

Tess Continued

Chapter 3 of 3

I brought Cassandra out of her final trance.

The bitch woke up leisurely, stretching seductively. A whore to the core, even when her mind was sluggish and slow. She'd adapt to her new lifestyle with ease.

After I told her what was going to happen tonight, she quickly cleared out the motel room – packing her bags and finding something nice to wear in the process. A black dress with a plunging neckline and plenty of cleavage, high heels, a little bit of make-up to remove a few years from her face.

When she was done, bags packed and ready to go, I led her out of the motel room.

The drive was quiet.

Neither me or my ex-wife spoke. Both of us, I imagined, were thinking about the plans for tonight.

When we arrived, I walked Cassandra to the front door, let her inside. Tess, I knew, would be waiting in the master bedroom. Along with Lara. And a whole selection of fun toys.

My heart raced as we approached the bedroom door.

This was it. Tonight was the last night I'd ever fuck my wife. The last time I'd ever see the cheating whore again. After today, my old life would truly be over. My new life with Tess and Lara would fully replace the old. My new, better family would replace the dysfunctional old one.

I placed my hand on the room's door handle, turned it, entered.

Inside, my girls were waiting.

They were both already naked, gently fondling each other's bodies.

Earlier in the day, I'd ordered both of them not to orgasm until our 'guest' arrived. Technically, I hadn't ordered them *not* to play with each other. As long as they didn't climax while they were doing it, they were still obeying the order.

I wanted everyone in this room to be full of pent-up energy when things began.

Tonight, we were going to make memories none of us would ever forget.

Tess was laying on the huge bed, eyes locked onto her mother. She hadn't seen the woman in a very long time. Not since Cassandra had run off with all Tess' college funds. It was that betrayal that'd turned Theresa, my loving daughter, into Tess the bitch.

I knew, from the look in her eyes, she'd been waiting for this day.

Revenge.

"Hello honey," Cassandra began to say. "Long time no see."

If she found anything strange about the fact that our daughter and her best friend were naked and fondling each other on my bed, Cassandra didn't show it.

The work I'd done on my wife's mind was some of my finest.

So self-absorbed and self-interested was Cassandra, she couldn't care what anyone else in the world was doing. In her mind, the only time something mattered was when it involved her personally. That was who my wife really, truly was; all I'd done was brought it out from her subconscious.

She couldn't care less about anything that wasn't about her.

Even knowing her ex-husband was fucking their daughter on a regular basis didn't phase Cassandra. Why would it? If it didn't involve her, after all, why would she care?

Tess sat up on the bed, climbed off it and reached for a side-table. I saw what she was grabbing before her slender fingers wrapped around it. Without saying a word, Tess walked over to her mother, slid the single dollar bill into Cassandra's cleavage.

"Eat me," Tess said, her voice almost a growl.

Her eyes, I saw, were filled with a mixture of glee and scorn.

One dollar. It was the 'family discount' I'd programmed into Cassandra's mind tonight.

Believe it or not, making my wife's mind accept that family members should get such a significant discount for her 'services' was the most difficult job I'd had hypnotising and manipulating her. Whoring herself out to random joes? No problem. Being indifferent to incest? Easy. Taking family members as clients? Nothing wrong with that.

But *discounts*? Cassandra's mind hadn't liked that one bit.

Greedy bitch.

Still, I'd managed to convince her subconscious that, even if she didn't like it, giving discounts to her family members was a good business practice.

Cassandra didn't move for a long moment. She watched her daughter sit down on the edge of the king-sized bed and spread her legs, but didn't move herself for a few, long heartbeats. A man who didn't know my wife might question her hesitation – maybe being faced with the reality that she was about to have sex with her actual daughter was causing her mind to struggle against her hypnotic programming?

But no. As someone who knew the bitch all too well, I knew exactly why Cassandra was hesitating.

She wanted more money, was debating demanding it.

Finally, Cassandra took a step forward.

No requesting more pay, no complaining. Not even removing the single dollar bill from between her big, swaying tits.

She walked over to Tess, climbed down onto her knees so that she was eye-level with her daughter's cunt. And, ever so slowly, she leaned forward.

It started with a kiss. A gentle little peck.

Lips on lips. Cassandra's face to Tess' wet crotch.

One kiss turned into two, then into three. Loud kisses in an otherwise silent room. Four kisses, five.

I watched, transfixed. Lara watched too, a sly smile on her face.

Cassandra's hands slid up her daughter's legs, gripped her thighs and pushed them further apart. Her mouth hovered over Tess' crotch, kissing softly – her thighs and her clit, the glistening lips of her pussy.

She moved slowly, confidently. In control.

And, I realised, this wasn't my wife's first time with another woman.

Interesting.

When Cassandra's tongue came into play, licking her daughter's private area, Tess began to breathe a little more heavily. My blue-haired daughter closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation of a tongue between her legs. Her hands reached down, gripped her mother's head, held it in place.

Laying on the bed, Lara began to touch herself.

I could have done the same – the scene before me was certainly enough to get me hard. But I resisted the temptation. My cock would have its share of pleasure soon enough, why rush? Better to watch and enjoy the sight of my whore wife eating out our daughter for the grand prize of a single dollar bill.

Tess gyrated her hips, pulling her mother's face closer into her crotch.

And my wife, professional fucktoy that she was, did all she could to lick and tongue her daughter to orgasm.

When the strap-on came into play, it seemed that everyone in the room got excited. Cassandra included. Slut that she was, eating out another woman's pussy would never be enough for her. She needed to be filled – preferably with cock, but a cock-like toy would do just fine too.

Tess pushed her mother down onto the bed, flipped her onto her stomach and took her from behind – a wicked grin splitting her lips. This was her revenge. Her mother's comeuppance.

"Theresa!" Cassandra gasped between thrusts, ass in the air and face in the bedsheets. "Yes! Fuck me!"

If anything, hearing her mother say her name made Tess even angrier at the woman. She growled, grabbed a fist-full of Cassandra's hair, yanked on it and slapped her mother's ass. Acts that, it turned out, Cassandra loved. She moaned louder, cried her daughter's name louder, which made Tess angrier.

"Mommy!" Tess growled, eyes darting to Lara.

"Yes baby!" Cassandra moaned, bouncing her ass backwards onto Tess' toy. Cassandra thought her daughter was calling *her* 'Mommy'.

I smiled.

Lara rolled over on the bed, picked up her own strap-on off the bedside table. In moments, it was attached around her waist, its big dildo pointing outwards. Lara, grinning eagerly, crawled across the bed, sat down in front of Cassandra's face.

When Lara took hold of the whore's head, a look of confusion crossed Cassandra's face. Almost instantly, her facial expression shifted in realisation. Before she could protest – her mouth opened to say something – Lara pushed the older woman's face down onto her strap-on.

Tess drove forward harder, pushing her mother's face and mouth further down the toy's length.

Whatever Cassandra had been about to say – probably a demand that she be paid more money for a threesome – was lost in the gagging and choking that escaped her throat around Lara's strap-on.

For the next few minutes, I sat back – enjoying the sight of my ex-wife being spit-roasted by my two new brides.

In particular, the look in Tess' eyes drew my gaze.

The heat and glee, the savage joy and wicked pleasure. She was enjoying punishing her mother, humiliating her. Something me and my daughter had in common. The fire in my daughter's eyes was beautiful. A flickering of the bitch she used to be, only now her anger and spite were directed at someone who wasn't me – channelled into raw, sexual energy.

Tess and Babygirl, the two halves of my daughter, in perfect harmony.

I couldn't stand just watching any more.

I stood, walked over to my daughter. So intent was she on fucking her mother senseless, she didn't even realise I'd moved at all until my cock pressed against her backside. Her body tensed, her head swivelling to find me standing behind her – hard and ready.

And she smiled.

The strap-on she wore wasn't dissimilar to a g-string at the back. A 'T' shape of fabric just above Tess' beautiful ass. The cloth was thicker and sturdier, but not so much so that I couldn't push aside the strap that ran from the toy on Tess' crotch to her back. In moment's my daughter's asshole was exposed.

Tess leaned forward obediently, knowing instinctively what I was about to do.

No-doubt, it'd make fucking her mother a little more awkward, but Tess didn't seem to mind. Why would she? One thing she and her mother had in common was an insatiable desire to be filled with cock.

"Daddy," Tess cooed as I spread her ass-cheeks apart, pressed my cock slowly into her anus.

Soon, I was thrusting into her – an act that caused her to jerk forward and thrust further into her mother, who'd gag loudly around the toy filling her throat.

Awkward and uncoordinated? Sure.

Arousing and satisfying? Most definitely.

I was, with each thrust, fucking two women. My daughter and her mother. And both were loving every second of it.

The whore lay sprawled on the bed, a single dollar bill protruding out from her newly stretched ass. Her eyes were open, though unfocussed and hazy. Not too far from where she lay, Tess and Lara cuddled contentedly. All three were naked and worn out.

I walked up to Cassandra, slapped her ass – snapping her attention back to reality.

“Get up, it's time to go.”

And it was. I'd had my fun, enjoyed the sight of all three of Cassandra's holes being filled at once. Now it was time to remove the woman from my life for good. Send her away, let her earn her own money on some street corner somewhere.

The hypnotic suggestions I'd implanted in her mind should stick just fine. I'd buried them plenty deep. And, if they didn't, the video recordings and photos I had of Cassandra having incestuous sex with her daughter would keep the woman from ever returning. If she ever stopped believing incest was fine, I had evidence I could use against her. I'd drive her a few towns over, give her enough money for a long bus-ride to a city far away, and that'd be it.

The whore would be gone forever.

And, with Cassandra out of the picture, it'd be just me and Tess and Lara. Living here together, enjoying life to its fullest.

As Cassandra rose from the bed, started putting on her clothes, I glanced over at where my girls lay together on the bed. Cuddled up snugly - Tess in her new, loving Mommy's arms.

Beautiful. The peaceful, content, happy look on my daughter's face lit up a warm glow inside me.

Long gone was the resentful, hateful cunt she'd once been. And no more did she resist or fight against my control. She'd learned to let go, to enjoy and love me and her new Mommy.

Perhaps not the most traditional family ever, sure. Most fathers don't turn their daughters into their own personal fuckdolls.

But then, most families aren't as close and happy as mine.

Before leaving the room, I walked over to my daughter, leaned down and gave her a kiss. Not a chaste peck on the cheek, but a lover's kiss. Her lips moved with mine, her tongue matching my own in a return of affection.

“I love you, Daddy,” Tess breathed softly as I pulled away, giving her ass a little squeeze as I did.

I smiled, turned away, walked out of the master bedroom with Cassandra following behind me. As we walked out of my humble little house, as Cassandra sat down in the passenger seat of my car, I couldn't help but smile.

“Thank you,” I told her as I started the car's engine.

My whore wife seemed confused by the words. What was I thanking her for?

I smiled, didn't tell her.

But thankful I was. If Cassandra wasn't such a whore, a cheating cunt, I'd have never ended up hypnotising Tess and her friends. If not for my wife running off with another man, I'd never have ended up with the blissful life I now had.

“For what?” Cassandra asked, sounding uncertain.

I simply smiled, pulled out of the driveway.