

The Girl Next Door - Stage 2

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Both daughter Becky and her mother Jill are still in need of my attention!

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This is a follow up from The Girl Next Door posted back in May. If you have not read it I would suggest you did to get the gist, if you have and it was some time ago it may be a good idea to give it another read through, thanks. "Oh god, Dave," Jill breathed into my ear, "you're so hard." Something was troubling her but for now she only wanted sex, she would tell me what it was later on. My cock strained inside her, searching ever deeper into her, seeking out that sweet-spot that would bring us both off in ecstatic unison. My buttocks tightened into a heavy duty hammer as I injected more urgency into my quest, knowing for certain that whatever was bothering my next-door-neighbour would involve her daughter Becky. It had been two weeks since I last had the pleasure; that is the pleasure of fucking the mother after spanking the daughter over my knee yet again for some childish prank. But Becky was not a child, she was eighteen and although still at school for flunking her final exams she was a young woman, and a fairly attractive young woman at that! Jill couldn't handle her; Becky's father had long bowed out of their lives leaving her to control her single-handed, that was until she enlisted me as a surrogate father. If she wanted to continue living at home she had to accept the rules and breaking them meant a spanking from me! I looked down into Jill's beautiful face; her long golden hair smeared across my pillow, the furrowed brow at least a little smoother as I urged my cock onwards. Becky may be pretty but she paled against her mother's looks. Jill's nipples danced atop her proud breasts as I neared my peak, my hands down on her hips lifting her bottom from the bed. I came with the ferocity of a high-pressure pump sending my hot cream surging into her. She gripped my back and splayed her legs even wider to accept it then went limp, a low moan coming from her red painted lips. Then it was all over. "What has she done now?" I asked rolling over onto my back. "She sent nude photos of herself to her teacher, suggesting they meet up out of school and have sex." "A guy teacher presumably?" I ventured. "Does that make it better?" "No I suppose not," I agreed. "Do you think she would have gone with him?" "Yes," she said without hesitation. "She's eighteen and still a virgin as far as I know, she's ready and willing. Wouldn't be a problem with someone her own age, but her teacher! He reported it and now she's about to be suspended. I need you to punish her, Dave." The thought of upending the pretty teenager was appealing but probably impractical. "I don't think a spanking is going to change her raging hormones!" "No, but she needs boundaries, she could have got that guy into serious trouble, a spanking is what she deserves and a

spanking is what she will get. Will you come round after dinner and deal with her?" Jill had her hand around my wilting weapon and it surged back to attention. "I'll make it up to you. Tomorrow I'll wear that school uniform you got for me then you can spank my bottom, just like you will Becky's tonight. Deal?" I jerked another load into her hand. ***** I had left it a bit late and Becky had already gone to her room after her meal, Jill poured me a drink and sat opposite me, crossing her long beautiful legs and giving me a great view up her short skirt. I know I had only fucked her a few hours before but my cock suddenly sprung to life, she was my kind of woman and my cock clearly liked her as well! "She really needs this spanking," Jill said swigging at the whisky. "She's becoming impossible to live with." "Do you want me to go up and deal with her in her room?" "Please Dave," she said almost begging. "Just promise to be very hard on her, a spanking she will remember for some time. I don't need to witness it; I should hear her from here if you spank her good." "Any ideas what to use, my hand or what?" "Use her hairbrush, it's on her dressing table and fairly strong, that should make her squeal." "Okay," I said getting up, "be prepared from some real teenage tantrums. I'll make sure she sleeps on her stomach tonight." I hoped the bulge in the front of my jeans was not too obvious as I strode from the room, making my way upstairs to her room. I didn't knock and went right in. "Oh God it's you," Becky shrieked as I entered her fairly large bedroom. It was the first time I had seen it and represented all forms of pink, even the wallpaper was pink! There was no doubt it was a girls room. "What are you doing here?" she said drawing her knees up to her breasts, hugging her knees with both hands. She was wearing flannelette pyjamas against the oncoming winter season, pale pink with little red hearts and lips all over them. "Oh, I think you know the answer to that young lady," I said sternly. "You can't spank me, I won't let you," she hissed. "Right," I said abjectly, "so I am to tell you mother you are packing, right? You'll be leaving in the morning? You know that is the only alternative don't you?" "So what am I supposed to have done this time?" she said nonchalantly. "You know full well my girl." "Oh, you mean these," she said chucking her phone towards me, "go on, have a look." "I don't need to see them Becky." "But you should, I insist, if you are going to spank me then you should know why." I glanced at the little screen, my eyes widening at the sight of the little minx, completely naked and sprawling on her bed, legs wide apart showing everything. It was difficult to stop my cock surging to its extent, she is a pretty girl, no doubt about it and her legs are nearly as good as her mothers and the sight of her pussy was a real turn-on. "There, now you've seen me, seen my everything, so what?" "You are a very silly girl Becky," I hissed. "You know the trouble this could have caused your teacher; you are old enough to know better. Why are you so intent of this sort of behavior?" "Everyone treats me like a little girl, the school, my mates, my mum, even you; you are going to spank me like a little girl after all. I am a woman, over eighteen and ready for sex and I'm still a bloody virgin and it's really pissing me off." "So that's what this is all about, getting attention?" "I know you are fucking my mum," she said in an accusing way. "I don't think that is anything to do with this." "Why don't you fuck me instead," she teased, "I'm only half her age so you must fancy me." I was annoyed at her arrogance. "You really are a very silly girl Becky. I am here for one reason only and you know what that is. I'm going to give you ten seconds to get off that bed and bring me that hairbrush or I go and leave you to sort things out with your mum. It's your choice; you are as you said,

a woman over eighteen so I can't force you." Becky didn't move and just studied her small feet huddled up in front of her, her toes glistening with pink nail polish matching her fingers. I had counted ten but waited a little longer before turning to leave. "Okay, okay" she suddenly shrieked leaping off the bed. "You win," she huffed, her long blonde hair flailing behind her in a ponytail. I moved to the edge of her bed and sat on it as Becky snatched the hairbrush from her dressing table and marched back to my side and handed it to me. "You sure Becky? You know it will hurt." "Yes," she hissed, "just get it over with." Without any prompt she fingered the waistband of her pyjama bottoms and dropped them to the floor. "I suppose you want them down," she snorted. I was stunned, I felt sorry for the girl and was going to spare her that humiliation, a tiny pink lace thong protected her modesty and I found myself staring at the triangle of satin. "Okay, I get it," she groaned and pulled the little panties down, twanging them around her knees. I hadn't expected that! A tiny patch of wispy golden fur nestled beneath the curve of her tummy, pointing invitingly at her virginal slit and my cock lurched into life. The similarities between her and her mum were obvious and for a moment I wanted to plunder her fresh treasures. "Over my knee Becky," I ordered, thankful as she sprawled over my lap, concealing my obvious relish at her young beauty. Her bottom jiggled slightly as I positioned her and held her firm with my arm around her tiny waist, a little pink peach adorned in pink. The first slap with the back of her hairbrush put paid to that, pink turning to red almost instantly; I gave her another on the other cheek, now a matching pair. "Oooooow! Oh god, Oooooowch!" she squealed. I delivered two more and felt her hand clutching my ankle; her bottom bouncing gently against my knee, two more and her other hand came searching for her ever reddening globes. I pinned it to her side and swatted her again, her legs thrashing into action, her tiny feet swaying through the air in tune with each slap of the brush. Becky's little bottom was now the colour of claret and her howls would surely assure her mum she was getting her comeuppance, I was getting the added bonus of seeing her glistening entrance pouting provocatively at the top of her thighs. Her young oval love-fruit was ripe and overdue for picking and unfortunately outside my remit, I spanked her a few more times and let her scramble off my knee. "Oh god Dave," she squealed at the top of her voice, "that really was very harsh," she complained, both hands clamped to her bottom whilst doing a little jig for me. The wispy triangle glistened with moisture contorting with the action of her legs, tight together for protection and crossed at her ankles, the little thong strung tightly between them. She was panting heavily and her face was almost the colour of her bottom. Part of her hair had come away from the scrunchie holding her ponytail and streaked across it making her look very attractive and vulnerable. She made no attempt at pulling up her panties or pyjamas. In another unexpected move she suddenly sat on my knee, snuggled her head into my chest and began to cry. I stroked her hair gently, wishing I had spanked her on her pyjamas as I had intended and probably not so hard. Looking up at me with tear stained wide eyes I was mesmerized by her tiny fragility then she lunged up and kissed me fully on the lips. The little minx was playing me like a fiddle! "Have you still not learned anything Becky," I growled. "Of course Dave," she whispered, smiling mischievously. "Now I know the hairbrush hurts like hell, and..." her hand suddenly delved into my groin, "you enjoyed spanking me." I pushed her off my lap. "Get into bed young lady; I think we're done here." I stalked out of her room with a hard on like a pole

hoping I could reduce it by the time I got back downstairs. Jill sat nervously on the edge of the sofa. "Is she okay?" I nodded. "I heard her squeals, Dave, sounded like you gave her a really good spanking." "She will be sleeping on her tummy tonight," I assured her. I gulped back the last of the whisky and prepared to leave. Jill got to her feet and closed the gap between us, embracing me and kissing me goodnight. The feel of her was divine, soft and beautiful, her perfume invading all my senses and my cock surged back to its full extent just as her hand arrived on it, stroking it through my trousers. Instinctively I turned her around, sat on the arm of her sofa and put her over my knee. I just had to spank her and delivered several good swats to the seat of her skirt before letting her up. Her hand went straight back to my cock. "My god, Dave," she husked, "you're as hard as iron." I felt my face flush with embarrassment. "I can't let you go home like that," she sank to her knees and suddenly her fingers had slid down my zip, winding around my erection, pulling it clear. Jill wasted no time and sheathed my cock in her warm mouth, pinching in her cheeks to tighten her grip on me sending me to heaven as she bobbed gently on it. I spewed my juice in record time and Jill took most of it with only a dribble down her blouse. As I would find out later, a nosey young pair of eyes had witnessed us through the half open door, returning to her bedroom to bring herself off on the end of that hairbrush handle! "I'll come round tomorrow Dave," she whispered, "Becky's not the only one who needs a good spanking to keep her in line, my turn next." My cock stopped wilting momentarily as she spoke, we kissed again and I left. ***** I had barely got back home from work when Jill came in, she didn't knock any more as she was a regular visitor these days. "Hi gorgeous," she husked pulling her coat around her tightly. "Hey sexy," I cooed, I knew she was hiding something; you don't need a long coat to go next door! I had a good idea what it was. "I know what you are wearing you little tease," I grinned. It wasn't rocket science, her white ankle socks and little t-bar shoes said it all. She pulled the coat apart to display her cute 'school uniform' identical to that her daughter abhorred. Her white blouse stretched provocatively across her pretty breasts, tucked into the tiny red tartan skirt, her school tie loosely knotted and dangling between her assets just like Becky. "You look like a naughty girl in need of a good spanking." She smiled broadly. "I was hoping you would say that," then delving in her coat pocket she pulled out the hairbrush I had used on her daughter the day before. "Recognise this?" "I hope you're not planning on sitting down anytime soon." "The only thing I'm planning is sitting on your cock big-boy," she grinned eyeing up my ever growing erection now impossible to hide. "Come here young lady," I said as sternly as my excitement would allow, leading her by the arm to my chair and pulling her over my lap, her flimsy form pressing lightly against my bulge heightening my feelings as I pulled up her skirt, exposing the seat of her gleaming pure white knickers. "Oooooow ... oooooowch!" she yelped, kicking up her feet as the first swats of the hairbrush took effect on her derriere. I pulled her pants down and over her shoes then continued with rising enthusiasm, her wriggling actually massaging my straining cock and her shrill squeals just adding to it, god I wanted to fuck her badly. I whacked her fanny a few more times before letting her scramble off my knee and watched as, just like her daughter, she danced with both hands clamped tightly to her rear. "Jeez Dave," she husked, almost ripping off her blouse then reaching behind her to unclip her bra. No sooner had she shrugged it off her breasts and she was going down on me, fingering my

zip and whizzing my cock out. Jill's head bobbed into my groin with the speed of a woodpecker, engulfing my entire length now shrink-wrapped in her mouth. It was all I could do not to cum and my balls ached with testosterone, precum leaking painfully from a cock that just wanted to spurt. I was actually relieved when she stopped and straddled me, my mushroom teasing at her inviting entrance before sliding in, both of us gasping for air like drowning swimmers as my cock found her love-button. I tried to kiss her nipples as they danced freely in front of me but her rhythm was too fast and I ended up slurping at her passing breasts as she rode me like a whore. Not sure who came first but our juices met in the void left between us and I grunted in tune with her squeals as I jacked off the hottest load ever, a seemingly endless supply pumping into her depths. Jill hung around my neck like a limpet, her breasts against my shirt not having had time to take anything off, her little skirt flounced around my lap either side of her as I allowed my cock to gently wilt away from her. ***** As Jill shrugged back into her bra and blouse her face turned serious. "Okay, what's she done now?" I asked apprehensively. Jill shook her head. "Nothing, really," she said unconvincingly, "but she needs some help. I had a long chat with her this morning before she went off to school and I know that if she doesn't get what she wants soon then she will do something really stupid." "What does she want?" I sounded pretty stupid; I reckoned I already knew the answer. "She wants, no... she needs sex. She's eighteen Dave and still a virgin, the girl needs a man and I want to protect her from making a real bad mistake, that thing with her teacher was a warning sign." This was something of an odd conversation to be having with her mother. "How can I help?" again sounding really stupid. Jill hung her arms around my neck and closed in on me. "I want you to bed her Dave." I let her words sink in a little and tried to sound surprised or even affronted instead of aroused. "You can't be serious," I said unconvincingly. "She's just a kid." "She's no kid," Jill said tersely, "not anymore and you know that Dave. I want you to take her to a nice hotel, give her dinner and pamper her then book into a room and sort her out." Was I really getting this? "No," I said definitely, "that sounds way too complicated, she needs a boy her own age. Really I'm flattered but definitely no!" Actually I really did mean it, Becky is just a kid and not in my age range, besides Jill is my type and this could really become a problem. Jill smiled. "This Friday night then," she said firmly. "I don't want her going with some spotty oick from school; will you book the hotel or me?" Her hand played my exhausted cock which seemed to have new life in it. "I will," I said kissing Jill tightly on her lips, my cock almost giving an encore in her hand! ***** I knocked at Jill's door as soon as the taxi arrived and stepped back in amazement at the sight of Becky, the intransigent schoolgirl now the beautiful teen, almost model-like in a cute little black dress designed to show her every asset. It had a halter top and she was obviously braless, the thin material pressed over her pert breasts highlighting the small bumps of her nipples. The dress hugged her small waist then flared out to dance just above her knees, her pretty legs, another inherited feature from her mum tapering into the highest shiny black heels I think I have ever seen! Jill stood just behind her, slightly in Becky's shadow and not wanting to spoil her moment. I handed the girl a small box, an unwrapped gift. "I thought you might like this," I offered. "Maybe your mum could put it on for you." She opened it tentatively then her eyes widened at the small gold and diamond fob with its delicate chain. "Oh Dave, that's beautiful," she cooed twisting around to show Jill. There was

an obvious look of approval from her mother who studied it briefly before lifting it from the box and looping it around her daughter's neck. The small diamond glinted in the half light and I suddenly had a sense of great satisfaction, the huge cost now fully justified. The chain length was perfect with the fob dancing just above her breasts. I offered her my arm and we left Jill on her doorstep. ***** I'm not sure if I was flattered or embarrassed as we sat in the fairly upmarket restaurant in the swanky hotel. I had gone a little overboard with the expense as it was going to be her first time and felt she deserved a memorable evening to go with it. Trouble was, she looked really stunning and so young and the other diners were obviously mesmerized by us wondering if we were a couple (old fogey and young girl!) father and daughter or 'uncle and niece' so I was relieved when we finally got to the room I had booked. It was fairly classy and I was pleased with Becky's response to it, sweeping around it twirling and jumping on and off the bed, the view I had up her dress when she did that was quite spectacular and my cock responded favourably. At heart she was still a little girl but I had a job to do. I think Becky got the message and suddenly transformed herself back into a young woman, straightening her dress and acting demure. She smooched up to me and squared up to me in her ultra high heels. "Are you going to spank me first like you do mum?" I tried to give a quizzical look; actually I was rather surprised at her knowledge. She beat me to it. "I know what you do to her," she squeaked, her hand finding my bulge, "and I know what she does to you after!" "What's this about Becky?" "I saw you, the other night after you spanked me. I came downstairs and saw what you did to mum and then what she did to you." Her face closed in on mine and her perfume wafted into my senses. "Spank me Dave, and then I'll suck your cock just like her." Any harder and my erection would have burst my zip! I placed a foot between the base of the bed and the mattress and pulled her to me, bending her over my raised knee, the thin black material of her dress tightening and clinging to her pretty bottom. The spanking was merely ceremonial, not nearly as harsh as her previous spankings and she gave out a series of low moans as my hand swatted each side in turn. The feel of her writhing gently on my knee and against my ever hardening cock raised my excitement to a new level and I brought her back to her feet, cradling her tiny waist as she regained her stance in her high heels. She was panting slightly and her face had pinked up against her blood-red lipstick, her long blonde hair a little askew. Her eyes were wide and searching and her hands played delicately over her bottom, pushing her breasts towards me and pouting her lips like a vamp. Becky reached behind her and unclasped the halter, slowly peeling the dress down over her pert breasts, unleashing the familiar heady scent of her mother's perfume which seemed to fill the entire room. God, her breasts were gorgeous, larger than Jill's, solid and upright, her pink nipples straining at the centres of equally pink little discs on the top of her creamy mounds. My cock burst into life at the sight. Her hands moved down her back to unhook the waistband of her dress and it was gone, sliding silently down her legs to the floor, pooling around her high heels. She stepped out of it leaving her in just her black lace panties, cut high up her thighs and low on her hips, there would be no going back from here. I shrugged my jacket off and discarded it onto a nearby chair then slid the tie from the collar of my shirt. Becky stepped forward, her perfume heightening my senses even more, her small manicured fingers trembling slightly as she tackled the shirt buttons. Her hands smoothing through my chest hair as I discarded the shirt onto the chair then

moved closer, her breasts pressed up against me as we kissed for the first time. She tasted as sweet as honey, her lips wet but firm then her tongue slid into my mouth and I sucked it gently. My bulge lurched to the feel of her hand over it, her fingers outlining my erection inside my trousers and then the zip, fingering it before sweeping it down and delving inside. Her hand felt good against my cock, surprisingly adept considering I was the first she had encountered, and then it was out in the open, firmly in the grip of her palm, massaging it gently. I left her lips and stooped to kiss her breasts, each nipple in turn, running my tongue around the concentric aureole and teasing her nubs gently with my teeth. I felt her shudder in my arms then she pressed herself onto me, her breasts into my face and her pussy area against my throbbing bone. "I saw what mum did after you spanked me," she husked. She began to sink down my front to her knees, her legs splayed apart behind her with her dagger heels pointing at ten-to-two. She seemed to freeze momentarily, staring at my cock which stared back like a cobra then she bent forward and nuzzled her lips against my bulb before taking me in. The sudden warmth of her mouth sent a shudder right through me followed by that delicious sensation that comes from a woman sucking the tip of your hard-on! Becky may be a novice but her action was near perfect as I looked down on her head bobbing steadily back and forth along my cock. Her long blonde hair had been gathered expertly into delicate creation and I placed my hand just below it to help get her rhythm, increasing her pace a little. Wide eyes suddenly popped open and looked up at me for approval and I expect all she could see was ecstasy! It was time for me to perform my duty and gently helped raise her to her feet, steadying her as she regained balance on her long heels then guiding her to the side of the bed easing her back, holding her delicate figure as she reclined. I scanned her face looking for signs of a change of heart, not wishing to force myself on such a young woman but there was only expectancy and understandably a hint of the unknown. I laid her beneath me, careful not to overpower her, allowing her room to adjust and get comfortable. Sliding her panties from her hips, slowly pulling them down her legs and over her shoes I gently spread her legs, exposing her pouting pussy lips. She writhed on her bottom as my finger touched her, moaning slightly before parting her thighs even more. I found her clit and began to rub it, gently at first in a circular motion then harder, her moans more pronounced, then into her slit, wet and inviting. A low squeal accompanied my fingers as I explored her shallow depths, working her slowly moving deeper into her inner secret. The scent of a woman preparing for sex is powerful and intoxicating, mixing with her perfume and stirring my testosterone into a palpable force, my balls ached at the invitation and my cock reached epic proportions. I wanted to taste her essence, my head tight between her legs, tongue deep as I could manage, tantalizing her clit first, then her swollen lips, then in. Becky's hands clutched at my hair tightly as I licked her warmth, savoring her pussy-honey before moving up her body, dragging my stiff cock along her inner thighs towards its target. Her eyes were wide open but unseeing, staring at some invisible object as I kissed her breasts, suckling her nipples and then hovering directly above her, scanning her pretty face for any sign of regret. There was none, her mother's features reflected in a youthful way; slightly higher cheekbones but prettier than I had seen her before, tense but not afraid, waiting for my next move. My cock had arrived at the top of her legs, homing in as if magnetised to her pussy, nuzzling against the hot area around her entrance and I

could feel my precum lubricating its 'head' testing her resistance before entering. Becky's eyes had suddenly clamped tight shut and her bright red lips formed an 'O' displaying youthful white, even teeth but making no sound. I was at the point of no return, to proceed or not was now a difficult decision. I felt her fingers touching my length, feeling them guiding me into her, legs parting even more to accept me as I nudged forward, my bulb popping into her raising a shrill squeal, brief but deafening. I urged forward gently, probing my way into her inner depths, breaking new ground and watching her face for disapproval or pain. Testing her resolve I began pumping her slowly, still little more than a third of my length inside her, eyes still shut, her mouth wet, tongue flicking in an out in time with my cock. Pushing a little more she suddenly arched her back and let out a scream, her hands clutching tightly at my back, pulling her closer to me. I held her there, on the precipice of her womanhood momentarily then her eyes flicked wide open and I slid almost fully into her. Sharp nails dug into my back and another, gravelly scream filled my ears, this was no time to hesitate, I plunged my cock up to her love-button and began to fuck her with the intensity she deserved. Our eyes locked onto each other, hers unblinking and spell bindingly bright as I thrust her as hard as any other woman I had bedded, forgetting her youth, her inexperience and her lost virginity. She clutched me like a crab, her legs fully apart, stilettos waving purposefully either side of me as I made use of the full extent of my erection. A low moan came from her almost smiling lips at the top of each stroke then she convulsed and her hot juices flooded me. I was nearly there but held on, there would be another wave I was sure and then it came and she shrieked as she let it go, much more powerful than the first. When I came my whole body seemed to shrink inwards fueling my balls for the impending storm, my backside tightening into a solid force as I pushed deep into her before releasing everything I had in one mighty surge. Becky cried out then convulsed yet again releasing her final flush against my aching cock before going limp beneath me, my cock somehow stayed hard and although slightly painful I gave her a few more strokes before withdrawing gently. ***** I woke to the feel of Becky's small hand around my cock and blinked my eyes open. She was perched on her side, half over me searching my face for my reaction. Her hair was tousled yet still somehow sexy and her face displayed happiness and a wide smile, her hand gently bringing me on, the action making her breasts wobble seductively inside her lacy black negligee. "I hope you like it," she husked, noticing my gaze, "I bought it especially for you Dave." Her hand continued its job on my cock whilst the other swept the fine strands of the straps to her negligee from her shoulders, releasing her breasts for my delectation. She leaned down and kissed me, pressing the hard nubs of her nipples against my chest then straddled me and sank onto my erection. Becky flung her head back and shrieked with pleasure as she began riding my cock, her nipples bobbing up and down with her rhythm. The girl knew no bounds and my duty was clear, fuck her one last time and make it count, and all before breakfast! ***** "Oh mum, it was wonderful," she trilled as Jill met us at the door. The taxi driver thought it odd we were all dressed up in evening stuff first thing in the morning but neither of us had thought about that. Jill embraced her and gave her a tender kiss then looked at me over her daughter's shoulder looking for my reaction but I could only do embarrassed. I felt guilty at having taken the girl's virginity, after all I can give her twenty-five years, even older than her mother, but both had been so adamant about it. I was worried this may ruin what

I had with Jill which would be a great shame. "I'll leave you both to it," I said heading away. My gut feelings were that I had blown it. "I want to do it again soon," Becky shrilled. I didn't know whether to be pleased or mortified, this would surely end it for me and Jill. "You knew the deal," Jill spoke for the first time. "It was a one off and Dave did it to make sure you were okay. Now thank him and let's go and chat about things." My heart sank like a stone. "Please mum," Becky began. "I know you two are together and that's cool, but why can't I have some of him too, just a teeny bit?" I felt my time had come and I moved away. "Dave," Jill shouted. "I'll come around later, maybe Becky has a point!" I didn't answer but her words were like soft music, had she really meant what I thought she meant? Could it be that mother and daughter might grace my bed before long? My cock stiffened at the prospect as I headed home!