just relax," I said, as I took her second toe in my mouth while I simultaneously massaged her ankle and calf, noticing she hadn't scolded me for saying *cunt*.

"That does feel so nice," she moaned softly.

"Then don't think... just enjoy," I coaxed, moving to her middle toe.

"Okay," she agreed, her eyes closed and her legs spread enough that I could see her pussy lips perfectly through the sheer wet thong.

God, I wanted to just bury my face between her legs and go to town, but they say patience is a virtue and I was going to give that theory all the time it needed to prove itself true.

I sucked the remaining two toes, before moving to the other foot and replicating the attention.

Mom moaned a few times and more than once breathed contentedly, "That feels so nice, Hannah!"

Once I'd lavished an equal amount of attention on all ten toes, I began to explore my way slowly up her leg with tender kisses and caresses.

I figured she might protest, but she didn't.

So I kept advancing my kisses and touches upwards slowly, up to her knee, to her thigh, her breathing now getting heavier.

This was turning her on, and not in any minor way.

Just as I appeared to be about to kiss and caress her pussy, and I hoped by this time she wanted me to, I moved to the ankle of the other leg and replicated my slow, methodical teasing until I arrived back between her legs.

I moved my hands to her thong and urged, "Lift up, Mom. This thong of yours is really wet."

Even as she obeyed, lifting her ass up in the air, she protested weakly, "Sweetheart, we shouldn't be doing this."

"Doing what, Mom?" I asked, innocently, as I pulled her thong down the legs she also conveniently lifted up for

me, her body already surrendering to me, her mind just lagging behind a bit.

"This," was all she could say, waving her hands vaguely, as I tossed her thong aside and told her, "Mom, it's obvious that you're horny. I want to help."

Before she could respond, I moved my fingers to her wet pussy, her lips literally glistening with expectation, and slid two of them in.

"Hannah!" she gasped and moaned simultaneously... yet again she didn't move away.

"Mom, your pussy is so wet and needy," I said, "Let me help you out. I want to do this for you."

I pumped my fingers in and out of her, hoping this pleasure assault would override her common sense and propriety.

"Oh God... Hannah... this is... oh fuck... please... we mustn't... Oh fuck..." she babbled. I think she was trying to tell me to stop, but was unable to get much more than a word or a moan out at a time. Soon the moan count was surpassing the word count about two to one.

Sensing she was already very close to an orgasm and deciding it was now or never, I buried my face in her pussy and began licking.

"Hannah! Oh, Hannah, no!," she moaned, as my tongue made contact, although again she didn't move a muscle to push me away... no, *she* shocked *me* this time... my Mom actually lifted up her ass, grabbed the back of my head and with all her strength pulled me deeper inside her!

"Oh, Hannah, yes!"

Her scent was strong... her pussy was wet and tasty.

Her pussy was undoubtedly the sweetest I'd ever tasted in my limited experience of nine, but it was also unlike any other... except mine. Like mother, like daughter.

She was so wet... her taste so addicting... tart and tangy like the creation of the perfect fruit... the forbidden fruit.

I didn't want her to come too quickly, I wanted this momentous experience to last as long as possible, so I pulled my very wet fingers out of her and focused on pleasuring her with my tongue.

"Hannah, oh God," she moaned, letting go of my head. "I can't believe you're doing this to Mommy."

Hearing her say *Mommy* turned me on, the term so sexy under the circumstances and adding to the incestuous rapture I was feeling. I purred back, as I explored her entire pussy, including every fold, "You taste so good, Mommy."

"Your father didn't think so," she responded.

"Let's not talk about him," I suggested, "he's history," as I put extra energy into licking the sweetest tasting pussy I'd ever encountered, hoping to wash the painful memory of that horrible man completely out of my mother.

"Sure, honey," she moaned, as I slid two fingers back inside her, searching for her g-spot, guessing she'd never ever had a g-spot orgasm.

"Now let me show you what *real* pleasure is," I purred, finding her g-spot.

"You already haaaaaaaave," she responded as I tapped her g-spot while simultaneously flicking the tip of my tongue rapidly across her clit... my double go to move to make someone come instantly.

It never failed.

And it didn't this time either, as her legs stiffened and she screamed, "Oh. God, I'm *coming*, Hannah!"

She didn't have to tell me because like me, she was a squirter. She splashed my face with a full flood of sticky sweetness as I kept licking and tapping.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed to the heavens, as this orgasm was obviously not faked, was obviously intense, and I instantly promised myself I would indeed become a mother fucker, knowing my strap-on could be put to very good use.

I looked up at my mother in loving admiration. She looked so pure and sexy with her eyes closed, her lips pursed and her cheeks rosily radiating the afterglow of her euphoria.

I pulled my fingers out, got off the bed even as she was still trembling in rapture, went to the closet and pulled out a small box, well a medium sized box, that included a few sex toys: two vibrators, a strap-on, anal beads, and a double ended dildo (which Amanda and I had tried once, but it was super awkward). The anal beads had only been used by Amanda, as I still felt in my gut that the ass was a one-way hole. Although the way Amanda screamed when she had the beads or a strap-on in her ass made me wonder; thus far I'd been a holdout, but I knew I was going to have to try it one day soon.

"Holy shit, that was amazing," Mom said, weakly lifting herself up a bit.

"Agreed," I smiled.

"I always thought the g-spot was a myth," she said with a soft smile.

"As far as I can tell, only a woman can ever find it," I responded, as I set the box on the bed.

"What's in the box?" she asked. She seemed to be simply curious and not, I was very glad to see, showing any remorse for the incestuous act we'd just committed.

I pulled out the black eight inch vibe and a smaller pink six inch vibe, displayed them to her and asked elegantly, "Which of these would you prefer, madam?"

"Hannah!" she gasped. "How on earth did you get two vibrators?"

"Amazon," I answered.

She laughed, "That must be way less embarrassing than going into an adult store."

"How many do you have?" I asked.

"Two fewer than you have in your hands," she admitted.

"Mother," I sighed. "It's 2018; with the advancements in sex toys, men are utterly useless in the bedroom."

"They were before then, too," she joked.

"Touché," I laughed.

"Do you have any toys at all?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"None?" I objected, shocked.

"Just my fingers," she admitted, peering into the box curiously.

"You have a strap-on?" Mom asked, the question rather rhetorical.



"Of course," I nodded, before adding, "Amanda has five."

"Five?"

"Different sizes, shapes and vibrations," I explained, as I asked again, gesturing with both choices in my hands, "Which one shall I use on you?"

"We can't," she started.

"Which one?" I repeated, holding out the six inch with one hand, then the eight inch with the other, then the first again, etc.

"Are you going to let this go?" she asked, already giving in with a soft smile.

"Only after you come again," I answered. "I'm going to do for you what Dad obviously couldn't do."

"They're *both* bigger than he is," she revealed with a smile.

"Figures," I sighed.

She then surprised me by pointing into the box, "How about that one?"

"The strap-on?" I asked. She had just shocked me again!

"Sweet girl, you've gotten me so fucking horny," she admitted with a big grin.

"Mother, language," I teased, fake aghast.

"Hannah darling, will you *please* fuck Mommy's cunt?" she wheedled, looking as sweet and innocent as Julia Roberts in Notting Hill.

I asked sternly; okay I asked it archly too, "Young woman, are you trying to turn your sweet innocent daughter into a salacious mother fucker?" Although I had indeed already fucked a couple of moms, my own Mom was a whole new level of kinky achievement.

Her eyes sparkled at me wickedly, "Yes, my dear sweet Hannah, I want you to repent of your innocent ways and show me your true colors, pink, I believe, to be a Dominant Mommy Fucker and pound your wicked Mommy like a dirty slut. Do you believe your delicate sensibilities can tolerate such extremes my dear?"

"You had me convinced way back at *Mommy fucker*," I chuckled as I attached the strap-on, my own pussy tingling with anticipation.

"You're so fucking sexy in my lingerie and your cock," Mom complimented, looking at me with a lust I often saw in my lovers, but had never expected to find here at home.

"And you look so hot in nylons and the afterglow of your first orgasm of the day," I countered.

Mom admitted, "I'm not lying or exaggerating when I say that was the most intense pleasure and the most explosive orgasm of my entire life, you sweet girl."

"Happy I could oblige," I smiled, joining her back in the bed. "And now for orgasm number... *two*." I pertly held up two fingers.

"I'm sorry sweetheart, I can't have multiple orgasms," she informed me.

"Another myth," I contradicted, flipping her onto her knees. I loved the power of doggy style. I loved watching my cock slide in and out of my woman; I loved watching a body rock back against me; I loved being in control when wearing the strap-on. "You just haven't met the right girl." I smiled, "or maybe you have, but just had to wait for her to grow up," as I moved behind her.

"I've tried myself," she admitted. "Countless times."

"Well, I'm determined to break those invisible restraints holding you back," I said, as I slid inside her already very wet pussy, "and if I say so myself, I'm damned good at this."

"Oh yes," she moaned, as my cock filled her.

Sometimes I start slow when fucking someone, other times I fuck hard and fast. This time was the latter. But first....

I grabbed Mom's hips and held her tightly against me, the cock buried all the way inside her, and demanded, "Tell me what you want, Mommy."

"Oh God, Hannah, I want you to fuck Mommy as hard as you can," she answered. "Please!"

I gave five quick hard thrusts before I asked formally, as a high priest might ask a supplicant, "Margaret Baxter! Do you crave to be Hannah Baxter's, Mommy-slut?" The term was so hot and naughty.

"Yes, Hannah... Baxter," Mom moaned, trying to fuck herself on my cock, but I held her hips firmly in place. "I... Margaret Baxter, do solemnly crave to be your Mommy-slut."

Five more deep hard thrusts and she whined when again I stopped, "Stop teasing me, Hannah. Just fuck the living shit out of me."

"Oh? You want it in the ass? We can do that!" I offered, pulling all the way out, even though I knew it was just a figure of speech.

"No, in my wet cunt, baby," Mom pleaded, looking back at me with hunger. "Please fuck the shit out of Mommy's cunt and make me your lesbian live-in Mommy pet!"

I loved the idea of that!

I loved the idea of this being more than just this evening.

I slid the cock back into her and began fucking her as I promised, "I'm going to fuck you all the time, my sweet Mommy-pet."

"Yes, Hannah, I need someone to take control," she admitted, just like she used to allow *him* to treat her like shit.

The difference was that I would treat her like a princess, a fuck slut princess who would learn to eat pussy, but still a princess.

And I would be the queen.

And then there was just fucking and moaning.

I fucked her as hard as I could, as fast as I could.

Her moans and heavy breathing were so sexy, and I never wanted to make someone come as much as I did her at the moment.

Yet, even though she sounded so close, she wasn't cumming.

Then an idea popped into my head.

I pulled out and ordered, "Lie on your stomach, Mom."

She obeyed, but offered, "It's okay, honey, I'm not going to come."

"You *are* going to come, trust me," I promised, as I grabbed my favourite home-alone toy from my nightstand.

She lay on her stomach as I grabbed my magic wand which I hoped would live up to its name, it always had for me.

I plugged the wand into the wall and returned between her legs, lifted up her hips slightly and after turning it on, placed it under her, buzzing directly on her clit.

"Ooooooh my," she moaned, as the intensity of the vibrations hit her.

I moved behind her, angled the strap-on cock into position to slide into her from behind, arched my back, and re-entered her.

It wasn't easy, but I was back inside, resting my weight on her, which forced the wand to do its magic.

"Holy fuck," she moaned loudly, as I resumed fucking her.

I bucked my hips savagely forward and filled her again and again, making the entire bed move and the headboard bump rhythmically against the wall.

"Oh yes," she said. "Fuck Mommy, Hannah. Mommy loves this!"

Listening to her begging in third person made it hotter. I assumed she was getting turned on by the kinky incest reality as much as I was and I decided to play with it.

"You like your daughter fucking you, Mommy?" I asked, as I filled her box.

"Mommy loves... being a slutty... whore for her... hot daughter," she replied, her breathing already all over the place.

"Then come for your hot daughter," I ordered. "Come for me and you will become my Mommy-slut, my Mommy-pet, and my Mommy-cum slut forever!"

"Harder, more," Mom begged, clearly close to the orgasm she hadn't thought was possible, but now almost *clawing* her way toward it.

"Soon I'll be fucking you in the kitchen," I declared, finding the idea of bending her over the sink and fucking her super-hot.

"Oh God, Hannah," she moaned, in desperation and frustration, "I'm so fucking close."

"I'll have you eating my twat for breakfast," I continued, which was also appealing to me, as I always woke up horny.

"I'll do anything for you, Hannah," she declared, as she started humping her ass up and down with a strength I didn't know she had.

"Then be a good Mommy-slut and come for me," I ordered, as I sucked on my thumb and prepared for the triple finale.

It wasn't easy to get my thumb in her ass, with her humping back on me and from my position, but with a little work, I got there and she screamed, "Holy fuck, you nasty mother fucker!"

"COME, you fucking slut!" I ordered, my thumb all the way up her asshole, which always got Mrs. Walker off at school, an English teacher I often used, as I had a free period the same time she had a prep.

"Yesssssss!" she screamed, loud enough to wake the dead as her second orgasm ripped through her.

She collapsed on the bed and I, wanting more of her sweet cum, flipped her onto her back and buried my face in her flooding cunt, amazed at the size of the mess already there on the sheets.

I lapped up her cum for a minute or so before I decided it was time to deal with my own fevered twat and also initiate Mom into the role of my pussy pleasing pet.

I got up, removed my strap-on and admired my beautiful mother. She looked so sexy in the afterglow of pleasure. Her face was all blotchy with colour, her mouth slack as she gasped, her hair was a mess and her body was covered in sweat. She was beautiful!

She turned her head to look at me and said, "I can't believe I just had two orgasms."

"I don't take no for an answer," I shrugged.

"Two orgasms from my daughter," she added.

"I was just comforting you," I added, as I moved back to her bed. "Still sad?"

"No, I'm in *love*. Can Mommy try getting you off?" she asked, which was so cute to hear, as I'd already decided that was exactly what she was doing next.

"I was just thinking the same thing," as I knee-walked up the bed and straddled Mom's face.

"Your pussy is all wet," she noticed.

"Fucking and licking my darling Mommy got me pretty horny," I admitted, "You'd better get used to it like this," as I lowered my wet pussy onto her face.

I can't believe I'm about to lick my baby daughter's pussy," she said, just before she did.

"Oh trust me, you're going to be eating my pussy so much you'll count it as part of your diet," I promised, just as it had become part of Amanda's. I could have a dozen orgasms on a good day, easily... although only three or four was my norm. I added, "No one has ever been able to eat my peach just once."

"Oh my," she crooned, quite muffled. "You taste so good."

"So I've been told," I replied, that being a constant gustatory review from pretty much every woman who'd ever munched my box. "And this evening I learned I taste just like you."

She moved her hands to my nylon-clad legs and massaged them as she licked, my almost forgetting this had all started with nylons.

Although I like a few positions such as legs spread and lying down, legs spread and sitting down, and a sideways 69, my favourite was being on top.

I was in control.

I could enjoy a nice, slow licking.

Or grinding one out on her face.

Although I wanted to enjoy a leisurely licking, my pussy was too excited at the moment.

After two or three minutes of Mom's slow licking, I ordered, "Now get your daughter off, my Mommy-pet."

She began licking faster, while I began grinding on her face... my desire to reach an orgasm overriding everything else.

"Faster, Mommy-slut," I ordered a moment later, as I accelerated my grinding.

"Come on Mommy's face, baby," Mom said, between my licks.

Hearing her words somehow intensified my orgasm as I came seconds later and flooded my mother's face, demonstrating to her my *own* squirting abilities.

She eagerly lapped up... or down... my cum, and I assumed she'd just become addicted to my pussy cream like all the others, but I was guessing that this time I was also addicted to hers.

Not wanting this to end, I waited until my orgasm had only just begun to subside before I climbed off her.

I asked, as I looked at her now very wet and messy face, "Want to see if three times is a charm?"

"Pardon?" she questioned.

I moved between her legs with my own spread legs until our pussies were kissing and explained. "This is called tribbing."

"What is?" she asked, with a soft moan.

"Pussy to pussy rubbing," I answered. I grabbed one of her feet and began sucking on her toes again, as I began grinding my pussy on hers.

"Oh," she moaned, suddenly understanding what I was doing.

She began grinding back on my pussy.

She grabbed one of my nylon-clad feet and started sucking on my toes.

For a few minutes we just tribbed and sucked on each other's toes.

There was moaning.

There was writhing.

There was sweat.

"Can we 69?" Mom asked.

"How can I say no to that?" I smiled, so we repositioned ourselves side-by-side.

And then we licked each other.

And then we fingered each other.

And then I found her g-spot.

And then she found mine.

And then we both gushed all over each other's faces within seconds of each other with what felt like gallons of sweet, delicious cum.

And then we kissed... for many long minutes... like lovers. Like the lovers we definitely had become.

Finally my beautiful mother backed away before giving me one more gentle kiss and looking tenderly into my eyes. She whispered, "My darling, I can't believe we just did that."

"You needed comforting, dearest," I replied, my hand gently caressing her tits.

"But now *you'll* need therapy," she joked.

I laughed, "No, now I have my own live-in human alarm clock and life is good."

"You want Mommy to wake you up every morning by eating that yummy cunt of yours?" she asked.

"Breakfast in bed," I joked.

She laughed, "I may never leave," as she moved back between my legs and offered, "I think I still owe you one more orgasm."

I watched as she buried her face between my legs and began licking.

I wrapped my nylon-clad legs around her, wondering what tomorrow would bring as I moaned, "Happy Valentine's Day, Mommy."

Mom laughed, between licks, "This is way better than overpriced roses."

"And it won't wilt in a few days," I retorted, before adding, "because you'll be enjoying this bouquet for years to come."

"And now it's time to get *you* to come," she said, burying her face in my wetness and licking like the hungry lesbian I'd just helped her to become.

The end

