My Daughter's Seduction

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a single mom is shocked, but delighted, to learn how deeply her daughter's lesbian passion runs...

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My name is Connie. I' m a single mother with a seventeen-year-old daughter named Becky. Her father was some guy I met at a party and foolishly took back to my place when I'd had a few too many. He never even knew the result of our one night stand.

With lots of help from my parents, I raised Becky myself. She turned out beautifully, an intelligent, sweet-natured girl with a delicious sense of humor, lovely as an April morning.

Our relationship is very different from that of most mothers and daughters, though. Most people wouldn't understand the special love that Becky and I share, but I consider myself blessed.

I know and have known for a long time that I'm sexually attracted to younger women, and have spent many late night hours pleasuring myself to fantasies of cute, nubile teenagers. I had a large collection of lesbian pornography on my computer, nearly all of it featuring teen girls -- especially erotic stories and photos of them engaged in love play with older women, which never failed to make me hot.

I suppose it was inevitable that one day I would find myself aroused at the sight of my own daughter, and sure enough, I was soon experiencing a strong sexual hunger for Becky, especially those times when she was in shorts or a skirt, exposing her lovely legs. Once in a while I got a glimpse of her in the nude, a sight that always left me dizzy with desire.

Before long, Becky was finding her way into my masturbation fantasies. I brought myself to orgasm many times while imagining the two of us, naked and in bed together, sharing our bodies as lovers do. Of course, I'd never have dared to act on these desires, settling instead for collecting dozens of lesbian mother and daughter stories from the internet, which I stashed in a large file with the rest of the erotica on my computer.

Then one day, while she and I were spending a day at our cabin in the hills, my girl Becky took the initiative that changed our relationship forever.

We were sharing a large blanket in the back yard behind the cabin, taking the sun. I wore my sexiest bikini, pleased that I could still fit into it at thirty-seven, with the top unfastened in back so I wouldn't have lines.

Becky had on a barely-there suit that was practically scandalous; nothing more than a few tiny bits of cloth, leaving her ass more or less bare. The sight of her had me tingling all over, and I was toying with the notion of slipping indoors for a short while to indulge in a little furtive masturbation, perhaps peeking out of the bathroom window at her while I got myself off.

It was then that Becky suddenly broke into my reverie by sitting up, studying me for a moment and declaring, "You need some more oil on your back, Mom. Want me to put it on for you?"

Delighted, I replied, "Aw... that's sweet of you, hon." I felt a prickle of excitement at the thought of Becky touching my bare skin.

She knelt beside me, squirted a generous shot of coconut-scented oil into her hands and vigorously rubbed them together, then got to work on my upper back and shoulders.

Her touch felt wonderful. I allowed my imagination to drift and my illicit desires to make themselves known, image following lewd image like X-rated flash cards in my mind:

My naked daughter, proudly displaying her body to me, cupping her luscious breasts with both hands.

The two of us locked in a lover's embrace, our mouths crushed together in a soul kiss, her legs wrapped around my ass.

My face buried between her thighs, Becky's fingers tangled in my hair as I licked her shaved slit.

Becky and I gently entwined, bodies flushed and glistening in the aftermath of lovemaking.

These visions battered my consciousness, taunted me, made me want things I shouldn't.

My craving only intensified when I felt Becky's hands move down my slippery body to cup my buttocks. The suit I wore didn't cover much of me, so there was plenty for her to touch -- and touch she did. I felt warm, thick fluids pooling inside me, and prayed that my daughter wouldn't see the evidence of arousal through those thin bikini bottoms.

I was taken aback when Becky asked me to turn over, but hesitantly began to do as she said,

clutching my unfastened bikini top to cover myself. Then, as I settled onto the blanket, she deftly plucked away the top and cast it aside, baring my breasts.

I was shocked and, truth be told, more than a little bit thrilled to be topless in front of my daughter. There was something in Becky's smile that told me how much she had wanted to do that, to undress me. And that was when I *really* began to get excited.

As I watched Becky through my sunglasses, losing myself in a mixture of confusion and sexual heat, she poured more oil into her hands and worked it into my shoulders, kneading the muscles... then slowly, carefully, her hands slid down to cover my breasts.

I knew that I should stop her, but didn't -- I couldn't!

Becky wasn't just anointing my breasts, either. She was caressing them, lightly teasing my nipples with oil-coated fingers. It seemed too absurd for words, but I swore I could read*desire*in Becky's eyes as she felt me up. I couldn't help but moan, overcome by my daughter's touch -- and when she smiled, I knew that she'd planned for me to respond that way.

I was quivering inside, heart pounding frantically. Was my teenage daughter really coming on to me?

She slowly worked her way down to my bikini bottoms, rubbing the sweet-scented oil into my tummy. My pussy was so wet that I was certain Becky could see it through my suit by now.

Then my daughter grasped the waistband of the suit -- the last barrier between me and stark nudity. "Raise your butt, Mom," she cooed, gently tugging.

I knew what I *should* have done right then: sit up and ask my daughter just what the hell she was up to, and stop this insane thing that was happening between us before I completely lost control.

But I didn't. God help me, I wanted to be undressed by Becky, needed her to see me naked.

Without a word I lifted my ass, and with a little squeak of delight Becky slipped my suit down and off. Now completely nude, pulse racing, I waited to see what my daughter would do.

She began to work the oil into my legs, starting just above the knees and moving slowly upward. I whimpered as her fingers caressed the soft skin of my inner thighs, mere inches from my aching sex. I could no longer conceal my excitement from her, breathing, "Oh, m-my angel... oh, *yessss,"* as my body shivered and twitched on the blanket, made helpless by my daughter's touch.

Then Becky placed a hand on my vulva, and I inhaled sharply. She only giggled. "Oooh, Mom... you're all wet!"

I couldn't respond -- but then, at that instant, my lips were incapable of shaping words. I could only gape at my child in disbelief.

Then Becky drew her hand away, except for one finger that she slowly, *oh God so slowly* trailed down the length of my slit. I saw raw lust written on my daughter's face, clear as day. Trembling from head to toe, I whispered "H-h-honey..."

She pushed two fingers inside my vagina, penetrating me with a single smooth stroke.

I came instantly, emitting a strangled cry while a jolt of pleasure surged though my body like a blast of electrical current. My hands clutched helplessly at the blanket while Becky's wonderful fingers squirmed about inside me, driving my ecstasy to unimaginable heights.

Finally I lay panting, body vibrating like a struck tuning fork as Becky withdrew her hand from between my quivering thighs. I opened my eyes in time to see my daughter bringing those wet fingers to her lips. I couldn't say a word, just stared as she sucked them into her mouth, tasting my essence. She grinned. "Mmmm... delicious."

Then her expression became soft, dreamy. She reached behind to untie her bikini top and let it fall to the ground, then stood to slip her bottoms down to her feet and step out of them.

Now naked, she knelt beside me, reaching out to take off my sunglasses. "I love you, Mom," she whispered, her eyes warm with adoration as she bent to kiss me.

Becky's soft mouth brushed against mine in a very tantalizing way. Then her tongue slipped between my parted lips, and the kiss became heated and passionate.

Believe it or not, that instant was when it hit me with blinding clarity: my seventeen-year-old daughter was making love to me! As I saw it, the way Becky had undressed me and fingered my cunt could be chalked up to girlish experimentation. But this ardent French kiss left no room for doubt about what she really wanted.

I'd given birth to Becky; nursed, diapered, comforted, amused, taught and disciplined her. Now a newly ripened woman, she was giving me the most precious of gifts: herself.

I knew that what we were doing was wrong, I really did. But Becky had been my most secret, most

obsessive desire for at least a year, and the knowledge that she wanted me as well was too much for my morality to overcome. All I could think about was the joy that she and I could share as lovers, and how much closer this new relationship might bring us.

Furthermore, it was obvious that Becky had done this kind of thing before -- and knowing that my darling girl was experienced in sapphic love made me all the more eager to explore these forbidden pleasures with her.

I began to respond to my daughter's kiss, my own tongue shyly emerging to meet hers. Soon enough Becky and I were kissing hungrily, losing ourselves in the delicious madness of incest. I had never been so sexually excited in my life.

She climbed on top of me, her mouth never leaving mine. We continued to share hungry kisses, our oiled bodies sliding and slipping together. She wedged a hand between us to grope my breasts, her palm gliding over my aching nipples. I moaned into her mouth.

Becky drew away from me to whisper, "Touch me, Mom."

How could I resist such a sweet invitation? My hands were resting lightly on my daughter's back, and I let them slowly glide down to fondle her tight little ass. Hungry for more, my fingers stole between her cheeks, lightly stroking the cleft of her anus. She hummed with pleasure, both hands covering my breasts now.

My fingers traveled down even further between my baby's thighs, seeking her silken-smooth slit. She was moist there, and my heart hammered frantically as I allowed the tip of my index finger to slip inside her.

Becky tore her mouth from mine, gasping, *"Oh!* Oh, Mom yeah, that feels*incredible*..."

I continued to press my probing digit into my daughter's body, feeling her writhe against me, panting furiously. I hadn't known for sure whether Becky was still a virgin or not, but my finger slid all the way into her, no hymen to obstruct me. Dazed, I wondered if a boy or another girl had been her first fuck.

My finger rolled around inside Becky's pussy as I loved my child in a wonderful new way. She was trembling while I pleasured her, eyes closed, a look of absolute bliss on her face, whispering "I love you, Mom. I love you. God, I love you."

"I love you too, angel!" I gasped, then withdrew my finger from the warmth of Becky's body. Her eyes flew open, a protest on her lips, but I shushed her with a smile and a tender kiss. I rolled the two of us

over, gently placing Becky onto her back. My lust was now at its peak and I needed, more than anything, to taste my daughter.

I caressed her face, gazing down adoringly at this exquisite young woman, scarcely able to believe that I had brought such a creature into the world. Her eyes never leaving mine, Becky kissed her fingers, then touched them to my lips.

Had any mother ever been so blessed, so loved? Our mouths came together for a brief but luscious moment, our tongues flickering like twinned flames. Then I trailed my lips down to my baby's neck, nibbling at her angel-soft skin. Becky was purring like a contented kitten as I pressed a kiss into the hollow of her throat, then moved down further still.

Her breasts were small, but absolutely flawless, tipped with rosy nipples that were clearly erect. Becky moaned as I took one into my mouth, flicking at the pink bud with a playful tongue. My daughter gently rocked from side to side, cradling my head to her chest, her heart racing almost audibly. I began to lavish attention on her other nipple. "Oh," she breathed, holding me close. "Oh."

Wriggling my way down Becky's body, I licked a path to her belly button to tease it with a flashing probe of the tongue. She squealed with delight, another surge of ecstasy coursing through her limbs.

I was a woman on fire, trembling with desire for my girl as I reached the ultimate destination. I lay between Becky's legs, enthralled by the fleshy treasure of her vagina.

I had enjoyed a fair share of lovers by my age, but the sight of my daughter's glistening sex was a revelation, filling me with a lust such as I'd never experienced, never imagined possible. And now I would take her, possess Becky as only a woman truly can.

My hands rested on her thighs as I inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of womanly musk. I burned to taste her. Eyes drifting shut, I moved to claim my prize.

My daughter whimpered as my tongue emerged to take that first luxurious lick. She tasted wonderful, and I paused to savor it like a sip of good wine before licking her again.

Becky moaned, her trembling hands holding my head, then she breathed, "Fuck, Mom... that's so... so..."

Suddenly ravenous for her, I burrowed my face between Becky's thighs, cupped her bottom in my hands and took her cunt into my mouth, licking and sucking at her as if I wanted to draw her into me completely. I couldn't believe that this was real, that I was living out my most forbidden desire -- going

down on my seventeen-year-old daughter!

Drunk on lust, I made love to Becky in a helpless frenzy; pleasuring her with everything there was to give, showing my child just how desperately I craved her body, her sex, her self.

Suddenly she bucked wildly and cried out, her voice filled with the sweet, sweet pain of climax as she came in my mouth. The music of her rapture only spurred me on, and I kissed and tongued my daughter's pussy until she could stand no more, finally pushing my face away with clumsy hands.

She exhaled deeply, relaxing back into the embrace of our rumpled blanket. I continued to lightly kiss and nuzzle her thighs, then her soft tummy, those beautiful breasts. Finally, I took this sweet, naked angel into my arms. I could feel Becky's heart throb as I held her, placing gentle kisses on her flushed face.

Her arms slowly enfolded me, and she rested a warm cheek against my breast. "Wow," she whispered, "that was so... *perfect."*

I gently tilted her face up to mine. "I love you, honey," I murmured, "more than anyone or anything. You are the world to me."

Becky grinned wickedly. "Mmmm, Mom... I love you too." She shook her head in wonderment. "Holy *shit*-- that was even better than I imagined it would be!"

I narrowed my gaze. "So, sweetheart," I murmured, "that *was* wonderful and all, but -- well, what just happened? Why did you come on to me like that? I *am* your mother, after all."

And Becky giggled. "Well... I kinda started to notice a few months ago how you look at me, especially when I'm in my underwear or, um, not wearing much."

I felt my face grow hot. Busted...

She continued. "And then -- well, I found all those sex stories and pictures of girls on your computer." She smiled wryly. "You don't hide files very well, Mom."

Stunned, I lay back, staring up at the sky.

"So, well, I read a bunch of the stories, all the ones about mothers and daughters having sex... and I guess I, well, sort of put two and two together."

I raised myself up on one elbow. "What did you figure out, sweetheart?" I asked quietly, needing to hear it from her lips.

Becky was suddenly shy, unable to meet my gaze. "Well... that you think of *me* like that, Mom. That you wanted for us to m-make love."

I reached for her hand. "How did that make you feel?"

"God, it made me so*hot!"* she admitted. "I -- I even took off all my clothes and fingered myself, right there in front of your computer, thinking about what it would be like to have sex with you."

"Oh, my," I breathed, feeling warm all over as I pictured my daughter, completely naked, masturbating herself as she read steamy tales of mother/daughter love.

"I'm into girls, too, Mom," she murmured, resting her head on my shoulder. "Me and Cheryl have sort of a -- a thing going. I mean, we're not in love*exactly*, but we do like fooling around."

"Oh, *my,"* I said again. Cheryl was Becky's best friend, a redhaired cutie who I had fantasized about more than once when getting myself off. I was thrilled to know that she and my daughter had been intimate.

Becky continued. "So when I figured out that you wanted to do those things with me, Mom -- well, all I could think about was how I could make it happen for real. " She grinned. "That's why I offered to put oil on your back. I *was* pretty scared, though!"

"Of me being... angry with you?"

She nodded her head. "Yeah."

"Well, I am definitely *not* angry." I murmured, wrapping my arms around my baby, hugging her close. "Thank you, sweetheart. Thank you for loving me like that. You've made me very happy."

Becky raised her face to mine, her eyes now smoldering with a renewed desire. "I'm happy too, Mom."

Our lips met, brushing together gently -- then our mouths joined in a fierce, passionate kiss. Becky pressed her leg into my sex as our tongues danced a tarantella of love.

I gently pulled away. "Let's go inside, honey. We can take a shower together, then you and I will go

to bed and make love again."

"Mmmm... sounds *great!"* Becky chirped.

And that's exactly what we did. We had a wonderful time soaping up each other's bodies in the shower, pausing often for heated kisses. Then we toweled one another dry, and Becky raced into my room to hurl herself onto the bed, bouncing happily as she waited for me. I lay down next to her in the cool sheets, and she immediately crushed her mouth to mine with a fervor that had my head reeling.

Then in a flash, she was on her knees beside me. "I want to lick you now, Mom," she whispered.

How could I say no? I parted my legs for her, and Becky crawled between them to lie on her tummy, her face inches from my cunt. She reached out to tease my labia with her fingers, then smiled when I moaned at her touch.

"You have a beautiful pussy, Mom," she sighed. She licked her lips in the sexiest way imaginable, her eyes never leaving mine as she slowly lowered her face between my thighs, pressing a warm, wet kiss into my vulva before she began to explore me with her tongue.

We made love for the whole afternoon, celebrating each other's bodies, lost in the pleasures that only lesbian lovers can enjoy. My daughter and I kissed again and again, touched and tasted, learned what pleased each other best. We knew that our life together had changed forever -- and for the better!

Six months later, Becky and I are still intimate. We sleep in the same bed, and our sex life is incredible. I don't know how long this relationship is fated to last, but every minute we've shared as lovers has been a gift.