

## Baby Steps Bonanza

### Stacy Vs Emily

This was so stupid.

A dumb game devised by an even dumber brother.

I crossed my arms over my chest, glared at him. Not that it'd help all that much. What David wanted, David got.

Even if it was *really* stupid.

"Fine," I snapped, looking away from him.

David grinned – I could see it out the corner of my eye. And Mom jumped and clapped, acting way too childish for a woman her age. The pair of them, as always, were in total sync.

"But I'm laying down some ground rules right now," I added, filling my voice with the annoyance I felt. "Like no slapping or kicking, and no getting too handsy!"

I knew *exactly* what Mom was like. Give her the chance, and her hands and mouth would be all over nasty places.

"And we start off wearing the same thing. No extra layers or anything! It has to be fair and-"

"Yeah, yeah," David flashed a smug smile. "Already sorted."

I'd never wanted to punch – or ride – a face more.

What was it about him? Every time I saw him, I was torn between attacking and submitting. Like half of me wanted to scratch his eyes out, while the other half wanted to scratch his back as he-

No! No thinking about *that* stuff. Not right now.

I glared at him, then at Mom, then back to him.

"Whatever," I huffed. "Fine. Let's get this over with."

And, just like that, I was handed a costume to wear and given a quick rundown of the 'rules'.

No kicking. No biting. No hitting. If one of us taps out, the other wins by default. Otherwise, the winner would be the one who stripped the other naked first. A play-fight in which me and Mom would tear each other's clothes off for the *pervert's* entertainment.

I took the bag of clothes, went up to my bedroom, debated locking it and spending the rest of the day doing something less depraved.

Ten minutes later, I was walking down the stairs dressed as a slutty maid.

White tiara. Black and white corset. White bra. Frilly black skirt. Tiny white apron. A white thong. Not to mention the stockings and high heels, the garter gloves and forearm ribbons.

It was both a lot of things to be wearing, and very little.

When I walked back into the living room, I found all the furniture moved and an inflatable pool occupying the middle of the room.

A pool filled with confetti.

*At least it's not mud.*

But then, even *Mom* had her limits. The idea of covering the living room with dirt and muck would've been shot down instantly.

Speaking of Mom...

I glanced around, couldn't see her.

Still getting dressed? Lazy bitch.

Interestingly, David was nowhere to be found either.

Maybe up with Mom, giving her a quick pounding before the 'fight'.

She was his favourite, after all...

And why did that thought make me so angry?!

Why should I care that my brother liked a loose, over-used pussy instead of one

tight enough to crush? Why should I care that he preferred saggy, ugly boobs over a pair of huge, perky, perfect tits?

Fuck him!

If he wanted mediocre, that was his problem!

I huffed, crossed my arms, waited.

No thumping.

I craned my neck, listened harder.

Nope. No creaking bed.

Maybe he was fucking her slow and sensual.

My face heated.

His loss!

The door to the living room opened. In stepped my brother.

Huh.

Not upstairs, it turned out.

Relief washed through me.

And annoyance.

"Hmph!"

I turned away from him, crossed my arms and glared at a random wall. Waited.

*Asshole.*

Mom finally appeared. Clad in a maid outfit that mirrored my own. A big, happy smile on her face. As if this weren't the most idiotic, degrading thing in the world.

"Take your positions," David said, sitting back in an armchair with pure glee in his eyes. "And remember; no second round. Give it your all."

I strode over to my spot, and Mom practically skipped to hers.

She stood opposite me, the huge inflatable pool between us.

I'd make this quick. Get it over with as soon as possible. Whatever David's reward was for the winner, I didn't care. Getting out of this silly costume would be victory enough for me.

"Ready?" David's voice cut through the silence.

"Yes!" Mom said, far too eager.

"Yeah," I muttered.

I'd tear off her maid tiara first. It'd be the easiest thing to get rid of. A quick snatch and toss. Then I'd-

"Go!" David shouted.

Mom launched forward. I did the same a moment later.

The pool, filled as it was with confetti, made walking in heels difficult. I lurched to one side, almost tumbled. And, in the brief moment it took for me to catch and right myself, Mom pounced. Wrapped her arms around me and pulled me to the floor.

A splash of confetti went up around us.

Fingers tugged at my corset, loosening the laces holding it together. Weight pressed down on me, pinning me to the ground.

I froze up. Confused.

Then I shouted, screeched, struggled.

In moments, me and Mom were rolling around in the confetti, tearing at the other's clothes. Trying to gain leverage, pin the other down. I managed to tear off her frilly skirt, rip apart one of her stockings. Her shoes were already off, lost in the tumbling.

Mine were gone too, I realised quickly.

As I tried to hold her down, yanking at her corset, Mom wrapped her arms gently around me. A soft yet firm hug that I realised far too late was her undoing the laces on my back.

Just as I figured out what she was doing, my corset fell away.

“Bitch!”

I pulled uselessly at her corset – its lacing still tight and firm. And, when nothing gave way, I tried rolling her over onto her tummy. If I could just get access to her back-

But she rolled me over instead, tugging down the straps of my bra with dexterous fingers.

Before I even knew what was happening, I was topless and panting.

I pushed away from Mom, put some space between us.

My tits swayed and bounced as I rolled to my feet.

Mom squatted on the other side of the pool, brushing confetti-coated hair from her face and looking me over.

Her eyes, of course, lingered on my chest.

“Looks like Emily’s winning,” David said, leaning forward in his seat. “But it’s still anyone’s game!”

I gave myself a quick look over.

Corset and bra gone, as was my skirt. One of my stockings was gone too, the other torn to shreds but still on me. Shoes gone. As was one of the forearm ribbons.

I still had my thong, though. And the lacy, fingerless gloves.

A quick pat on the head told me the tiara was gone.

As for Mom? Well, she’d come off much better from the exchange. Her skirt was gone, her stockings too. And one of her gloves had gotten lost in the exchange. Other than that, and a look of general dishevelment, she was practically fully clothed.

Corset in place, if slightly askew. Bra and thong untouched. She even had her maid tiara still.

How?! How was that possible?!

How could *she* be winning? An old hag like her, beating *me*?

I glared at her.

Smiling. She was *smiling*.

If not for the rules, the invisible chains wrapped around me, I’d have stomped over there and slapped that bitch right across her smug, grinning face.

Instead, I had to satisfy myself with beating her.

Winning this stupid game.

I’d put her in her place that was.

The ugly cow.

“Emily wins!” David announced, jumping to his feet.

Mom backed away from me, brandishing my broken thong like a trophy. She waved it, eyes twinkling with joy, and stepped over to David. Ready to accept her prize.

I stayed where I was. Splayed out in a pool of confetti.

I’d... lost?

No. No, I couldn’t have. Mom must’ve cheated somehow. Knotted her corset’s lace bindings or something. There was no way *she* could’ve beaten *me*. Not in a million years.

I looked over at my brother and mother, couldn’t muster up the energy to scowl at them.

“Good job!” He was telling Mom. “You thrashed her.”

“It was fun,” Mom beamed. “We should do it again sometime!”

What I wouldn’t have given to throw a bucket of water at them right there and then. Ruin their silly little moment. No, not even water. Paint. Or glue. Goo. *Something* gross and disgusting.

They deserved it. Both of them.

“Your prize,” David was saying, turning around to fetch a bag from behind some furniture. “Technically, it’s the punishment too. Only seemed fitting, you know? Go ahead!”

Mom took the bag, looked inside.

Her grin widened.

Then her gaze flicked to me.

"Right now?" She asked.

"Sure," David answered. "Best time for it."

Mom's hand fished into the bag, came out holding a dildo.

No. Not a dildo. A strap-on.

No. I whined internally. *Not that...*

But there was no avoiding it, was there? David had made up his mind and I was powerless to disappoint him.

As Emily secured the strap-on, tightened it snugly around her hips, I reached down and started touching myself. Preparing myself. My eyes on David and his stupid, annoying face.

Very quickly, the heat grew and flared.

Tingles erupted.

My mind fogged.

When Mom stepped towards me, a huge, pink dildo dangling between her legs, I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning out.

Couldn't let them see how much I wanted it.

"You're so pretty," Mom cooed above me.

"Sh-" I groaned. "Shut up!"

"So pretty," she repeated, gazing down at me.

I scowled as best I could, ignored my flushed cheeks.

Of all the people to have atop me, why did it have to be *her*?

My legs out to either side, ass raised on a pillow, shoulders and neck pressed to the ground. I was at her mercy, completely powerless as she thrust her hips over and over again.

Why did it feel so *good*?!

*It's not her cock. It's just a dildo. That's all.*

It was the best I could do to convince myself.

She leaned over me, her red hair falling over my face as she lowered her head and pressed her lips to mine.

My tongue responded, danced with herself for a few moments before I remembered who was fucking me. I snarled, broke the kiss by swivelling my head to one side.

Bitch. Why did she have to go and-

Sparks exploded behind my eyes. Pleasure jolted through me like a lightning bolt. Sharp and hot and all-consuming. Tearing away every thought, every desire. Leaving only the *pleasure*. The riotous heat and pressure.

Next thing I was aware of was her mouth on my neck.

I moaned, struggled weakly to push her away. She refused.

My hips met each of her thrusts, pussy hungry for every inch of her toy. Body needing *more*.

"My pretty girl," Mom whispered as she kissed my neck.

"No," I groaned.

"My pretty, pretty Stacy."

"Shu- Shut up!"

"Moan for me, Princess," Mom cooed. "Let me hear how good it feels!"

"It doesn't-" I gasped. "I don't-"

Another lightning bolt hit me. Another orgasm.

Hot pleasure seared through me, arching my back and blasting my complaints to cinders.

By the time Mom was done fucking me, I couldn't put two syllables together, let

alone from the words of a sentence. I lay there panting, moaning between gasps, my traitorous body limp and exhausted. Covered in tiny bruises and scratches, both from the fucking and from the play-fighting.

Mom kissed me one last time, the dildo buried hilt-deep inside me. Whispered words that scorched themselves in my mind.

“Good girl,” Emily said to me.

And the shame I felt at how much I enjoyed hearing those words filled me with a different kind of heat.

I swore then and there, I’d never lose to her again.