

Warning:

This story is a work of fiction and contains descriptions of explicit sexual acts between a young girl and older women. If this type of content offends you or you are under the age of 18 do not read it.

Author's Note:

This story is the property of the author. It can be downloaded for personal reading, pleasure, or sending to a friend, but if you wish to re-post them on your own site, please contact the author for permission.

Copyright 2012 Jan, All rights reserved

Please mail to janmay696@yahoo.com if you have any suggestions for future stories.

Mom and her Friend

By
Jan

After my parents divorced my father had partial custody. I spent weekends at his place, but as time passed he picked me up less often. Eventually he started dating other women, and he got married to a woman with three children

of her own. She resented my presence, and made my life hell when I was there. I pleaded with my Dad to let me stay with my mother. He couldn't admit that his second wife was a bitch, but he was a classic wimp, and gave in to my wishes.

Mom was an attractive dark haired woman, even if she had put on about 25 pounds of extra weight. She still looked a lot like an older version of the actress Mila Kunis. I grew up thinking that she was the most beautiful woman on earth. I never understood why my father was fool enough to cheat on her, leading to the divorce.

Because of our reduced income we had to sell our middleclass home in the suburbs, and virtually move to the other side of the railroad tracks. We settled into a cheap apartment that had a moldy smell. We spent three days with all sorts of household products making the place livable. We not only scrubbed the bathroom until you could perform operations in there, we scrubbed every wall. We removed the cheap carpets and polished the old hardwood floors. In time Mom formed friendships with some of the local women.

I accepted her friends without question. Her best friend was an older woman in her late

forties, named Roberta, and she was a big intimidating woman. On those special occasions that she wore a dress it was a size 18, and she was almost six-feet tall. She intimidated a lot of grown men physically. Most of the time, she wore jeans and jerseys or T-shirts, along with tennis shoes. Her hair was definitely red and cropped rather short. Her face was interesting, and because of her Scottish heritage she had creamy white skin with bright green eyes. Her lips were full and naturally pink. I don't think I ever saw her with makeup on. Mom and I were in stark contrast to her.

I was a prepubescent girl when we moved, but I was also dark haired like my mother. We had brown eyes and what is called olive complexion, and dark shadows above our eyes. I envied my mother's figure, because she had a curvaceous figure with wide hips and 38 DD breasts. I wished I would hurry up and develop like her. There is just something about a girl being flat chested that makes us shy. We assume that as soon as we have tits that we will be popular.

Over the years Mom often entertained Roberta and her other friends at our apartment, and she often visited their apartments before they went out to movies or hitting pubs. They always hugged and kissed

when greeting each other or departing. I never questioned their behavior it was a normal thing to do. I was taught to always greet or say goodbye with hugs and kisses. I was never aware of any overt sexual activity during those early years. When I was starting to enter puberty an unexpected event happened, Mom required an appendix operation.

There was no way I was going to stay at my father's home, so mother made arrangements for me to stay with Roberta. She packed up what she needed for her hospital stay and I packed up clothes I would need to stay at Roberta's. Mother was very adamant that I do whatever Roberta told me in no uncertain terms, before we departed from the hospital for Roberta's apartment.

When we got to her apartment she showed me where to put my clothes, she even had emptied a drawer for me to put my stuff in. She assured me that there was plenty of room in her bed for the two of us.

I had slept over at girlfriends homes before and shared their bed, so I didn't question the propriety of me sleeping with an adult woman.

We spent a quiet evening talking about my mother's recovery and how I could help her when she returned home. When she felt it was time for me to shower before bed, I rebelled, saying that it was not my bedtime. She rebuffed my argument saying that she was in charge of me during my stay with her. She didn't want any back talk from me. There was something threatening in her voice that told me that I was on thin ice. I didn't press my luck any farther.

I got up and retreated to her bedroom to remove my clothes. As I made my way into the bathroom, Roberta could see me briefly as I exited the bedroom and entered the bathroom. I was a little embarrassed about her seeing me naked. Not that Mother and I were shy about seeing each other naked, but there was something about Roberta that made me uneasy about being naked in front of her.

I quickly closed the door behind me as I entered the bathroom. The small bathroom only had a single sink in a cabinet, the shower head was over the bathtub. I stepped into the tub and closed the plastic shower curtain before adjusting the water temperature, and then turning the lever to direct the water to the shower. I quickly showered and dried

myself before stepping out of the tub to finish drying my feet.

I was surprised to find that she didn't have a hair dryer, so I dried my hair with a towel as much as I could. Then I combed my hair out straight. My hair would form natural waves when it dried. After brushing my teeth I made a dash back to the bedroom to put on my nightgown.

When I entered the room Roberta was waiting for me. She was sitting on the bed, watching me. I felt like I was a bird being watched by a cat. I half expected her to lick her lips at any moment. I pulled my nightgown out of the drawer and pulled it over my head quickly. The warm smell of my own body odor clinging to the nightgown was a more than a little comforting, as I approached the bed and crawled around Roberta to get under the covers on my side of the bed. I lay there expecting Roberta to get ready for bed, but she simply got up and returned to the living room, closing the door as she left.

I heard the television, but it was just noise, I couldn't make out the words being spoken, so I had no idea what she was watching. I had a hard time going to sleep, because of the strange surroundings and

smells. I was half asleep when the bedroom door opened, allowing the natural light from the living room window filtering through the curtain to backlight her figure as she entered the room.

Roberta came in and proceeded to remove her clothes. There was only the ambient light from the bedroom window illuminating the room. Her body was bathed in a pale blue light, and I couldn't help studying what she looked like. In that light her pale skin looked ghostly. When she had removed her clothes I witnessed her lifting her heavy breasts and rubbing the underside of them. Her areolas were at least three inches across and a delicate pink color. The nipples were plump too. She didn't have a waistline to speak of, because of the size of her belly. Her legs were shaped nicely, but they were very thick, and supporting a large butt. Her pubic area was covered with a delicate mat of thin red hair. The flesh showing through the hair was a raw reddish meat. There was just something about the aroma of her unwashed body that seemed so erotic.

I expected her to go take a shower before coming to bed, but she simply lifted the covers and crawled in next to me. I felt her body heat immediately. She didn't use

perfume, so I could smell her natural body odor. I felt a little uncomfortable lying next to the naked adult woman. I turned my back towards her and assumed a fetal position before attempting to go to sleep.

I was just about to go to sleep when I felt Roberta roll over to face my back. I felt her spoon me, like I was sitting in a warm chair. Then I felt her hand rest on my shoulder before the hand ran gently down my body to my butt, then her hand slid back up my body to my ribs. Her hand followed my rib cage before reaching my chest. By that time my breasts had begun to swell and become sensitive to any touch. Her big hand more than covered my little fried egg shaped breast. I tried to pull her hand away from my breast, but she was far too strong for me to resist her efforts.

She said, "Stop resisting, and remember that your mother told you to do whatever I told you to do! Lie still and let me show you how women make love to each other."

I knew there was no way I could physically resist her, so I surrendered to her wishes without saying a word. She gently played with my nipple until it became maidenly torturous. I pleaded with her to let go of my tit. She

managed to get her other hand under the back of my neck and turned my head towards the ceiling, and pressed her lips against my mouth. The hand that had been playing with my nipple slid down my body and between my legs.

My pussy was just starting to grow a few dark pubic hairs. She toyed with them by winding them around her finger. When she slipped a finger between the folds of my outer labia I almost pissed when her finger tip touched my little button of a clitoris. She toyed with my clit until I had my first climax at the hands of someone other than myself. She had continued kissing me throughout the whole time. I was sweating profusely while she continued making love to me.

She was surprisingly gentle with me, but I could feel the strength of her grasp. There was no way I could resist her actions. Just the same my body responded to her touch like a quivering jellyfish. I lost count of the number of time she made me cum. I'm sure I even passed out at some point. When I woke up my face was resting between her big soft breasts. I was almost smothered by her flesh. She forced my head around until a nipple was jammed into my mouth. I found that I couldn't resist sucking on her nipple. (I had often

wondered what it would be like to suck on my mother's breasts.)

Roberta eventually became impatient and virtually picked me up and sat me on pillows at the headboard. She spread my legs with her large hand before she buried her face in my wet pussy. She was inducing feelings in me that were driving me crazy. When I came I was not even sure if it was cum or pee. All I knew was that I never felt anything so exciting before. I was as limp as a wet dishrag, as Roberta pulled me back down alongside her body. She wrapped her arms around me and wrapped her thick legs around my thighs, as she rested my head back between her tits again. I was so physically spent that I wanted to drift off to sleep.

There was no right or wrong about what happened, I had been introduced to sex, and knew that I would pursue this kind of sex the rest of my life, but Roberta was not finished with my education.

Now it was her turn to sit on the pillows with her back against the headboard. I lay there on the bed watching her spread her lily white legs as an invitation to me. I crawled between her legs until my face was so close to her cunt that I could feel the heat, and the

smell of her pussy made my head spin. I wondered if I was capable of actually licking her pussy the way she had done to me. After sticking out my tongue I licked her outer labia until my tongue was deep into her red pubic hair. Her labia minor were wet and rubbery, so I sucked the flesh into my mouth, and pulled back stretching the skin. I heard Roberta moaning her approval of my efforts. She was spewing a string of obscenities that inspired me to greater efforts. She had both of her hands grasping my hair and she ground my face into her pussy. Just as she was about to cum, she clamped her thick thighs against my ears. I swallowed her pussy juices as fast as I could. My throat felt raw. When she finally released my head I rested my chin on her pubic mound, and her red pubic hairs were resting against my lips.

Roberta moved back down the bed and pulled me into her arms before kissing me again. She licked her own juices from my face, and whispered her love for me. I clung to her and told her, "I love you too!"

We clung to each other as we drifted off to sleep. In the morning when we woke up our faces were only inches apart. I could smell her bad breath. But when she started tongue kissing me I forgot all about her breath. We

finger fucked each other before we sucked pussies. Then we had to rush to the bathroom to pee.

We continued with my sexual education before we cleaned up, and ate, then returned to the hospital to visit Mom.

When we entered Mom's semi-private room, the other bed was empty. I was frightened that Mom would be able to tell that Roberta and I had sex with each other. She must have noticed how reserved I was behaving. She looked at Roberta and asked, "What is wrong?"

Roberta smiled, "Nothing, your daughter became a woman last night!"

My mother took hold of my hands and pulled me down so that she could kiss me, "Honey you don't need to worry about my reaction. I have been planning on telling you about Roberta and me for years. I was just afraid you would hate me if you knew that I was a lesbian."

Her confession came as a shock to me, but I kissed her anyway. We discussed how long she would be in the hospital. She assured us that if everything went normally that she

would be discharged after three days. Roberta and I assured her that everything would be taken care of. We stayed as long as we could but they insisted that we leave before dinner, I suspect that they didn't want us witnessing them taking blood and changing the dressing.

As soon as we got home we sat down and discussed what we needed to do to help Mom's return home. We agreed that our apartment would be better because we had two bedrooms, and Roberta only had the one bedroom. We went to our apartment and cleaned the house. We moved the furniture around to facilitate her being able to move around. My bed was only a twin sized bed, but Roberta and I agreed that we could share the bed. It would require that we be very close, but that could be fun.

The day we brought Mom home, we realized the wisdom of our choice because we lived on the ground floor of the apartment building, and there were relatively few steps Mom had to climb to get to our place. We carefully helped Mom make the trip at a painfully slow pace. We helped her get in bed, and made her comfortable. Then we cleared her nightstand for a plastic tray with a pitcher of water, glass and a box of tissues. She was

exhausted and wanted nothing more than to sleep for awhile.

Roberta and I closed the door, so that the TV and phone would not disturb her. I felt funny sleeping with Roberta while my mother was in the next bedroom recovering. There was the question of how I could respond quickly if she were to cry out during the night for help. When bedtime came we turned out the lights and turned off the TV, and I checked on Mother. She was sound asleep, so I took her plastic glass and filled it with fresh water, before closing her door, and joining Roberta in my room.

Roberta was already in bed. I debated about changing into pajamas in case Mother needed help. Roberta asked me not to put on anything, so I acquiesced to her wishes. I figured that if Mom called for me that I could put on my terrycloth house coat.

When I lifted the sheet I saw that Roberta was naked. As soon as I lay down on the bed she pulled me into her arms and kissed me. I returned her kiss for kiss. I couldn't resist playing with her tits and sucking on her nipples. It took some doing but we managed to reverse directions so that we could suck each other's pussy. As soon as we both had cum I

turned around again in preparation to sleep. Roberta spooned me and clung to my little breasts. I don't know how long I had been asleep when I woke up, because Mother was moaning my name.

I had to disengage myself from Roberta's grasp. Roberta woke up and sleepily asked what was wrong, as I rolled out of bed. She didn't need to ask a second time, because she heard Mother's painful cries for help.

I picked up my robe and slipped my arms into it as I made my way in the darkened apartment to her room. I was tying the sash as I approached her bed. I had put a night light in the wall socket, so the room was bathed in a soft golden glow. I could see my mother's face as she looked up at me and pleaded that she needed help getting up to use the bathroom. I helped her to her feet and draped her arm around my shoulders as we shuffled our feet through the door and into the bathroom. I had to help her pull her nightgown up and sit down on the toilet. I stood there while she peed. I handed her folded toilet paper so she could wipe her pussy. I had to help her back to her feet. I held her up while flushing the toilet. The nightgown fell back into place as we made our

way back to her bed. I helped her sit down and lifted her legs up to get her back into bed.

I asked her if she needed anything. She complained about her mouth being dry, so I held the glass while she drank from the glass straw. As soon as I placed the glass back on her nightstand, I leaned over and kissed her. I had not even thought about having not washed my face after sucking Roberta's pussy.

Mother gave me a look that spoke volumes. "Who is sleeping with you, honey?"

I froze in a state of shock, because my mother obviously knew I had been sucking pussy. I started crying like a baby. Mother gingerly wrapped her arms around my neck, and joined me in crying. "Honey...I didn't mean to upset you! I had no idea you were sexually active already."

At that moment Roberta entered the bedroom, and she hadn't bothered putting on a robe. I don't think she even owned one. Mother saw her standing in the doorway. "Roberta did you have to seduce my baby so soon?"

Roberta came in and sat at the foot of the bed. "I couldn't help myself! When I took her home I couldn't stop myself."

I had to speak up, "What makes you think I didn't know about your relationship with Roberta? I have heard the two of you for a long time in your bedroom. I have been thinking about nothing else for a long time. I was just as responsible for getting into Roberta's panties as she is for getting into mine."

Mother wiped the tears from her cheeks with the back of her hand. "Okay...honey I had thought you were too young to understand my needs, but I see that you are more mature than I gave you credit for. As long as you can handle it, I will not stop you from having fun."

I kissed her again on the mouth.

Mom chuckled, "Your face smells like Roberta's pussy!"

I said, "As soon as you recover, I plan on finding out what your pussy tastes like!"

"Roberta, take care of this horny girl, until I can look after her!"

Roberta stood up, took me in her arms and led me back to my bedroom. We slept soundly until morning when mother needed help getting back to the bathroom again. This time neither Roberta nor I bothered covering up.

Mother commented when she saw my naked body, "I had no idea how much you have grown up. I still thought of you as my baby. Just look at how large your breasts have gotten, and I hadn't even noticed the pubic hair." She couldn't resist placing the palm of her hand on my vulva, while she sat peeing.

In time I was introduced to all of her women friends. Some of them had daughters that were just as horny as I was.

I hope you enjoyed the story, and if you have a story you would like told, please send your mail to janmay696@yahoo.com.