

# MILF TURNS: DAUGHTER'S BEST FRIEND

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*Divorced horny MILF explores her lesbian side with teenager.*

Lesbian

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**Summary:** Divorced horny MILF explores her lesbian side with teenager.

**Note 1:** This is 2018 April Fool's Day contest story so please vote.

**Note 2:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Dave, Robert and Wayne for editing.

## **MILF TURNS: Daughter's Best Friend**

I was going through my boxes in the master bedroom of my new apartment, having sold the house after the divorce, when I came across a box of sex toys... still wearing my teacher attire after a long day.

I was surprised for a couple of reasons:

1. There were a lot of them.
2. They weren't mine.

I was also surprised by the variety: dildos, handcuffs, a strap-on cock, a double ended dildo, and several different vibrators, which were a lot more modern than my own lone ten-plus year old one.

I was holding a unique looking vibrator when my daughter's good friend Amanda let herself in with the key I'd given her and walked into the room.

"Am I interrupting something?" Amanda asked.

"Um, no, I, um," I struggled to say, "these aren't mine."

Amanda walked over to me, glanced inside and said casually, "Oh, these are Jenna's."

"All of them?" I asked, looking back down into the box.

Amanda nodded, putting her hand in the box and picking up the double ended dildo, "Yep, all of them."

"It's quite the collection," I said, feeling awkward to have a vibrator belonging to my daughter in my hand.

"She likes variety," Amanda shrugged, which had my head spinning. My nineteen year old college freshman daughter was on her way home for Spring Break from Harvard and her good friend had come over to wait for her, and to help me unpack.

I seriously couldn't fathom Jenna having such an assortment of sex toys, and never mind lesbian toys.

I was stunned that Amanda was obviously familiar with the collection while I hadn't had a clue.

Plus, this meant Jenna was not only sexually active, but was also either bi or lesbian.

"Wow! I just didn't...." I said, then stopped, unsure what to say.

"You didn't know Jenna was bi?" Amanda asked, as I watched her absent-mindedly stroking the double ended dildo. Were Amanda and Jenna an item? Amanda had spent many nights in our home back in high school and....

"I had no idea," I finally answered. I added, "I didn't even know she was sexual."

"Mrs. Berg," she said. "It's 2018."

"Please, just call me Lucy," I said, no longer being Mrs. Berg; the paperwork was done and I had officially returned to my maiden name 'Watson'.

"Okay, Lucy," Amanda agreed.

"So are you two, um..." I began.

"Do Jenna and I fuck?" Amanda asked bluntly.

"Oh my God," I gasped.

"You have toys too, don't you?" Amanda asked, the girl who had been in my house hundreds of times and had never once sworn until now.

"One," I admitted, feeling compelled to answer.

"What is it?" Amanda asked.

"Um, this is a strange conversation," I said, putting the toy back in the box.

"Lucy," Amanda said reprovingly, sitting down on the bed next to me. "I'm nineteen."

"Yes, you are," I agreed.

"Lucy, please tell me you have been with someone since you tossed your husband out of the house," Amanda said.

"No," I whispered.

"You can't be serious," Amanda said. "I know guys have asked you out."

"I just wasn't ready," I said. I then added, "I'm still not ready."

"You need to get back out there," Amanda continued. "If nothing else, just to get laid."

"Amanda!" I gasped, shocked by this frank conversation.

"Amanda *what*?" she objected. "You have needs: needs that should be fulfilled."

"I guess," I nodded, indeed missing having orgasms that weren't from my fingers or my tired little old vibe.

"You don't even have a fuck buddy?" Amanda asked.

"Oh my God!" I said.

"Lucy," Amanda continued. "Those are words you should be using just as you get off."

"Aaaarrrrrgh," I moaned, covering my ears.

"That too," Amanda continued, seeming to enjoy her impact on me... even though she did seem sincerely shocked that I had gone so long without.

"What has gotten into you?" I asked, my head spinning with bewilderment.

"All of these," she smiled wickedly, pointing to the box, and apparently answering my earlier question about her and Jenna.

"I feel like I'm on a twisted version of Candid Camera," I joked, "or Totally Busted," although she likely had no idea what those shows even were.

Amanda got up and asked, "Where is your sex toy?"

I didn't answer, but glanced to my nightstand.

She went to it, opened the drawer and pulled out my small vibe. She asked, looking mortified, "You can't be serious?"

"What?" I asked, even though after seeing my daughter's collection of toys, all bigger than mine, I knew exactly what she was asking.

"This poor old thing couldn't possibly get you off," Amanda said, dropping it back in my drawer as if it were a dusty, shriveled up prune.

I laughed, somehow feeling comfortable saying it, "Neither could my husband."

Amanda laughed as she walked back to me and asked, all serious, "When did you last come from sex with another person?"

"I think Milli Vanilli was still popular and we still thought they were the ones actually singing," I joked.

"Mr. Berg never got you off?" Amanda asked.

"I don't think so," I answered.

"You don't think so," Amanda said, shaking her head. "I get off at least once a day and that's on a slow day."

"TMI," I joked.

"Seriously," Amanda continued. "I don't even recall the last day I didn't get off."

"Your period," I pointed out.

"God, no," she said. "Those are some of my best orgasms."

"Really?" I asked, in awe of this information.

"Oh yeah," she nodded. "I don't know why, but I'm way more sensitive down there then. You should really try it."

"Um, okay," I said, still struggling to keep up with this frank conversation and yet, oddly, feeling horny.

"You look flushed," Amanda noticed.

"I do?" I asked.

"You do," she smiled.

"Well, I am a little, um..." I paused, unable to say such a word to my daughter's friend.

"You're what?" she insisted.

I sighed. "Horny, all right Amanda, I'm *horny*."

Amanda smiled... then said the words that shocked me to my core. "That's okay... I'll be glad to fuck you."

My mouth dropped open.

"Seriously, Lucy, I'll fuck you," Amanda continued looking at me seriously, as she reached into the box and pulled out the strap-on cock. "I can even fuck you with the same strap-on cock that I usually fuck your daughter with."

"Amanda, we can't do...." I began to protest, but she shoved the cock in my mouth, even as I tried to come to grips both with what was happening and also with the sudden knowledge that my daughter had been fucked by Amanda... apparently with regularity.

"Today I'm going to give you the best present ever," she promised, smiling warmly into my eyes while she slowly pumped the cock in and out of my mouth.

I was shocked.

I was stunned.

I was dripping wet.

When she pulled the cock out of my mouth, I began to point out the obvious. "Amanda, you're my daughter's best friend."

"And also your daughter's fuck buddy," Amanda elaborated, pulling her t-shirt over her head to reveal she wasn't wearing a bra.

I stared at her perky firm tits as I flashed back to my high school and college days when I'd had a few lesbian encounters.

"You like, Lucy?" Amanda asked, arching her back to accentuate her attractive boobs as she pushed me back onto my bed.

As she climbed on top of me, I tried to reason with her, even as my pussy dampened, "But, Amanda, oh God, we can't do.... "

She put her fingers to my lips and said, "Shush. Today, I'm in charge."

I should have protested.

I should have continued to point out the many logical reasons this was wrong.

But I didn't.

"Lift your ass up," Amanda ordered.

I watched in silent awe as she moved her hands to my skirt and saw that I was wearing thigh highs. "Oh my, I always wondered if you dressed sexy underneath those conservative teacher clothes."

"You did?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, I've fantasized about this moment many times," she purred, as she tugged my skirt down and off and tossed it aside.

"Although I was expecting a thong," she said, as she reached for my panties.

I shrugged, "I have a couple, but they aren't comfortable for work."

Her hand stroked appreciatively up and down my nylon clad leg as she said, "I see where Jenna gets her hosiery fetish."

"She has a hosiery fetish?" I asked.

"Yeah," she nodded, as she got up and took off her jeans. "She insists I wear them every time we fuck."

She paused as I listened intently to the shocking truth of my daughter's secret past. She then added, "And we fuck a lot."

"I can't believe I never caught on," I said, still stunned as I watched Amanda standing above me, now wearing only a thong.

"Where do you keep your nylons?" she asked.

"Left hand drawer," I said, pointing to it. I have always loved hosiery. I love the feel of them on my legs. I love the way they showcase my legs. I love the variety of shades which are as easy to change as lipstick. I also used to love feeling someone caress my ass in pantyhose. Unfortunately that last was a long time ago.

Truthfully, I love all hosiery.

I love pantyhose... or tights as I learned they were called in Britain. I love having them encasing my nice ass.

I used to love thigh highs for the easy access when I wanted a tongue or cock quickly inside me.

I also loved a garter-belt and stockings for those sexy nights.

I even loved a full body stocking, but they were expensive... but my tits held up by sheer nylon is always super sultry sexy.

I watched as she pulled out a pair of black thigh highs and put them on. She asked, "Did you wear them for that asshole of an ex or for yourself?"

"I've always loved them," I admitted, although in retrospect I had never been with a girl in them. It wasn't something I broadcast, just something I wore.

"So Lucy, do you want me to fuck you?" she asked, returning to the bed caressing her own legs through the stockings.

"Do I have a choice?" I joked.

"Not really," she laughed, as she pulled my panties down and off. Looking at my pussy, she said, "Nice pussy, Lucy. I love that little landing strip."

"This is so surreal," I said, watching my daughter's friend between my legs.

"Oh, it's about to get very real," Amanda grinned, as she moved between my legs and began licking me.

"Oh. God," I moaned, as soon as her tongue made contact.

"You taste just like Jenna," she purred, as she licked me.

The reminder of my daughter should have brought me back to earth, but it didn't, it only turned me on more.

She licked unlike any man... and even better than any girl ever had back in my college days... or maybe it was just the moment and the sudden hunger I felt inside. I moaned, "Oh yes Amanda, that feels so good."

"Oh yes, I'm going to ravish this sweet pussy," Amanda purred, between licks.

"I'm already ravished," I moaned, as she slowly, teasingly licked my pussy.

"Oh, I'm going to make you never want a man again," she continued as she flicked my clit three times... my body quaking each time... she was playing me like a fiddle... I was a fiddle of pleasure and she was Paganini.

She licked me fast.

She slowed down and explored.

She then moved away from my wet needy pussy and moved over to my thigh, splattering the area with butterfly kisses. She slithered her tongue slowly down my leg, kissing as she went. She explained, "I love to pleasure all your erogenous zones."

"You're driving me wild," I moaned, as her hands reached my foot and she massaged the sole with her thumbs as she sucked on my toes.

"You're so beautiful," Amanda complimented as she gazed up into my eyes while worshipping my foot.

"You're so incredibly hot," I responded.

"Flattery will get you everywhere," she smiled, as she moved to my other foot and gave it an equal amount of tender licking care.

"I've never had anyone do this before," I admitted, enjoying it immensely, even though I really wanted her tongue back between my legs.

She shook her head. "Men are useless. Clueless."

"Agreed," I nodded, before adding, "if I knew this was an option, I would have had you doing this a long time ago."

"Time to make up for lost time," she purred, as she kissed her way up the other leg.

"Now please get me off," I begged, wanting her back between my legs licking me.

"As you wish," she smiled, as she buried her face in my wet pussy and licked aggressively.

"Oh yes, Amanda," I moaned, as she took my clit in her mouth while she slid two fingers deep inside my pussy and began finger fucking me. I was so wet, her fingers were making wet sounds, adding to my excitement.

"Oh God, yes," I quivered, as my orgasm grew quickly and then erupted like an earthquake when she found my never-before-discovered-until-this-moment g-spot. "Holy mother fucker!" I screamed.

She giggled, as she tapped on my g-spot while both my legs twitched like I was having an epileptic seizure, "Hey, I *am* a mother fucker! I just proved it!"

I laughed weakly as my body warmed from head to toe, "I guess so."

She pulled her fingers out of me, pulled her thong off and straddled my face. "Ever eat pussy before?"

"A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away," I joked, as I stared up at her shaved pink pussy.

"College?" she asked, as she I leaned up and licked her glistening wetness.

"Yes," I answered, as I tasted my first pussy in two decades... and, like riding a bike, I instinctively knew exactly what to do.

"Oh yes," she moaned, as I parted her pussy lips. "Get me nice and wet."

"You taste amazing," I said, having forgotten how sweet pussy cum was... after twenty years of tasting male cum which was not something I ever enjoyed, but did for my man.

"Your daughter pretty much lived on this in her senior year," Amanda revealed, reminding me of her sexual relationship with my daughter.

"I can see why," I purred, as I hungrily lapped. "This should be its own food group."

She laughed, "I like that."

Then for a few minutes I licked, although if truth be told it was a bit awkward and my neck ached as I craned it awkwardly.

Finally she grabbed my head and began grinding her pussy on my face as she moaned, "Yes, I'm so close."

I sucked her clit between my lips and shook my head back and forth as she screamed, "Yes Lucy, I'm coming!"

And I eagerly lapped the abundance of juices that flooded my face as if I were under a shower... more than I had ever experienced in my brief college pussy licking phase.

When she let go, she got off me, looked down at my drenched face and said, "Sorry, I should have told you I'm a squirter."

"I think I've been baptised," I joked. "And not just sprinkled... full immersion."

"Ready for more?" she asked.

"Definitely," I nodded, although unsure if I could have multiple orgasms anymore... my last had been in college, delivered by a freshman coed who ate my cunt for an hour and through three orgasms while I watched Beverly Hills 90210.

"I did promise I'd fuck you," she smiled, as she grabbed the strap-on cock and put it on.

"And I've always wondered what it would be like to be fucked by a student," I admitted, "although I never thought it would be you."

"I always knew one day it would be *you*," she countered, as she joined me back on the bed and flipped me onto my side facing away from her.

"I like a woman who knows what she wants," I joked playfully, having been rather submissive with my husband back before I learned he'd replaced me with a younger model.

"And I know what *you* want, too," she responded, as she lifted my upper leg up and slid her cock into me from behind as she reached around and held my breast. She then asked, "Why are you still wearing your blouse and bra?"



"Good question," I moaned, as the cock slid inside me. As she slowly fucked me in a position I had never tried before, I unbuttoned my blouse... but couldn't get it off.

She pulled out and got off the bed, and I sat up and quickly removed my blouse and bra and tossed them into a corner.

"Those are amazing," Amanda said, staring at my tits like so many men had done my whole life. My 36DD tits were easily my best asset... although my trim legs were a close second.

"They're a back breaker too," I joked.

"How do you keep them so firm?" she asked.

"I've worked out every day since I was 12," I admitted.

"Well, time for me to work you out," she smiled, grabbing my ankles and yanking me to the end of the bed. She spread my legs wide and, still standing up, slid the cock back into me.

"Oh yes, fuck me," I moaned, as she leaned in and kissed me.

I kissed her back and we continued kissing as she slid in and out of my pussy, and for a few minutes... I was in bliss.

She kissed me, she fucked me and she played with my tits all simultaneously. And unlike my husband, she didn't treat them like basketballs, but she worshipped them with her fingers.

It was so intimate and sweet and pleasurable.

When she broke the kiss, she said, "Shit, I need to get fucked too."

"I think I can do that," I smiled.

She removed the strap-on, grabbed the double ended dildo and asked, "Ever use one of these?"

"I don't think they existed when I was in college," I said.

"Well, time for a first," she said, as she got on the bed, her head at my feet, grabbed my ass and pulled me to her. "It takes a while to get used to though."

"Okay," I said, as she spread my legs and slid the dildo inside me.

"Oh this is really thick," I moaned.

"Yeah, Jenna calls this Thick Dick," she laughed, as she straddled my legs, then slid her ass closer to me. I watched in excited awe as she slid the other end inside her pussy and then kept moving closer to me... the dildo disappearing further inside her even as it traveled deeper into me.

"Oh my," I moaned, as I began to feel my cunt stretched and the dildo penetrating deep inside me.

"We keep going until our other lips are kissing," Amanda said, kissing my upper lips again.

"We still have six inches to go," I gasped, already feeling pretty full, then I added, "which all by itself is bigger than my ex."

She laughed, as she kept moving closer to me. "Scoot further towards me."

"Okay," I nodded, as the dildo continued to disappear inside us like a magic trick... our pussies acting as the magician's bottomless hat.

I'd never felt fuller as the dildo kept slithering deeper in me... until the magic trick was complete and our pussy lips were kissing.

"Now slowly move up and down with your hips," she instructed.

"Okay... this is so kinky," I said, as I did exactly as she instructed.

"This is the way Jenna gets off the hardest," Amanda informed me.

"I can see why," I moaned, as our movements made the dildo move inside me, stimulating me intensely, while our pussies rubbed together, stimulating my outsides.

Amanda took my foot and began sucking on my toes again.

I did the same, loving her nylon-covered legs rubbing against my breasts and enjoying sucking on her cute pink painted toenails.

And as we sucked each other's toes, our pussies kissed and we fucked ourselves for an eternity.

I came first.

Amanda followed.

Then I came again.

And again.

And one more time as we came simultaneously before we both collapsed as we screamed together, "Fuck!"

We were both lying there, the long dildo still inside us, our nylon legs caressing each other's breasts, looking like a human pretzel, trying to regain our breath when I heard a voice say, "I guess you win."

I opened my eyes in terror.

That was my daughter's voice.

I sat up and stared at my daughter, stammering, "Y-Y-You're home early!"

"Actually I've been home for half an hour," she revealed.

"So I get your ass first," Amanda smiled, as she got off the bed.

"What?" I asked, confused, but too exhausted to even try and cover myself up.

Amanda explained, "We made a bet. I bet I could seduce you in under half an hour. We came in together and Jenna hid in the next room."

"I also *listened* from the next room. Amanda won," Jenna said. "Good job, girlfriend."

"So I get to fuck her ass," Amanda revealed.

"First," Jenna pointed out, as she began stripping out of her dress.

Amanda smirked at my dazed expression, "Don't worry Lucy, we're not going to leave you out."

Jenna agreed, "Definitely not. We can't let Amanda be the only mother fucker."

Surprisingly, I found that I couldn't agree more. As my beautiful, slender, sexy naked daughter approached my bed with hunger in her eyes, then turned to offer her trim ass to her best friend, we all three laughed in delight! This would be a memorable homecoming!

But that is an entirely different story.

**THE END**