A Futa Mom's Punishment pt.5

(Futa on Male/Female Domination + sissification)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

This book contains explicit Futa on male and Futa on female domination as well as themes of sissification and incest, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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A Futa Mom's Punishment pt.5

Jon watched a sea of emerald drift by, forest leaves glinting in the late afternoon sun and guarded by snow-capped mountains in the distance. Legs fidgeted and nudged each other in the footwell of the 4x4 as it rumbled into the wilderness, filled to the brim with luggage and people. It would have been frustrating had Jon not been cushioning a blond-haired girl asleep on his shoulder.

Sandy - the cute, pretty girl in his class, and for some reason the girl who seemed incredibly excited to come on holiday with them. Her breathing was soft, just strong enough to tickle his cheek. A sixth sense tingle made him frown, and he glanced up at the rear-view mirror. Fiery hazel eyes were knifing into his soul.

Matilda. His Mom, and his jealous, spiteful lover.

Jon coughed, chest palpitating as he wished with all his heart that the blond girl wasn't snuggled on his shoulder at that moment. His mother revved the motor and the SUV sped up, jolting the girl awake.

"HMm-"

"Two minutes ladies and gents!"

The other members of the holiday, Jon's best friend Chris and his mother Lulu, both awoke groggily.

"Mmm-times'it…" Lulu murmured.

"Time you got a watch," Chris yawned.

"We're here!"

Jon watched as they turned onto a dirt road with words hanging overhead.

WELCOME TO ROCKTREE!

The wooden sign was faded with age as they crawled under it, lined up behind other SUVs and family vans. Matilda lowered the windows and the smell of wood-chips and mountain air filled their lungs.

"This is gonna suck," Chris murmured.

"Shh!"

Spacious trees either side of the road directed them into a large dirt car-park with rows of vehicles emptying excited families, some removing bikes from roof racks, others hauling camping gear on their backs. The chatter of children and birds was shrill in the air.

"Ok, here we are!"

They parked rows back in the closest spot they could find, Chris already grumbling as his spotless trainers hit the dirt.

"Seriously… CAMPING?!? Mom, this sucks ASS."

"Language!" Lulu retorted, the exasperation clear in her voice, "and we're

not camping. We've booked rooms on site."

"Hm… *sure*."

"Chris, this is going to be *fun*! There's plenty of activities… they have canoeing-"

"Any bars?"

"Why would you want to go to a bar?" she grunted, pulling a large suitcase out of the back.

"Girls."

"Pfft! Now THAT's funny."

Chris scowled, gesturing to Jon.

"Well, seeing as these two are gonna be DOING IT all holiday!"

Sandy and Jon's cheeks went shiny red like two fresh apples as they disembarked, Matilda carelessly adding fuel to the fire.

"Well, I hope Jon's up to scratch!"

She leaned into Sandy and murmured.

"… I taught him everything he knows."

"Wh-*what*-?"

"Say cheese!"

A phone was aimed by Chris at Sandy and Jon, both in states of mild shock. Sandy looked rigid but squeezed tighter against him, and Jon gave a terrified look at his mother as several flashes captured the moment. Matilda seemed unconcerned however, scanning the car-park before checking her phone.

'What is she planning?'

The fear of not knowing what Matilda had in store was worse than any aggression she had showed previously, and even Chris elbowing him in the arm wasn't enough to shake Jon entirely of his reverie, thrusting the phone in his face. They looked like they were being forced to stand next to each other at gunpoint.

"Waddya think… such a pretty pic of the HAPPY COUPLE!"

"Leave them alone," Lulu said exasperatedly, before giving a silent gurn of fury to Matilda as they walked around the car, "*Lord give me strength.*"

"Don't worry about him… I have a feeling this place will straighten your boy out," Matilda muttered back.

"I fucking hope so," Lulu responded, "honestly how did you do it with Jon? He's an angel now!"

"*Oh*. Ah…"

Matilda's face flushed as she dragged a case from the car with one arm.

"… a little more *discipline at home*…. spending a bit more quality time together…"

She spotted Sandy putting her arm around Jon's, and her eyes narrowed. Lulu

didn't notice.

"Huh.. Well Chris barely exists at home. Quality time is the five minutes it takes him to wolf down a meal before he's shut up in his room again…. "

"Yeah… well I know the feeling."

Matilda checked her phone again. Lulu tried not to pry, but couldn't help herself, her eyebrow raised.

"Someone I should know about?"

"Oh… just expecting someone here… I think they're late.."

"They?"

"It's a surprise," she winked, "Shall we?"

"We shall!"

They came round the car to see Sandy already wide-eyed with wonder, grabbing Jon by the elbow.

"Oh I've heard there's horse-riding here!"

"O-oh… really?"

"Isn't that exciting?"

"Y-y… yeah…"

"Wowwwww, so great," Chris drawled.

"C'mon, I think we'd better get settled," Sandy huffed, grabbing her case and leading them away.

***

Rolling or dragging their cases ("Chris, use the WHEELS PLEASE!"), the group made their way to a log cabin reception before being directed onto another dirt path. Chris gawped as rickety wooden signs showed the directions to the river, camping site and yoga retreat.

"We're gonna be in *shacks right?! WOW* Mom, so freaking cool. I hope no-one murders us in a cabin. Maybe that would actually be *exciting*."

"Oh, don't say that," Sandy murmured, gazing around the forest with wide eyes. Chris pounced on the moment of weakness.

"Ha, well you never heard of the Rocktree forest murders?"

"Oh please don't…"

"There was a sweet couple… who went into the woods on a family holiday.."

"Dude, could you shut up," Jon grunted.

"… and then they DISAPPEARED!"

Sandy sniffed.

"You're making this up."

"Nope… they only found their limbs after a few days…."

"CHRISTOPHER!"

His mother's sharp voice rang out, and Chris dropped the subject at least

temporarily as they made their way to a line of semi-detached modern looking villas with wood and white panelling. Jon's eyebrows raised as he beheld quite modern architecture married to the space and quiet of nature. His mother's ass swaying was also a rather wonderful view. Jeans had never looked so good…

"Huh, not bad," Chris admitted, drawing a pleased puffing up of Lulu's feathers.

"Well goodness, someone actually made a positive comment!"

"You got lucky."

"Did we fuck…. Matilda and I researched it thoroughly, thank you!"

"Language," Chris chided. She snorted in response.

"Oh shush or I'll actually *let you* sleep in the camping site… or perhaps the river would be a better place!"

"Bad call. Wouldn't want to make the river dirty," Matilda chided, and the two women smirked. "See you all bright and early tomorrow!"

"Absolutely!"

The families split into their respective villas with Chris grumbling behind Lulu.

"Lemme know if you want to do something *interesting,"* Chris called out to Jon, "if you're not ah.. *busy."*

With a pointed nod to Sandy, he entered the villa next door. Sandy's lips thinned, frosty as she squeezed a little tighter to Jon's side, crossing the threshold of their own space.

Clean wooden floors and a spacious hall greeted them. Further in an open kitchen and seating area next to carpets and a log fire gave a sense of cosiness allied to pleasant modern features, finished off by the vista that dominated one entire wall of the room: Large bay windows opened out onto a cleared section of forest, allowing them to see across to the opposite side of a shallow, wooded valley, a river down below with a few large hills looming beyond. In the distance, mountains pierced the sky with white tips as the sun crawled behind them.

Sandy's eyes lit up as she ballet-danced to the window.

"Oooo!"

"Wow," Jon murmured.

"Not bad huh?" Matilda smiled, squeezing his butt as they walked in.

"*Uuf*! Y-yeah-"

He was about to mutter a reproach, but then Matilda was sashaying over to Sandy, draping her hands on her shoulders.

"What do you think?"

"I… I think it's lovely!"

"Oh, your shoulders seem a little tight…"

“Really? I didn’t-*oOof*…”

Sandy’s hands rose as if to push away, but then an involuntary gasp escaped her.

“-oOohuyyyhhh-“

“I think you should lie down… I’ve been told my massages are wonderful…”

She winked at Jon, who now felt a mixture of jealousy, fear and arousal that fogged his senses, watching with tension growing in every limb as Sandy was led, zombified, to lie down on the luscious couch, almost swallowed up in the squishy pillows.

“Here… you’ve had a long car journey…”

“S-so have… yyyouu…”

Sandy closed her eyes, face twitching whenever Matilda moved her thumbs to a particularly tight knot in her back.

“Well maybe tomorrow you can give me a massage in return.”

“Ookay…”

The girl didn’t seem to know where she was, simply absorbing the calmness being pressed into her weedy frame. Matilda perched side-saddle on the edge of the sofa, carefully working each group of muscles in turn. As she worked, she called out to Jon.

“Could you be useful darling and stop staring, perhaps move Sandy’s bags to her room?”

He flushed red, and Matilda blew him a kiss before smiling down at the quivering girl beneath her.

“Mrs Andd-DERSON… huhnn….”

“Call me Matilda,” she murmured, “then again, I believe you mentioned ‘gorgeous’ could be my nickname?”

“Oh…. Umm…”

“I’m just joking. Matilda is fine. Of course, Matty is even better!”

“Ohhh…. I *like that oneuhh*..”

“Just relax… why don’t we get set up in our rooms for this evening? We can worry about activities tomorrow.”

“Suuree… W-when are we horse-riding?...” Sandy murmured hopefully.

“Later… don’t worry, there’ll be plenty of riding,” Matilda said with a dark edge to her voice, and the girl’s eyelids fluttered again as her body was unravelled by the powerful touch of the older woman. As Jon pulled Sandy’s bag towards the room, he caught his mother’s eye again, and this time there was no denying the danger within her brown pits… quickly replaced by a breezy smile.

“Hurry Jon! Or should I say, *bitch*. Right Sandy?”

“Right,” she giggled, “Matty.”

***

Jon flicked idly on his phone, glancing out occasionally at the pretty postcard forest outside, bathed in morning light. His right hand continued to subtly oscillate under the sheets.

"Hhn.."

He'd found that not getting fucked by Mom had a lot of downsides, including frequent morning wood, made worse by having to jerk it to the biggest dicks he could find on porn sites. Unfortunately, they just weren't quite hitting the sweet spot. As he imagined Mom hissing dirty words in his ear, maybe whilst bending him over the kitchen sink, he heard a muffled shout from downstairs and tensed up.

"JONNNY! BREAKFAST!"

He sighed and let go of his erection. The scents of warm pancakes drifting up were enticing enough that he didn't feel completely frustrated about being blue-balled, emerging a minute later into the open kitchen to see his Mom with three dishes already laid out.

"Where's Sandy?"

"Getting dressed. And is that any way to greet your mother?"

He bit his lip.

"No. Sorry…."

"C'mere."

Checking behind him first for any signs of Sandy, he ran up and wrapped his arms around Matilda, looking so inviting in a white fluffy dressing gown. She didn't envelope him as she usually would however, instead merely allowing him to guide her face into a kiss.

"Mmm… Mmph…."

He tried to coax her tongue out but it didn't respond.

"Mm… everything… alright?"

"Just fine," she murmured, giving a little extra kiss on the cheek, avoiding the full Frenching he craved.

"*Um, sorry guys..!?*"

Their spines straightened as Jon whipped round. Sandy was halfway down the stairs, mouth agape.

"*-Hi…..*"

Matilda's response was so quick and easy that Jon could only feel himself drawn to her natural confidence as she responded breezily.

"Oh, SANDY I didn't want to scare you but… I've been teaching my son kissing for months now… you see… we're *very* close… I just care about him so much… *And* you of course! You're family too!"

"R… right…"

Sandy seemed caught between approaching and sprinting back upstairs. Matilda gave a warm smile and pushed the full plate of pancakes waiting for her towards an empty chair.

"Breakfast?"

After a brief crinkle of her nose, Sandy padded to one of the high stools, still looking a little shell-shocked, and it took a few minutes of eating her berry-and-syrup pancake to break the silence.

"So.. What are we doing today?"

"Just a little cycling," Matilda smiled as she took a large chunk of her own pancake.

"Oh…okay."

"Gregh," Jon said through several mouthfuls of chocolate pancake, before swallowing it all in one neck-sized ball, "GLHh… w-well, I'd better get ready…."

As he made to dash away, Matilda collared him.

"*Kiss her,"* she murmured in his ear.

"Huh-!?"

She pulled him back and thrust him towards the rather glum looking Sandy.

"I think my young man *forgot* something!"

"Oh?"

"*Oh… R.. Right…"*

He stepped forwards and placed a quick peck on her cheek.

"So… uh…"

Matilda grabbed his head, and forced it onto Sandy's lips.

"MMM!"

The pair gasped as their mouths met, and when Matilda stopped pushing they remained locked in temporary shock, their lips taking time to work out how to seal against each other, turning into an awkward back-and-forth. A gentle pry into his mouth from Sandy was a surprise, Jon managing to wrap his tongue around hers and engage in some form of proactive behaviour. The pair were soon exploring, soft breaths through their noses as they teased and tasted each other. Sandy had flavours of cherry lipstick and toothpaste mixed with the sweet notes of recently eaten pancakes, and Jon's eyes closed as he savoured it.

"Mmhh… *mmhhh…."*

"You see?…"

Their lips unsealed, panting from the seminal moment as Matilda smiled at both of them.

"….I think he's had good practice, hasn't he?"

Sandy was blushing like a ripe cherry.

“Y.. Yeah….”

“Now.. let me show you the finished article.”

Matilda swept past Jon, and Sandy whimpered in surprise as a much larger tongue bulldozed into her mouth, far less timid than Jon’s as Matilda gripped the back of the girl’s head. In seconds the young girl was swooning, almost kissed from her chair as high-pitched moaning noises quickly began emanating from between them.

“Mmmhph..”

With a wet, plunger-like sound, Matilda extracted herself from the depths of Sandy’s throat, the girl heaving air back into her lungs as she squeezed her legs tight together. Jon watched the show with many strange feelings growing inside.

“No need to hide displays of affection in this house,” Matilda announced grandly, before slapping Sandy’s ass.

Smack

“Ooh!”

She followed up with Jon’s, using more venom to crack her palm on his buttock.

SMACK!

“UUYH..!”

As Matilda marched upstairs, Sandy and Jon made eye contact. The girl was panting, eyes wide, and Jon didn’t know how to respond as he too was in heat, covering the boner appearing in his pyjama bottoms.

“I-I’ll… I’ll just get dressed then…” he said quickly.

“Yeah…. *Right…*”

Sandy watched him go, glued to her seat. Jon didn’t notice her squeezing her legs together, nor the strange smile on the girl’s face as she let out a long breath before going back to picking tiny slices of her pancake with a shaking fork.

***

“This place is!… pretty cool!…”

“I thought you… said you hated it here…!”

The two boys pedalled harder, pulling away from the serene pace of the ladies as they flashed down the forest trail. Chris laughed.

“Well YEAH… I said THIS is pretty cool, not horse-riding in a canoe with your beloved WIFE-TO-BE.”

“She’s not my girlfriend!”

“Then what is she DOING here dude?! You fancy her, right?”

“Uh.. yeah….”

“Ramp up ahead.”

“Shit… looks pretty big…”

“Come on, you are NOT pussy-ing out of this one!”

“Who said I was!”

They both approached the ramp off-shoot path for BMX bikers, Jon’s stomach lurching as he hit the wooden curve and flew through the air, wind whipping around his face. His body jolted as tires hit the dirt, adrenaline pumping. Chris slammed down behind him in a rattle of metal.

“….SHIT!”

“HELL yeah…”

“Hey boys, is that fun I hear up ahead?!” Lulu called.

“Shut UP Mom,” Chris said hotly before murmuring to Jon as the girls crested a safer path, *“by the way, your Mom is smoking hot today.”*

“You can’t say that when *your* mom is wearing yoga pants.”

“Ah fuck you!”

Insults shot back and forth as Jon felt that familiar banter returning, trying to outdo each other with outrageous statements as they overtook another slow-rolling family and crunched through some undergrowth creeping onto the path. After a few more minutes they reached a viewpoint, pausing to observe the foaming rapids below where fluorescent red kayaks were being thrown asunder, men and women laughing and squealing as they were launched into the water.

“Dude… honestly though, if Sandy wanted it after your mom, I’d hit that *one hundred* percent too.”

“Shut up man.”

“C’mon, you’re gonna do it though right? Unless you’ve already done it?!”

“I… not yet.”

“Man SERIOUSLY?! You’re still a virgin?!”

A dapple of sweat came to Jon’s face as he remembered bouncing on his mother’s lap whilst she slammed her cock deep into his ass, taking his virginity in the most humiliating, slutty way possible.

“… Y-*Yeah*… but whatever, it’ll happen…”

“Dude, GET. HER. ALONE. You got condoms right?”

“I uh…”

He’d never needed condoms. Matilda thankfully couldn’t get him pregnant, although not for lack of trying.

“.. not really.”

Chris grabbed his head.

“DUDE, WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?! Are you GAY?!?!”

‘Stop thinking about Mom’s big, veiny dick sliding down my throat.’

“N-no!”

“Then you need to GET condoms and SHAG that girl tonight... or I WILL!”

Jon glanced back down the path where the ladies were finally approaching. They all seemed radiant as Sandy laughed at something Matilda had called, Lulu jesting back.

"Shut up man.. let's talk about it later."

Chris gave him a stink eye but held in his retort as the ladies appeared, dismounting off their bikes with pink faces.

"Wait up you two, we're gonna take a minute!" Lulu called.

"Well, you'd better pedal faster if you want to catch up!" Chris called back, leaving Lulu rolling her eyes as the boys hopped back on their bikes.

Jon frowned.

'Shit, I hope mom doesn't get angry at me…'

He risked a peek back and was more perturbed by the fact Matilda didn't seem to be concerned at all, her arm over Sandy's shoulder as she spoke in a low voice. Sandy seemed enraptured, nodding at every word. Fortunately he hadn't quite made his way back to the path when two blond blurs shot past an inch from his face, sending him hard to the floor. Chris was similarly dislodged, and shouted after the human bullets.

"HEY!"

A distant, "*Watch where you're goi-!*" disappeared into the forest with them. It looked like it might have been two girls, but the speed they were taking made them more blur than bodies.

"Fuck that," Chris fumed, jumping back on his bike. "Ain't no way we're getting shoved off by two GIRLS."

He mounted the bike, calling behind him.

"Come ON man!"

With one glance behind, Jon's annoyance became anger as he saw his mother, Lulu and Sandy all sniggering.

"Good luck boys!"

"Hope you don't get beaten by girlies!"

His jaw clenched, and he grabbed the handlebars on his bike, shooting off as fast he could go, shoving each pedal like he was trying to explode over the front wheel. Leaves and bugs hit his face but he growled and pedalled on, Chris just in front. Those girls couldn't keep up that pace forever….

Five minutes later his thighs began to burn. Another two minutes later and the pain was too great, lactic acid burning in his calves and quads as he came to a crawl, with Chris dribbling on at a slow pace. They hadn't even seen a hint of the women after a dead sprint.

"Forget… it.." panted Jon, "they're gone."

"Fuck… must have been riding electric bikes or something," Chris muttered.

Jon didn't think so, but he didn't want to fully embrace being so thoroughly

destroyed by the two women, so he decided to change the subject.

"We're only a few minutes from the end… it's a loop right?"

"Yeah.. yeah let's just go to the café and wait."

The last half-mile was painful and slow, both boys creaking as they finally returned their bikes, hobbling towards the 'redwood café', another log cabin extended into a full diner with benches and stumps outside. Orange lanterns were already switching on in the dimming dusk light as they made their way towards it. Mid-western rock strummed through ageing speakers, forming a somewhat unnatural harmony with the birdsong chattering in the canopies above them.

"Hey, maybe they have condoms in the bathroom," Chris muttered.

"Would you shut up?"

"What. I'm doing it if you're not! Shit, why are you not going CRAZY right now man!?!? Sandy is RIGHT THERE begging to be smashed. I don't get it!"

"Look, I'm just-"

"Wait."

"Would you just list-"

"SHH…. There."

Chris nodded, and Jon followed his eye… to two women clad in lycra, custom bikes lying on their side next to their bench. Both had hair so blond they burned the eyes with their brightness, one older with a straight shoulder-length bob and a perfectly round double-d rack that sat at ninety degrees to her body, the other barely in her twenties with her hair in a ponytail, facing away from them so he couldn't quite make her out bar a tall silhouette. It seemed like a mother and daughter.

"These fucking bitches…. Ya know, they're kinda hot."

Jon observed them and felt a chill. They didn't sit like they were having a happy chat. In fact, their voices seemed low, their calm demeanours and smirks seeming to quell any fire for revenge in Jon's body. It felt like when Matilda looked him dead in the eye with a 'fuck you' smile.

"Um.."

"C'mon, let's go talk to them."

"C-Chris wait-"

"Hey!"

Before Jon could stop him Chris was already making his way towards the pair, a few other men and women turning to watch as he walked up to the gorgeous pair of women.

"Hey, me and my friend here-"

"I know you."

He paused, the older woman looking him up and down.

"Oh really?"

“Yeah… you two were the pussies we knocked over back at the lookout point. You should be more careful.”

This blindsided Chris, his smile dropping.

“Y-yeah, well maybe you shouldn’t-“

“You’re a virgin right?”

Jon winced as he watched Chris stagger like he’d been physically hit.

“What the fuck-“

“Called it. Maybe if you weren’t such a pussy back there you wouldn’t still be a virgin wouldya?”

People on the tables around them covered their mouths in silent shock and laughter, some holding their heads as they watched the young, cocky man being dismantled by a cool, calculating woman.

“Well…. M-maybe if you weren’t such a stuck-up bitch-“

“Take your boyfriend over there and piss off, before I give him a reason to look like he’s just had something shoved up his ass.”

Jon’s open mouth of horror almost lowered to another level as Chris balled up his fists.

“Listen-“

“DEBS!!!”

The joy in Matilda’s voice was clear as it rang out through the forest, birds scattering as she jogged into view, her bike clattering to the floor ahead of Sandy and Lulu. The cold woman’s face broke into a smile.

“Matty, well if it isn’t my SILLY SIS!”

“It sure is… I thought that was you flying past us!”

“Well I musta missed you guys, I didn’t think you’d be so slow!”

Chris watched with wide eyes and an open mouth as the woman stepped up and past him, embracing Matilda in a long hug.

“Ohhh you look sexy as ever!” she said, holding Matilda’s arms which looked even larger between her slim fingers.

“And those tits look faker than ever.”

“Guilty.. then again, not everyone was born with udders like yours! Have you gained weight?”

“Shut up,” Matilda muttered, briefly staring around to see many faces turn back to their tables, “don’t make me wrestle you.”

“Oh don’t worry, I have this one for that.”

She slapped the shoulder of the young girl, who was just about to get up when Chris interjected, arms out as he accused Matilda.

“You know this bitch?”

Everyone froze. All the faces that had briefly begun minding their own business snapped back to the drama. Even the birds seemed to dull their dusk song

as a colder wind blew past the café', now spouting a soft country playlist ill-suited to the western standoff taking place.

Matilda and the woman's face were twin masks of fury, and it was at that exact moment that Jon recognised that this woman was truly her sister. Slightly more plastic and a far more taut, gym-bunny body, but definitely related. Numbness stole over him, locked in place by the revelation, watching as his best friend fronted up to two dangerous women. Chris was about to get destroyed, no matter who struck, although Matilda was the taller by almost a head. He couldn't decide who would respond first until a lightning bolt hit Chris in the chest, the boy almost lifted up in the air as he was tackled, moved back five paces before being body-slammed to the ground.

"UFF-!"

The younger girl, who had been observing silently, had exploded with a power and fury that Chris was ill-prepared for. His eyes bulged as an arm wrapped around his neck from behind, arms flailing. A few seconds passed during which John struggled, yet he didn't come close to breaking the limpet on his back.

"GGETOFFFF!.. GR… *hhff*…."

His struggles slowed to a crawl, eyelids falling as he lost consciousness. Eventually 'Debs' stepped in.

"Taylor-Joy, BREAK!"

The lock continued a few seconds longer than necessary until Chris's ragdoll body was released, the younger girl sweeping to her feet like a ballerina.

Jon's jaw dropped.

She had a blond ponytail, a cheerleader's body with pom-pom tits that sat aggressively on her chest, the nipples clear as day in her bodysuit, high cheeks and a cold stare giving a pornstar look with swollen muscular thighs which looked impossibly sexy in skin-tight clothing. From this angle he couldn't see her ass, but by the way it seemed to curve out from her waist he assumed it was top-tier gym-slut territory. She also possessed a girlish visage too innocent for bible camp yet the expression was vacant, as if they had created an angel and forgotten to add a soul…. Jon couldn't work it out; neither resting bitch face nor smiling; a factory setting stare that went through everything. Her dirty trainers, tall frame and light sheen of sweat suggested someone with the genetics of a pro basketball player, but the curvy bust and ass added an underlying sensuality that she weaponized to maximum effect, turning slightly so her glutes were tight and popping from her suit.

Her gaze reached him, and he felt x-rayed, frost-blue eyes burning a hole in his forehead. The longer it lingered, the more his fight-or-flight responses kicked into overdrive with a surge of adrenaline.

“H…hi…?”

She didn’t respond. Nor did she even blink, a Greek statue half-alive.

Jon was so rooted that he forgot Chris was passed out on the floor until Debs stepped over and grabbed his feet, lifting them and shaking his legs gently to let the blood flow back to his head.

“Sorry people!” she called out cheerily, “just some hard lessons… he’ll be right as rain!”

Lulu watched on from the sidelines, her expression one of deep concern, yet she didn’t intervene. Sandy simply stared, jaw agape as Chris’s eyes fluttered, and life returned.

“W-wha-“

“Welcome back! I’d watch your language next time,” Bubby grinned, “My Taylor-Joy has a black belt in Jiu-Jitsu so I’d say you came out lucky!”

Chris staggered to his feet, dizzy. The faces around were all shock, awe and laughter, and he had to hold in the tears as he fled. Lulu watched him go with lines of worry scrawled across her face. Surprisingly, she did not follow.

Jon didn’t really care about Chris in that moment. He cared more about the fact that the soulless girl was now slinking towards him.

“Um… H-hi there..”

The girl came forward and, without speaking, rubbed a hand across his cheek. Jon did nothing. Said nothing. He couldn’t bring his body to comply. Then the girl’s lips opened a touch, reflective with spit as she caressed down his neck…

“You must be Jon.”

“Y.. Yes?”

“Good girl. Name’s Taylor.”

“Good.. girl?”

She cocked her head.

“Well yes… you’re gonna be my bitch tonight.”

The way she explained it, she’d just told him the earth was round.

“*Oh*… I’m sorry *but*-“

“TAYLOR! So lovely to see you…”

Matilda brushed past and wrapped her up. Taylor did a polite hug back, but none of the warmth seemed to seep into her system, merely waiting for it to finish.

“You look absolutely stunning,” Matilda fawned, “my goodness.”

“Thanks. You look well, but slightly overweight.”

Matilda paused, and then managed a gruff laugh, sucking her belly in.

“Ha ah indeed… well I can always trust you two to be honest!”

“Do you get lower back pain?”

“A.. a little?…. After long sessions... *of exercise*.”

She flickered her eyes to Jon.

“Perhaps we can show you some stretches and weights,” Taylor said, ending the conversation.

She proffered her hand to Jon.

“Come.”

“Huh?”

“We arrived late, so it’ll take time to get you ready.”

“Get ready? *Mom, what’s-?*“

“HI. I’M SANDY!-”

The tiny girl appeared from nowhere, clasping onto Taylor’s outstretched hand, breathing heavily. Sandy looked two-thirds Taylor’s size, yet her crazed stare was almost more dangerous as she shook her arm with a noticeable jerking motion.

“-NICE TO MEET YOU.. and you are???”

Taylor looked the girl up and down, confused.

“Taylor.”

“I’m SANDY.”

“Yes, you said-“

“How do you know Jon??”

“My Aunt invited me to take care of him. Who are *you*?”

“Take.. take CARE of him?!”

“Yes. And why are you here?”

Sandy’s small chest puffed out, nostrils flaring.

“I’m his *date*.”

“So you’re together?”

“W-well-!”

Her voice went high-pitched, and the inevitable escalation was saved by Matilda stepping between them.

“EVERYONE, I think it’s been a very exciting evening… why don’t we meet up tomorrow morning for breakfast?”

Taylor’s jaw tightened.

“But I-“

“BREAKFAST,” Matilda said sharply, before guiding Taylor away. As they did so, she began to mutter into the girl’s ear. Taylor didn’t seem pleased.

Sandy turned on Jon, a serious look on her face.

“Who was that?”

“Uh.. my *cousin I think*?...”

‘Who wants to make me her bitch.’

“Your cousin?!? Why did she touch you like that??”

“I.. don’t know.”

A grouse contorted her pretty features.

“Well…. I don’t like her..”

“Right.”

“You don’t like her either, right Jonny?”

“…*Yeah*..”

He watched Taylor’s ass swaying next to his mother’s, the girl’s slightly smaller but tightening into defined crescents of muscle, Matilda’s jiggling like jell-o with all the fats that her genetics had gathered in the naughtiest places. He couldn’t work out which was sexier.

“.. *yeah*…”

***

As the pink dusk glow faded to darkness, and after the excitement of the café, Chris didn’t return, locking himself away in his room. Lulu appeared more than happy for him to do so, humming as the rest of them appeared one-by-one from their showers to the living room of the Anderson’s villa, the warm fire-place a welcome tone shift from the heightened emotions of their first full day. Matilda was the first to fall onto the sofa opposite in her own fluffy dressing gown, Sandy quick to appear next to her. They'd gotten closer and closer as the day had gone on, and Jon ended up on his own chair to the side, watching their legs almost touching. Despite sitting with the three ladies, he felt completely ignored as they conversed whilst sipping on steaming coffees.

“Phew… what a first day huh?” Matilda smiled.

“Quite,” Lulu responded.

Matilda gave her a soft look.

“You alright?”

“Oh, I’m fine n’dandy! Chris’ll walk it off. Hell, I hope some of it sticks.. he’s had few enough hard lessons in his life. Maybe… this one will actually get through to him."

Matilda grinned.

“Well I TOLD you… this holiday could be very impactful!”

Sandy bristled, looking hopefully at Jon.

“*I* don’t like her.”

“Hmm?”

“Her… your niece.”

“OH Taylor… well, she’s forward but she’s a sweetheart on the inside…”

Jon couldn’t help feeling that there was not a single grain of sugar in that woman’s body or soul. He didn’t speak up, sipping his own coffee as Matilda ushered Sandy closer.

“Come here dear,” Matilda gestured, “I think it’s time for another massage.”

"Oh… okay?"

Sandy seemed happier to do so this time, perching herself next to Matilda. Strong hands came to her back, and Sandy's muscles turned from stone to spaghetti as she closed her eyes.

"Ooohh…"

"Just there?"

"Y-yeah…"

Lulu watched on with a surprised nod.

"Well, sign me up for that!"

"Get in line!"

Lulu looked sideways at Jon.

"Did you learn how to massage? Perhaps those fingers are genetic…."

Matilda and Sandy were both quick to intervene.

"NO!"

"Oh…. Apologies ladies," Lulu replied with raised hands, "I didn't realise how popular little Mr Jon is… not surprising though, seeing how you've turned things around this year!"

"TH.. thanks.."

"Tell me, how did your Mother do it?"

'Wedging her big fat dick in my ass until I went cross-eyed.'

Jon's knees trembled as he sank deeper in his chair, accidentally knocking a small wooden figure off the central coffee table.

"OOPs… we uh.. we talked… I realised that playing games all the time was.. was bad…"

His eyes met Matilda's, and a small smile came to her face. Suddenly he was there, riding her dick, her fingers in his mouth, screaming at him to cum like a whore. The rush of heat to his groin was immediate.

'Licking her nipples, eating my own cum off her tits….'

"… and… and I just kinda realised I'd been bad…. *and that's it."*

Lulu reached forwards and placed a hand on his knee. The women opposite tensed up.

"Well, I think you're growing into a fine young man."

"That's enough compliments for my bitch," Matilda said.

Lulu shrieked in response.

"My GOD Matty, you did not say that!!"

"Sure I did… it's a fun little game we play, isn't it bitch?"

Jon put on his best smile whilst trying not to scrunch his entire body into a ball and bounce through the bay windows to oblivion.

"Ye.. yeah. So fun."

Lulu doubled over laughing.

“Ohhh my GOD…. You are TWISTED Matty... I shouldn’t laugh, I shouldn’t….!”

The women began nattering and Sally was much more vocal in her approval as they jibed back and forth, Jon almost an afterthought until they needed someone to make fun of. It felt like his worst nightmare… Three gorgeous women connecting through his ritual humiliation. He balled himself a little tighter, hoping to God they didn’t see the erection in his pants as Lulu leaned forwards and accidentally showed off her prodigious chest to the girls.

“Listen, I know it’s the first day but… I did bring a little something for us… and I think Sandy wouldn’t mind enjoying a little too!”

“Oh… really?”

“Yes. Matty, may I?”

“You may.”

Lulu bounced from the sofa and marched to one of her bags, before producing two dark bottles.

“Only the cheapest!” she crowed.

Jon’s face fell. He knew his mother.... Alcohol-driven Matilda was another animal entirely.

“Oh… maybe we can wait until tomorrow?-“

“Nonsense.”

Matilda’s voice was sharp.

“I think we should enjoy our evening properly! We are on holiday after all..”

She squeezed Sandy’s shoulders a little tighter, making her coo as she spoke.

“Have you ever had wine?”

“Oh my momma never lets me…”

She smiled and parroted a Texan drawl.

“Well, this ain’t your Momma’s house!”

Quickly a bottle of wine was opened, and four glasses produced. Lulu began to pour a healthy amount into each until she got to Jon’s.

“Will sir be partaking?”

Matilda answered before he could open his mouth.

“BITCH will not be drinking. He’s going to go and inform his Auntie and Cousin that the wine is served, *isn’t he?*”

“What?”

“*What*?!”

Lulu’s jaw dropped. Sandy was, if anything, even more shellshocked, the calmness instilled into her by the massage forgotten as her nails dug into the sofa.

“-B-but, you didn’t say they would be coming here-“

“Don’t worry,” Matilda said quickly, kneading between the girl’s shoulder blades and bringing out a childish mewl as Sandy’s eyelids flickered, “he’s just

going to fetch them, won't take more than ten minutes… after all, he's been a very unsupportive host to you Sandy, riding off with Chris today, hasn't he?"

"*Eeh*... I guess so… yeah…"

"In fact, I'd say he's not shown a gorgeous, intelligent girl like you anywhere near enough attention."

Sandy melted a little more into her grip.

"Yyyeah... that's kinda true..."

"A good life lesson is, you need to teach boys how you want them to behave.... why don't you tell him what he should do."

The blond, innocent girl's lips curved into a haughty pout.

".... I guess… You should spend more time with me. Okay?..."

"Bitch," Matilda muttered.

"...B.... Bitch."

Lulu put her hand over her mouth, in awe as she tried to control her laughter, watching the second-worst behaved kid she'd ever seen squirm like he was being tickle by an invisible feather duster.

"Uh... *yeah*, um... I'm sorry...."

"*Sorry miss,"* Matilda muttered in a harsher tone.

Jon's cheeks flushed so dark red it looked like he might cry.

".... Sorry Miss."

"Oh my GOODNESS!" Lulu crowed, applauding the show, "Sally you QUEEN!"

Sally let out a guilty smile, glowing in the admiration of her older peers, and let out a small murmur as Matilda gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Mm.."

"Good girl," she murmured.

Sally blushed so hard it looked like she was having a heat flush, a dapple of sweat appearing on her brow. Matilda didn't look her son in the eye, too busy enjoying the girl trembling tight against her side as she spoke.

"Bitch, fetch my sister and niece. Villa seven-four-A."

Jon nodded, head down as he scrambled away with the laughter of Lulu ringing in his ears.

"I can't BELIEVE you spoke to him like that-!!"

"Oh don't worry Lu, Sandy can teach you later!"

Jon's ears burned as he fled.

***

The breeze outside wasn't the only reason Jon shivered as he stared out past the lamps into the darkness of the forest. What was Mom's endgame? What would happen when he spoke to Taylor….?

The shadows and tree-trunks didn't answer, nor did the razor's edge moon

hiding under the treetops. He passed folks trekking back from their final activities for the day, either sodden with wet hair and sweaty or red-faced from alcohol. One large family was being led into a house, an Indian woman ushering them inside before peering out into the darkness and spying him alone. She looked familiar for some reason, her features at least, but he couldn't put a pin on it… but the immediate re-configuring of those beautiful motherly features into something far more *hungry* had him hurrying on.

'I don't need another complication in my life…'

He stomped on a twig that fell beside the bark-filled path. A rock skittered from his shoe.

"Mom.. *Sandy*…Shit."

'What does Mom want…? To give me to Taylor?...'

As the soup in his brain continued to swirl, no new offerings of wisdom appearing from within it, he reached the villa in question. It was a similar model to the one they had booked, slightly smaller but still in the same vein, designed to be modern yet homely. Somehow with these sharp, unflinching women residing within it felt much more like a serial killer's house, isolated and cold as Jon stepped up the path, gulping.

'Taylor called me girl… said she was going to get me ready…'

He'd heard of his aunt and cousin previously, but never spoken to them until today. He wondered why now? What changed Matilda's thinking?

Finally there was no more path to go. No more steps to take. Only a small grey button.

"Mom, I hope you're sure about this," he muttered.

DING-dong

Crickets played their symphony in the distance. Somewhere an owl made its presence known. Perhaps they wouldn't answer and he could go back, finish the holiday, and Mom would take him home, chagrined but hopefully sated by his embarrassment, and things would be perfect like they were before.

"Hello? Anyone in-?"

The door opened, and the silhouette of a woman filled it, resolving into the form of Taylor. No words, only that emotionless stare made for a sniper's scope. She was clad in a fluffy white dressing gown. Had it been a still image she would have presented a gorgeous, idyllic woman answering the door… yet in real life her stillness was unnerving, like a human bear-trap waiting for a single misstep. One thing terrified him in particular - the black, shiny high-heeled boots poking under the gown. It explained why she now towered even further over him, almost touching her forehead to the top of the door frame.

Jon tried to play light-hearted.

"Hey! So.. so you're my cousin…Taylor right? Sorry about Chris, *haha…. uh….*

Mom was wondering if you guys wanted to join us… *them*.. for some wine…”

She bore into his soul. He trailed off into silence, and the longer the stare-off went the more he felt cramped inside a box, claustrophobic with no social air to breathe. A voice called down, and he released a lungful of air he didn’t know he’d been holding.

“*Who is it!”*

Taylor spoke without moving a single muscle, more to herself than to Debra.

“It's Jon.”

“*Oh, well invite him in!”*

Taylor took one step to the side and left a small gap and Jon paused before padding inside.... and found himself having to squeeze past a body made of iron.

"S... *sorry..."*

"Mmm..."

The groan was so worrying that he was already regretting the decision to enter into their smaller living room. This one looked out into dense forest, less scenic than their villa view, the inky blackness between trees raising the hairs on his neck. It felt oppressive and close.

As he sat, Taylor sat down opposite, picking up a cup of tea and sipping it. More of her boots were revealed... they were tall, laced all the way up the shin and continued up towards her knees. Perfect for a dominatrix.

“So uh-“

“No.”

“Huh?”

“No talking.”

“I don’t-“

Her perfect face creased into a mask, like a blast of icy cold wind.

“I said you do not speak unless spoken to, *bitch*. Understand?”

He nodded, his heart pounding.

Sated, she went back to sipping her tea… and staring. He could only send his gaze elsewhere to avoid it, seeing the same beige carpets, wooden panelling, the same open kitchen with granite worktops and island… before coming back to her.

He made to open his mouth. An almost imperceptible tilt of her chin rendered him wordless. Seconds ticked by. Another lonely owl hoot somewhere in the forest.

He wanted to blurt something. Cough. Scream to fill the silence. But her cool gaze kept him pinned, roving over every pore of his skin. Small moments that made him flush with heat instead of fear were when she clearly raked his body up and down, somehow convincing him that she could see straight through the

clothes he wore which made him want to bunch himself up into a ball.

The creaking of the stairs had never sounded so musical as ‘Debs’ appeared.

“So.. Jon, yes?”

“Y-Yes,” he croaked, as the woman descended the stairs dressed in a similar robe with additional towel wrapped around her head, not quite as tall or intimidating a figure as her daughter, yet her careful movements spoke of someone more than comfortable in her own skin, in complete control whilst padding in bare feet to the sofa next to her daughter who didn’t acknowledge her, still aimed squarely at her target with another sip of her coffee.

‘Doesn’t she ever blink?!’

“I think we got off on the wrong foot Jon, my dear… That was your friend back there at the café?”

“Y-yes..”

Her face creased.

“Close friend?”

“Ah.. sort of..”

“Hmm.. sort of *eh*?”

She sized him up in a much less clinical way than Taylor.

“I’m Debra…. And this is Taylor-Joy.”

“J-Jon.”

“Do you think I was… *harsh*, on your friend?”

“H-Harsh?”

"Yes. On that boy... *Chris* was it?"

"Y.. yeah.."

“Do you think I was harsh on Chris?”

“N-no.”

“No?”

“No. It was… he was rude. He shouldn’t have said it.”

A smile broke out on Debra’s face.

“Well… good to know you’re a better sort! I’d expect as much from my sister’s offspring…!” she rose up to her full 5’9, just a little taller than Jon, “come give us a hug nephew!”

Jon came to her and was pulled into a tight embrace, observing the strangely solid feeling of her fake breasts through her dressing gown before his head was crammed against her neck, feeling short wet hair against his face, as well as the pleasant aroma of her almond-oil shampoo.

“I’ve been waiting to meet you,” she murmured.

“Y-yeah.. it’s nice to-“

A hand squeezed his ass.

“-HNNNN..*!*”

“Just as sexy as your pictures,” she rasped.

The hand took such a handful, running a finger right into his crevasse that he bleated as he was wedged forwards onto her thigh to try and escape it…. And felt a hard shape on his own leg.

“You ever been with a *real* woman?” she murmured.

“HHoh-!“

He felt the finger press right up to his starfish and bleated, suddenly fuelled by hormones streaming through his body.

“Y-YES.. MY MOM-“

Debs stopped grinding and suddenly pulled back, holding him at arm’s length like they were about to dance with a childlike grin.

“Oh OF COURSE she has!! I *told you* Taylor, no wonder she kept this little hottie from us… she wanted the bitch for herself, that preening tart! Always the same with Matty… I wish she could get over such *jealousy*…”

Jon was in shock as Debs forcefully placed him down on the sofa next to Taylor, squeezing up against his other side.

“Then again… I’d have done the same if you were my son… he’s cute huh?”

Taylor gave no response.

“The question is…. Are you *exclusive*?”

“I-I…”

Two hungry expressions bore into his soul from each side. One so robotic it was almost certainly from the far future aiming to terminate him; the other already imagining licking him from head to toe.

“… I guess…”

“WELL we’ll take that as a no!” Debs beamed, “after all, she wouldn’t send you here alone if she didn’t want us to have a little *family time together*. Good parenting if you ask me…”

“Uh-w-wait-“

She spoke over him.

“So what do you think Tay? A little sharing is caring-"

“Mine.”

Debs’ expression opened into one of surprise.

“Oh, really? This one take your fancy huh?“

“Mine.”

Taylor’s voice became harder. Debs seemed to greet this like a wedding proposal, gushing with happiness.

“Oh SWEETY! Well that’s just grand…”

She tapped Jon’s knee.

“You're a lucky boy…. She is SO picky…. And you didn’t even need to strip first! *Oh young love*…!”

“Girl,” Taylor murmured.

"Hm?"

"She's a lucky girl."

“Sorry, you're right. A lucky *girl… I misspoke!”* Debra grinned.

“W-what-“

A hand interlinked with his as Taylor placed her tea down and began to lead him upstairs.

“-T-Taylor-“

“Stop talking.”

“But-“

Smack

The slap across his cheek was light, barely connecting, but stung enough to put a rod in his spine, Jon’s mouth agape.

“W-“

“Next one will be harder. Walk, *bitch*.”

She pulled and he felt the fear return, the cloud of uncertainty weighing heavier with every step. He looked back pleadingly at Debs behind them, but she seemed more cheerful than ever.

“Oh my TAYLOR…. Finally someone to get your juices flowing. I’m looking forwards to seeing him in-“

“Say nothing. It’s a surprise.”

Taylor possessed a certainty in her words more solid than the grand canyon.

“OH well isn’t that fun! In that case I’ll pop some clothes on and go see Matty…. I’m sure that’ll give you plenty of time to join us-“

“Later.”

“-WELL right you are! Enjoy yourselves love bunnies…. Oh and Jon?”

“y-Yes… A-Auntie Debra, can we please talk-“

“ALL in good time darling. Just tell me first, who was that woman that Matty came with?”

“S-Sandy?”

“No. The older woman.”

“Oh, Lulu…??!”

Taylor almost had him at the top of the stairs, leading him to the second room as Debra paused at the bottom.

“Yes… family acquaintance?”

“I-it’s just Chris’s Mom, but please can-“

He knew he’d fucked up the moment the cougar-like snarl of glee came to Debra’s face.

“Chris’s mother.. *Your friend huh?*.... He got a Daddy? Maybe a step-mommy with a little extra?”

“Well no uh... I don’t think so- Wait… *wait please*-“

From below, and the darkness of the landing. Debra’s eyes looked almost werewolf-ish in the yellow light as he was dragged away to Taylor’s room, her last words haunting his soul.

“What a shame… *I reckon he deserves one….”*

“D-DEBRA-“

SLAM

The click of a light switch lit up the room in a pleasant glow as Taylor let go of his hand, and Jon was presented with a room that looked show-room ready, her case in one corner, clothes already unpacked and placed on hangers or in drawers and wardrobe with her biking sports garments placed in a mini-hamper next to it.

“Clothes off.”

Jon was rooted. He wanted to say something. Protest. Push back.

Then Taylor untied her gown, leaving it draped either side of her torso as she stood over him, and he looked up at a girl strapped into the tightest black PVC bra and codpiece panties he had ever seen. Her body was intimidating, created for emasculation, or perhaps to compete in the Olympics, six-foot-two with a cut waistline and solar panel abs, muscular legs that went on for days, and a general lithe-ripped demeanour that made her slim, toned biceps powerful in a way his weedy ones would never be. She had oiled her body, and he could feel the heat coming off her shining form as she stepped into his space, her breasts like swollen dew-drops framed perfectly by the dressing gown, perched high and still in the summer of her youth. She smelt of nothing but pure masculine musk, the odours of her bulging codpiece somehow emanating up and around Jon, an aroma of testosterone. As the material touched his side, he watched the erection slowly begin to stretch the codpiece to a pantomime large trajectory from her body. It wasn’t love as she rubbed it against him, only lust, the material rubbery and unpleasant as it nudged his wrist. It was the garb of an alpha female with a terrifying edge.

Jon gulped. He didn’t know where to look, cowed as he tried to avoid staring straight into her breasts.

“U-uuh..”

“Clothes. Off.”

Jon found himself pulling his shirt off rapidly, his trousers following. Standing in his boxers, he glanced up at Taylor hopefully. No words were needed for the boxers to slip slowly down his legs, Jon shivering, feeling naked under the harsh glare of the room light, more likened to a hospital ward than a bedroom. When he looked down he whimpered, his penis looking miniscule perched on his balls.

“Hmm.”

Even just making a sound he realised was significant from Taylor. She stared at his manhood, and a smirk flickered on her face.

“Twirl.”

She was too close to him. Too in his space, every sharp, spearmint breath tickling his forehead. Nonetheless, he began an ungainly twirl, hands limp by his sides, too scared to cover his penis because she might get angry again. Each time he turned, the bulge would press against his ass.

“Stop.”

He did so.

“Mm…”

The hand that reached out to cup his balls was warm, but still made him shiver, a parrot’s squawk leaving his mouth as he froze.

“Whhuhh-!!“

Squeeze

His moan that followed was bitch-like as she gently gripped his package, using just enough pressure to bring forth the tiny penis’s courage as it hardened against her fingers.

“Mm…”

The dressing gown sleeve tickled his manhood as she let go, before reaching into her wardrobe. She picked up a pair of satin blue panties with matching bra, all a light pastel shade that wouldn’t have looked out of place in a riverside café. The bra was a push-up.

“These should fit. Aunt Matilda gave your measurements.”

“W-what?!”

“Silence.”

His lips closed, quivering as he felt the bra clipped around his front, compressing his chest. The wardrobe mirror offered a humiliating sight of his naked body becoming female, bar the tiny boner jutting from his crotch as a pair of A-cup breasts now sat in the bra. She proffered the panties to him without looking, and he took them.

‘I’m fucked. Mom set this up… she gave my measurements...’

This was what she’d been planning all along. Perhaps in one of her wine-sodden evenings alone she’d decided… her son was going to become a girl.

‘I’m an idiot… I should never have gone to the fair with Sandy… I should have been faithful...'

He pined for the warmth of his mother, seeing none in Taylor’s ironclad directions as she reached into the wardrobe and retrieved a small box, placing it on the desk. The ghost of a smile appeared on her face as she looked at him, then the box. Jon reached out to open it.

Smack

"Ow!"

He pulled his hand back as she wagged a finger.

"Not yet."

"O-*oka*y..."

"Panties on."

He slipped them on, hating how it was somewhat enjoyable the way they split his ass in half, showing off his slutty lower half. A slight twist of his hips made his ass pop in a way that he knew would be mouth-watering to a girl like Taylor.

"Good bitch," she murmured.

The flush of heat to his cheeks wasn't all embarrassment.

"Now…"

A hairclip came to his hair, followed by a similarly blue-coloured hairband which somehow transformed his wavy hair into a short pixy-girlish cut. A squeeze of his cheek made him feel like a pig being tested for its meat.

"We'll curl it properly tomorrow," she said, petting his hair as if that was the main issue on his mind. Then Taylor was bringing out a small chair from the makeup table.

"Sit."

He did so. The wooden chair felt hard and cold beneath his bare ass.

As she opened the makeup kits and carefully began to apply foundation to his face, Jon closed his eyes to the sight of a boy with girly hair, female breasts and panties (the erection refused to leave, happily filling the lace tent) as his hopes of normality faded in Taylor's presence. Minutes went by as Taylor began to hum to herself, the national anthem followed by what sounded like an old folk song.

'Mom… Oh God help me….'

Brushes irritated his skin. Something sticky applied to his eyelids brought tears that he had to blink back, because she slapped his hand when he tried to rub them. Powders of chemical cotton candy burned his nostrils. Eventually, the constant prodding and poking ceased.

"Open."

He did, and was confronted with her holding the box in front of his face, blocking the mirror.

"Um-"

The box moved closer to his face.

"I said open."

He grabbed it, pulling the lid off, and was confronted with two eye-bulging pictures. One was the reflection of a petite blond maiden with long, thick

lashes and rouge cheeks in the mirrored inside of the box, glossy pink lips circular in shock as she stared back at him. The other within the lower portion of the box was an object with an oval head and an inverted mushroom at the base.

"Take it out."

Jon gingerly, trying not to tear up in case he angered Taylor by smudging his mascara, pulled out the pastel blue butt-plug, complete with the engraving on the back - *'Taylor's bitch'*.

"Oh fuck-"

A hard grip came to his neck.

"No bad language. A good girl speaks properly."

"Sorry.."

"Sorry MISTRESS," she corrected.

"Sorry Mistress."

Taylor reached into the box and pulled out the lube bottle alongside it, uncapping it. Jon watched in horror as she began to pour huge dollops of the liquid over the thing in his hands, careless as his hands were covered as well. When she had finished, Jon's hands and the butt plug were drenched. A glint in her eye appeared as she drank in the terror scrawled over his pretty features.

"I had it engraved for you. Isn't it perfect?"

"P-please… *Taylor.."*

"My name is MISTRESS," she hissed, squeezing his neck painfully.

"GAHH-MM-MISTRESS…"

"I said, *isn't it perfect?*"

"Y-YES M-mistress… perfect!"

A lip bite signalled immense pleasure, looking his body up and down like she wanted to lick him from tip to toe before the cold emptiness returned, an emotionless barbie mask. She rose to her full form, strutting back to the wardrobe and pulled a long, shiny PVC glove onto each arm, reaching almost to the elbow. Once both were clad in the tight black material, she strutted back and clasped his face, squeezing his cheeks with the rubbery material.

"Are you excited, girl?"

"Yggh… T-taylor, can we just… *just talk…."*

"Mmm…"

She was only half listening, breathing shakily as the gloved hand loosened from his cheeks to slide down and around, over his belly, then back up to his shoulder, her words gushing in his ear.

"Bend over princess. Mistress is going to give you your present."

***

DING-dong

The doorbell jerked Matilda from her reverie as Sandy paused massaging her back. The small fingers weren't strong enough to truly kneed her muscles under the dressing gown and layer of fats, but it was still enjoyable having the girl serve her.

"One moment Sandy…."

'Girl isn't half bad… maybe I was a little harsh on Jon… pretty little thing that she is.'

She imagined what Taylor might be doing to him and had to clench the flare of jealousy rising in her breast. Sometimes, tough love had to be administered. He would learn a hard lesson today.

DING-dong

"Alright I'm COMING, I'm coming-"

"Oh stay there Matty, I'll get it!" Lulu called out, placing an almost-empty wine glass down and two-stepping her way towards the door to the beat of more eighties music grooving through the villa sound system, her own dressing gown flirting with her ankles.

DING-dong

"Yeah, YEAH we hear you!"

As Lulu disappeared down the hall, Matilda whispered over her shoulder.

"Wait."

"hmm?"

"Listen."

They pricked their ears to hear Lulu's voice become a little less playful.

"Ah. Hi."

The corresponding voice was boisterous and booming.

"YOU are beautiful! Lulu right? And I'm *so* sorry about my Taylor, is your boy alright? Chris wasn't it? My goodness the apple's not fallen far from the tree, you are stunning… It's Debra by the way. Oh no handshakes required, BRING IT IN!"

"W-why thanks- "

Matilda felt her eyebrows creep upwards.

'Same old Debs… dog of a woman. She'd shag anything with a pulse..'

It confirmed her suspicions that Jon was in for a long evening with Taylor as Lulu and Debra appeared, arm in arm with no daughter in sight. Lulu seemed shell-shocked, Debra beaming, clad in what seemed like a trademark skintight outfit, this time consisting of a blood-red dress barely reaching the knees with her expensively purchased boobs sitting out front for maximum brain-melting effect. Matilda was sure she could see the tops of Debra's nipples trying to

peak over the disastrously low cut.

"Oh I feel overdressed!"

Matilda snorted.

"*Surprise*. So Lulu, you've met my sister then?"

Lulu managed an, "indeed-" before Debra was all over her again.

"I honestly feel SO sorry for earlier. I'm a terrible mother, and your angel didn't deserve that..."

"Well I… don't know about that. He's a mouthy little..... *ah I shouldn't say it..*"

Debra's breasts pressed against the woman as she controlled the situation, an arm snaking around Lulu's shoulders leading her past the sofa to the carpeted space beside the fire and began to dance to the music bopping through the speaker system.

"Say it! Go on, safe space with us girls!"

"Girl's night," Matilda agreed, nudging Sandy.

"Y-yeah, girl's night."

"Well," Lulu muttered, "... he's a little shit sometimes!"

The women all laughed. Lulu covered her mouth.

"Oh God! But I'm his mother, I shouldn't be saying this... Sandy you're in CLASS with him for goodness' sake!"

"She's one of the girls here Lulu," Matilda chided, earning her a golden smile from Sandy, who piped up.

"*Don't worry*... I think he's a... a *shit* too!

Clucks of approval all round greeted her. The awesomeness of swearing in front of adults hadn't apparently worn off on Sandy yet as she flushed with victory, Jon forgotten amongst the full wine glasses, cheesy pop music and sophisticated women.

"Well I won't say too much, but Sandy you seem like a wise woman for your years," Debra said sagely. "Oh I LOVE this song!"

She twirled Lulu who could do nothing but comply, hooting as Debra proved surprisingly strong, pressing up against her from behind.

"G-GOODNESS!"

The women all laughed as Debra gestured for the other pair to join, and Matilda placed a hand on Sandy's knee.

"Come on you!"

"Oh... Um.. *okay."*

Matilda winked.

"You'll have to stop being so polite or I'm keeping you until you learn a little naughtiness!"

Sandy let out a nervous giggle.

“*Ha!*… I don’t mind..”

Matilda snorted and pulled the girl up, taking their wine glasses and placing them down before leading her into a simple couple's dance, putting a bit of pressure on the girl's hip and palm to guide her into a twirl.

“*I mean it*. The door’s always open.”

“Thanks-*ooOH-!”*

Matilda squeezed and quickened the pace, making Sandy’s body adjust to more intimate touches as the girl's breathing began to deepen. Feeling the supple body underneath the dressing gown fuelled Matilda’s movements as she wrapped a little firmer around the girl, pulling her deeper into the hold. Sandy's breaths became shallow. For a few minutes the two duos pirouetted past each other, some rather shaky moments almost leading to a collision between all four as Lulu shrieked with laughter, barely keeping her wine up.

"Good Lord I need to sit down!"

"Well, you are a pretty energetic dancer," Debra grinned as the song finished, eventually leading the woman back to the sofa as Matilda did the same to Sandy. The women all came back to their previous positions, panting, this time with Debra seated close to Lulu, Sandy with her legs up on the sofa leaning into Matilda.

“Another refill?”

Matilda gestured to the ladies who all answered in the affirmative, Sandy quickest of all.

“Yes please!”

“Great... Debs none for you.”

“I’ll have two,” she shot back as drinks were poured.

“Two waters? Excellent.”

“Fuck off.”

“Language. We’re being sophisticated here Debs.”

“Shove it up your ass, Sis.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time.”

“Oh get YOU... you becoming a switch instead of a top eh?”

“Hell no....!”

Jon crossed her mind briefly and she felt a tug on her heartstring, before pushing it aside.

"What's a top?" Sandy murmured.

"Um... I’ll let Debs explain?" Matilda grinned.

Debra leaned forwards, raising her glass.

"The one that does the fucking dear."

"*The*...? OH.."

Lulu snorted, shaking her head.

"Sandy, forget them, they're useless! A top means the dominant partner in a sexual encounter. So the person who is on *top* is... the top!"

"Although you can still be a top and be on the bottom," Debra added with a wink, making sure to stare down a blushing Lulu.

"Well… that's true…*"*

"I take it back, I shouldn't have asked either of you," Matilda chided.

She poured the wines out and handed Sandy's glass back to the now even paler girl.

"Hope you don't mind the sex talk. As we said, it's just us girls here, what's said in this room stays between us!"

"R-right.. No, no, I like it!"

"Well tell us then... is there any action in your life?"

Sandy's blush deepened to a burgundy colour, her wine glass tipping as she went somewhere in her head, glancing at Jon's room.

"Um... well...not *yet*.."

"Yet?" murmured Debra.

Matilda corrected the girl's glass before it could spill.

"Shh, I think I know who you've got your eye on."

Sandy gazed up at Matilda with her blue saucers wide, an open book. Every emotion was there to see on her face; the heat of a young woman, the guilt of being discovered, and the additional heat coming from the larger woman's hand that had found itself on her knee again.

Of course, Matilda knew that putting Jon firmly in the girl's mind would allow her to take a few more liberties inserting herself into the romantic picture, squeezing as she spoke his name.

"*Jon* is a gorgeous young thing, no?"

"Y-YES-"

Sally stammered, some of her wine spilling onto the carpet.

"Y-O-Oh...Sorry-!"

The ladies all cheered, Debra crowing.

"OHHH atta girl!"

"Someone's got to start... I'm sure that carpet buffs out" Lulu agreed as she rushed to get towels, *"ah young love.."*

Matilda circled her fingers on the girl's leg, drinking in the trembling figure.

"It's lovely that you find my son attractive… but we need to make sure he's worthy of this exceptionally beautiful woman!"

Sandy gave her an extra grateful smile at being called woman instead of girl, no longer questioning the intimate touches.

"Cheers," Matilda murmured, clinking glasses with the girl, and their eye contact lingered a little longer than necessary. She noticed the girl's eyes stray

to her breasts on the way and her chest thumped.

'That's it girl.. just enjoy the view..'

"Ch-cheers-"

Lulu watched whilst scrubbing the stained carpet with a somewhat bemused expression until an arm linked with hers, speed-running her confusion to shock as Debra's breasts wove into view.

"Cheers to you too!"

"God woman, are you trying to swallow me in that rack?"

"Feel free to stare, just don't fall in love with me," Debra drawled before winking, and draining her glass. Lulu's flush in her own cheeks was similar enough to Sandy that for a moment a much younger girl seemed to inhabit her body, before the confidence of an older woman returned, standing tall as she threw the stained towel aside.

"Well if we're playing hard, maybe it's time for me to get in the game!"

She slipped her dressing gown down, pulling the layers aside to allow her buxom cleavage to draw the attention of the room, nipples hiding just below the newly lowered material. Sandy stared in shock, morphing to mild horror as Matilda raised her glass and took hold of the top of her own robe.

"Oh HELL yes Lulu! Cards on the table?"

Matilda's dressing gown slipped down just short of full exposure, avoiding any of her bullet nubs being unveiled as she noted Sandy shrink in the presence of a third pair of aggressively large tits. She covered up a touch, not wanting the girl's self-esteem to disappear entirely.

"See anything you like?"

Debra puffed her own out.

"Well, now FINALLY things are getting interesting. I needed the competition.."

Matilda grinned.

"Sorry, only natural tits allowed. Keep those airbags at home unless you're planning a game of volleyball."

Lulu shrieked in laughter.

"MATTY!!!"

"Jealous," Debra responded, leaning back and pulling Lulu onto the sofa, seating the woman firmly in her lap, leading to even more shrieks of laughter, "goodness this pillow needs to keep still."

"Well this PILLOW is uncomfortable!!!!"

"Why, don't you like volleyball?"

"HA!"

Lulu's shrieking was accompanied by trying to pull away from the blond, eventually forced to accept a compromise of lying back across Debra's legs,

head on the sofa shoulder next to Debra's elbow like she was on a psychiatrist's couch.

"*Ugh*, Debra you *fiend,* are you going to calm down now?"

"… for now."

Sandy watched from the sidelines, drowning in a room full of pornstar cleavage as she shrank into the crevasse of the sofa. Matilda leant in.

"Don't worry about our saggy old melons Sandy, you're absolutely stunning... please don't put us to shame."

"With what?" she murmured.

Matilda judged it carefully… and ran the back of her hand down the girl's cheek.

"Everything."

Sandy's lips opened, suddenly locked in on the much more experienced woman's touch. Neither blinked, and it seemed like a straight line had connected the younger girl's soul through Matilda's eyes as she let out an unsteady breath, Sandy not used to the confidence and charisma engulfing her. As the wine glass in her hand tipped, Matilda righted it before she could spill again.

"Cheers."

Clinking wine glasses brought her back out of the trance, but Matilda squeezed Sandy's knee again as they sipped. She knew the warmth of the wine and the sensation of her touch would coalesce in the girl's body, slim legs tightening together as a little red dribbled down her lip.

"Oh! Careful dear..."

She snatched a tissue from the coffee table and dabbed the girl's lips.

"Wouldn't want to ruin that gorgeous lipstick... is it St. Claires?"

"It's... *Uh..It's Bellima."*

The other women fawned over it immediately.

"Oh this girl has TASTE," Debra gushed.

"Unlike some," Lulu sighed, trying to remove herself from Debra's lap.

Debra gently enclosed a hand around the woman's neck, stopping her. They wrestled for a moment, Lulu's eyes bulging in anger, but before she could fire an insult, Debra had gently placed a kiss on her lips.

"WELL!-*Mph-"*

"Mm.... do stop complaining dear. It is girl's night after all."

Lulu flushed fully red. Her retort lay stuck somewhere in her throat as Debra leaned back, leaving the lady on her lap stunned as she raised her wine glass.

"Here's to a night of … *exploration!!*"

"Absolutely!" Matilda nodded, raising her own, before nuzzling Sandy with her nose. "Come on you."

Sandy almost dribbled the wine down her chin again, breathing shallow as

she nodded.

"*Mmm- Y-yes*... to exploration…"

Lulu sat up from Debra, her legs somewhat shaky. It seemed as if she had become so caught up in a swirl of rivalling emotions that she was still processing them as she raised her glass, the choke and kiss combination sending her pulse through the roof as she stammered.

“H-Here's to that.”

She took a long draught of wine. Debra’s expression seemed to glow with each drop that entered Lulu’s body.

"Good vintage?"

Lulu stared at it, then her.

"... Perhaps."

For a moment the tension in the air seemed to ratchet up to near-unbearable levels, each potential couple feeling the weight of life-changing possibilities until the ring of a doorbell broke the spell.

DING-dong!

Lulu blinked awake.

"I-I'll get the door," she said quickly, turning away from Debra. A sharp *SMACK* against her ass had her hollering in shock.

"OOF, Ex-CUSE me!"

"Woops, couldn't resist," Debra said smugly.

"Well, what a terrible guest you brought in," Lulu chided angrily in Matilda's direction, the flushed crease on her cheeks belying the statement as she strode to the front door, dressing gown hugging every wonderful curve of her body as she tried to cover her cleavage back up.

“Unbelievable!…. Hooo just relax Lulu, deep breaths…”

Once she had made herself semi-decent, she opened the door to two young women standing on the porch.

"Well hi there!… and who are these lovely young.... *wait….*”

She stared at the shorter girl clad in a white dressing gown with a pixie hair-cut before blurting out in shock, *“Oh my God….. JON?!?*"

***

5 minutes earlier...

Jon waddled up the path, his ass on fire as the girthy butt-plug filled it, well-lodged in his hole so every movement amplified the undulating pressure against his rim.

"Uu-uyyy..."

A stumble. The dressing gown had caught under his heels, but the leash around his throat tightened, and he spluttered as Taylor kept him upright via

his neck.

"GLuh-!"

"Walk slower."

He did, finding some sort of rhythm.

"Sway your hips, *bitch."*

Taylor said the word with such venom that it was like a knife piercing his chest whenever she used it, and his hips were doing a Beyonce strut before he even had time to comprehend the humiliation of the act. She was fastidious with every detail of his movement, nudging his forehead back so he was unable to hunch as he walked. Even the leash and heels were the same pastel blue as his lingerie, completing the set. He'd never felt more like an accessory or luxury pet than this moment, glancing at every lodge they passed hoping to God no-one saw him. He briefly caught a reflection in a dark window and felt a lump rise in his throat seeing the slutty young girl staring back with a perfectly straight back, pink lips thick and kissable as she strode on ridiculously high heels just visible under the dressing gown. His mistress in front looked spell-binding, a rich man's fantasy whose long black coat seemed tantalizing just by her existing in it, the barest hints of makeup only accentuating her natural beauty, hair scraped into a tight bun with a black bag under her arm, holding the leash with a fist. She looked like a fashion designer walking her toy doll down a catwalk.

'Mom and Lulu are going to see me like this.... SANDY is going to see me like this...!'

The night air was chilly even inside the gown as Jon's naked arms, legs and torso began to shiver underneath, the straps and lace digging into his chest and crevasse. What made his knees judder was when he noticed one particular house with curtains open, people inside the living room... and one girl looking out of the window. Their eyes met.

'Wait...'

Jon squinted... and almost peed himself when he saw familiar dark eyes under her embroidered shawl connect with his.

Reesha. Reesha from school.

He froze, so horrified that he couldn't break his stare as dark eyebrows began to rise first in confusion... then in recognition. There was a moment that hit him in the gut as her hands covered her mouth until the world was wrenched sideways by Taylor-Joy. The girl had continued her stride without a second thought, pulling Jon violently back into step with her.

"UYF-!"

"I said *strut*."

He whimpered, chest pounding as he strode down the invisible catwalk of

pure emasculation as his classmate gawped through the window.

'Reesha.. we made fun of her all the time.. oh God....'

As he quivered, his breath beginning to fog the air in front of him, he was almost thankful to be able to push the thoughts of his social life going down the toilet aside to more pressing matters as Taylor finally led him up the garden path of his villa.

DING-dong

A few seconds passed.

"Taylor..."

Taylor hissed at him, her pristine features morphing into an icy gargoyle stare.

"You speak when I TELL you to. *Understand?!"*

"Y-yes..."

She turned back to the door. Eventually footsteps padded towards them. Who first? He flinched as the door clicked open, and the warm features of Lulu presented themselves.

"Hello there… well who are these lovely young.... *wait….*"

She stared at the shorter girl clad in a white dressing gown with a pixie haircut before blurting out in shock, *"Oh my God….. JON?!?"*

"H-hi Lulu-"

"Quiet!" snapped Taylor-Joy.

Even Lulu recoiled at the order, Jon's spine straightening, sniffling as he held back tears. Taylor approached the woman in front of her and planted a stiff kiss on either cheek.

"I apologise about choking your son. It was…."

She rolled the word around in her mouth for a moment, struggling to spit it out.

"… unnecessary."

"R… right…"

"Taylor-Joy. This is Jenny. Your name?"

"L.. Lucienne. *Lulu*."

Lulu felt mild fear at the girl dressed in a black trenchcoat looming above her, and sighed in relief as the girl marched past, booted heals thudding on the floor as 'Jenny's' clicked at twice the speed, having to take one and a half strides for each one of her mistress as she was led by her leash towards the living room, apprehension and terror growing with every step.

Music. Voices. Flickering shadows from the fire which made the atmosphere even more inviting…

Jon was shaking as the paused.

Taylor had stopped just before the main living space, reaching into her coat

to place a small bag carefully on a side-table in the hallway, leaning down to hover her gorgeous features over Jon's face. Her stunning, unblinking visage was so close it burned his eyeballs.

"You will obey every command I give you. Do you understand?"

"*Yes.*"

"Yes *MISTRESS,*" she snarled, making him sob as he tried to compose himself.

"*Y-yes mistress.*"

"You will not embarrass me. Do you understand?"

"Yes mistress."

"Good."

She turned and strode in, expressionless. Jon's cheeks were on fire as he was pulled inside, strutting confidently as he'd been told to, catching sight of the empty wine bottles and fireplace lighting the perfect 'girl's night in' array. The first people Jon fixed on as he entered were Matilda and Debra, their gowns lowered to reveal as much cleavage as they could possibly show without nipples on display, his heart jumping as he saw Sandy almost glued to his mother's side. Automatically his mouth opened to blurt out some sort of excuse, an apology for his visage, but no words came as the leash pulled him towards the centre of the room.

Debra was the first to raise her glass.

"Well, well… you two *have* been busy haven't you!!"

"Indeed," Matilda murmured, eyeing her son up and down like a starving beggar watching a roast turkey waft by. As their eyes met, he could feel the hunger in her gaze, plus a tiny smirk of condescension.

He knew for sure then. This was indeed his punishment, his chickens come home to roost, and she was going to bask in it. What hurt more was Sandy's choke of surprise, made worse by the flush of heat between his legs.

'Oh God… '

Sandy's jaw had almost reached the floor, eyes beginning to bulge.

"JONNY?!"

He quivered, about to blurt an apology. A simple clearing of Taylor's throat clamped his lips as they came face to face with Matilda and Sandy. After a stomach-churning pause, Taylor spoke.

"Mom. Music."

"Ah, right you are!"

Debra was beaming as she sprang from the sofa and changed the playlist to a dirtier slow dance track, designed for stripper gyration as the bass rumbled in their lower regions. She gestured for Lulu to sit with her.

"You won't want to miss this."

"WELL….. I suppose I must agree!"

As Lulu seated herself, eyes locked on the tall, austere blond in the centre of the room, she muttered to Debra, "you named her *Joy? You sure about that?*"

Debra chuckled.

"Well, she sure gave me a lot of joy! *At least, when she wasn't having a screaming fit from me losing her favourite shoes…*"

"Mother!" Taylor snapped.

"Oh, *sorry, sorry my dear…* Go ahead!"

Taylor rolled her neck, cracking it. Then the performance began. The warmth of the room became more aggressive and sensual in nature as Taylor threw her coat back in one swift motion. Gasps and squeals greeted the reveal of the thong cinched between her ass, a PVC corset and bra strapping her oiled breasts together, and in one particular case a shriek as Sandy beheld the bulge between her legs.

"OOH!"

Matilda held her tight as she panicked.

"W-what *is that?!??*"

"Just a dick. Big one to be sure, but just that."

"B-but…"

"Shhhh.."

Sandy trembled in Matilda's arms as Taylor stood in a wide-legged power pose, skyscraper tall in her heeled, knee-high boots, blond ponytail almost touching the ceiling light as her gaze whipped back to her sissy. Lulu too seemed affected, a rather gormless expression scrawled on her face as she tried to analyse the bulge being clutched by the shiny black material, the reflections of the fire rippling within as if it were some ancient hellish mace, sent to break sissy angels like Jon.

"*Jesus… that's a hell of a package…*" Lulu murmured.

Debra whispered back into her ear, "well, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

"Huh?"

Lulu glanced down at Debra's lap and recoiled as the blond patted it and winked.

"Spoilers."

Lulu was momentarily lost for words, re-assessing where this evening was heading. Then everyone flinched as Taylor clicked her tongue. After a moment's silence ensuring the room would be hanging on her every word, she spoke with a sharp tone.

"Ladies…. I present my brand-new *slave BITCH…* Jenny."

She clicked her fingers at Jon.

"Drop the gown."

His eyes met Sandy's, and she managed a teary shake of her head, still clutching Matilda's side. Then he met his mother's… Matilda winked, blowing an air kiss. The lump rose in his throat, Jon's fingers trembling as he peeled the dressing gown back as slow as he dared.

A warm breath in his ear.

"*Now, bitch,"* Taylor murmured, words dripping with anticipation.

Finally, there would be no hiding as the fluffy material fell to the floor, cool air nipping his skin. Screams filled the air.

"WHAAAAAAAT!"

"Oh TAYYLOR, HE'S GORGEOUS!"

"I think you mean *SHE obviously!!"*

Lulu and Debra had jumped to their feet, Lulu staggering slightly as they admired the stockings and garters clipped to a thin strap around his waist, before she screamed again pointing at the thick, darker-blue base of the butt-plug.

"OHHH MY GOOD LORD!!!!"

"Oh TAYLOR my girl, *you're my daughter and no mistake*," Debra breathed, rapt as she observed the trembling figure in the centre of the room. "Those assless panties are WORK-ing!… who knew butt-plugs and thongs could look so *classy."*

"You… you got *custom panties?"* Lulu exclaimed, disbelieving as she stared at the carefully tailored hole in the lace that allowed the butt plug to sit snugly between his cheeks, the flared base wide enough to suggest it was brutally large inside. "Who ARE you people!?"

"Want to touch it?" grinned Debra.

Lulu had a moment of pause through the partially wine-induced thrill. She remembered that this was a young man - her son's friend, and she was a mother after all…. But as her conscience briefly piped up, she suddenly remembered the amount of times Jon had called her a bitch when he thought she wasn't listening, as well as openly staring at her breasts on multiple occasions despite her remonstrating him repeatedly. She smirked, fingers itching.

"Well…. *when in Rome*… Matty, may I?"

"I'd be insulted if you didn't," Matilda smiled, "I'm next on the list if you don't."

"*You're crazy*… I thought as much," Lulu chuckled, barely believing what she was about to do as she reached forwards. Her fingers feathered around the edge of the butt plug…. And wiggled it.

"Uuuh!"

Jon's wimpy moan had Lulu snatching her hand back as she cackled.

"Oh my GOODNESS… *you ladies are WICKED*…..!"

"Indeed," Matilda breathed, only half speaking to Lulu as she admired the

lace and straps wrapped tight to the pale skin of her milky white son… or rather, daughter, albeit flat-chested. Sandy on the other hand clutched a little tighter. Her baby-blues kept darting from Jon's bra to his panties, to Taylor's endless legs and then to the monster bulging between them. The boy she had fancied for months was standing in heels, leashed by a girl with a dick.

Jon could feel the shock and second-hand embarrassment radiating off her, yet the moment that made him tear up was when his panties began to inflate with the most embarrassing erection of his life, bringing a squeak from Sandy's lips, the girl clapping her hands to her mouth in shock as the boy she fancied came to a pathetic full mast whilst leashed and naked.

"Ooh what…..?"

Jon's knees turned inwards, hugging himself to try and cover the bra he was wearing as well as bend inwards to hide his bulge. Taylor's response was swift and sharp.

"Stand tall. Hands on hips, legs wide."

A single tear went down Jon's cheek as he complied, forming a girl power pose of pure emasculation as his butt-cheeks clutched the middle of the plug tighter. It felt so brutally *invasive,* contrasted with the lace which was so smooth and feminine on his body. The combination was dizzying and impossible to ignore, naughty sensations rippling through his body even as he hated himself for it. His erection began to strain the lace, and he was sure he would begin to leak into the panties any second.

"Stop crying," Taylor snapped.

He snivelled, wiping his cheek.

"Good bitch."

SMACK

"UUuuy-"

The yip that left his lips was so girly that it surprised even himself as Taylor spanked him, leaving her hand gripping his ass. A radiant smile crossed her features for the first time, yet even that contained no sweetness, the glimmer of the fireplace rippling in her eyes almost demonic.

"OOOHHH myy GOD!" Lulu crowed, "Matty so THIS is how you made your boy behave??!"

"I think you mean girl," Matilda smirked, "and yes, I made a few adjustments prior to Taylor adding a little flourish."

"Jeeeeesus…"

As they all laughed, a small voice piped up.

"No!"

The women all paused. Sandy had pushed Matilda away, standing as tall as her slight frame would allow.

“L…. Let him go!”

Taylor turned the lighthouse gaze to her, blindingly bright. Sandy’s eyes watered, but she stayed firm, meagre chest out. To Jon, it looked like a kitten standing up to a rottweiler. He raised a hand, terrified of what Taylor might do.

“M-Mistress-“

“Quiet.”

Taylor’s order neutered him again as she took one stride forwards, her breasts an inch from Sandy’s face so the girl had to crane her neck to look upwards.

“You are Sandy, yes?”

“….l-…let him go.”

Taylor’s lips didn’t move. She simply continued to laser her focus down until Sandy seemed even smaller, lower lip trembling. Eventually, Taylor cut the tension as the room let out a collective breath they hadn’t realised was being held.

“… Don’t ask me. Ask him.”

Sally frowned.

“Well.. Fine!”

“Come.”

Taylor guided the girl to the centre of the room, where ‘Jenny’ stood, still in her pathetic power pose. Taylor took Sandy’s hand, noting the way it trembled.

“Ask him…. like *this*.”

She led the slender fingers to the lace-covered cock and balls of Jon. The pair found their lungs frozen as Taylor curled Sandy’s fingers over his small, throbbing package, before gently releasing her grip. Sandy stared with wonder and confusion in her eyes as she continued holding his manhood for the first time.

Jon had never felt a girl’s hand pressing lace onto his cock. He had only been this hard when his mother had been inside him, and somehow he found himself in an even more humiliating position now, trying not to pre-cum as warmth surged between his legs, despite his crush’s fingers barely even brushing his hardness.

Taylor’s voice became low and soft, directed into Sandy’s ear.

“…Tell me…. does he like it….?”

A brush of her cheek, and then Sandy was being led into a face-off with Taylor who teased their lips together, moving back before the kiss could quite form. It was masterful, and Sandy found herself lost in space, unable to find oxygen in the terrifying aura of Taylor-Joy as a hand cupped her ass. Trying to resist the power of Taylor, she felt the opposite in her palm - a throb of the

small package in her hands that felt.. delicate. Cute, even. Not like a man's equipment at all, and as it flexed, she felt the growing excitement in it. Something in her blossomed, a heat growing between her legs.

Taylor guided Sandy's chin back to the sissy in front of her, gripping tighter, more controlling.

"He likes being a sissy. See?"

"I-I…"

Taylor let Sandy go and slunk around her bitch, squeezing up against his back as she gently enclosed her fingers around his neck, making sure to press either side of the windpipe, those sensitive spots that weakened the knees. She pressed methodically, keeping him fully controlled. Jon gasped at the pressure, then squirmed as his vision began to tunnel, too scared to fight back, too horny to protest as she whispered loud enough for Sandy to hear.

"You see? Jenny is so pathetic she'll just stand there as I choke her…."

To drive the sensations home she hissed into his ear as her palm whipped an exposed buttock.

SMACK

"UUHNNN!"

"*Cum in her hand, bitch."*

Jon tried not to. He fought with all his might, teetering on the edge, trying not to let the plug in his ass, or the hand feathering his cock and grip on his neck push him over. His knees were shaking….

Taylor let the moment hang, enjoying the sharp intakes of breath as the hypoxia took hold, a full-body shudder…. then hit him with the final cruelty.

"Squeeze, Sandy."

Sandy sniffed. She didn't want to. She didn't want Taylor to be right… but the pulsing dicklet beneath the lace was begging to be released. She looked at the wide eyes of Jon, now so pretty under the mascara…. And it sent something through her. Her legs turned inwards as she took a firm grip and squeezed.

"U-UUY-"

Jon felt the Sandy clutch his cock, and Taylor drove it home squeezing his throat, wiggling the plug in his ass, and sticking a tongue in his ear for good measure. The rush of sensations was too much, and Jon moaned in horror and release. Thick lashes fluttered, the glorious cocktail of these two women controlling his body combined to fuel his deepest submissive instincts, and Jenny's eyes widened, gasping as a wet pocket of heat spread against her palm.

"O-ooohh…!"

She gawped, looking down at the dark stain in the centre of the panties spread, beginning to cover her hand. A few seconds passed of the sissy trem-

bling, making strange mouse noises as Taylor released his throat and the endorphins all rushed out. Jon had been catapulted from hell to heaven, no longer aware of Sandy's look of total shock, unable to do anything in the face of their ministrations other than cum like his life depended on it, feeling Taylor shove the butt-plug a little deeper into his ass which made him squeal with pleasure and pain.

"UUYYYYhuhhh-!"

"Oh g-goodness," Sandy stammered as Jon came endlessly into her hand, even squirting a little onto her wrist.

"Ohhh Goodness," Matilda breathed, holding her breast as she watched her son transformed into a mindless sissy, brain absent as the gurl covered Sandy's fingers with bitch-seed, the dark stain growing all the way down the front of the bulging erection.

Taylor purred as her new bitch debased himself against the girl he fancied. It was emasculation of a different level to any that she'd inflicted, her Moonlight Sonata, a masterpiece. The large bulge tensed in Taylor's codpiece, seams groaning as it stretched away from her body.

Everyone was transfixed as the pretty figure became a monument of pure slutty, feminine energy, any and all of the boy they knew previously washed away. Debra subtly lowered the volume of the music, letting Jon's keening voice die out to silence, the gurl needing a moment to reorient herself after cumming.

A tiny smile of triumph crept over Taylor's lips.

"That was supposed to be pre-cum. You're even more pathetic than I thought."

Jon finally finished, panting. His eyes crept open with lucidity in them once more to see Sandy gawping in front of him, her hand held up between them, covered in white liquid. Both parties were breathing heavily, mortification slackening Jon's face as he looked down in defeat, unable to meet her gaze and still shivering from the aftershocks of his orgasm.

"So. Do you think Jenny likes it?"

Taylor stood tall, a dismissive look on her face. She marched over to Sandy, looming over her.

"Well?"

A small nod.

"I didn't hear you. *Does he like it?*"

"*…..yes.*"

It was so quiet that nobody but Taylor heard it, but everyone knew what she'd said. Taylor breathed in the defeat of the girl, clearly in her own strange state of arousal, and then strode back to her quivering Jenny, every movement

lithe like a ballerina as she slid a finger up the side of his face, making the sissy shake.

"Good girl."

Sandy looked at the glue covering her wrist and hand, then rushed from the room. As the bedroom door upstairs slammed, Lulu murmured.

"Oh, girls… maybe we should check on her-"

"OH relax, she'll be fine. She's just emotional!" Debbie said with a wave of her hand, thrusting Lulu's wine glass back in her hand, "Matty…. Give it a minute and then go have a word."

Matilda nodded, too busy giving her full attention to her son quivering with slick panties in the centre of the room, cum trickling down his inner thighs. Jealousy flooded through her body as she beheld the most gorgeous creature in existence trying not to cry as Taylor made a strange one-note laugh, never changing pitch, sounding strangely like fake laughter as the high-pitched titter left the lips of a pornstar. Then she began to slide her tongue across the sissy's neck and back, basting him roughly. Jon mewled again as she began to pinch and spank, grabbing his head from behind, before grabbing the butt-plug handle.

"Oh…. Taylor, could I?" Matilda murmured.

Taylor's jaw tightened. Eventually, she let go.

"….Fine."

Matilda stepped up on shaky feet, approaching her son.

"M-Mom-"

"Shhh baby…"

Matilda gently entwined with her son, her fingers dangling lazily around the butt-plug. As she did, she began to whisper into his ear.

"So… thought you could date behind my back huh?"

Jon's breath caught in his throat. His voice was erratic and almost sobbing.

"M-mom! I'm sorry…. I-I'm sorry, really-"

"You didn't *seem* sorry when I saw you at the fair…"

"I-I made a mistake…!"

"Why?"

She wiggled the plug and he moaned.

"Oooyyyy…. I-I just…"

"Tell me. Why her… tell your mother."

Another wiggle. He gurned, face pressed into her shoulder.

"MMPh….b-because… sh-she was sweet…...OOyyyhuh-"

She jiggled it a little more forcefully, her voice harsh.

"UUYHUHHH-"

"Listen *boy*. Sandy is the type of girl that wants prince charming. She doesn't

want a submissive *sissy slut* like you. Do you understand!?"

"Y-yes…I-I understand..!!!"

"And your punishment will be existing as Taylor's rag-doll whilst I fuck your sweet Sandy as long and hard as I want. UNDERSTAND?!?!"

"I-I'mm….. Sorryyy…." He whimpered, *"I love you, Mom…"*

Matilda frowned, her chest tightening.

"Well… you should have thought about that before…."

"OOYYUUHHHHHHh-"

Slowly, she pulled the butt plug out. His rim was desperate to avoid being stretched so far, and it took decent effort to finally clear it of his decimated anus, the boy almost collapsing to the floor from the painful sensation of it popping free.

Matilda retreated quickly, her son's pleas having triggered something deeply maternal in her body. She ascended the stairs quickly, avoiding looking back at her son as she placed a hand on her pounding chest.

"Well… that seems a little commmpplicated," slurred Lulu, almost necking an entire glass as she sprawled on the sofa, legs wider than before.

"Hey, I think Matty's cracked it," Debra smiled, "her boy's a good little pussy now, and she can enjoy her life in peace!"

"Ugh JEALOUS."

As they nattered, Taylor interrupted, her voice strained, codpiece flexing.

"Will you two be going upstairs?"

Lulu gawped.

"Um, *excuuuse me?*"

"Honey…" Debra sighed, "can you not ruin the mood?"

"I would like to fuck my bitch."

"Then FINE, just… use Jon- *oops, Jenny's*, silly! Go on!"

Taylor's face didn't change, but apparently sated she clicked her fingers and began to march up the stairs, her boots clacking as she went. Jon watched the large booty sway like a hypnotist's watch with each step and shivered.

"You'd better get after her, honey," Debra grinned.

His eyes widened and he scurried up the stairs, leash dragging behind him as he tried not to fall over whilst clutching his wet crotch. Lulu watched as the boy disappeared, before leaning into the woman beside her.

"I…. shouldn't have enjoyed that, should I?"

Debra picked up her wine glass and placed it in her hand, winking.

"I won't tell."

***

"Which room is yours," said Taylor.

“Th-the far one.”

“Did you forget my name?”

“M-MISTRESS!” Jon squealed, trotting up behind her and even giving an un-prompted kiss on the arm.

She looked back, and he had a terrifying moment where he thought she might strike him, but she merely pursed her pretty lips.

“Good girl.”

“Th-thank you… *MISTRESS.. Mistress…”*

Feeling more and more wretched as the natural submissive urges began to fill his brain, he followed as she strutted down the plush landing hallway, pausing at the last door.

“Open.”

He scurried in front, opening before standing aside like a servant to allow her to stride in… and balk at the mess. A large suitcase lay open with clothes strewn across the floor, some tissues also lying beside the bed. Taylor made a strangled noise and simply stood motionless, as if the presence of such debris had caused a malfunction in the dominatrix robot. Clearly Taylor-Joy didn’t work well in a state of uncleanliness.

Saliva entered Jon’s mouth as she bent forwards to pick up a t-shirt with her trembling gloves, and her ass ate the thong between it.

“U-Um.. I’m sorry for the mess-“

“*This….. Shouldn’t be….”* She murmured.

“Um… may I… *help, Mistress*?”

Taylor’s head jerked.

“… Yes.”

He began to kneel down and pick up each piece. As he did Taylor took a few breaths, composing herself, before marching to the light-switch and dimming the room to a low ember. Jon picked each piece of clothing carefully as she came back and watched from the centre of the room, crawling past her boots.

“Give me the leash.”

Jon reached down, and took the leash from the floor, placing it in her gloved hand.

“Good girl.”

The humiliating statement rippled through his body, and Jon had to fight the urge to hump her leg as he placed the last of his clothes in the case, before Taylor clicked her fingers and pointed to the bed. He scurried up, jumping to all fours.

“You’ve been well-behaved tonight, princess.”

“… th-thank you mistress.”

“Now I’m going to fuck you.”

“Y.. Yes mistress....”

“Slowly.”

Her eyes flashed in the half-light, a demon in the face of a barbie doll.

“…Thank you mistress.”

“Wait here. Face the wall. No peeking.”

He did so, turning on his hands and knees to stare at the wooden headboard. The door clicked, and she left. What felt like five minutes passed before she returned. The grating hiss of a zipper broke the silence, and he couldn’t help a glance back to her holding the bag she had left in the hallway. Her expression sharpened.

“I SAID DON’T LOOK BACK!!”

He whimpered and stared forwards. Somehow the subtle noises somewhere behind him were worse, unable to gauge what awaited-

Satin on his head. The material slid down over his eyes, and he began to hyperventilate as the eye mask tightened. More sounds from the bag, this time heightened by his lack of vision. He heard what sounded like the squeezing of some cream or perhaps a bottle…..

Silence.

“…M.. *Mistress?”*

The lack of response was like an insect crawling up his spine, Taylor letting her bitch shiver in fear, silent. His mistress had become an invisible monster watching from somewhere nearby as his quivering rear end shifted. After what felt like forever, a brief tickle of his thigh coaxed a high-pitched whine from his lips.

“Huuuhhy….”

Another touch to his right knee was barely a slap, yet it hit like a sledgehammer after the absence of all sensation, almost causing him to buckle from the surprise.

“ST-STuuh-!… *Mistress…”*

“Remove the panties you ruined.”

He did, pulling the material off and flinging them aside. His cock felt cold where the air touched the wetness covering it. More silence. Jon began to paw the mattress, trembling at a spank that didn’t arrive, imaginary punishments yet to be brought into existence. After waiting for minutes, the fear continued to build as he murmured.

“M… mistress?..”

Nothing.

“…. *Mistress… I-I’m… I’ll do whatever you want….”*

More silence. Some muffled noises came from next door.

“P-please-“

A wet PVC-covered finger touched his anus.

"UUuyyy-!"

He gasped as the cold lubed-up digit slid directly down his ass-crack, then left.

"M-Mis-"

SMACK

"GUUUGHHU-"

He screamed as the palm left an extra-sharp sting where she'd spanked him previously. Some cool air on the hand-print brought a shiver, and he almost squealed again as she blew on it, cringing from the anticipation.

"OOy-"

"Quiet."

Jon began to pant, losing his mind. What was she going to do next? *When* was she going to fuck him?! The slide of a heavily-lubed-up palm across his belly was met with almost tearful relief, sliding round to his back and thighs, spreading the liquid until he felt basted like a thanksgiving turkey; all but his asshole which she carefully tickled around without pressing inside.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes M-Mistress…"

The finger retreated. Silence.

After another half-minute of waiting for his mistress to torture him with pleasure, Jenny began to cry.

"*P-Please… mistress..*"

"Do you know what I have in my hands now?"

"N-NO… *no mistress..!*"

"It's a cage. A cute, pink cage for your useless little penis."

Heavy breathing at his ear had him almost collapsing as he started to leak between his legs, a tiny, pathetic string connecting him to the bed.

"*You're never going to fuck anyone for the rest of your life once I put this on you… did you know that?*"

"*Y… yes….*"

"Yes what?"

"*YES MISTRESS, O-oh fuck …*"

A tiny touch of his cock had him shaking, and the tears ran down his cheeks as nothing attached itself to his dick, the anticipation breaking him on a deeper level.

Standing over her snivelling bitch, silent, Taylor watched with her mouth open, gormless, rubbing her bulge as the girl on the bed trembled. Saliva began to trickle down the woman's lips as the tears of a sissy flowed, dicklet juice forming a growing wet patch in the centre of the bed.

***

"To new experiences!"

"Inddeeeeddd…"

Debra smirked as they clinked glasses, Lulu quickly polishing off the rest of her glass.

"So your boy Chris. Seems like a little troublemaker, am I right?"

"Yyyeah… he's just… ugh."

Lulu waved a hand theatrically.

"He's *difficult*. Not that I don't love him OBVIOUSLY, buuuuut it's *sooooo* nice to just unwind here with ya'll, you know?"

"Oh, *I know,"* Debra murmured, draping an arm across her shoulders.

"Even though you ladies are insane."

"I'm sorry miss 'let me pull your son's butt-plug'."

Lulu whooped.

"I don't recall this scenario at all…"

"Sure you don't."

"Well, your girl certainly seems a handful," Lulu murmured.

"She's not the only one."

Debra's snake-like gaze snapped to where Lulu's dressing gown had fallen low enough to reveal a nipple with large, dark areolas, subtle blue-green veins spreading out from them.

"Mm… is that for me?"

"Oh this? *Ha*…. Of course not… that's just a free sample."

Lulu covered the nipple.

"Hope you enjoyed it."

Debra growled and reached down, unceremoniously pulling the gown aside to reveal it once more.

"Yes. I did."

Lulu was breathing heavily, speechless as Debra took control and leaned forwards, cupping her breast. A desire between her legs that had not been sated for a long time began was turning into a full ache, a yearning for fulfilment. Debra's thick, botoxed monster lips began to close in.

"…*I*…"

They met Lulu's with a passion and violence that overwhelmed her. The juices began to flow as Lulu was pressed backwards into the sofa by the force of Debra, crushed as a tongue plunged into her mouth, and suddenly she was being wrestled down and back, huffing as hands clutched her breasts, roved over her ass, her legs. The dressing gown came off, no protection from the force that was Debra.

“Mmf… MFFFF-“

She broke the kiss, panting. Debra had her legs wide, already in position. The power in her marathon-mom frame was prodigious.

“W-what happened to… taking things slow…”

“You teased me…..” Debra growled, “but… I’m a reasonable woman…”

She began to kiss slowly up Lulu’s side. The feeling of Debra pressing against her skin was glorious, and she cocked her head to allow Debra full access, squirming as something hard pressed between her legs from under the red dress. Clearly Taylor wasn’t the only hung blond in the house.

“Oooh-“

“…so I’ll give you a choice…”

“Mmmyeah….”

Lulu had her eyes closed. Ready didn’t even cover it… she would be begging for it soon if Debra didn’t give it.

“Muh…”

“I can treat you nice….”

More kisses.

“OOHhhkkaayy…”

Or I can treat you….”

A deep hickey made Lulu shriek.

“UUyh!!”

“… bad.”

“That *hurt,”* Lulu panted, her legs wide, panting.

“So… are you a good girl, or a bad girl?” Debra grinned.

Lulu’s eyes peeled. She rolled her tongue in her mouth, and swallowed the river of spit flowing into it before responding.

“…. Put me on my hands and knees and *fuck me.”*

Debra’s grin was sadistic as all her white teeth were revealed.

“Bad girl. Good.. I like bad girls better. Hope you like it rough.”

“Make me your whore tonight,” Lulu smirked, before rising up and setting herself on all fours, naked and ready for breeding.

Debra watched, momentarily mesmerised by the pink lips within dark folds shining between her legs, Lulu bent forwards with her ass proffered in a way that made it clear she possessed plenty of experience between the sheets.

“Oh, you really *are* nasty, aren’t you?”

“Is that the best dirty talk you have?” Lulu murmured over her shoulder, “maybe I’ll wait for Taylor to get my fix instead…”

A finger made her twitch as it touched her wet pussy, sliding right up her crack to tickle her asshole.

“*Ooooy…”*

“Shut your mouth *you whore…. Or I’m gonna fuck you so loud your son hears it.”*

Lulu’s growled… and then she dug her nails into the sofa.

“Try me.”

***

Matilda knocked softly on the door. Sniffles were coming from behind it.

“May I come in?

“…… yes.”

She opened Sandy’s door to see her sitting on the edge of her bed, hunched over. Her case had been unpacked, everything ready and laid out like the perfect girl-guide, and even her drink tumbler was the same pastel lime green as the yoga gear folded on the side.

“Are you alright dear?”

Sandy sniffed.

“.. *yeah*. Just… you know.. Jon.. or.. *Jenny*… and Taylor with that.. *thing..*””

She trailed off into silence. Matilda watched the girl trembling, legs squeezed together, cheeks flushed. She wasn’t crying. She was aroused.

Matilda’s heart was thumping as she approached, giving a hungry smile.

“There, there…. *Matty’s here….”*

The bed creaked as she sat, putting a hand on Sandy’s knee.

“You know, I understand Taylor can be.. frightening.. but there’s actually plenty of girls like her in our family. I’m one of them.”

“Y…*you?”*

“Yes.”

Sandy didn’t recoil. A good sign… and when Matilda made no further move, her quickening of breath began to return to normal.

“I…. Didn’t know.”

“Well, I don’t shout it from the rooftops. Actually… do you mind if I ah… *untuck?* It’s awfully uncomfortable stashed away.”

Sandy’s eyes glossed over.

“Oh, so it…. Goes away?”

“HA. It goes where I tape it, but I can assure you, it’s not easy to hide.”

“Oh, o-okay… Um, that’s fine. As long as you’re… not going to…”

She raised her eyebrows. Matilda gave a cluck of indignation.

“Oh DARLING of course not! You’re a beautiful girl, of course I’m not going to sully you with this big old lump of meat.”

“Wait, so it’s… big? As big as… *Taylor’s?….”*

The name came out like it was poisoned. Matilda had to contain herself as she reached inside her robe carefully.

"Well… some… m-might say it's…. *Mm… bigger….!"*

"*Bigger-!?"*

The tension was punctured and then returned redoubled via the tent springing up in Matilda's dressing gown, a redwood tree of massive proportions. Sally almost launched off the bed in shock.

-OOH-!"

"Yes… much better," Matilda sighed as Sally recoiled, eyes bulging with fear and reverence at this matriarchal figure suddenly turned into a potential predator.

Matilda was careful to stay very still, voice calm and low.

"You know, it's not poisonous."

"Y-yeah… yeah…"

"I think it's been a long day for everyone, hasn't it?"

"Yeah…"

Matilda smiled warmly, and patted the bed closer to her.

"Let's talk. I promise you're safe."

Sally managed a weak smile, although her eyes locked onto the cock-bulge as she moved closer, careful to leave just a slight gap between them. Matilda didn't push the contact, instead giving a genial smile.

"Tell me dear. What else is on your mind?"

"Hm… Jonny. He's….."

She searched for the words.

"…. Taylor isn't treating him right. She's…. abusing him!!"

"Well, I think we all saw clear as day that Jon is a boy that needs a firm hand… you felt it, didn't you?"

"*Yes* but… she's… she's *mean,* Matilda.."

"Please, call me Matty."

"*R-right*.. Matty… I can see he enjoys the… *dressing up and stuff…* but I feel it when he looks at me. He *likes* me Matty…. I *know* he does… I *felt it…"*

"Oh you do?"

Her cheeks flushed red.

"..yeah."

Matilda's lips pressed together, thinning. This girl was more stubborn than she'd realised.

"Have you considered that he's easily aroused by most females? That it's up to strong women to keep his natural sluttiness in line?"

"But I *felt* something."

"I see."

Sandy fidgeted, sighing.

"Ugh, it's just… how Taylor treats him… but she's so… so commanding and

she's tall and… she's got… *boobs* and…. *and*… "

She pointed at the tent.

"…*That*… s-so how can I even compete?!…"

Matilda placed a finger to her lips.

"*Dear dear*…. Why would you compare yourself to her? You're beautiful in your own unique way…. Take your hair…."

She brushed a strand from her ear.

"So golden and soft… your nose…"

A poke on the tip brought a grudging smile.

"So small and dainty… why no-one could resist that… and your *lips*…"

The smile faded, and Sandy suddenly realised how close Matilda's gorgeous, thick bands were to hers.

"… so pretty."

A second passed… and Matilda leaned in and met them with hers.

"Mm…"

One touch of their mouths, fleeting, then Matilda broke away quickly. She knew Sandy's heart would be beating rabbit-fast, but the peck was too quick to trip her defences. Sandy remained still as a statue bar her chest oscillating in and out, lost in no-woman's land. Matilda eased her worries by leaning back in. This time she remained for longer as their lips began to caress, tease… explore.

"Mmph…."

She broke it again and watched Sally instinctively following her away before realising what she was doing, brow furrowing.

"Hh-uhhm… *goodness……wow, that's-"*

"Shhh…. don't say wow too soon."

"Huh?"

"Not until you've experienced… *this."*

Matilda reached over and took a small hand, bringing it to the fluffy folds covering the tent in her lap, and Sandy gasped as she touched her second clothed penis of the day except this one was a different beast entirely. Where the other had felt light, almost sweet, this one felt heavy and powerful…. Even possessing a touch of menace.

"… g-goodness….."

It pulsed and expanded in her grip. Saliva began to flow into Sandy's mouth as her natural submissive instincts began to take hold.

"Hm.."

"Give it a little stroke…"

Sandy bit her lip.. And moved it, just a touch. Matilda groaned, having to control all the signals in her brain roaring to take over and breed this girl as pleasure rippled up her shaft, teasing deeper excitement.

Slowly. Rushing would scare her away for sure.

Matilda held herself back, letting Sandy learn the dimensions of the pipe under the dressing gown, understanding that it wasn't going to hurt her… and then Matilda leaned in and gave her a deeper kiss, this time sandwiching their bodies together.

Sandy melted further. Fingers tightened on the covered shaft. Matilda was an expert, just teasing enough to keep Sandy hungry for more, never going so deep that there could be regret, a feeling of a step too far… just one rung at a time; a little harsher tickle, a touch more seasoning added to the dish as their tongues began to swirl around each other.

'Any moment now.'

Just as she felt the girl begin to unravel… Sandy pulled her hand and lips away with a wet sucking noise, panting.

"*Shlughh*…… M-miss Anderson… *Matty*… please, *we need to help Jon."*

Matilda had to hold back the building hunger in her body, snorting.

"Jon's *fine* darling! You saw…"

"He's not!…. she's…. *manipulating him."*

Matilda supressed a growl, already a few glasses deep as she kept her voice in check.

"He's *learning a hard lesson*."

Sandy's voice was soft.

"But… *he doesn't deserve this…"*

Matilda frowned. The desperation in Sandy's eyes hit something deep within, similar to the look in Jon's eyes before as Sandy continued quietly.

"Was all this.. Because of me?"

"Was…?… *AH.. Well…."*

Matilda suddenly found herself struggling for words.

"It's.. *Complicated…"*

Her cock began to deflate, Matilda squeezing one hand into a fist that Sandy didn't see as the girl sniffed.

"It *was* me, wasn't it? I bet that's why Taylor came…. To take him away from me."

"N.. No, *no…. Of course not,"* Matilda lied, shame sitting heavily in her abdomen as Sandy sniffled.

"I just… *I can be good to him*. I can…."

Matilda felt the last ebbs of hunger drain from her cock as the girl sniffled, pleading for her to save her own son. Suddenly, she didn't feel so angry at Jon for wanting this girl. In fact… it almost made sense.

A glisten of liquid was caught by Matilda.

"Oh don't… don't cry darling…"

Matilda put an arm round the girl, stroking her hair as she tried to hold back the lump rising in her own throat.

"… There there…"

"I just… I know he's nice… Maybe he doesn't always show it…"

"He is…. He's just… troublesome.. at times…."

Sandy managed a hazy smile through her tears as she looked up.

"I think you care a lot about him. You're…. a good mom."

This hurt most of all, and Matilda had to scrunch her eyes shut as she comforted the girl beneath her. In that moment, the it almost felt like she was holding Jon.

"… yes…"

Sandy sniffled, unaware of Matilda blinking a tear away as she leaned into the hug.

"S-sorry Matilda….I know I'm just being silly… what can I even offer him anyway? Maybe he *does* need a girl like Taylor…. I'll never give him… *that*."

She made a long gesture between her legs, head down. As she lay against Matilda's side, Matilda's back straightened, a thought popping into her head.

"Hm.."

Her wants…. Sandy's desire… the needs of her son, both physical and emotional…. It all began to coalesce into an idea. She took a deep breath, considering what she was about to reveal.

"Perhaps…"

Sandy's head lifted a touch.

"…. I can help with that."

"You?"

She leaned in, sagely.

"Well, when it comes to my son… let's just say.. It's not just *kissing* we practiced."

Sandy frowned. It took her a moment to work out what Matilda meant, recognition finally breaking through on her pretty features as Matilda glanced at the sleeping bulge in her lap and back.

"So you…."

"… Did more than kissing," Matilda finished, leaving the words hanging in the air.

Sandy went somewhere internal. She took a few deep breaths, nodding to herself. As she tried to come to terms with the farther implications of Matilda's words, a high-pitched squeal came muffled through the wall, and Sandy's jaw tightened.

"Well then…. Matilda, maybe we need to help each other."

"Thank you.. and please call me Matty" Matilda responded, the tension in her

breast lessening a touch. “I’ll admit I’ve not been myself recently… and I think you’re right. Perhaps I was too harsh on him…”

“We all make mistakes,” Sandy said with a small smile, strangely comforting the larger, more experienced woman.

“*Indeed*.”

“So… you’ll help?”

Matilda took her hand.

“Of course.”

The smaller hand squeezed back.

“Together.”

“…. Together.”

Matilda smiled, and then gasped as Sandy leaned in, and a quick kiss sealed something deeper. When she broke away, Matilda’s eyebrows were high as the girl gave an eager nod.

“I think…. maybe you’ll need to teach me about kissing more often. Once Jon’s safe, of course.”

“Oh, *absolutely*.”

A squeal from next door made Sandy jump from the bed.

“Okay come on Matty, we need to help him!”

“Wait.”

Matilda placed a hand on her arm. Sandy looked back like she was insane.

“But Jonny..”

“Slowly. Taylor can’t know we’re working together, so we do things slowly, methodically. Stay calm, I promise he’ll be fine… I know when he’s in pain and when he’s just being a drama queen. And in fairness… I’ve *ah*.. put him through worse.”

Her eyes widened.

“Worse? Than Taylor….?”

“Trust me… he’s a strong young man,” she murmured, “as you said, we all make mistakes. For now let’s just keep our cards close to our chest… But tomorrow what we need is a plan.”

Sandy nodded, eager.

“Okay.”

“Taylor’s a greyhound. She won’t be pulled from Jon unless we give her another rabbit to chase.”

“… How?”

“Someone… someone else for her to claim. Someone with an attitude to break.”

Sandy frowned, and then for perhaps the first time, a mischievous glint appeared in her eye.

“Matty… I know exactly who we need.”

***

Darkness. Every small gust from the crack in the window was like a gale as it tickled Jon’s exposed ass, pawing the bed. Taylor hadn’t said a word in what felt like forever, yet he could *sense* her hanging over him like a thundercloud, the weight of her unstoppable persona about to avalanche down on him.

“Ppleeease mistress, I-I love you…”

He would have said anything just to get her to release him from this edging terror; the idea of being spanked far worse than the act itself as he wiggled his ass, almost rocking back and forth in the throes of a bitch’s madness, trying to bate his mistress into breaking him. Tears continued to roll down his cheeks even as his dicklet flexed again, bobbing happily between his legs.

“-I-I’ll do anything, I’m your good girl-“

It happened so quickly that the pleasure was a lightning bolt to the brain as a warm tongue slathered across his asshole.

“Uuy-!“

The tongue-tickling would have made him cum in seconds as it swirled around his rim - But a finger and thumb ringed tight around his shaft, cinching at the base to hold back the orgasm bar a spider-silk strand which dripped between his legs. Jon’s hips wiggled as he desperately tried to cum.

“Y..YYuNNNUuuhh-“

The strangled cry was no longer Jon, Jenny crowing to the ceiling as Taylor continued to peel back the layers of her bitch and slammed her tongue as far as it would go into his butthole, grunting with child-like glee as she vibrated between his cheeks. Even with her clinical approach, she couldn’t stop a hand sliding to her own bulge, rubbing it, cajoling it to the point that she simply pulled the PVC down and away, too excited to be constrained any longer. Her dick sprang up, dick-slit drizzling mayonnaise onto the floor.

“MMMF-“

Jon began mewling, sobbing with pleasure as the tongue rotated around his entrance. It was slimy, invasive… and perfect. He tried to butt his ass back onto her tongue, invite her deeper. Taylor never let him control the narrative, always pulling back to the edge when he tried to quicken the pace.

“EUuh-“

“Mmm…”

Taylor knew she could have gone longer. Teased further. Manipulated him into a complete melting of his brain… but even a woman of control like her had limits. She needed her fix.

“MMM-“

She un-plugged herself from the quivering hole, wiping the drool from her lips before lining up the oozing monster between Jenny's legs, setting herself into a doggystyle position behind the gurl. A brief pause allowed her to drink in Jenny's pink flower wrinkling and un-wrinkling, desperate to be filled again yet unaware of the nine-inch hammer pointed at it like a torpedo.

Taylor licked her lips. It was glorious watching Jenny twitch and panic, searching for a masculine being to plunge her over the edge yet scared of what it would entail. Every whimper and muscle tense was soul-sating as Taylor stretched her neck, cracking her knuckles in anticipation. Jenny jolted at the pops, her anus oscillating faster.

"MMMmuh.. *Mistress….!"*

Tight grips onto Jon's hips brought a sharp breath… and then Jenny keened to the sky as a wet mushroom pressed to her hole. All of her senses became heightened. She could hear the snorting behind her, the squelching of lube and cum as their lower parts jostled for position…. the smell the musk of hard, stinking dick. Saliva flooded her tongue.

She needed this.

The cock-head tickled… and then slipped upwards instead. Jenny the sissy almost screamed as she was denied her meal, the meat pole instead wedging between her cheeks and rubbing up and down, spreading the lube through the valley of Jon's ass-crack. The shield across his eyes made every ridge, tendon and vein on Taylor's cock tickling his valley twice as invasive as his spine arched.

Schlick-schick

"UUUUUYYY."

Jenny clawed the bed in frustration, ass twerking, hungering for more as steel tendons slide across her puckered entrance. She even tried to catch the helmet as it slid downwards, but it slipped past her anal rim and back up again.

"PPPllleeeaasseeeeiuuhhh ppleeasaee fuck mee….!"

What was left of Jon was slavering like a dog as the mushroom finally kissed his entrance again… and this time it went *in.*

Taylor began to pull Jenny's hips, the rod going forwards into the sissy, and Jenny moaned in relief as she was forced into a brutal seat on Taylor's lubricated phallus, stimulating every single molecule of her asshole as it stretched wide… and slipped over her mistress's helmet.

"O-OHHHMMISTR.. MMMISSTTRRUUGHHHSSS YYES-"

"Yeah… y…yeah….. Little fucking bitch…"

Taylor was chuntering, lost in the moment. A betrayal of her youth perhaps where an older, wiser head might have been more measured, coaxing of every last scrap of desperation from her bitch. As it was, the asshole wrapping

around her cock-head was glorious in a way that could not be replicated, their bodies beginning to merge with each other.

The relief of being filled up was like fresh air to a drowning girl as Jenny groaned, the woman she feared finally using her body as it was made to be used - impaled, subsumed within a superior's grip.

The shaft pulsed as it slid deeper, rubbing across all the secret places.

"Shhhiiiuh…UUHh…"

Jon gasped as a larger pair of balls tapped against his.

He panted, taking a few sharp breaths. She was all the way in… her instrument pulsing, so huge, and filling and…. *shallow*?

Jon took a few deep breaths, shivering, yet he didn't feel rearranged in the same way he did when his Mom filled him. Taylor's dick certainly hurt as it stretched his rim, and felt incredible teasing his anal walls… yet he couldn't help the thought that it was still a touch smaller than his mother's, leaving the nastiest places untouched.

Jon experienced the twin peaks of frustration and humiliation as he realised that he was a size queen.

"Uuh…mmhhuh…"

The thoughts were jolted from his mind as Taylor thrust her hips, and the world rocked.

"HUYH-"

It quickly became obvious that size was not the only important factor as Taylor began to rotate her hips. Not being able to see allowed Jon to experience everything her dick had to offer, all the places she slid across hyper-sensitive and obscenely pleasurable as he was forced to focus entirely on the weapon pressing deep into his body.

"UUy-"

After less than three hip rotations, Jenny was beside herself, keening to the air like a wild animal as she felt Taylor's hips weld against hers. The pair began to buck like horse and rider, Jenny slavering as she was controlled, feeling that brutal fullness send tremors through her body with each slow pump.

A few drops if saliva on his lower back made it obvious Taylor was utterly locked into his body, the gloves so tight on his hips that he could only moan as she pulled her cock slowly out.

"UUUUYyyyyy-"

It reached all the way to the helmet… and detached with a wet *POP*

"NNUh..Nu-"

Taylor rammed all nine inches back in immediately.

SMACK

"UUUGYYHHH-"

Jenny's scream was cut off by another sharp thrust, the skin-on skin slap like a whip crack that echoed off the walls.

SMACK

"F-FUUU-"

SMACK

"-UUH-"

Small grunts from behind him were the only noise Taylor made as she pounded with hard, unerring thrusts. It was less making love than trying to swing a wrecking ball through a brick wall, and Jenny could barely breathe as the world rocked back and forth, bones rattling as mistress unleashed her fury.

PLAP-PLAP

The headboard thumped the wall. Every meeting of their hips was a car-crash, Jenny caught between crying, moaning and squealing as the pain and pleasure swirled within her undercarriage. As she tried to get her bearings, a slew of perfect mini-thrusts sent her for a loop, the orgasmic energy building, twisted by the fear of her mistress as Taylor gave a sharp slap across the top of her ass, leaving another red hand-print as she pumped at the same moment.

SM-SMACK!

"F-*fuu-uhgh-*"

Tears came to Jenny's eyes again, unseen under the mask, jolting from another violent thrust. Her cock was straining, drizzling cream. It was about to explode-

Another cinch of forefinger and thumb around the base curtailed her orgasm. Jenny screamed as her bliss was denied, edged so close she could see could almost taste the endless depths of pleasure just beyond, yet could not find a way into it.

"FFFF-FUUUOHHHH, F-FFUUCK-"

It was evil, and yet the power being wielded over her made Jenny feel even smaller, more worthless… and utterly pathetic. as it turned out, she loved being all of those things.

'Do I even have limits?… Fuck what's wrong with me…?!'

She didn't have time to think further as the mattress creaked, headboard thumping against the wall from a few rapid thrusts that heightened the pain and pleasure to just below the denied apex, tears, cum and drool leaking from Jenny's body as the air was fucked from her lungs, almost mentally giving up on reaching the peak as Taylor gave two slower thrusts, smiling at the sissy losing her mind on her dick. She tried to cum again, ramming herself backwards… but the cinch around her cock was a cruel tool that kept her taut like an elastic band, Jenny almost trying to claw through the mattress in brain-scrambling frustration before grabbing onto the pillow and squeezing it tight, crying for

the euphoria just out of reach. Taylor even rammed home the humiliation by jerking the base of the tiny cock as Jenny cried, so hard between her fingers that it felt like it might take off like a rocket at any moment, enjoying the pre-ejaculation throb before squeezing again and denying her.

"NNUgu-NNNUUHHh-"

"YYeah…. Keep trying to cum bitch."

She couldn't. Jenny could only cry as she leaked between her legs, her soul dripping from her clitty as it bobbed furiously beneath her, choked by Taylor's fingers as her body was rattled by the thick cock pummelling it.

PLAP-PLAP-

"Oh, you don't want to cum for mistress? *Mmm*… bad girl."

SMACK!

The hand-print made Jenny clench in pain as Taylor met her ass in exactly the same place she had previously. The sweat-dappled, slimy creature that had once been Jon gave up in that moment, slumped and clutching the pillow for support as the cock pumped into his ass, brutalising his insides, Taylor goading him to release his seed.

"You're never going to cum, princess. You're going to go insane before I let you release your useless sperm…."

Just as the spirit left Jon…. Taylor let go of his dick, grabbed hold of his shoulders, and let fly with ten thrusts as she snarled.

"You know what? Why don't you CUM RIGHT NOW WHORE?!?"

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP

Two PVC-encased fingers hooked into his cheeks, and Jenny took over the utter euphoria that spread through her brain like a virus of submissive perfection, gleefully moaning into the entrapment as her body was bounced pogo-stick style on Taylor's font, fucked so hard she was almost sent nose-first into the headboard. Instead, locked in place by the fingers in her mouth, she was submitted to utter savagery as Taylor snorted, drooling and leaking snot from her nose as she opened up the throttle.

PLAP!PLAP!PLAP!PLAP!PLAP-!

This was it. Jon had never wanted anything more in his life as he screamed.

His eyes rolled up, and Jon was gone.

The hip slaps were machine-gun fast. Taylor finally let her full musculature fly, no longer holding in the perverse hunger as she dominated her broken, leaking faucet of a bitch, grinning manically as the asshole spasmed on her cock and the sissy let fly.

Jenny didn't hear her own voice. She was too busy trying to push back, attacking herself on Taylor's dick, vaguely aware she was screaming louder than she ever had as the release came not in waves but in one monstrous ocean, a

chemical high that had her levitating, drowning in hormonal bliss. She couldn't feel the pain of the welts on her butt-cheeks, nor the ache as her asshole clutched the pistoning shaft within it. It all swept away in the tsunami of submissive bliss.

Long ropes of thin, gossamer threads began to paint the mattress. The heels, bra and fingers in her mouth all sent signals to Jon's broken bimbo brain: you are owned. You are property. You are a pussy designed purely for the pleasure of your master. All of these sensations imprinted themselves in his soul, and then yet another cherry on top - A huge jolt hit him as the plunging meat pulsed, expanding in his hole. Taylor tensed up and hooked him back via his face so he was snug against her hips, and a long, low keening note was the signal for her hot cum to bubble up her shaft, breaching his ass in wave after wave of effluence.

The effect was animalistic, Jenny's eyes rolling up under her mask, making strange noises from a nature documentary as a new owner made their mark, submerging her insides in seed.

Jon had drowned, lost in Taylor's aura of dominance. Only Jenny remained in that moment.

The pair writhed, Jenny collapsing into the sheets, but Taylor kept crushing her hips to the sissy's ass. Thick, sloppy squelches emanated from the meeting of their bodies. The exchange of liquids was intense, brain-melting…

Taylor even let out a rare feminine, pornstar moan, pulling Jenny up so she was almost sitting on her lap. It allowed mistress to use gravity to crush Jenny down against her hips, Jenny leaking from all her holes as her muscles gave out, a marionette with her strings cut. She slumped with a white-eyed, zombified gurn, still bounced on Taylor's spewing dick. The heat expanded within her belly, the impregnation happening in real time as her belly began to expand with Taylor's seed.

The last seconds of her orgasm were too euphoric to even recall, only vaguely aware of where or who she was as the last waves of girl-lava in Jenny's ass filled every crack and crevasse of her insides.

It took a minute of heavy breathing for the afterglow to dissipate. When lucidity returned, Jon felt like he'd been shout out of a cannon, or perhaps had a cannon inserted into his rear end as he panted, heaving in oxygen. He could feel the dick in his ass still throbbing, the pulse of his mistress flexing against his battered insides.

All he could feel was happiness. He was so thankful to have finally experienced his orgasm that when she pulled out he thanked her, mumbling in the aftershock trembles as the pole slid backwards from his sacred places.

"Thhnnk… thankkkkuhhmmiistress…."

As the cock squeezed out of his hole, Taylor, his new backbone, released him.

Jon collapsed in the bed, splatting against his own pool of cum as Taylor's jizz exploded back out of his ass, fountaining all over the foot of the bed. His mistress stepped back, breathing heavily.

All was quiet for a moment bar the whimpering and splurge of liquid. Eventually it died to a trickle, and then only a drip onto his tiny, emptied balls.

Jon was vaguely aware of Taylor's presence as he closed his eyes. It had no warmth to offer him after the union… no motherly love to embrace as he felt himself drifting off, instead reaching for the pillow and awkwardly swinging a tired leg over it. Jon fell asleep quickly. Taylor watched, panting, her cock bobbing in the air, and then silently handcuffed the sissy's wrists to the bedpost, before padding to the shower. She hoped he had enjoyed his last night un-caged.

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for years, specializing in stories about girls with throbbing bulges in their panties.

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