

## Tess Continued

### Chapter 2 of 3

Question:

You're a whore who cheated on your husband, ran away with another man - stealing all the money you were able to. Your husband's life saving, your daughter's college fund, everything. A year goes by, all the money runs out, the guy you've been fucking leaves you for some other slut. You've got no money, no partner, no-where to go. What do you do?

Answer:

You go grovelling back to your husband, hoping he'll take you back.

My wife, the cheating whore, had lost everything. The guy she'd ran off with had gotten bored of her, taken what money she had left and disappeared without a trace. With nothing left, and no place to live, the stupid bitch had come here, to *my* home.

We were sat in my car, on the outskirts of town.

She'd knocked on the house's door, expecting me to let her in and forgive her on the spot.

I, of course, had refused to let her in. I wasn't going to risk this whore finding out about my 'activities' with our daughter. Nor was I going to forgive the bitch for what she'd done. Instead, I'd walked her to my car, told her to get in, and drove here.

All the while, she cried about the 'mistakes' she'd made.

Sobbed about how 'sorry' she was.

I was only half listening.

The bitch was a threat. Everything I'd built up, the things I'd done with Tess and Lara, all of it was at risk. The world believed that Tess was living with her mother. If any one of the tongue-wagglers in town saw my wife, asked her how Tess was doing, things could fall apart *very* fast.

The sooner she was gone – and gone for good this time – the better.

As the whore told me her sob story, my mind raced – forming a plan.

I drove us to the next town over, booked a room in a cheap motel for her. Told her not to come into town – that I'd come to the motel when I could and we'd 'work things out'. Made some excuse up about her not being seen in Whitebrook – that I didn't want Tess to find out she'd come back yet.

The smug hope in my wife's eyes told me everything I needed to know.

Cassandra was still the bitch she'd always been.

She'd do as I told her. She saw me as some weak-willed man, a cuckold who'd take her back regardless of what she'd done. She was attractive, and she knew it – was arrogant about it. As far as my wife was concerned, no man could resist her – even a man she'd cheated on and stolen from.

I let her believe it.

As long as she thought I'd take her back, that she'd have a simple life where she didn't have to work - could milk more money out of me - she wouldn't cause trouble.

In the short term, her I could keep her away from Whitebrook.

But, to get rid of her in the long term, I had to be far more creative and ambitious.

"I need to know that I can trust you," I told Cassandra.

She was sitting on the motel bed, with me standing over her. The dress she wore exposed considerable cleavage, something that – no doubt – Cassandra had intended. Trying to win me back with womanly charms; unaware I had a younger, better model laying naked on my bed right that second.

"You can," my wife pleaded. "You can trust me, I swear. I made a mistake and it'll never happen-"

"No," I shot in, eyes hard. "I need more than words."

Cassandra smiled, shifted her body slightly – a more sexual, alluring posture.

More than words. She thought I meant actions. Sex.

The dumb bitch thought she could win me over by having sex with me.

Anger rolled around inside me.

Did she *really* think I was so weak?

“Do you remember when we met? Back when I was a hypnotherapist?”

The question took the bitch by surprise.

“Y-yes?” Cassandra answered uncertainly.

“You can talk and talk about how sorry you are, how much you regret what you've done. But they're just words. How do I know I can trust you? How do I know you're not just lying?”

My wife's mouth drooped open. This wasn't going how she'd planned.

“The only way I'll ever be able to trust you again is if I know you mean what you say. And the only way I'll know that beyond doubt is if I hypnotise you and learn what you really, truly think.”

It was somewhat risky proposition, admittedly.

I knew Cassandra wasn't genuine with her apologies. If I took her back, the first chance she got she'd be bouncing on another man's cock. She knew it too, knew that her words were lies. Why would she agree to be hypnotised and have her *true* feelings exposed?

Because she's stupid.

Many people think they can trick a hypnotist – either fake being hypnotised, or lie while under the trance. That whole thing of 'not being able to make someone do something they don't want to', but with words instead of actions. A lot of people believed you wouldn't tell a hypnotist something you didn't want them to know. That, even if you were in a trance, you could lie.

My wife, I was hoping, was one such fool.

Cassandra looked down at the floor, considered.

When she looked back up at me, her eyes had lost some of the confident arrogance that'd been there ever since I opened the door to her earlier in the night.

“Okay,” she said softly. “Hypnotise me.”

She was still beautiful, my wife. A rose amongst dandelions.

Beautiful. Stunningly so. Good-looking enough that she stood out from the crowd wherever she went, drew eyes in like a magnet. But thorny. Not a woman to get too close to, unless you want to get pricked.

Her face was almost identical to our daughter's, albeit with more maturity and age. Slight wrinkles at the corner of her eyes, an air of elegance. Full lips and pretty eyes, a beautiful face framed with dark, flowing hair. And her body...

Well, it was easy to see where Tess got her huge tits and sex appeal from. Even as old as she was now, Cassandra had a body that demanded gazes and appreciation.

That body alone was enough to almost tempt me into forgiving her, have her be my wife again. Almost.

But no, Cassandra was still a whore. She was still the bitch who'd run off with all my money with another man. Attractive as she might be, she still needed to be punished. She was a problem that I needed to get rid of.

That, however, didn't mean I couldn't have *some* fun with her.

“Cassandra,” I said, staring at her limp form on the motel bed. “Do you know what you are?”

There was a long moment of silence as her mind worked. There were many things that Cassandra was. A mother, a woman, a bitch. There were countless things I could mean by that question.

"Yes," my wife breathed eventually.

"What are you?" I asked, curious.

How would the whore answer?

"Your wife," she answered.

Only when it was convenient for her.

"You're a cheater," I told Cassandra. "A slut. A woman who doesn't care about anything or anyone. All you care about is getting off, enjoying yourself. That's why it was so easy for you to leave. And that's okay. It's okay that you're a cheating slut."

Time to begin the brainwashing.

"Your mother is back," I told Tess, my hand gripping her head.

A choked gag. She tried to pull back, spit my cock out of her mouth. I held her head in place, guided it lower down my shaft.

"She's staying in a motel out of town."

My daughter, realising I wanted her to continue sucking, relaxed into it – her tongue working around the shaft and head. A skilled cocksucker, Tess. Then again, over the last year she'd had *plenty* of practice.

"I convinced her to let me hypnotise her."

Slowly, the pressure was building. That desire, the need to climax, growing and growing. Tess forced more and more of my cock into her throat, not stopping until her lower lip was brushing against my balls. If we were in another position, I'd be able to see my cock in her throat – widening it. A huge, suffocating bulge in Tess' gullet. With me sat on the bed, her kneeling before me, I could only imagine it.

"I'm going to break her. Like I broke you. Make her into a true, cock-loving whore."

Tess looked up at me, mouth and throat filled. Tear trails ran down from the corners of her watering eyes, saliva spilled out from the corners of her mouth. Her face was red, starved of oxygen. Nothing to worry about though. She was used to being choked by my cock by now. Secretly, I think, she loved it.

"Shouldn't be as difficult as it was with you," I added, smiling at my beautiful daughter. "Your mother is already most of the way to being a real whore. All I have to do is make her realise that she can have anything she wants, all the money in the world, if she prostitutes herself to random joes. Maybe get rid of a few inhibitions, make her love the idea of being used."

Tess choked as I shot the first burst of cum down her throat. Faint, barely-audible glugging followed. My dutiful daughter drinking down her milk; such a good, well behaved girl.

"She stole your college fund. Not that you need it any more. But still, that's gotta sting. The bitch took something what was meant for you. She ran off and spent it selfishly. And now it's gone forever. If you want," I smiled, stared my daughter in the eye as she looked up at me, still gulping down burst after burst of cum, "I'll let you borrow Mommy's strap-on. I doubt Lara would mind you having it for a little while. Your mother fucked you over, what better way to get payback than by fucking her in return?"

When the last wave of cum was devoured, the remnants of it sucked off my cock by my loving daughter, Tess pulled back. My cock popped out of her mouth in a shower of saliva and semen. Her chin was soaked, much of the fluid pooling on her chest, between her tits. She panted for breath, gasped for air.

"You know what? Why don't I get you your own strap-on? Then the three of us - me and you and Mommy – can show your mother what a happy family actually looks like! I'm sure a whore like her will love taking three cocks at once. Hell, if you want, I'll lend you some money. Then you can be your mother's first official customer."

Breathing heavily, eyes unfocused, face a mess of different bodily fluids, Tess looked up at me.

And, ever so slightly, a smile crept onto her face.

“Fuck me!” Tess cried out, hips bouncing wildly. “Daddy! Mommy! Fuck me! Harder!”

I was beneath her, laying on the bed – cock spreading open and filling her tight cunt. Pounding her insides, slamming my cock into her deepest parts. Her tits bounced and jiggled in front of me, inviting bites and slaps and squeezing.

Behind Tess was Lara, wearing the strap-on I'd given her so long ago – her favourite article of clothing.

She thrust her hips rapidly, hands on my daughter's hips. The big dildo she wore was buried inside Tess' ass. I could feel it, feel the way the plastic toy bulged inside my daughter's body – feel its presence somewhere just above my own cock as I fucked her.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Tess swore, bounding harder.

Her insides convulsed, tightened even more around my shaft.

“Fuck!” My daughter screamed.

She froze above me, body still for a moment. Then she shuddered, collapsed atop me – moaning and groaning and gasping.

Above her, Lara smirked, continued thrusting.

“Mommy,” Tess breathed, hips swaying slightly. “Please. Daddy.”

She nuzzled into my chest, kissed my collar and neck.

Her body quivered, tensed, relaxed.

“Daddy...”

Weeks later, I handed Tess a gift-wrapped present.

She looked at me curiously, began tearing away the wrapping and opened the box. Her eyes widened when she saw its contents. A smile spreading her lips. She turned her gaze back to me, jumped forward and embraced me, her mouth finding mine.

“Thank you Daddy!”

When she broke away from me, Tess stepped back, tried on her gift over her lingerie panties.

The dildo attached to this particular strap-on was as stupidly huge as Tess' tits were. Overkill, but in the best possible way. Whichever of her mother's holes it ended up in, it'd ruin.

Cassandra had been growing more and more annoyed at having to stay in the motel. At first, she'd wanted to live here – in my home. But, recently, her complaints had been more towards the other end of the spectrum.

She was tired of having to stay in a shitty motel room when her body could get her a much nicer place to live. In her mind, all she had to do was spread her legs enough, and she'd be able to afford a much better place with her own money.

In other words, she was ready.

And, quite frankly, I was tired of having to pay for and put up with her. It was time Cassandra fucked off for good.

But, before that, I'd reunite mother and daughter.

“I'm going to go pick up your mother and bring her back here,” I told Tess. “Get everything prepared, it's going to be a long night...”