

Weekend in Paris

Like a welcoming breath of fresh air, after a fifteen year hiatus, Madeline's mother was back in her life. Their first few meetings were awkward, mainly due to Madeline's distrusting attitude toward her mother, but after realizing the sincerity of her mom's attempts to make things right between them, Madeline relaxed and soon found herself warming up to her mom.

The backstory was simple and a bit wild. The young, teenaged Amber met Todd at a local bar. She had a fake ID stating she was twenty-one allowing her to get into the downtown rock and roll bar where she met and fell in lust with the hot young drummer of the local band playing that night.

What followed was a whirlwind romance heavy on sex, drugs and rock and roll. A year later Madeline was born to the drug addled couple. Amber cleaned herself up for the pregnancy, but soon after Madeline was born, she started using again. Her relationship with Todd was typical—pretty young girl falls for guy in band and becomes one of many—despite her best efforts to rewrite the script.

After nearly overdosing one night, Amber understood she needed a major change in her life.

After a three month stint in rehab Amber emerged clean and sober, but decided it might be best, in order to make the "clean and sober" thing work, to get away from her old life for a bit. Todd also just finished his own stint in rehab and was actually doing quite well and agreed with Amber it might be best if they did not get back together

right away. Both of them were afraid of slipping into their old lifestyle of bad habits if they started seeing each other again.

Todd's decision not to readily accept Amber back into his life was made easier when in his own rehab he met a nice girl, one of the nurse's, and upon getting out promptly embarked on a serious relationship with her.

With Todd clean and sober, and involved in a solid relationship, Amber took up her sister's offer to come to California for an extended visit. It was a difficult choice to make, but Amber ultimately decided it would be best for Maddie to be raised in the stable environment Todd and his soon to be new wife were now providing. Besides, even if she had wanted to take Maddie with her Todd would have fought having his daughter taken out of state and most likely won.

As it turned out the extended visit with her sister became permanent and Todd's marriage proved to be a rock solid. Sadly, Amber accepted the fact Madeline would be raised by another woman.

All this was behind them though as they sat across each other at the small downtown cafe in Oakwood, Wisconsin with Amber beaming at her daughter. She was fairly bursting with the good news she was about to tell Maddie.

Sliding the envelope across the table to her daughter she whispered, "Open it honey."

Maddie's high pitch squeal elicited some unkindly stares from the mainly older and buttoned down crowd of dining patrons. Such was life in boring little Oakwood.

Maddie waved the plane tickets in the air. "We are going to Paris, Mom! And on my birthday."

"Yes, well, you mentioned wanting to travel and you only get to turn nineteen once so . . ."

Amber was in almost as much shock as her daughter. This was the first time in the nearly six weeks she had been back that Maddie called her "mom".

They spent the rest of the lunch huddled over their salads going over the brochures Amber received from the travel agency. They would be spending three days and two nights on their weekend trip with Maddie's birthday falling on the Saturday in between the three days.

On the plane ride over Maddie nestled against her mom nearly the entire way making her blush with pride. After checking into their hotel late Friday morning they spend the afternoon getting the usual touristy stuff out of the way.

The pretty mother and her adorable daughter turned more than a few heads as they strolled arm in arm while exploring the French capital. Maddie was the true embodiment of the small town

Midwestern beauty. Her long blonde hair, stretching past her shoulders, accented an angelic face that could light up a whole room when she smiled which was often thanks to her carefree and bubbly personality.

Amber, on the other hand, was more of the sultry type having that come fuck me beauty found in abundance in her adopted home town of Los Angeles. In contrast, to the sweet innocence of her daughter, Amber was all blonde hair, blue eyes, deeply tanned skin, and luscious curves sculpted to near perfection by weekly sessions at both the gym and yoga.

Both of them thought the Eiffel tower was too crowded and maybe a bit overrated. They enjoyed a better time exploring a couple of the old French Museums before hitting the shopping district.

After a late dinner at a fashionable restaurant, they retired to their room. Amber took a chance on Maddie being OK with only the one room even if it was a large suite. She had briefly considered getting them separate rooms, but decided if this trip was going to cement their relationship like she hoped it would, it was worth taking the chance of only getting the single room.

As they ambled down the hallway toward their room holding hands Maddie surprised her mother when she announced, "You know, I am really glad we will be sharing a single room Mom. I was actually wondering about that on the plane ride over."

"I am relieved you are OK with it," Amber replied casually while doing her best to hide her excitement as she fished the hotel key out of her purse.

"More than OK. I want us to spend as much time as possible together on this trip."

"Me too, hon, me too."

By the time they got settled in the small living room of the suite it was just past eleven pm. After returning from the bathroom where she pinned her long pretty blond hair up for the sake of comfort, Amber noticed her daughter staring at her.

"What is it hon? You are looking at me funny?"

"Oh nothing. I am just trying to figure out if I like your hair pinned up like that or not."

"Oh really, well let me know when you have it figured out."

"OK I have figured it out. I like your hair like that. Put a business suit on you and you could pass for a very pretty lawyer."

"Jesus, a lawyer, could you be any more insulting?"

"Why, yes I could. Care to hear?" Amber replied with a giggle.

They spent the next forty minutes or so talking casually while flipping through the stations looking for anything interesting to watch on the TV. At quarter to twelve, Amber stood up. Extending her hand she said, "Here follow me to the bedroom. I got you a little something for your birthday."

"Really, you got me something. I thought this trip was my gift."

"It is, but you can't wrap a trip and have your daughter open it so I got you a present. I just figured you should have at least one gift to open on your birthday."

As they entered the bedroom Amber pointed to the bed. In the middle of it was an elegantly wrapped box with a large red ribbon.

"Take a little time checking out your gifts but don't take too long as I want you back out to the living room at least a minute or two before midnight."

"Why you have another gift out there for me?" Maddie answered.

"Maybe if you can call wanting to be able to give my baby girl a hug and a kiss on her birthday exactly at midnight a gift."

"I think I would call that maybe the best gift in the world. Don't worry I won't be long."

Amber left disappearing back into the living room while Maddie sat down on the bed after picking up her gift. She carefully tore the wrapping paper off revealing an oblong box. It was embroidered with the name La Chic. If Maddie recalled correctly La Chic was one of the several clothing stores they had visited when they hit the shopping district earlier.

After carefully prying the lid off the box, Maddie let out a short gasp. Inside the box was a beautiful white satin robe. Even better, resting neatly on top of the robe was a black lace trimmed bra and matching panties.

Poking her head out of the bedroom Maddie yelled out to her mother, "I love your gifts, Mom. The robe is really nice. Should I put it on?"

Amber yelled back. "That is the idea. What about the bra and panties. You like them too? I saw you admiring them earlier at that little shop fancy shop with the nice lingerie section we popped into this afternoon while shopping."

"The bra and panties are really . . . sexy. I guess that why I was admiring them. Should I put them on too?"

"If you want. It's up to you, but either way remember to hurry."
Amber glanced at her phone. She had her timer set to go off exactly at midnight. It was 11:54 now.

"How much time do I have?"

"About six minutes."

Maddie took a quick minute deciding if she should change out of her boring old underwear and into her new exciting underwear. She decided what the heck why not, after all, it was her birthday and if a girl can't wear something exciting on her birthday . . .

Maddie quickly stripped off her jeans and blouse throwing them on the bedroom floor. Picking up the bra, she quickly examined it. It was not her style, of course. Her style, forced upon her by her conservative step- mom and overbearing father, was boring and white.

"You're almost nineteen, Maddie. Time to develop your own style girl," Maddie whispered to herself as she quickly tore off her "boring" old bra and panties.

A minute later she came bounding out of the bedroom heading toward the living room of the suite dressed in her birthday presents. The pretty white satin robe barely covered her ass, but much to her

surprise—she didn't care. Instead of making her feel self-conscious, the sexy robe, combined with the alluring bra and panties underneath only made her feel like showing off - to her mom.

"Thank God," Amber whispered quietly under her breath as watched her obviously happy daughter come bounding into the living room. She had been worried, very worried truthfully, Maddie would think her presents maybe "too" personal.

"You really like your presents, hon? I remember you checking the robe out so I got it for you and as for the bra and panties . . . well, I think I recall you complaining to me several times how old and boring all your underwear was and how your mom and dad would not let you buy any, you know, exciting ones. I suppose you will have to sort of hide your new bra and panties from your mom and dad when you get back home."

Maddie took her mom's hands and squeezed them tight. "So you were listening to me bitch and whine. Nice to know!" Maddie exclaimed with a bright smile. "I love my presents Mom don't worry."

The alarm on Amber's phone went off. It was midnight. Maddie's birthday.

Amber pulled her daughter closer. "Now do I have permission to give my lovely daughter a birthday hug and kiss?"

"Of course, Mother."

Wrapping her arms around her, Amber gave her a long extended hug as she brought her lips up to her ear. "I love you so much baby." Before she could lose her nerve, Amber pulled back slightly and gave her daughter a pair of kisses on each cheek.

Maddie beamed. "I love you too, Mom. This trip, your presents and just you being back in my life. It means so much to me."

"I am relieved to hear that. And now that I am back in your life I intend to stay that way. I am actually thinking of selling my place in San Diego and moving back to Wisconsin."

"Jesus, Mom, really? You are going to move from Cali to Wisconsin. Are you itching to be bored or what?"

Before she could reply there was a knock on the door. The final surprise for Maddie was here and right on time.

"Geez, who could that be knocking this late?" Maddie asked.

"I guess I will find out," Amber replied with a sly smile.

Amber earlier in the day stealthily arranged with room service to have a cake, complete with flaming candles, nineteen of them, along

with a bottle of the hotel's best champagne to be delivered to their room at just past midnight.

As Amber came back into the living room holding the bottle of champagne in one hand, and the cake in the other, Amber let out a small giggle.

"Cake and champagne. Hey, we are going to have a party after all, huh Mom?"

"You betcha girl," Amber said sitting the cake down carefully on the small coffee table. "Now I am going to go get a couple of glasses for us from the mini bar while you sit there and think of a real nice birthday wish before you blow out your candles."

A minute later Amber was back with a pair of champagne flutes filled with the sparkling wine. After handing one to her daughter, she asked, "So have you thought of a nice wish hon?"

"Maybe, but first I wanna say how cool it is you are letting me drink. My, ahh, you know, other mother, would not be so cool. I can hear her now, 'you are not twenty one young lady so no drinking.' Dad is no help either he is so over protective of me it's ridiculous."

"Well good thing I am the cool mom then. As for drinking you know the legal drinking age in France is eighteen so really I am not being such a bad mother after all."

"Oh really. Well then cheers," Maddie said, holding up her glass while beaming from ear to ear.

After they both, happily racing, downed their respective glasses of champagne Maddie chirped, "Hey, just so you understand, you are more than 'not a bad mother', you are a wonderful mother. I mean this trip, the nice presents, you treating me like an adult, is all so cool."

Reaching out, Maddie surprised her mom with a spontaneous kiss on the cheek and a tight hug.

Now it was Amber's turn to beam as she pulled back. "Well, let's fill our glasses once more and drink a toast to my tremendous mothering skills, but this time we sip it young lady."

After taking a few small sips of the champagne, Amber looked at her Maddie seriously. "I hope you have a wish ready as I think it's time you blew out the candles and we have some cake to go along with this delicious champagne."

"I do," Maddie answered quietly before she blew out on the candles on the cake.

"Wow, you got them all at once. Great! Happy birthday honey. Your wish is sure to come true now."

They both shared a piece of the delicious chocolate cake with creamy white icing while making some ordinary small talk.

After setting her glass aside, it was nearly empty, a somewhat tipsy Maddie surprised her mom by saying, "So do you wanna hear my wish?"

"Sure, I suppose, if you wanna tell me sweetie."

"You have to promise me something first though."

"Anything," Amber smartly replied.

"OK, you have to promise me to help me make my wish come true . . . hundred percent true that is."

"Of course, I just hope you don't wish for a million bucks or anything outrageous like that?"

"Mom, I am serious. I wouldn't ask you to help me make my wish come true if it was NOT in your ability to do so."

"OK then. I am all ears."

"Alright. I have to give you a bit of background information first. Something that happened not so long ago that I can't get out of my mind, but you have to swear whatever I tell you will be strictly between me and you. You can't tell my dad or my . . . ahh 'other mom'. Promise?"

"Yes, of course. Now tell me as this sounds interesting."

"OK, well, a few weeks back me and some of my friends, there was five of us including me, we were at my friend's house. The parents were gone so we were having a little party. Anyways we decided to play truth or dare."

"Oh wow, people still play that? God, I used to play that with my friends too hon when I was young."

"Yeah, it's still kind of popular. So anyways, I was forced to perform a dare. We sat on the floor and I had to close my eyes as the other four surrounded me in a circle. They each were assigned a number one through four in secret so I would not know who was what number. Then I had to pick a number and say it out loud. I picked number two."

Maddie paused. To her mother she appeared nervous. "Want some more champagne hon it might help relax you. I can tell by the way you downed the first two glasses you aren't exactly new to drinking, but don't worry I won't spill that secret either."

"Yeah. Really it's like my only vice, sneaking a drink or two with my friends, but don't worry I'm not a lush or anything."

"I know that hon," Amber replied as she filled her daughter's glass up along with her own.

After Maddie took a generous swallow she was ready to continue.

"So anyways I got my kiss. It was nice, I mean kind of, but you know Mom, at this party . . . it was all girls."

"Hmm, I see. So you were kissed by a girl. First time?"

Maddie shook her head yes. "So my wish is for you to help me sort out my feelings about the kiss and then help me with something else that happened later in the party."

"I can do that?" Amber told her daughter as she reached out and squeezed her hand tight. "What are mom's for anyways."

"Yes, exactly, and, you know, I could never tell Maria this."

"I'm happy you trust me over her."

Amber was also secretly thrilled Maria had been downgraded from "my other mom" to "Maria". A mere few weeks ago she would have never dreamed such a thing was possible.

"I do. Ready to hear more?"

"Yes, tell me everything hon and please don't hold back."

"OK. At first, I sort of liked the kiss but then I found out who kissed me. Number two was April and we really don't get along that well. I mean, well, it's complicated."

"Tell me. I'm sure I can help, complicated or not."

"Well, April is pretty with brownish red hair and really big breasts that she likes to show off. She is this big time flirt with both the boys and the girls and I just . . . well I don't really like her because truthfully she is kind of a bitch but still I sort of have a crush on her . . . physically. She is like twenty or something and is in college and has a great body . . . especially those tits of hers. Is that weird to not like someone . . . but still like them."

"You know hon, at your age, your feelings, your emotions, especially about liking or not liking someone can be really complex so no it's not weird at all. I know guys go through that all the time liking a girl just for her looks so why can't a girl do the same huh?"

"Yeah, I guess you are right. So can I tell you what happened later?"

"By all means baby. Your mother wants all the juicy details." Amber hoped her light hearted approach to what was such an obviously serious matter to her daughter would allow Maddie to fully confide in her.

"As the game continued, we were all getting kind of drunk and I had to go to the bathroom. When I got back April was sitting on the floor surrounded by my other friends. Her top was pulled up, she had some sexy bra on and they were all taking turns feeling her tits."

"I am assuming this was some sort of dare."

"Yeah, that is what they told me when I got back."

"That is like . . . Wow . . . you girls were playing for real."

"Yes we were. So when I stepped in the room I guess everyone seen how shocked I was at what was happening and so April looked at me and with a stupid grin said, 'We played another round without you Maddie and I lost. I was dared to let everyone take turns feeling my boobs, but, of course, you can't since you were off in the bathroom when the round started.' Then they all kind of started to tease me telling me how I missed out and stuff. It really bothered me, Mom."

"It did?" Amber asked after taking a large swallow of her champagne. She was just starting to get tipsy which was maybe a good thing considering where their conversation appeared to be heading.

"I am hoping you can help me, like I said earlier, sort out my feelings about everything that happened."

"I can try. So why don't you just start by telling me how you feel, how you really feel about being kissed by that girl and by not being able to feel her up like all your other friends did. I promise I won't judge you baby, and we can go from there."

"OK, but can we take a short break because I have something for you. A gift."

"Honey, it's not my birthday," Amber moaned.

"I know, but I just wanted to buy you something nice. You know, as I a way of saying thanks for the trip and everything. Plus, but it's one of my wishes for you to accept my gift without complaining and to also to try it on. I'm wearing your gifts so it's only fair you put on what I got you."

"Well, since you put it like that I guess I have no choice. Where is your mom's gifts then?"

"It's in the bedroom. I hid it in the nightstand on the right side of the bed. Put it on and come back and then we can start sorting my feelings out."

Fine," Amber sighed as she disappeared into the bedroom touched by her daughter's generosity.

Opening the drawer of the nightstand, Amber resisted the urge to laugh. Inside the nightstand was a small white shopping bag from the same trendy boutique La Chic where Amber had purchased her daughter's birthday presents.

Obviously, while she snuck away to purchase the robe and bra for her daughter, Maddie also took the opportunity to slip away herself to purchase her mom a little something.

After opening the bag, Amber let out a long sigh. The lovely little brat! Her daughter bought her a black teddy, along with matching robe, and a pair of black fishnet stockings. How sweet! The little devil must have noticed me admiring the black teddy and decided to buy it for me.

Of course, she would have no choice but to accept her gifts and show them off to her daughter. Coming back into the living room while nervously pulling the shiny smooth silk black robe around her body, Amber observed how Maddie had refilled both of their glasses full of champagne.

"You look sexy Mom," Maddie told her while patting the sofa next to her. "Here one last toast before we start sorting out my feelings."

"OK, but this better be our last glass hon. I don't want to get too drunk you know."

"Why? Afraid your daughter is going to take advantage of her sexy mom?" Maddie replied teasingly.

"Actually, young lady, your mother can handle her champagne and if anyone gets taken advantage of tonight it will be my pretty young daughter."

Just to prove her point, Amber held the full glass of champagne up, tipped it to her daughter with a sly smile and then chugged it down in two long swallows.

"Really? That looked like a challenge." Maddie, not to be outdone, repeated her mother's gesture as she gulped her champagne down in a hurry trying to match her mom.

Holding hands they both broke down in giggles. "I guess we are both a couple of boozers honey," Amber exclaimed once their spontaneous giggling bout ended. "But now let's get serious so I can help you with your feelings about what happened at that wild little party of yours with the girls."

Maddie paused for a moment to gather her thoughts. Choosing her words carefully she began to speak slowly. "So was wondering . . . have you ever, hmm, been kissed by a girl, Mom?"

Amber smiled. She really had been hoping her daughter would ask her that exact question. "Funny you would ask because the truth is I have."

"Really, and did you, ahh, like it."

"Hmm, I suppose so."

"Can you tell me the juicy details?"

"What makes you think the details are juicy young lady?"

"Coz, Dad said you used to be a wild child when you were a teen. I mean you did have me when you were really young right?"

"Yes, but just let me go on the record and say . . . I am against teen pregnancy . . . unless, of course, it produces a wonderful little girl like my Maddie."

Amber paused to stroke the side of her daughter's face with one finger, "But then again, you are a good girl so I suppose I don't have to worry about that with you, huh?"

"Yeah, I am a good girl alright. Good and boring enough so I won't be getting knocked up any time soon I guess. Now details about that kiss, Mom . . . please."

"Fine. It was with some friends at a sleepover and we were kind of playing, guess what, truth or dare ourselves. My best friend ended up kissing me on a dare."

"Was your best friend pretty?"

"Yes. She was a cheerleader like me . . . very popular with the boys and well, very . . . ahh well developed too if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, you mean she had big tits," Maddie blurted out with a smile.

Amber laughed her daughter's candor before speaking. "Now it's your turn. Tell me some details about your feelings."

"Yeah, well, my feelings about getting kissed by a girl. Hmm, truthfully, I liked it, at first anyways, when I didn't know who kissed me, but then when I found out it was that bitch April . . ." Maddie stopped talking and shook her head sadly. "Yeah, it sort of ruined the whole thing."

Amber reached out taking Maddie's hands into her own. Squeezing them tight she whispered, "I supposed getting kissed by someone you don't really like would ruin things hon. It's only natural you would feel that way you know."

"Is it also natural I want a second chance?"

"A second chance. How do you mean?"

"I want to be kissed again, by a girl, but this time I want it to be by someone that is not only pretty, but that I actually like. It also has to be someone that I can trust will keep it a secret."

"Of course, that is all understandable. So what about that friend of yours Katie. You two seemed kind close from everything you have told me. And remember I met her and she is certainly attractive. Maybe, you could ask her just try dropping a hint to her. You might be surprised."

Maddie sighed. "Yeah, I thought of that, but the thing is Katie is really uptight about sex. Her mom and dad are really, I mean, really overbearing, almost worse than you know Maria and Dad. Plus her family is like deeply religious so I couldn't ask her."

"Well, have you thought about another one of your friends then?"

"I don't have any other friends I trust enough, or are really pretty and that I like." Maddie paused as she stared at her mother with a funny look on her face. Finally, after a long moment she whispered, "Unless I count you as a friend, Mom."

Amber let out a shaky breath. Her daughter's comment confirmed the growing sensation in her gut things were trending in a somewhat naughty way and it left her feeling queasy—a good kind of queasy though.

Amber smiled at her daughter sweetly before whispering, "Do . . . do you want your mother to give you a nice kiss baby. Is that what you are maybe suggesting?"

Maddie smiled shyly. Moving closer to her mom on the small sofa she reached up and touched the side of her face gently before whispering, "Yes."

Amber made one last desperate attempt to avoid being naughty while, at the same time, giving her daughter what she wanted—a kiss. Leaning in, she kissed her tenderly on the cheek before pulling back.

"Mom, during the game I got kissed on the lips. Can't you do the same?" Maddie whined.

Amber was, all at once, both disappointed her little ploy failed and greatly relieved it did, in fact, fail. Deep down inside, she wanted to kiss her daughter—on the lips. The mere thought of doing so sent a surge of excitement all throughout her body.

Amber slowly brushed her fingers along Maddie's smooth cheek thinking if she was going to do this she was going to do it right and without shame. Grasping her daughter's hands tightly, she lowered her voice to a whisper, "OK, so tell me hon, did that little bitch, April, with her nice breasts, kiss you like this?"

Amber leaned forward and before she could lose her nerve planted a very nice kiss directly on her daughter's lips. She even felt her tongue, involuntarily, or so she told herself, slip out of her mouth, and probe, ever so lightly, along the soft contours of Maddie's champagne stained lips.

Smiling sweetly at Maddie, Amber leaned back. Her heart was racing. Amber was fairly certain she felt her daughter shiver when her tongue skated lightly across her lips. One thing was for certain—Amber's little bit of tongue action had caused a very pronounced shiver to crawl up her own spine.

Maddie looked away causing Amber a brief moment of panic. Did she push things too far? When Maddie looked back up at her mother and was silent the fleeting the panic became more pronounced. "Was . . . was that OK hon? Did I go too far with my kiss? I mean, you wanted to know what it was like so-"

Reaching out, Maddie touched her mother's lips with one finger. "Shhh, Mom, your kiss was like . . . Wow . . . wow with double exclamation points, especially that thing you did with your tongue at the end. That was cool."

"Cool huh? Well, I don't know about the cool part but it was pretty naughty and maybe I should not hav-"

Again Maddie cut her mother off in mid-sentence. "Can you kiss me like that again, but like make it last longer this time . . . Please?"

"Honey, I don't know if that is such a good idea."

"Please, pretty please with sugar on top." Scooting closer to her mom on the sofa Maddie added in a desperate whisper, "You gotta. It's my birthday and you are supposed to be making all your little girl's birthday wishes come true, Mommy."

That single word—Mommy—Amber thought she would never hear her daughter call her that and it caused any resistance she might have been feeling to crumble.

Gathering her daughter in her arms, Amber brushed her hand through her soft golden locks one more time before bringing her lips down. They kissed. Slowly. Amber's tongue flickered in and out, once, wavering slightly across her daughter's soft lips before slipping

into her mouth. Swirling her tongue deep in her daughter's mouth, she left it in there, allowing it to explore just a bit as she felt Maddie shudder in her arms.

Things were on the verge of spinning out of control, when Amber, with an act of tremendous willpower, managed to pull back. She ought to put a stop to this—before it was too late.

But it was already too late, much too late, as Maddie was about to make abundantly clear to her mom. "Jesus . . . that was fantastic, Mom! You are such a great kisser."

At first, Amber did not know how to respond before deciding she should at least try and not let things get out of control. Yeah, that is what a good mother would do. "So honey, enough of the kissing. I think, or, at least I hope, I showed you being kissed by a girl is not so bad."

"You did, Mom, but . . ." She paused as a cunning smile crossed her pretty face.

"I know that smile! What are you thinking young lady?"

"Just that, well, remember how I said earlier it really bothered me what I missed out on when I left to go to the bathroom?"

"You mean how everyone but you got to feel up that April girl. Yes, I remember."

"Well it really bothered me and I was just hoping. . ." Maddie was obviously nervous as she twisted her hands in her lap before continuing. "You know, just like with the kissing, maybe my Mommy could help her little girl."

Amber sighed. The "Mommy and little girl" gambit sparked emotions deep inside of her . . . much as she suspected Maddie knew it would. While it may have been obvious what her daughter was asking, what was not so obvious was how she should answer.

After taking a quiet moment of reflection Amber looked at her daughter and began to speak softly. "Honey, you want Mommy to let her sweet, and very curious little girl, feel her boobies?"

Maddie smiled shyly nodding her head yes.

Turning her body to face her daughter, Amber whispered, "If you think it would really help, I suppose it couldn't hurt to let you feel them a bit."

"Can you take your robe off first though? I mean . . . April had her top up when everyone was feeling her up."

"S-sure hon." Amber's excitement at what was about to happen was given away by the slight quiver in her voice.

"Better yet, let me," Maddie said as she boldly reached out grabbing the robe's tie. Maddie's nervous fingers carefully unknotted the tie as mother and daughter gazed sweetly at each other.

Amber looked away, shutting her eyes, as she felt her daughter slip the robe off her body. Hearing her daughter let out a loud sigh Amber opened her eyes to find Maddie eyes fixated on her tits.

Thrusting her chest out her proudly she whispered, "So does your mommy have a nicer looking pair of tits than that stupid April, honey?"

Maddie's voice gushed with girly enthusiasm as she answered. "God yes, your tits are really big and look super nice. Can I really touch them? Please."

"Yes, of course baby. I don't want you feeling like you missed out on something like at the party."

Maddie slowly reached out to touch her mom's tits as Amber closed her eyes once again. She hoped what they were doing, and how they would have to keep it a big secret, would only serve to bring them closer together.

Gently cupping her mom's tits in her hands through the silky soft material of the black teddy Maddie whispered sweetly, "They feel nice, Mommy."

"Do they hon?"

"Yes, very nice." And just to empathize her point Maddie squeezed the fullness of her mom's tits through the thin protection of the see through teddy. Letting her fingers slip down they skated briefly across Amber's ripe nipples causing her to let out a gentle sigh. Amber's big nipples had always been rather sensitive.

Again Amber had to summon an extraordinary amount of willpower to keep things from spinning out of control. Grabbing her daughter's hands she reluctantly pulled them off her tits.

"Hmm, I think you have done enough exploring there little lady . . . for now."

"Yes, for now . . . anyways," Maddie answered quietly while alluding to the fact there would be more "exploring" to come later.

Maddie grabbed the bottle of champagne and quickly refilled both their glasses exclaiming happily, "A toast to the best mom in the world."

Amber wanted to protest they had had enough champagne but after hearing her daughter's "best mom in the world" comment how could she. She drank matching her daughter gulp for gulp as they both nearly drained the entirety of their glasses.

"Do you wanna hear why I think you are the best mother in the world?"

"Sure, hon. I am all ears." Amber responded while wondering if she should slip her robe back on before rejecting the idea. The way Maddie's eyes kept flickering down to her chest made her feel warm and fuzzy inside and this was not a feeling she was ready to let go of yet.

"Because you have the confidence to be real with me and let me explore my young girlish curiosity about the sexy stuff."

"The truth is baby, I am actually secretly thrilled you feel confident enough with me, you know, considering how I just recently came back into your life, to want to explore your curiosity with me."

"Speaking of exploring, you know something else happened at the party that night which I have not mentioned yet."

"What? Tell me."

"Later on, after everyone but me had their turns feeling April's boobs, they all started really teasing me. April started the teasing and the rest of them joined in."

"About what honey?" Amber asked. She could tell by the sad look on Maddie's face whatever this teasing was about it had seriously hurt her.

"About how I had probably never been felt up."

"That stupid April again. You shouldn't let her get to you."

"I know but it was true what they were saying. I have never been felt up before. Mom and Dad are so . . . overprotective of me, but now they are not here and it's just you and me and I was hoping, you know, since you have been so willing to help me explore things Mommy. . ."

Maddie paused letting her dangerous thought just dangle there like some live squirming bait Amber should resist- but could not.

Steeling her nerves Amber tried to control the excitement in her voice before she began to speak. "You want your mommy to feel you up hon?"

"Yes," Maddie replied sweetly.

Amber was torn. She wanted to give in to her natural inclination to say yes to her daughter, but on the other hand saying yes would be so wrong- wouldn't it?

"Honey, I don't know if that is such a good idea. I mean-"

Making her voice both desperate and whiny Maddie reached out and gripped her mom's hands. "Please . . . this is a special night and I am too old not to have experienced what you know other girls experience . . . heck most of the time by junior high."

Without waiting for an answer from her mom, Maddie boldly began to push her mom's hands up toward her chest. After feeling her mom resist, if ever so slightly, Maddie responded by pulling harder on her mom's hands while pleading softly, "Please Mommy, pretty please, with sugar on top."

Amber's resistance crumbled as she allowed her hands to be guided upwards toward her daughter's chest.

"I think you should take your robe off sweetie if we are going to do this."

Amber smiled as she practically ripped her robe off.

"I see you are wearing the black bra I bought you."

"Yeah, I wanted us to match since I hoped you would be wearing the black teddy I bought you. So how does it look on me? I think it looks sexy on me . . . don't you?"

"Yes, Maddie, it looks really good on you, but you know it sounds like maybe you had all this planned out in advance."

"Maybe just a little," Maddie replied smiling at her mother.

Amber's hands slowly moved to the front of her daughter's exquisite looking lace black bra. It was adorned with a small pink ribbon in the front of the bra just between the two delicate cups.

"I especially like this little pink ribbon honey. Its looks cute," Amber told her daughter in a quiet whisper while carefully stroking the ribbon with a pair of nervous fingers before adding impulsively, "Yeah, it looks cute just like your little boobies."

Letting her hands slip forward, Amber very gently, very gingerly pressed her hands against Maddie's small tits causing her to, at first, smile and then to sigh softly before whispering, "Finally."

"Hmm, you like that baby," Amber said warming to the task as she began to fondle her daughter's tits, a bit more aggressively through her bra.

"Yes, Mommy. I like it . . . a lot. I just wish, maybe . . ." Maddie, just as before, left her thought tangling as she turned around on the sofa leaning back against her mother.

Amber took the opportunity to let her hands slip off her daughter's tits. She still had hopes of not letting things fly out of control, but Maddie quickly brought her hands up and aggressively pushed her mom's hands back in place.

Amber sighed. Apparently, fighting her naughty fate was hopeless. Moving her mouth to Maddie's ear she whispered, "Now what do you wish for baby? Tell your Mommy."

Maddie spoke slowly her heart pounding in her chest. "I just wish my stupid bra wasn't in the way."

Amber took one last chance to try and lighten the mood and maybe change the course of their naughty journey. Pulling her hands from Maddie's chest and making an attempt to lighten the mood, she exclaimed, "Really Maddie, your bra is stupid now. And here I thought you said you liked it!"

Maddie, apparently in no mood to change the course of the night's events, turned to her mom and whispered, "I do like it Mom, but . . ." She reached around and once again boldly grabbed her mom's hands guiding them to her back. Pressing her mom's fingers against the bra's strap in the middle of her back Maddie whispered. "Can't you undo my bra and take it off? Please, Mommy."

"Are you sure little girl that is what you want?"

"Yes."

Amber actually had her fingers on the clasp and was about to unhook it when she abruptly stopped. Sighing deeply, she decided she just could not go that far . . . not yet anyway. She would have to deny her baby.

"Hmm, you know I am thinking maybe it's best you leave your bra on for now anyways baby. Sometimes waiting for what you really want only makes it all the more special when you finally get it."

Maddie was silent for a moment before answering with a simple, "OK." Her voice, full of obvious dejection, caused Amber's heart to wrench a bit but she managed to stay strong—her daughter's bra would stay in place.

Closing her eyes, Maddie leaned her head back against her mom again before whispering as Amber continued to softly fondle her

daughter's tits through the bra, "Well, if you won't take my bra off can I at least have some more kisses?"

Amber knew she should say no to this request also, but lacked the will power, especially when Maddie turned around and smiled at her mother sweetly while mouthing the words pretty please. Leaning forward, Amber greeted her daughter's smile by brushing her lips against her mouth. Giving in to her deepest carnal desires, she punched her tongue deep inside her daughter's mouth while her hands roamed all over her delicate tits.

Maddie responded in kind by swishing her tongue around the inside of her mom's mouth before pulling back and turning around to face her mom. They sat there side by side on the small sofa, both quiet for the moment; they were now closer than ever thanks to this sexy little adventure they were enjoying.

Finally, Maddie was the one to break the silence. "Mommy, can I touch your boobs again, but this time without your teddy in the way."

"Oh, Geez, I don't know if . . ." Amber tried to protest, but Maddie wasn't to be denied.

Ignoring her lame protest Amber said, "Here, stand up, Mom." Amber's voice managed to be both soft and commanding all at once.

Reaching out to grip her mom's hands, Maddie helped her to her feet. Maddie slide her hands up her mom's bare arms before they stopped at her shoulders. Slowly she slipped a pair of fingers under the thin spaghetti straps of the teddy.

Amber tried once more to be good. "Honey, I shouldn't let you do this. We need to stop."

The young and utterly willful Maddie only smiled while totally ignoring her mom's weak protest. Instead she began ever so slowly to drag the teddy's straps outward across her shoulders before they slipped down.

Amber exhaled- deeply- before swallowing her motherly guilt and letting her daughter have her way. She relaxed her arms as she felt the teddy slipping down and off her body.

Maddie actually giggled as her mom's ultra-sexy black teddy dropped down revealing both of her luscious 34DD boobs.

Something about the way Maddie was giggling finally did it for Amber. Obviously her daughter felt zero shame in what was happening- so why should she?

Right then and there, Amber made her mind up. If she was going to do this, and clearly she was, she was going to do it right and proper. In other words: no more of the shy and reluctant mother routine.

With this new attitude firmly in mind, she took a step closer. "What are you giggling at little girl," she hissed at her daughter.

The new firmness in her mom's voice was not lost on Maddie nor was the fact she called her little girl. While Maddie may have been the one to lead them on their naughty journey thus far, she instinctually knew it was time to let her "mommy" take control.

Instead of responding, Maddie shyly looked away hoping her mom would take the bait. She did.

Making her voice as harsh as possible Amber snapped, "I asked you a question little girl and expect an answer. Are you laughing at your Mommy's big boobs? You think they look funny or something!"

Maddie looked up demurely blinking her eyes at her mom before responding quietly, "No Mommy, I think your boobies are beautiful and . . ." She paused, for dramatic effect, before, again looking shyly away-as if she was much too bashful to finish her thought.

Softening her voice to a quiet whisper, Amber reached out and carefully turned her daughter's face upwards as she took yet another small step forward closer to the sofa. "And what sweetheart? Why were you giggling when you saw my boobs?"

Maddie blinked her eyes. Her mom tits, tanned to a beautiful golden bronze with a pair of slightly erect nipples that looked deliciously sweet, were mere inches from her upturned face.

"I was giggling only because I was thinking how much fun they would be to . . . you know, play with . . . if you let me."

"Hmm . . ." Amber stroked the side of Maddie's face sweetly with one delicate finger. "So my little girl wants to play with her mommy's big boobies huh?"

"Yes, Mommy, please . . . pretty please with sugar on top," Maddie responded in the sweetest of whines sealing both of their fates.

Amber took a step back and then carefully sat down on the edge of the coffee table. Staring intently at her daughter she announced, her voice firm and commanding, "First, you have to tell me something little girl and it had better be the truth."

"I will Mommy," Amber replied sweetly.

"Earlier you keep going on and on about what a nice set of tits that little bitch April has. You talked about how big they were and how you wanted to touch them so badly and were upset when you missed out. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, Mommy," Amber meekly whispered.

"Well, now that you have seen your Mommy's tits how do you they compare to your friend's. I mean you do have a crush on her . . . physically you admitted as much so I can imagine you wanted to play with her tits too . . . hmm maybe more so even than mine little girl?"

Without having to think about it, the words simply poured out of Maddie's mouth. "God Mommy your tits are much bigger and nicer than April's. I mean they are beautiful . . . just like you and . . . and well, I would much rather play with yours than hers."

"Really baby," Amber purred as she arched her back, proudly thrusting her tits out toward her daughter. "Well, then show me."

Maddie scooted to the very edge of the sofa before reaching out with a pair of quivering hands to cup her mom's tits in her hands. Bouncing them up and down delicately in her hands her mom's tits felt deliciously firm.

Flickering her fingers at first slowly, and then quicker, across her mom's erect nipples, Maddie was delighted to see how this made her mom squirm.

"God baby you are getting me so hot," Amber gasped as she quickly moved over to the sofa. After settling down next to her daughter, they embraced, their mouths coming together.

Neither held back this time as their tongues engaged in mock battle while their restless hands fondled each other tits. After a breathless minute, Amber pulled back and smiled at her daughter whispering, "Let's try this baby. It might made you giggle some more. It's a little game me and my best friend used to play sometimes, but we should play it in the bedroom."

Hand in hand the girls weaved their way slowly to the bedroom. They both had had too much to drink by now which would only contribute to the ensuing drama.

"Now sit on the edge of the bed and I will be with you in a minute sweetie."

Maddie obeyed quietly her heart beating rapidly as she had the idea her mom's game was going to be a little naughty.

Deciding a more relaxed atmosphere was needed, Amber moved quickly grabbing the half dozen small tea light candles she bought earlier for back home and setting three a piece on each of the nightstands flanking either side of the bed. After turning off the lamp on the nightstand, she lit the candles casting the bedroom in a soft romantic glow.

"Hmm, candles are nice and romantic. I like it," Maddie chirped happily from the bed.

Amber strolled slowly across the bedroom room with her sexy black teddy still pulled down. Plopping down next to her daughter on the bed she said, "You still wanna play Mommy's game sweetheart?"

"Yes, very much so," Maddie eagerly replied.

"OK, so in that case, hmm, the game is called, what . . . Jeez it's been so long since I played . . . I know we had a cute little name for it . . . Oh yeah, it's called 'booby battle'."

"Interesting name."

"Yes, well, do you still wanna take your bra off honey? It's kind of necessary for the game."

"Yes," Maddie eagerly replied as she reached around to undo her bra.

"Would it be OK if you let your mommy have the honors of being the first one to take off your bra hon. I mean you have never taken it off for anyone before right or let anyone take it off?"

"No," Maddie replied quietly.

Amber moved behind Maddie on the bed and very carefully, with a pair of nervous fingers that quivered ever so slightly, undid the pretty bra's delicate clasps, and then just as carefully, slid the bra off Maddie's body.

Maddie let out a gentle sigh as she felt her young boobs being exposed for the first time. Sensing her mom peering over her shoulder and staring at them she shyly whispered, "Are they nice, Mommy?"

"Oh sweetheart they are beautiful . . . just like you." Without thinking, Amber reached down and cupped her daughter's precious little boobies in her hands. They felt deliciously firm as she jiggled them in her hands before allowing her fingers to go dancing across Maddie's ripe young nipples. They immediately snapped to attention as she let out a pronounced sigh.

"Hmm, I think someone likes their little boobies being played with but unfortunately that is enough for now hon if we are going to play Mommy's game."

"Yeah, let's play," Maddie answered now more than ever eager to see what her mom had in store for them.

"So this is how the game is played. We get up on the middle of the bed, on our knees facing each other and when I say go we come together pushing our tits against each other. The object of the game

is for me to try and push you backwards so you end up flat on your back while you try to do the same to me and one thing . . . no hands. No grabbing, no pulling, no using your hands at all. In fact, as I recall the way we used to play was for the both of us to keep our hands firmly clasped behind our backs."

"So I am going to try and force you onto my back just like you are doing to me?"

"Yes, but just remember, keep them hands clasped so all you can do is just push your chest against me and the same for me to you."

"The loser is the one who ends up on their back then huh?"

"Exactly honey and that is when the real fun starts. Now the winner can use their hands freely once someone ends up on their back while the loser they must submit to the other one and allow them to . . . well, kind of mash their boobies all down in their face. The winner basically tries to smother the loser with their tits and since the loser can't use their hands to fight back, they just have to basically lay there and take it."

"This sounds like a real fun game."

"Good, I am glad you like it. I was afraid you think it would sound stupid."

"No way. Let's play," Maddie gushed as she hopped over to the middle of the bed.

After a beaming Amber joined her the game was afoot. They held hands facing each other as Amber counted down, "One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Go!"

The game started out at a seductively slow pace as mother and daughter took their sweet time slowly pushing their tits against one another in a most alluring and delicious manner.

"Wow," Maddie exclaimed, "this is kind of fun and it feels neat too," Maddie gushed as she felt a tingle of shivers go up and down her spine as her mother's large nipples gyrated around circling her own sensitive young nips.

Sadly, although fun, it was not much of a contest. The bigger busted Amber quickly used her larger tits to overpower her giggling daughter as poor Maddie found herself flat on her back in a mere matter of seconds after they both got serious.

"Ha! Got you little girl. Now to finish you off with my . . . big boobs of death."

They both giggled as Amber sunk down burying young Maddie's sweet innocent little face in between her tits. Literally smothering her

daughter with her boobs, Amber laughed recklessly while rotating her tits up and down, and all around in her daughter's face.

Maddie closed her eyes against the delicious assault as her giggling finally subsided. Wondering what her mother might do if she tried to escape Maddie bravely started to fight back.

She managed to raise herself up to her elbows before Amber hissed at her, "You are not to struggle young lady. You lost fair and square, now lay back and take your punishment."

Looking down at her daughter, her pretty young face was flushed with excitement, Amber sweetened her voice as she ran one hand delicately through Maddie's blonde hair whispering, "Please baby, play the game right and take your punishment. You might like it you know. Otherwise . . ." Amber paused and, without warning, twisted her hand deep in Maddie's hair before yanking on it . . . hard. "Mommy might not be so nice."

"Ouch, Mommy . . . OK, OK . . . I will take my punishment." Maddie sunk back down onto the bed one again closing her eyes in eager anticipation as she had a very good idea what her punishment would be. More of the same!!

"I think I told you, me and my best friend used to do this hon. God this is going to bring back memories and as I recall, I won more than I lost."

Positioning her chest over Maddie's face Amber allowed her boobs to drop down into the young girl's face. As her mother swayed back and forth, Maddie began to giggle as she felt those big firm boobs bouncing against her face.

"You like that sweetie? Having that pretty face of yours tickled by your mommy's boobies."

Maddie wanted to answer but literally could not as her mom, snaking one hand around the back of her head, pushed her face up into all that glorious tit flesh literally smothering her in an abundance of boobs.

Amber continued to grind her boobs down and all around against Maddie's face before letting up slightly allowing her daughter a moment's peace. Maddie had just enough time to let out another series of giggles before Amber renewed the assault.

It was hopeless. No matter how much Maddie squirmed or thrashed about on the large bed her mom, who was bigger, stronger, and much more insistent in her actions, easily tracked her movements. Maddie finally submitted fully closing her eyes and relaxing as her face was engulfed by her mom's delicious tits.

After another full booby attack, Amber lifted herself up. Looking down at her daughter she noticed how her face was flushed with excitement while looking so utterly beautiful. Reaching down, she gently pushed a loose strand of Maddie's blonde hair from her face

before whispering sweetly, "If you give Mommy some nice kisses little girl maybe I will show mercy."

"I will try," Maddie whispered back as her mother lowered her lips to hers.

They kissed, long and slow, soft and sweet. Both of their tongues took turns angling in and out with careful precision into each other mouths before Amber leaned forward while dropping her boobs down into Maddie's face. Now it was her turn to giggle as she briskly shook her upper body back and forth slapping her boobs against Maddie's face in a most provocative and playful manner.

Momentarily Amber's giggling subsided; her damn pussy was on fire and she needed more. Reaching down, she gently turned her daughter's face upwards. They stared intently at each other for a long moment, their very souls connecting as her large tits hovered mere inches from Maddie's soft lips. Stroking her hair she whispered, "Does Mommy's little girl want to suck on her boobies."

Maddie slowly nodded her head yes as she gazed at her mom's large areoles with intense anticipation. "Close your eyes and open your mouth baby."

Maddie's eager tongue flickered across one of her mom's rigid nipples, making her sigh, before she opened her mouth and began to suck on her mommy's tit with a passionate intensity. The

overwrought Amber was nearly whimpering as she tangled her fingers in Maddie's long blond hair.

"Oh God baby that feels so good, "Amber whispered as she pushed her daughter's face deeper into her cleavage. Closing her eyes she sighed becoming lost in a dream world of forbidden incest.

Maddie eagerly attacked her mom's tits- her mouth kissing up and down the vast valley between her boobs- before capturing first one, and then the other, in her mouth. She made sure to lather both of her mommy's boobs with a twisting and turning tongue before finishing up with a series of soft and gentle kisses. The tender loving care her daughter was showing her tits elicited several long moans from Amber.

Her eyes flickered open. Looking down, Amber witnessed the glorious sight of her daughter feasting on her tits causing an intense longing deep inside of her.

Maddie, eager to please her mommy, became assertive. She rose up and clamping her arms around her mom's back she twisted her around so Amber was now the one who ended up on her back. She eagerly buried her face once more in between her mom's tits while she slipped one nervous hand down and in between her legs. First one, and then a second finger, slid easily inside her mom as Amber arched her back.

Maddie took her sweet time, suckling on each of her mom's lovely breasts as she slowly explored with childlike curiosity the moist gash between her mom's legs. She observed with loving curiosity how pushing one finger up and inside of her mom caused her to moan and squirm. Ever so carefully, while she continued to feast upon her mommy's tits in an ever increasing series of wet and wild kisses, Maddie added a second finger to the mix.

Poor Amber was soon reduced to a quivering mass of hot flesh thanks to the efforts of her eager young daughter. Amber, thrashing all over the large bed, finally, couldn't take it anymore. She aggressively pushed her daughter's face southward while spreading her legs. Maddie knew what her mom wanted.

Closing her eyes, she diffidently flickered her tongue out along the moist folds of her mom's pussy. "Oh that's it honey, work that virgin tongue all over your Mommy's pussy."

What she lacked in experience Maddie made up with youthful exuberance. She licked and kissed her way all around her mom's wet vagina, her tongue darting in and out, her mom's hand on the back of her head guiding it up and down and all around.

Amber was nearly there, but this was not the way she wanted to come. "Stop baby. I want us to be gazing into those pretty hazel eyes of yours when you help make mommy come. Go . . . Grab my purse. Hurry. It's over on the dresser."

"What's in your purse?" Maddie asked as she crossed the room.

"A girl's best friend."

Just as she hopped back up on the bed Maddie smiled. "Oh I know what you have in there. I bet it's a vibrator."

"You are so smart, little girl."

Amber maneuvered her daughter so she leaning, her back up against the head board of the bed while she snuggled down in front of her.

Leaning her back against her daughter, Amber whispered, "Now you occupy yourself playing with mommy's tits while she turns her toy on OK baby and plays with herself."

"Yes, Mommy," Maddie eagerly replied curious to see just how her mother would use the large toy on herself. The vibrator was long and purple, maybe seven inches and was ribbed. As it hummed to life Maddie, peering around her mom's shoulder, stared at it inquisitively while bouncing her mom's tits up and down in her hands.

Maddie watched, delighted to have such an up close and personal view, as her mother carefully worked the purple humming toy back

and forth and all around her pussy before she pushed it up and inside of her.

Amber's head lolled back onto Maddie's shoulder as she let out a long moan while the humming toy worked its magic all over her clit just as her daughter begin to flicker her fingers across her sensitive nipples.

"Oh God . . . it feels so good honey. Hmm . . . kiss me baby, kiss Mommy."

Bringing one hand up, Maddie turned her mom's face toward her. They kissed deeply as Maddie's tongue, now full of confidence, swirled and dipped inside her mom's mouth.

The humming grew louder after Amber kicked the vibrator up a notch and was now working it furiously in and out of her pussy. She was close.

Breaking the kiss off, Amber pulled back from her daughter and whispered, "Look at me baby. Stare deep into my soul as I come."

Maddie obeyed staring at her mom intently in the eyes as Amber grasped her daughter's hand and guided it down between her legs.

Amber was breathless and rapidly approaching having a tremendous orgasm. "Baby, use your fingers to play with my clit while I use the vibrator OK?"

Maddie obediently answered her mom's naughty request with a shy and sweet, "Yes, Mommy."

Waiting until her mom slid the vibrator out, Maddie pushed her finger deep inside her mom's warm, wet pussy. It felt . . . nice. After wriggling it around for a moment she slid it back out allowing the vibrator to have its turn. Maddie again leaned over her mom's shoulder and watched while continuing to use her index and middle fingers to stroke her mom's clit as Amber- furiously now-began to fuck herself with the large vibrator.

"Oh God . . . yes . . . yes, yes, yes, oh baby, YESSSSS!!"

"You like that, Mommy," Maddie whispered as she circled her clit with her playful fingers while applying just enough gentle pressure to send her mother careening toward an orgasm.

"Am I helping to make you come, Mommy?"

By now Amber was too far gone to answer. Tipping over the edge, Amber, shaking, let out one last loud moan before collapsing against her daughter.

Maddie sat there holding her mom as she shook from the aftershocks of a wholly intense orgasm. After allowing her mother a quiet moment to recover, Maddie whispered in her ear, "Mother, can . . . can you use your toy on your little girl and make her . . . you know."

"Have your first orgasm?"

"Yes."

Amber smiled sweetly at her daughter. "OK sweetie. Let's have you lay down on your back in the middle of the bed. Mommy needs to warm her little girl up first before using her toy on her."

Maddie obeyed having an idea being "warmed up" would involve a whole lot of kind words and loving attention from her beautiful mommy.

Amber got comfortable next to her daughter stretching out alongside her. Reaching down she stroked her daughter's hair pushing it aside to reveal an ear. Bringing her mouth down to the revealed ear, she whispered, "You are such a beautiful little girl honey and Mommy is going to take really good care of you now. Just like this."

Amber's tongue slithered out lapping lightly along Maddie's ear causing her to squirm all over the bed. Moving down, Amber's aggressive tongue play dropped to the nape of her daughter's neck.

Her tongue circled along the area between Maddie's hairline and her collar bone and then back again.

Hearing her whisper, "Oh God Mommy, that feels . . . like wow," gave Amber the needed confidence to continue.

Picking up her daughter's hand, Amber alternated between sucking and licking on her fingers, again making her squirm. Gazing down at Maddie's fully erect nipples caused untold excitement to crawl up and down her spine. Leaning down she gently lapped at Maddie's small boobs with her darting tongue before fully opening her mouth. She suckled first one, and then the other, of the small boobies into her mouth causing her daughter to let out a soft moan that only grew louder as Amber slipped one finger up and inside of her daughter's tight little virgin cunt.

Amber used her thumb, slowly rotating it against Maddie's clit, while her tongue delicately circled those adorable little nipples of her daughter's. Maddie closed her eyes as she felt her mom's mouth slowly slip down and off her tits. It crossed the flat plain of her youthful tummy, the tongue like a playful snake always darting in and out. She wriggled in rabid anticipation when her mom's tongue passed over her navel knowing exactly where her mom's mouth was heading.

Amber, in expert in teasing, carefully slurped at Maddie's inner thighs in soft circles which -ever so slowly- moved closer and closer to the moist treasure between her daughter's legs.

"God, M-mommy, please . . . please kiss me there," Maddie whined in a voice that crackled with keen expectancy.

Amber patiently moved her mouth directly over her daughter's untested cunt. After a few moments hesitation, designed by the mother to specifically to allow the growing sexual tension her daughter was sure to be feeling to grow to a fever pitch, Amber snaked her tongue out and begin tracing gentle lines all up and down the lips of Maddie virgin pussy.

Flickering her tongue out, she lapped at the tight little crevice of Maddie's delectable tasting pussy. Swirling her tongue, faster and then slower, Amber allowed it to dip once, twice, and then a third time teasingly into the sweetened honey pot of Maddie's womanhood.

Amber, deciding Maddie had been teased enough, now went to work. She quickly spun her tongue out and around before it whirled onto Maddie's clit. Lapping at it with a tongue obviously experienced in the Sappho arts, Amber attacked her daughter's nub skillfully with a mixture of sweet little kisses and long, carefully orchestrated, licks of her tongue.

Maddie was quickly turned into nothing more than a squirming, squealing little girl begging to be pleased by her mommy.

"Oh God, Mommy, that feels so so good. Please don't stop . . . pleeeasse." The long drawn out please would be the last coherent word uttered by Maddie. Her eyes fell shut, her head lolling back on the pillow, as she slipped into a pleasurable abyss.

Amber continued to dart her tongue in and out as Maddie began to shake all over, her breath coming in raggedy gasps; her very first orgasm rocketed her into heaven.

Amber held her daughter tight for a few quiet moments before whispering in her ear, "I guess we didn't need mommy's toy after all huh little girl."

"No we didn't. Jesus that was fantastic, but, you know, I still would like to try you toy out . . . sometime."

"But not tonight honey, as I am afraid I am on the verge of passing out. The wine you know but we have one more night in Paris to . . . well . . . share and explore whatever you might want to share and explore."

"Promise, Mommy?"

"Promise, hon," Amber whispered back stroking her daughter's hair. At this very moment, she could not imagine loving anyone as fiercely and as passionately as she did her beautiful, young daughter.

THE END