A Futa Mom’s Punishment

(Futa on Male/female domination)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

This book contains explicit Futa on male and Futa on female domination as well as themes of sissification, romance 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.6

The evening was late, the fire dimming in the holiday villa as crickets and the lone hoot of an owl provided a quiet soundtrack to the night. Matilda and Sandy emerged from their room with renewed purpose, a plan in place. Their hands lingered in each other's and Sandy had a moment of wondering where it would go, but the sounds of a squealing sissy hardened her expression.

"We'll save him."

"I know," Matilda said gently, "come, it's getting late."

As they reached the top of the stairs, they paused, and Sandy's mouth dropped open as they stared down at a sight that would make both their hearts beat faster. Chris's mother Lulu was on her back, legs spread wide. Debra was kneeling between them on the sofa, pounding away at the woman's glistening pussy with her cock. The wet meat slaps filled the room.

Matilda gestured for silence as they watched.

Debra was sweating. Her hips ached, but she didn’t stop as Lulu glared up at her, legs in the air.

“That all you got?”

From somewhere upstairs, another squeal came. Matilda and Sandy ducked back a touch, but the lovers only saw each other.

“O-OH shit… someone’s getting disciplined,” Lulu murmured, still mostly focused on the dick pressing in and out of her.

“Don’t make me do the same,” Debra grinned, taking the opportunity to grab two fistfuls of Lulu’s breasts. “Mmm…. So you want a little *more* huh*?”*

Lulu gasped as Debra began to long-dick her, gluttonous, greedy strokes that presented every inch of her vaginal walls for a full tour of the woman’s shaft.

“OOOHHh yyyeeeeAAAHhh-!”

Lulu bathed in the defiling of her body, giving herself over to the growing waves of orgasmic energy rippling through her, gripping on the sofa so she could maintain a steady action to gyrate against the woman on top of her. Years of experience allowing her to match Debra’s rhythm for that perfect angle where their hips met, allowing the plunderer’s pussy destroyer to fill her completely.

“FUCK ME… F-FUCK MMMEE-“

Three fingers in her mouth shut her up. Lulu sucked like a vacuum, snarling as the thick cock pumped in and out of her gushing pussy, temporarily spasming and sending another flood down onto the ruined sofa.

"MMMh- MMH-"

She was insatiable. But Debra was nothing if not game for a challenge.

Wiping the slick from her forehead, she grabbed Lulu's hair and began to ragdoll her, the sofa almost moving across the floor as she pounded downwards, treating Lulu less like a woman and more like a block of stone that needed sledgehammering. The zombified smile that spread across the woman's face told Debra everything she needed to know about which spots needed to be hit, grinding her cock on a particular spot that brought squeals of joy from drooling lips.

"OOOOHh, MMMHHUUUGH, GGGUUGGGHH-"

The white on dark skin was beautiful, in spite of the violent pumping jabs. More warm liquid flushed against her crotch as Debra pumped into the growing swamp between Lulu's legs. As the woman lost her mind, both participants sweating on each other and basting the sofa in juices, a few houses down her son flicked through videos on his phone, unaware his mother was being plundered and unravelled so close to where he lay. Instead, he paused and clicked on a video with a MILF on her back, being pounded by a big cock.

"Yeah… *fuckin' bitch,"* Chris murmured to himself, imagining it was Matilda being fucked as the woman squirted into the air. She even had the same autumn-brown hair.

'Shit that would be so hot! She'd be a great fuck for sure…'

As Chris quickly blew his load, he had no idea that this was the last night he'd go to sleep dreaming of pussy, as he quickly wiped himself down, and drifted off to an easy sleep.

***

The next morning…

Jon opened his eyes, and saw nothing. He whimpered… his mouth was full of something; it must have been the ball gag. He tried to move and heard the faint clinking of restraints. At least the cuffs holding his hands behind his back didn't stop him awkwardly getting to his knees… and feeling a severe discomfort in his ass… was she still inside him?

He mewled. It was big whatever it was, but shallow.

‘The butt plug. She put it back in.’

A shiver went up him… and already his pathetic cock was responding. Or it would have done, pressing against a restraint that was quite uncomfortable, and seemed to ramp up the desperation to inflate.

“MMMpHHH….”

The chastity cage. He squeaked. There was no way to remove it, so he awkwardly shifted on his knees to the edge of the bed, finding an awkward footing. This was not good. Every move made the thing in his ass shift, which only provoked the impossible excitement in his panties. It felt like each further humiliation on top of his caged manhood was adding to the fear and arousal.

‘I’m so.. so fucked…’

Pricking his ears, he tried to listen for any sign of Taylor. Nothing but the happy voices of families outside and the nearby river answered. He considered his options. Maybe he could go downstairs... call for help? The thought only made him shiver in horror imagining the looks on people's faces. That is, if he did even manage to escape....

But who would help him? Definitely not Chris…. Sandy? Mom?.

He let out a soft mewl. What he wouldn't give for either of them to burst in and free him... it all seemed so stupid now. Why had he cheated on his Mother with Sandy? He had the PERFECT life getting fucked by his Mom every night. Of COURSE she wasn't going to be so stupid that she wouldn't find out…. Would she even want him back anyway? He betrayed her…

'And what if Taylor caught me trying to escape?'

The ice down his spine was enough to deter any thought of disobedience. As he came awkwardly to his feet on shaky legs, he felt a light pressure on his throat...

"MHH..."

The collar and leash was still attached. She'd leashed him to the bed.

Quivering, he felt his world contracting, denied even the sight of the simple decor of the bedroom that was now his prison…. and then the butt-plug buzzed. Vibrations against his anal rim made him squawk as he fell to his knees, hands trembling, bitch whines emanating as pleasure was forced through his body.

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Half a mile away, Taylor sucked the saliva off her perfect lips as she clicked the device again for a stronger vibration, watching the figure on her phone fall on his side, spasming.

"MMm.."

She began to rub her cock through her lycra leggings, only to be chastised by her mother.

"Not in public," Debra smirked, nudging her daughter.

"Don't touch me."

"I'm only saying Tay Tay. I love you."

".... Love you too."

The words were monotone as always, but Debra had come to appreciate that Taylor had her own way of expressing herself, and she treasured the small nuggets of affection. She looked around the forest path to check if anyone was watching, but only a couple of joggers well down the path were visible. Glancing at the screen, she chuckled as the boy's eyelids fluttered, flopping on the floor like a fish with his legs squeezed together, manhood sealed in a tiny pink cage.

"How long til he pops his little seed everywhere?"

"Between one and two minutes. I stop the vibrations before he is able to orgasm."

"You're a naughty girl."

She frowned.

"I'm very disciplined."

"Well, that too."

"We need to go..... We are almost at our third split."

"I am *twice* your age you know," Debra groaned, hefting her bike.

"Hm."

"I also had a lot of cardio last night."

"Why would you do cardio at night?"

Debra rolled her eyes.

"I was BUSY enjoying a woman last night if you must know. It was fairly obvious if you'd had your eyes on anything other than that pretty little sissy of yours."

As they were speaking, Sandy and Matilda appeared, faces red, heaving the pedals on their hired bikes like they were made of lead.

"S-so... anybody seen... Lulu and.. Chris?" Sandy managed, almost collapsing off the saddle.

"No." Taylor responded, mounting her custom mountain bike with the same bright yellow colour scheme as her bodysuit. “Let’s go.”

"Well, she's the boss!" Debra sighed, mounting up with her own suit, before they bolted away.

"...Shit," Sandy huffed, leading to a surprised eyebrow from Matilda as she adjusted her breasts, wincing at the sweat collecting under them.

"L-*Language*, how would your parents feel if they heard that?"

"We can be polite later," she shot back, "come ON."

She sank back into the saddle, and bolted off. Matilda groaned, before reluctantly placing her large, sweaty ass-cheeks on the tiny seat, trying to sit in a way that wouldn't crush her balls before setting off with a groan from burning lungs.

***

Chris woke for the third time. He sat up confused. His Mom always forced him out of bed by ten am at the latest. It was now one in the afternoon.

“Where the fuck is she?”

He decided to finally go and check, shoving his bedroom door open and slouching downstairs… to see Lulu leaning over the kitchenette with a cup of coffee. She turned from the bay windows where she’d been staring.

“*Good Morning*. Nice having a forest outside… I think there’s a squirrel’s nest over there!”

Strange… she never drank coffee in the afternoon. In fact, she seemed like a different person, a light smile flitting across her features, hair running down her shoulders like a shampoo commercial, skin glowing.

“You okay bud?”

“You're up late,” he frowned.

“What. You sleep in every day and your Mom can’t have *one* relaxing lie-in on my holiday?”

“It’s one in the afternoon. Where were you last night?”

She snorted.

“None of your business young man… but if you must know, I went over to Matilda’s place and we had a few drinks with the girls.”

"Huh…"

Something didn't feel right. She seemed too at ease… and she definitely shouldn't be pleased with him emerging from his cave in the afternoon. Hell he'd be getting pelters by 11am.

"And what happened *after* that?"

"I TOLD you. Had a few drinks. Now come on, Matilda's organised some rafting."

"Ugh *whatever*."

***

Matilda watched Sandy trudging up the hill with sweat dappling her brow. She seemed possessed with her newfound fervour, and Matilda couldn't help admiring the girl's pert bottom clad in denim booty-shorts. The girl noticed her looking and smirked.

"Less staring, more walking."

"OH, we are getting confident aren't we?"

"Maybe… but we can't be late."

Matilda huffed. This was her third shirt today, and already it was suffocating as she mopped her brow with a towel, swiping it under her breasts. It didn't help the additional heat going down to her crotch, and she had to suppress a grunt as the growing lump between her legs threatened to rip the tape of her inner thigh.

"Chris will drag Lulu's heels for her, so let's just…. take a breath, shall we?"

The dainty figure groused but slowed her pace, and Matilda was grateful for it. To quell her nervous energy, Sandy began to recite the same thing they'd discussed twice already.

"So, we get them in the same boat."

"Yes-"

"And then what?"

"…Chris's antagonising will do the rest."

"Are you sure?"

Sandy leaned in, her slender legs locked across one another so she looked like a pinup girl. Matilda felt her stomach lurch, and was relieved her response came out in semi-coherent English.

"T….Taylor's a shark…. a heat-seeking missile. If we ah… turn her head, her instincts will do the rest. It's not *her* I'm worried about."

“Oh?”

“… Motherly instincts,” she said as she looked down at the mother-and-son approaching from down the path, just visible through the rocky outcrops of the hill.

***

Lulu trudged through the dirt and bark, legs wobbling from more than just the hike ("Come ON CHRIS!") as they made their way to the top of the rapids. Nearby groups of soaked, smiling people emerging further down the hill. One of the men paused to observe Lulu as she wiped her forehead. Chris scowled and kicked a rock, lagging behind.

"This is gonna suck."

"Oh shush, it’ll be fun."

“Nope.”

"Well, don't knock it until you've.... ah there they are!"

Matilda and Sandy were waiting at the top. Lulu's smile broadened as she noticed Debra with them... before faltering at the appearance of a girl behind her with perfect stance, head high. Taylor's dead eyes went straight through her. There was no sign of Jon.

"Hey all!”

Chris stalled in his tracks, eyes wide as he jabbed a finger.

"What the FUCK is she doing here!”

"LANGUAGE!" Lulu chided, before bustling up to them. “They’re friends of the family..”

“Bullshit,” he muttered, hanging well back as kisses and hugs for Matilda and Sandy were reciprocated warmly, before Lulu moved to Debra with a brief peck on the cheek, almost a throwaway. Debra grabbed the woman’s hips, keeping unblinking eye contact long enough that Lulu had to warn her with a glare not to make it obvious as Chris chuntered to himself.

“Morning Debs… *Taylor*.”

She gave the tall girl the briefest of hugs, receiving no reciprocation, not that she’d expected any. Dressed in black bike shorts and a pink exercise top, Taylor had the full range of her slim-ripped physique on show, a Venusian Goddess that Chris (in spite of his humiliation at her hand earlier that week) couldn’t avoid ogling. The return look was akin to being stared at by a painting in a haunted house. No warmth,

just an itch down his spine that he was being stalked by something primal and unrelenting.

"Stop *STARING* at me, bitch."

"CHRIS!" Lulu shouted, "can we please put this behind us!… I think we all need to apologise."

"I'm NOT ap-"

"Chris, you can either go home and lock yourself in your room, or you can shake hands!"

"Not a ch-"

A hand on his arm made him flinch as Sandy stepped in.

"Please?" she murmured. "It'll be fun doing the rapids together. And Jon isn't here so it'd be good to have someone I know…"

This unprompted friendliness stumped Chris, only used to dealing with rebukes at his petulant behaviour.

"Uh…."

"*Pleaaaase."*

"Hmph. Okay… *uh*… sorry I guess," he said vaguely in Taylor's direction.

"Thank you," Lulu sighed, "Taylor?"

The girl showed zero sign of even acknowledging the apology. It was only with a pleading look from Lulu that Debra intervened with a sigh, murmuring something in Taylor's ear. The girl bristled… and rolled her tongue in her mouth before responding.

"I also apologise."

Fantastic!" Lulu beamed, "oh by the way Taylor… where is Jenn-… I mean, *Jon?"*

"At home."

"Ah…"

Chris scoffed.

"At home?" *Why??"*

Matilda cut Taylor off before she could speak.

"He's tired. He'll be with us tomorrow."

"Well-"

"Tomorrow," she repeated, giving Taylor a look that apparently did not translate until Debra muttered in her daughter's ear.

"… Fine."

Only Chris noticed her reach for something in her pocket and press a button for a few seconds. Half a mile away, a sissy squealed as the vibrations in his ass went into full earthquake mode, and Jon spasmed on the bed, tears rolling down his face as he felt his whole lower half droning with a brutal buzz, racing towards an orgasmic crescendo- until the butt-quake vanished. The orgasm tipped just short, his cocklet aching in its cage as he scrabbled to bounce himself on the butt plug to no avail, trying his best to gyrate into the bed and even falling to the floor, yet he simply could not push himself over the edge that Taylor tortured him with. He sobbed, shaking as back in the forest Taylor smirked, stowing the small switch. Chris stared with growing suspicion at the shift of the girl's pretty features, before focusing on someone he could speak down to instead, nudging Sandy.

"I see his *girlfriend* made it out."

"Not his girlfriend," Sandy said easily, "Wouldn't want to get in the way of your romance. You're *such* a good boyfriend asking after him."

Bristling at her newfound wit, Chris was about to retort when Sandy gave a sunny smile and opened her arms for a hug.

"BUT… seeing as Jon's not here, ready to go rafting?"

"Uh…."

Nonplussed, he allowed her arms to wrap around him, and Sandy felt him stiffen.

"Shall we?"

"Uh-"

"Let's go… Me, you and Taylor first?"

Matilda had to admire the girl. She was becoming quite the leading lady…. Yet as Sandy began leading him away, she was halted by Lulu's arm.

"I THINK… that maybe I could join you and Chris instead? Matilda might appreciate some family time, and I'd LOVE to get to know you more Sandy."

"Oh… w-well I was thinking.. *Ah*-"

"Wouldn't you like to catch up with your sister, *Debby*?"

Lulu motioned to Debra, with a worried glance towards Taylor.

"Oh what am I to do when you ask me like that, Lu," Debra grinned, taking her daughter's arm and marching to Matilda. "I agree that some catchup family time is needed!"

Lulu gave her two fluttering lashes of thanks.

“Come on you two,” she smiled, leading Chris and a frustrated looking Sandy away.

Taylor seemed entirely unaffected by the whole affair until, just as they passed, Chris murmured over his shoulder.

“Stupid bitch.”

Taylor’s head snapped to him.

“*WHAT?”*

Lulu squeaked, “C-CHRIS, don’t say that!”

Sensing the danger in Taylor’s march forwards, she began to pull the pair away at a brisk trot as Debra bear-hugged her daughter, almost dragged up the trail by her strength. Taylor had a furrowed brow as she pulled her mother behind her, which for her suggested insurmountable fury.

“No-no!… EEASSYyy Taylor-Joy... I'm *sure* he’ll be disciplined later… you’ve got one at home, remember…? No need to do someone else’s work!!”

"... *Hm."*

Taylor looked like she was about to throw her mother aside and rampage, shoulders and back biceps rippling with bad intentions, but Debra's words and interfering body pressing with all her might staved off disaster. She allowed herself to be inched backwards before hissing, "fine."

As she turned back, Chris was still being chided by his mother in her sternest voice.

"CHRISTOPHER. WHY *are you antagonising that girl? Are you trying fight her?!"*

His face seemed perfectly formed for the smirk it showed as he shrugged.

"Just being honest. And she sucker punched me last time… in a straight fight I’d fucking beat her ass."

He began to shadow box and Lulu groaned. Sandy was equally unimpressed and rolled her eyes.

‘*What a dick. Wish I could get a shower after that hug… lucky we’re going on a water ride.’*

***

“FFFUCKING HELL!”

“No SWEARING MOMMMM!” Chris shouted with a huge grin as cold spray whipped their faces, the dinghy flying through the air. Lulu felt her chest trying to press

uncomfortably out of her life jacket as she was thrown to the side for the umpteenth time, almost upending herself in the churning water.

"W-whose idea was... THIS!" she screamed as they took flight again and landed with a splash on a lower tier of the foaming white rapids.

Sandy was similarly jaw-dropped as she held on for dear life to the raft handles.

"GOODNESS!"

"Ha!" Chris roared, grinning ear to ear, “c’mon, you don't like a little romantic boat ride?!”

They smashed into the water again, and it was with relief that they flew round the last bend to reveal no further trials, only a gentle float to the finish. A woman with an Olympian build and golden tan grinned as she pulled them out one-by-one. Her brunette dreadlocks gave the vibe of someone trying a little too hard to be alternative, slapping Lulu on the back.

“You guys enjoy it?!”

“*Ah*… well ‘enjoy’ is one word for it…”

“Allllright! I’ll see you guys for the evening activities yeah?”

“Mmmhmm,” Sandy murmured, trying not to open her mouth in case she vomited.

“Finally, something fun,” Chris smirked, “guess you were right for once, Mom.”

The woman blocked the afternoon sun with her frame, leaning into Chris.

“Be nice to your Mom, young man.”

“Or what?”

SMACK

He reeled from the blow to the head.

“Woops! Just got a wasp for ya!”

“HEY-!”

“C’mon!” Lulu said hotly, pulling Chris away, “that was NOT professional!”

“Wasps are no laughing matter,” the woman stated, grinning with all her blinding white teeth.

Sandy noticed that there was a subtle shape underneath in her bright red swim shorts, almost as if something were tucked. The woman caught her looking and winked.

“Don’t be a stranger!”

“R-right…”

How *many* of these women were there… Had they always been hiding in plain sight? As they moved away, Sandy felt Chris staring at her soaked shirt, her nipples outlined through the top.

"Something distracting you?" she stated tersely, tired of the charade.

"Nah… too small."

Sandy felt her blood boil, and was grateful when Matilda and co turned up behind them. They all looked similarly soaked, although vastly differing in their reactions. Debra seemed flushed with excitement, Matilda queasy, and Taylor emotionless as always. Chris ogled the wet t-shirt display of both Debra and Matilda, and it was with growing annoyance that Matilda stated, "Something on my chest?"

He muttered something under his breath. Matilda felt the anger rousing in her and had to clench her jaw to avoid saying something less polite. Lulu didn't seem to notice the interaction, too busy staring at another pair, looking Debra up and down before fixing a neutral expression on her face.

"Fun huh?"

"Absolutely!" Debra enthused.

"It was acceptable," Taylor stated.

"So ah… will we be seeing Jon tomorrow?"

"…. Yes."

"Good… *Good*…."

Lulu gave a worried glance to Matilda before Sandy piped up.

"Perhaps tonight we can all go for-"

"I think we'll need to rest tonight," Lulu cut in quickly. "But we'll see you all tomorrow."

"Oh *come on* Lu? I thought we were going to the spa!" Debra grinned.

"*Well*… maybe another time."

Debra's sighed as Lulu led her son away, the woman cutting a proud figure, ass swaying as she kept her cub close.

"Damn."

The others were equally downcast.

"She's not gonna let out of her sights, is she?" Sandy murmured, defeated.

"Indeed," said Matilda, heart still pounding from the rapids, "change of plan…. We need to get Lulu's claws out of him."

“How?”

“Simple…. Distraction.”

“Distraction? What distract-”

“DEBS!”

Matilda bumped her sister, who scowled, busy trying to un-stick her wet shirt from her body.

“Would you NOT!”

“Free tonight? I fancy a little more relaxing time… and I’d like to see my son in all *her* majesty.”

“Well….. I suppose a little family time wouldn’t hurt seeing as my muse is busy this evening. Why don’t you come round our place?… I’m sure you won’t mind, will you Taylor-Joy?”

“I mind.”

"I'm sorry darling?"

“Why should *she* be allowed to see *my* Jenny?”

Matilda bristled, but managed to maintain a charming smile.

“*Well* we’re family! And I just want to see what you’ve dressed him…*I mean* HER up in today…. A negligee would put a smile on my face, although you’re a stylish girl, so I’m sure you’ll have her looking radiant.”

Taylor cocked her head.

“She will be.”

“May I… see your bitch in the flesh? It would be an honour to see a master of control at work.”

“.... Very well. I will bring her for dinner.”

“Good-Good!” Debra beamed, “oh I DO love family dinners…. Real shame Lulu didn’t want to join…”

“I’m sure we’ll see her tomorrow,” said Matilda.

“Definitely,” Sandy nodded.

***

Jon started at the click of the door latch, lying in the bed.

“M… *Migghuh?”*

Footsteps. The door closed, and a single *_snap_* of Taylor-Joy's fingers sent a rocket through him. In an instant he was on all fours on the duvet, trembling. He could hear her moving behind him… and gasped into the ball gig as he felt the butt-plug wiggle.

"GHH…HHGH-"

He heard a quiet noise from Taylor's throat, some dark hunger, almost able to hear the saliva churning in her mouth as the plug began to put pressure on his anal rim. He spasmed as she pulled, and the butt-plug refused at first to go anywhere, held in by his poor, distended anus. It took more muscle, and a squeal to pull it free, Jon so relieved at the release of pressure that he almost collapsed as cool air hit the inside of his distended asshole.

"MMgh.."

"You've been a good girl."

The ball gag strap released, and Jon snivelled as the eye-mask was pulled away, allowing light to hit his eyes for the first time that day, tears of relief flowing as his jaw was allowed to close. He didn't dare look back at his mistress, eyes locked on the simple white bedding and muted wallpaper.

"MmUhh…. *Th-thank you mistress.. Thank yyou…"*

A hand came underneath and played with his balls, making him tremble. The ache of his cock in the cage came as it pressed against it.

"You will shower thoroughly and toilet. Any masturbating will lead to you being desensitised again. If you are a good girl, I will allow you to join us tomorrow at the swimming pool."

"*Yes mistress….*"

He felt the cage release with a *click*, and a finger turn his chin to Taylor. She had two specks of drool either side of her straight lips, so close he could feel her minty breath on his face as she squeezed his cheeks into a painful purse.

"Kiss your mistress."

Jon leaned in, and pressed against them, trying to coax his tongue into her mouth. She resisted, and he pressed again, whimpering.

'*Please let me in.*'

The parting of her lips was such a relief that he was almost crying again as her tongue wound into his, and he sobbed with pleasure, shaking as she began to tweak his nipples in turn, not enough to send full stimulation, but enough to leave him

pining for more. His cock was rock hard beneath him by the time the brief kiss was over. She stroked his hair like a cat.

"Good girl… bathroom. You have twenty minutes before we start getting you ready for dinner."

***

Matilda watched Sandy's pert, tight bottom clench and unclench as she jumped across rocks by the side of the path, balancing her ice cream with the grace of a ballerina. On recommendation she'd worn the shortest flared summer skirt with a crop top that outlined her slim figure, allowing Matilda to peak under it whenever she jumped; they needed Debra onside, so showing skin never hurt where that randy bitch was concerned. It made the moon half-hidden in the late evening sky only the second prettiest on show as white panties were revealed for the umpteenth time.

'Beautiful.'

Matilda had to quell the heat that was threatening to expand in her chest and belly, instead violently licking her ice cream cone. She shouldn't have picked strawberry... now the light-pink wetness was making her wonder what shade and flavour Sandy's pussy was.

'Focus. You're here to save your son.'

It didn't exactly help that she hadn't released herself in a while. As she thought of her son she could suddenly picture in crystal clear detail the moment her son had bent over and moaned in panties and heels whilst Taylor pulled the butt-plug out of his ass. Quietly she tried to adjust the painful erection trying to bulge out of her flared trousers and hide it under her belt.

"Matty?"

Sandy's sugar sweet voice brought her sharply back to reality.

"Hmm?"

"Everything alright?"

She managed not to crush her cone, keeping her voice light.

"….Fine dear, really."

Sandy jumped down and kicked some pieces of bark aside, and took a slow lick of her dessert. A dribble of white liquid down the corner of her mouth had Matilda's breast palpitating.

"You sure?"

“I… of course, I-I’m fine-“

“Alright. Just checking.”

Sandy hopped back up on the large rocks lining the path, but kept glancing over her shoulder.

Matilda saw the skirt billow up as she jumped and had to suppress a groan as the girl paused to scratch under her ass, lifting to give an almost complete view of two white, pert swells. The surge of excitement to Matilda’s groin was absolutely not needed in that moment, and she tried to force her gaze into the forest, noting a squirrel darting between the branches only to have her attention pulled back again by a moan as Sandy took a gluttonous mouthful of her ice cream.

“MmMMmuhh…. That’s so good… I *looooooove* ice cream…*Gggooops-!”*

Matilda watched with a trembling lip as white liquid ran down the girl’s chin, the older woman having to shift the iron bar trying to break out of her crotch. It felt akin to trying to hide a stolen cucumber. Another coy glance from Sandy.

“Something wrong?”

“Sandy I ah… I think you missed a spot…”

The girl’s tongue rotated around to clear up every spot of white, unblinking as she maintained eye contact and swallowed.

“Really? Well you missed a spot too.”

Matilda frowned and then followed Sandy’s eye-line to the tent straight out of her crotch. A wet dot had appeared on the tip of the tent. Before she could apologise, Sandy had hopped down from her rock, and strode up until she was almost touching her nose against Matilda’s tits.

“I need you focused, Matty.”

Matilda’s heart pounded in her chest. The minx before her handled the last bite of her ice cream cone, licked all around it, and then stuffed it odiously into her mouth, chewing with her lips wide open so Matilda could see it dissolve. She swallowed, and even showed her empty tongue when it was done.

“I hope I’m not distracting…”

“Of course not,” Matilda managed, trying not to visualise shoving the girl on her back and bulldozing into her pussy.

Sandy sniffed, and reached out to touch the hard bar in the woman’s pants.

“Liar.”

“UUghn….. *Sandy-“*

She squeezed.

“-UUUGHn-“

“Is that nice..?”

“Sandy, we… *we can’t-”*

“… Do you see anyone else on this path?” Sandy murmured.

Matilda glanced left and right, trembling. Not a soul, bar the rustling of the squirrel and the hushed twitter of birds settling into the canopy.

“…No, but that’s.. *That’s not what I-”*

Sandy put a finger to Matilda’s lips, the experienced woman felt lost in the aura of her young companion as she tickled the hard shaft through her trousers. A gentle squeeze and Matilda knew in that moment that if the girl pushed her, she wouldn’t be able to resist.

“I want this. Now, just relax Matty… I’m going to help you focus.”

She began to rub the iron bar in Matilda’s pants. The woman felt her body lurch, like tumbling down a rollercoaster as the hand tightened and began to lead her off behind a small bank of trees via her penis.

“*Hhh-holy shit-“*

“Language,” Sandy smirked, pulling the bar harder which sent a ripple of pleasure through Matilda’s body. She moved with utter certainty as Matilda began to sweat, feeling the small fingers grip her like they owned her cock, a few chirps of birds and crickets the only noises nearby.

“I-I think-“

“Don’t,” Sandy interrupted.

The clink of her belt was the only sound loud enough to alert any listeners nearby, and nothing but the quiet chorus of the forest responded.

She reached to unzip the trousers, Matilda’s crotch-less panties allowing unfettered axis to the large shaft inside which sprang out. Sandy caught it and took a deep breath, herself caught up in the moment as Matilda reached for a tree to support herself, legs trembling.

“Wow. It’s so heavy…”

“*Thank you…”*

Slowly, gently…. she began to jerk with a relaxed wrist.

“Mm…”

The quiet churn of custard was the only sound as she gripped the ridged, veiny shaft and pulsed up and down. It seemed almost holy to pleasure such an instrument, and as Matilda let out soft sighs, Sandy began to grip harder, her arm accelerating. Matilda lurched.

“Hh-hhoo-“

“…. Is that good?”

“C-certainly…”

Faster. The girl’s pink nails around her cock looked perfect. Matilda let out a groan of pleasure, wincing as the edge of a nail dug into her shaft.

“Oof… *careful with the.. The nails…”*

“Oops…. And now?”

“B-Better!… UUuyyYYY-“

“Mm….. That’s good…. I need you ready when your son comes out dressed in lingerie.”

“UuuyYYY-“

The thought alone was accelerating her orgasm, Matilda feeling sweat on her brow as Sandy’s tight form came and ground up against her side, offering gentle whimpers. No more words, just quiet sounds and rapid jerking.

Shlick-shlick-shlick

“*I can see why Jon loves this dick,”* she murmured, “it’s *huge….”*

Matilda let out an ugly yodel rather than a roar. A snake of cum flew out of her dick-slit into the wilderness. A second and third followed, painting the trunk of a tree, submerging a patch of dandelions. A minute passed, during which Matilda created her own personal cum-swamp in the middle of the forest, Sandy never letting up, always keeping a firm grip as she pumped, milking the udder. It was incredible how much forest could be soaked by one woman.

“Wow,” Sandy murmured, even squeezing herself up against the woman and gently scissoring one of her legs so she could rub her pussy against her thigh, before stepping back, feeling the final pulses of Matilda’s cock die away. *“Cum for me…”*

“*UUUYhuh-“*

This coaxed out a few extra, almost painful final spurts, and it was with relief that the last vestiges of Matilda's orgasm faded, the young body against her lithe and warm.

"Do you feel better?"

Matilda nodded, flushed with heat.

"… Yes."

"You sure?"

"Absolutely."

"… would you like another round?"

Matilda's eyes widened, but her cock was already drooling again, and she let out an apologetic smile.

"*… I ah… wouldn't mind..*"

Sandy giggled.

"Well… we are early for dinner."

She put her fingers back around the base, marvelling for a moment at the sheer weight of Matilda's balls as a puddle formed at their feet.

"I guess one load isn't enough for a woman like you huh?"

"Y…-you betcha," Matilda growled, before uttering a whine as the fingers began to pump again.

A few families walked down the trail, deaf to the pair hidden off in the trees as Matilda's seed began to drench the greenery in more lines of thick, stinking sap.

***

Twenty minutes later….

Her head clearer than it had been all week, Matilda marched arm-in-arm with Sandy, both women possessed by their single-minded mission - save Jon.

When they reached the villa, Debra managed to make a simple greeting at the front door an event, her arms wide enough to strain every sinew of the leopard print top, ninety-degree breasts bursting through the material as she tottered out in skin-tight jeans and heels.

"Oh LOOK at you two… I think Matty's really beginning to rub off on you," she winked, regarding Sandy's skimpy outfit.

“You could say that,” Sandy smiled back, Matilda snorting as she laid it on thick and even made a brief ballet-pose that made her skirt flutter up her backside. Debra was on side instantly, even adjusting the crotch of her jeans as she welcomed them in.

Wonderful smells of tomato and garlic greeted them as they settled into the sleek dining area with bench seats and a thick marble table. Dinner was quickly served, Sandy adjusting her ass on the dining room bench, too nervous to eat the steaming lasagne in front of her as Debra smiled across the table.

“Something wrong, dear?”

“Fine… all good.”

Matilda leaned in and squeezed her shoulder.

“I got us ice creams. Might have spoiled her appetite.”

“Ah I see. Classic Matty, gotta keep trying to one-up me!” Debra crowed, white smile somehow gleaming brighter than the lamps above them.

Sandy tittered.

“It’s not that. Just… a little nervous I guess.”

She glanced up at the stairs. Matilda nudged her and murmured.

“*They’ll come down in their own time*. He’s *fine*. Debs would never let her hurt him... even if she is a moron” *(“Hey!”)*.

“It’s not Debra I’m worried about,” she muttered back.

“Oh Sandy, I’m sorry again about Jenny,” Debra said with a warm tone, “I know you had your eyes on him… *back when he was still a him, anyway….* But pussies like that need a firm hand! You’ll find someone much better suited… and hopefully taller too!”

Sandy adjusted her knife and fork again, staring down at the meal in front of her which remained untouched.

“Yeah….”

Debra tutted, reaching across the table and held her hand.

“I was joking about the height, but I mean it. You’re a *fine* young woman, and young. You’ll find someone wonderful that will make you happy… a REAL man….. Also I must say, you and Matty do look cute together. Thick as thieves… Besties some might say!”

“Thanks,” she murmured, allowing a small smile to cross her face as her shoulder was squeezed again.

“Early days,” Matilda smiled. "She's turning out to be quite the box of surprises..."

A whine from upstairs made both women glance at the staircase. Debra noticed the angst on their faces and put her fork down.

“I’ll just have a check to make sure they’re joining us.”

“Please. We’d love to see your daughter…. *Our* daughters… together.”

“Typical Taylor-Joy, in her own little world!” Debra crowed, unseating herself and bustling up the stairs.

Matilda and Sandy both stared, squeezing against each other for support as hushed voices came from above, before Debra appeared once more.

“Well I think they’re FINALLY ready! May I present… Taylor-Joy and Jenny!”

A twin groan from both onlookers portrayed vastly differing emotions as Taylor-Joy emerged in a black, form-fitting dress down to the knee… with a leashed Jon tottering behind on pink stilettos. The sissy looked tiny next to his mistress, naked bar heels, PVC stockings, locked clitty-cage and a pink *‘Pussy’* collar round his neck, face perfectly effeminate with lashes and lips bright and popping from his pale skin. His eyes went round as dinner-plates as he saw mother and Sandy, but his mouth stayed tightly shut, walking obediently behind his mistress as she led him to the dinner table. Everything he wore was the same barbie pink as his lips, with a small bow in his hair to complete the picture. A clear cherry blossom perfume scent was noticeable, adding to the innocent slut visage.

“Good evening,” Taylor said, taking a seat on the bench with her mother, before clicking her fingers. *“Lap.”*

Jon hurried to her, squeezing in until he was sat side-saddle on her lap, trying to press as much of his back and head as he could against Taylor-Joy. The atmosphere in the room was immediately heightened, Matilda adjusting herself at the brazen sluttiness of her son's naked, oiled body; Sandy caught between roving over Jon's ridiculously slutty visage in shock and clenching her fists for a fight as Taylor spoke.

"Jenny, say hello to our guests."

Jon covered up the caged clitty between his legs as he spoke, ashamed to show his pitiful manhood and possible arousal.

"Hi Mom... *S-Sandy...*"

"Son," Matilda breathed, chest palpitating.

"Jon," Sandy whispered.

"Wrong."

Taylor's voice was sharp.

"*Her* name is Jenny."

"*Apologies,"* Matilda replied smoothly, "we forget ourselves... Jenny here looks ravishing."

Taylor nodded. She tickled one of his nipples, Jon quivering. Her finger moved slow. Each roll around his areola had him struggling to stay still, yet he dared not initiate anything, almost crying with gratitude as she pulled the front of her dress down revealing one breast. Taylor was a master of her craft, taking her time, never rushed whilst leaving her bitch gagging for more. The puffy pink bud had barely become visible before he was almost salivating over it.

“Would you like to suck?”

“Yes,” he nodded, starving for the woman’s teat.

“…. Then you may suck.”

Jon accepted the gift and whining in relief as he sucked in and rubbed the girl’s bud with his tongue, thankful to focus on something other than his Mother and crush staring in his direction. They continued quietly for a while, a babe suckling the milk of its mother.

“Mmf.. Mhm-“

Matilda made a small involuntary noise. Sandy gripped her thigh under the table.

“Sandy. Will you address Jenny properly?” Taylor said, whilst pressing Jon’s head a little tighter to her bosom.

Sandy gave a cool smile as the suction got sloppier, the sissy almost bouncing with joy on her mistress’s lap.

“I also apologise. Jenny here looks quite divine. You’re quite the stylist.”

“Hmm.”

Taylor cocked her head in the way a cat does before it strikes to kill. Then, with the slow grace of a praying mantis she rose from her seat, leaving Jon sat next to her with a spit-covered chin. She hit a wide legged pose like a shop mannequin and made a hard-toned order.

“*Bitch… remove my dress.”*

Jon reacted instantly. He scrambled to the side zipper, removing Taylor's dress like his life depended on it. A shining moulded codpiece was revealed, akin to a pair of black, distorted speedos by the hard shaft within.

"Underwear."

He reverently pulled it down, and flinched. A smell permeated through the air - the stench of balls steamed beneath layers of latex and a saddle. Sandy shuddered. It was truly eye-watering. She must have been storing it for hours.

"Lick the sweat off my balls and ass."

With only a brief flinch, Jon obeyed. Sandy watched his tongue sliding down the oily, shining peaches hanging between her legs, grabbing the hard shaft which pointed diagonally up, pulsing with power.

"Hnng…"

"His behaviour has improved dramatically," Taylor stated with what might have been the glimmer of a smirk, "but it was not your fault he was so disobedient…. All men need proper training before they can….. *HHmm-"*

Jon slid underneath, all the way back past her taint to her asshole. Watching Jon press his entire face between the perfect ass-cheeks of her rival had Sandy wanting to cover the smug expression in lasagne.

"*-l-learn*… I hope you are not offended by the results…"

"…..Not at all."

"Good. Then I hope we can… *PUT*… this all behind us-"

The wet bubbling of Jon's tongue within her asshole had the girl rippling, and she bent over a little to allow better access. A wet plunger sound came from behind, which must have meant Jon was sliding his tongue in and out of her asshole, even rotating his head as he trailed around the rim. By the time he came up for air he was hyperventilating, dragging air into his lungs even as was gripped by the neck and steered back to Taylor's balls.

"*… I didn't say stop…*" she murmured.

There was no doubting it… a condescending smirk was emerging from her features.

Sally's fist clenched under the table as Taylor stared her down, hand on hip before shoving Jon deep into the saggy skin of her nutsack. An occasional grunt from her throat made parts of Sandy twitch as Jon's eyes closed, and he began to make small whimpering noises. They watched in silence, spellbound as the sissy's tongue trailed

up, under and around the two testicles, before being made to briefly plough through any last traces of sweat collected between her ass and the top of her thighs.

"Please. I don't want to dis-….t-*tract* from your meals," Taylor moaned, squeezing Jon's neck as he made love to her balls, slowing him down a touch. "*Good girl*…"

Sandy watched as she guided him onto the hard cock, slathering up to the two pink halves of the helmet, making her flush red. A high-pitched whine from the sissy sent a number of strange, contradicting signals down her spine, shifting her ass on the bench again before she felt a large hand on her knee. Glancing up at Matilda, Sandy managed a small smile.

"It might be… *disheartening* seeing him working on my manhood. I hope you won't feel any embarrassment seeing this dirty slut pleasure me whilst you eat."

"Not at all… I've actually seen bigger, quite recently," she responded, patting Matilda's arm.

"WELL now!" Debra interjected, beaming.

"I see.."

Taylor twitched. Almost nothing… but the hair-second of annoyance was satisfying for Sandy in a way that was hard to describe as her rival shoved Jenny harder onto her cock, forcing a splutter and gag. For a few minutes nothing but the face-fucking of a broken bitch filled the room. Her balls jabbed against Jon's chin. Sandy's breath caught in her throat as the cock bulged out of his cheek. By the time his mistress pulled him off of her crotch, saliva basted the shaft.

"You'll get your dinner later. *If you're well behaved."*

Taylor seated herself, naked, with one last look at Sandy as Jenny panted, sitting back on her lap. She began to eat carefully, with Jenny watching mournfully as each mouthful sailed an inch past his nose. Sandy felt pride… pride for herself, that she controlled her anger… and pride for Jon that he'd taken that dick like a champion.

'Jon looks so demure! I wonder what he'd look like with Matty's dick in his mouth… she's even bigger.'

"So *pretty,"* Debby remarked. "My two little lovebirds!"

"Um… aren't you going to feed Jenny?" Sandy murmured, garnering a tut from Taylor.

"He'll be fed soon."

"*Why not now?"*

Taylor tutted again, and put her fork down. She grabbed Jon's head, pulling by the hair. Quickly he was bent over her lap, and Sandy swallowed a river of saliva as she watched Jon's lips spread wide, pressing down over the head of her cock. His lurch and gag as he ingested the first half of Taylor's hardness sent more strange sensations through her body.

Then Taylor slammed his head down, and Jon screeched as the cock ploughed straight down his throat, coughing and spluttering. His mistress didn't let up, mashing him down into her lap so that the only sounds that came from their side were wet, violent and slutty. Once again Taylor's eyes locked on Sandy, and Sandy felt that fury rise in her as Taylor let out a small utterance…. And Jenny mewled through a series of loud squelches, giving way to desperate gulping as the sissy's belly was filled.

A minute later, she pulled a dick-drunk Jon off of her cock, seating the barely-conscious figure next to her.

"Is that satisfactory?"

"…. Yes," Sandy managed.

"Good. Because he'll need to be desensitised tonight from all this excitement."

Jon quivered, glancing at Sandy with a desperate look. She gave him a cool stare back.

'Don't despair my love… I'm coming, but Taylor can't think she's breaking me. She would only dig her claws in deeper…'

It cut her to the core as Jon cringed, looking like he was about to cry whilst Taylor ate the rest of her food quickly in silence, although with a few quiet words from Debra she grudgingly allowed a few mouthfuls to go Jon's way (after chewing them herself), and it was almost with relief that she set her cutlery together.

"May we be excused?"

"Oh come now Taylor-Joy, our guests JUST got here!"

Taylor blinked.

"We finished our meal, and I would like to begin our evening routine."

"*Ugh*… young love, am I right?" Debra sighed, "very well!"

In a split-second Jenny was being manhandled, and instead of being led away, Jon was slowly folded forwards via his neck, ending up splayed out over the table. He shivered at the contact between his naked chest and the cold marble. Belly-down, it

was almost impossible to tell he wasn't a biological woman, his bubble butt and fuck-me lips with smoky eyelashes seemingly begging to be fucked as Taylor licked her lower lip.

"Say goodnight."

"G-good-"

SMACK

"NNIGHh-

SMACK

"NIUGH-"

"Say it again."

"Good-"

SMACK

"-UUG-"

SMACK

Her arm was like a whip, coming down violently on his ass and leaving every other woman in the room flinching as she rained down ten spanks that had Jenny trembling with tears in her eyes.

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-

"UUYGHH-HUGH-UUH-!!!!!"

When she had finished, Jenny's ass was bright red with multiple handprints visible.

"Good girl. Pick up my things. We're leaving."

With that, she pulled on the leash and stood, her hard cock leaking just a dot of pre-cum which trailed across the floor as Jon collected her dress and underwear like sacred treasures, Taylor walking him away and up the stairs. Sandy noted that Jon was bent forwards, as if pained by the clitty cage which meant he was almost certainly aroused by the pain that she had inflicted on him. Sandy bit her lip, lust and hatred in her heart. She hated Taylor-Joy. But she also loved seeing Jon go cross-eyed with humiliating pleasure. Two opposites could be true at the same time.

'*What I wouldn't give to see Matty have her way with him…*'

Eventually Debra broke the silence.

"*Well…* I'm sorry she didn't let Jon stay longer… *oops,* JENNY… damn, I'll get it right eventually!"

“It’s fine,” Sandy murmured, her heart hammering in her chest. “We know Taylor’s ah… *specific* with her activities.”

“Don’t I know it…. You alright Matty?”

“Fine.”

Sandy turned to Matilda and her eyes widened at the strained look on her face, and the raging boner pressing against the underside of the table.

“Ah, she’s just….”

“*Yeah-*“

Debra smiled.

“Goodness Matty you’re looking as randy as you were in college!… The bathroom’s down there if you need to loosen up. Let me just clear your plates… oh Sandy you’ve barely touched yours…”

“Um… May I take it to go?”

“For a peach like you.. Absolutely.”

As she bustled off with the plates, Sandy leaned in.

“You okay Matty?”

“Y.. Yup,” she grunted back.

“Need help?”

“N… NUgh.. I’m *fine*..”

Sandy glanced over her shoulder at Debra who was busy looking for something to place the uneaten lasagne in, before reaching underneath and grabbing Matilda’s hard trouser-bulge.

“*UUhnugh-*“

“Shhh.”

She began to squeeze and rub rapidly, and Matilda made a jerking head motion.

“We can’t-“

As she raised her hands to protest, Sandy quietened her with a sharp glare. Apparently their little episode in the forest had unlocked something in the girl as she sucked in a sliver of drool that had been trickling from her lips. Add ‘the danger of being caught’ to a surprising list of kinks.

“I think we *both* need some stress relief.”

Caught between a defiant girl and a hard place, Matilda was too overwhelmed, even after the forest jerk-offs, to resist.

“.. *Fine… not here…*”

Together they moved quickly to the downstairs bathroom, squeezing themselves between a tight shower, sink and toilet under warm orange lights.

Matilda’s belt was unclasped so quickly that she almost missed it, small fingers grasping her manhood which had been angrily contained. With bulging eyes she watched Sandy kneel down and open her mouth wide for the leaking staff now jutting out from her crotch like the leaning tower of Pisa.

“Phew it… it does look even.. *bigger* up close….”

“Well, Jon thought much the same,” she chuckled.

“Let’s see if I’m as good as Jon then…. *MM*-“

Sandy closed her eyes and leaned forwards. Feeling the girl’s warmth and wetness descend onto Matilda’s womanhood for the first time was wonderful. It struck her in that moment that Sandy needed this stress relief perhaps even more than she did, the girl already sneaking her free hand under her skirt to play, whimpering through the fleshy bar in her cheek.

“MMFFH-“

Matilda lurched and banged her elbow on the shower glass. Glowering she rubbed it, only to feel pleasure drown out the pain as the lips on her cock tightened and began to squeeze the life out of her trouser snake, Sandy pressing herself halfway down until Matilda’s helmet was tickling the edge of her throat.

“G-GGOODNESS-“

Seeing such a girl-scout blond reveal her inner whore felt like striking gold whilst digging for truffles, the girl’s technique imperfect but more than made up for by zeal, eyes scrunched shut as she savoured every ridge and salty tang of Matilda’s cock scent filling her mouth and sinuses. The smelly, salty cock taste forced disgust and arousal to course through her veins. Somehow if it hadn’t tasted so nasty…. It wouldn’t have been as good.

Light whines from the kneeling girl were met with heavy grunts from Matilda, who was about to grab the girl’s head but relented. Let her go at her own pace… Sandy wasn’t experienced like her son after all. A brief pain of being separated from Jon made Matilda grimace.

‘We’ll save you, honey…’

Then the pretty face below began to find a rhythm, gliding up and down, always to halfway and back again. A spare hand came to help jerk the rest, and soon she was engaged in, if not quite a professional blowjob, then certainly a decent amateur one, brushing a blond lock out of her eyes as she began to waggle her tongue over the piss slit.

"*OOihh*… s-sensitive," Matty murmured.

"GLHh… Sorry," Sandy whispered back, wiping the saliva and pre-cum from her chin.

Matty couldn't help a brief stern look. Jon would be given a spank for even thinking about not sucking down every last speck of sperm that his mother gave him, but Sandy wasn't to know. She still had much to learn.

Sandy tried to push past her gag, but it was so large that she quickly relented, instead bulging her cheek with it, fluttering her eyelids up at the goddess above her as she clung to the shower. Each pulse of her cock was extra incentive for Sandy to demonstrate her passion, frowning as she tried again to push past her throat….

"GLLHHH-"

"Easy honey," Matilda breathed, pulling her back by her hair, "there's no need to rush…"

"Glhh… s-*sorry,"* she whispered, coughing.

"It's *fine*. Deepthroating isn't necessary… you're doing well."

"Thanks."

The tiny smile from below was beautiful, a cygnet finding her confidence under the wing of an imperious swan. Then the hand in her hair tightened.

"Let me show you."

Sandy relaxed her neck, and let Matilda guide her in and out. It was slower than she expected.

"Use your tongue… *yyyess*… just like… *oohHHH…..."*

The slurps and moans echoed off the tiles, Sandy trying her best to furnish her superior with all the sensations she could muster as she jerked the base in time with her pumps, her free hand exiting her own drenched pussy to clutch one of the woman's saggy balls. It felt like a soft peach, and she squeezed.

"GHLhuURGGl-"

Matilda made a noise like a peacock, a rather odd warble.

"-GUHG…. *A little softer,"* she croaked, almost bent double.

"OH, I'm SO sorry-"

"It's… it's fine," Matilda managed, catching her breath, "just… *gentle.."*

"Yeah.. Right…. Sorry-"

"Stop apologising and suck, *bitch."*

Sandy's eyes widened as Matilda began to pump her hips, and suddenly she was being steadily facefucked, the cock jabbing at her throat entrance as saliva and pre-cum began to swirl in her mouth, the girl moaning as she felt the harsher stench of semen begin to fill her mouth.

'God it's disgusting…. It's…. PERFECT…..'

Quickly she began to reach down to play even more vigorously with her vagina again, and within seconds her legs began to shake, letting out a high-pitched whine as she squirted clear liquid onto the floor beneath her. Matilda gazed down at the girl as she trembled, bathing in the sensations of being manhandled. Sweet fingers feathered across her superior's balls and shaft, lips vacuumed around her womanhood.

It was all crescendoing to a fever pitch. Matilda could feel it… the heat rising in them both.

"OOGhh.. Girl… this is…. *What you deserve…!"*

Her balls squelched. The sensations were all too much for a woman overcome by lust and guilt as she roared. Sandy's eyes widened as Matilda bucked and then exploded, almost sobbing as she gripped the sink, feeling the pressure shoot up her shaft and rock the girl beneath her.

"GLUGh-"

Cum burst from Sandy's lips all over her chin and the floor below as the girl slobbered, Debra too busy humming and bustling in the kitchen to hear the choking as cum began to roll down her chin and chest. Matilda reckoned between knee-shaking waves of her orgasm that Sandy hadn't been quite ready to handle that volume of load yet.

She'd learn.

Matilda's panting became louder as she sullied her son's crush, thrusting in spite of it all as the lips loosened, Sandy whimpering. Another huge load and she bucked as cum shot out of her nose. Clearly the girl wasn't a professional, understandably so.

“MMM-mMh-“

GL-Gh-G*L*Hh-Gl-“

Sandy pulled herself off, eyes bulging as she tried not to drown and instead found herself unplugged from a firehose now spraying all over her. It was in some ways satisfying to see the youthful confidence pegged back a little as cum fired all over her hair, face and neck, and Matilda couldn’t help herself, grunting as she reached to the girl’s ponytail and grabbed it, forcing her back onto the shaft.

“GLLH-!”

“Mm… *good girl!”* she hissed, watching the girl slobber and spasm, her belly filling with seed as she was forced into a face-fucking for the ages. When at least Matilda finished, Sandy was a mess, her entire head and torso dripping with seed and spit as she was pulled off the softening cock with a wet *POP*, now kneeling in a puddle of cum.

A brief moment took place, steam rising off the tawdry slut on her knees in a white lake of their collective juices. Eventually, Matilda spoke.

“I apologise… you got me a little excited.”

“A.. *a little?” Sandy* managed, hoarsely.

“Maybe….. we should clean up,” Matilda murmured, carefully taking a wad of toilet roll and wiping her cock in thirds with the material, so covered in juices that it took half the remaining roll just to clean the majority of it.

Sally nodded, shell-shocked by the forceful reminder of her carer’s power as she tried to remove the cum from her eyes, only to have more trickle down from her forehead to replace it.

“*Y-yeah…F-fuck..”*

“Sorry about that,” Matilda murmured, taking the rest and wiping the girl’s face, “when the juices start to flow.”

“*Y-Mhm… yeah…”*

Eventually Matilda could see the dazed expression of Sandy as the cum was wiped away, panting as she gazed down at the swamp of cum she was kneeling in, then back up.

“Watch your language,” Matilda winked, kissing her on the forehead.

“*Ha…* okay.”

The tiniest smile back was enough for Matilda to know the girl was okay.

“Need me to help?”

“N-no…”

She got up, dazed, and looked down at the splash-zone that was her entire front, clutching her swollen belly. For Matilda it was beautiful seeing such a slim girl look a touch pregnant with her seed.

“You sure?”

“Yeah…. I’ll clean up. You check on Debra.”

Debra was already sitting at the table when Matilda returned. She eyed Matty with a smile.

“She’s a keeper that one.”

“*Yeah*….”

“So… you two just a summer fling… orrrrr..?”

She left the question hanging in the air. Matilda pondered it, unsure how to answer.

“It’s…. She’s a special girl.”

“No question. But that’s not an answer.”

“Oh fuck you Debs.”

Debra leaned over, her bosom squeezed against the tabletop.

“You always overthink things Matty… you two have been inseparable this holiday!”

“It’s not that simple.”

“It *is* when she’s giving you a blowjob for dessert.”

“Ah…. You heard?”

Debra scoffed.

“Heard? I *trademarked* the slut slushy dessert at work…. I swear the number of co-workers I turned into Papier-mâché sculptures during lunchbreaks….”

“Huh, You let it get crusty?”

“Only if they tried to steal my lunch. They never got away with *that* twice. Also, you two weren’t subtle.”

Matilda chuckled.

“She’s still a little greener than she realises. She’ll learn. I don’t think she’s ever swallowed before.”

Debra reached over and placed a hand on her sister’s arm.

“This is good for you. It’ll help you move on from Jenny.”

Matilda tightened up but said nothing. A few moments later Sandy appeared, having wet and dried her clothes as best she could, still appearing rather drenched, her hair akimbo and makeup touched up with what few items she could find.

"Sorry… L-little mix-up in the bathroom… I think I accidentally turned the shower on …"

"Oh NOT to worry," Debra beamed, placing a Tupperware container in front of her. "Heeeeere you go! Plenty for when you get hungry later!"

Sandy responded by letting out the most ferocious belch at that moment, clutching her stomach with wide eyes.

"BLERRGHH….. *Oh…"*

"Goodness… how much ice cream did you feed her, Matty?" Debra muttered with raised eyebrows as the stench of cum hovered over the table.

"A.. decent portion," Matilda smiled, trying to quell the deep breaths still racking her body.

"Hmm, well next time you'll need to invite me and Taylor along! I'm sure Jenny would love to lick ice cream with her family… "

Her voice went hazy.

"… among other things… *damn* those lips…"

"Um… Debra I actually wanted to talk to you….. About Jenny," Sandy said in a quiet voice, seating herself.

"Oh?"

The room quietened. The orange lights overhead seemed to dim, as Sandy opened up with an earnest, almost pleading tone.

"… I… I think Jon shouldn't be Taylor's slave."

Debra's smile vanished.

"It's *Jenny*," she retorted, "and you two had your shot. You didn't take it."

"That's not-"

"I'd be more sympathetic if you hadn't just given my sister a blowjob in the bathroom."

Sandy jerked. For a moment, it seemed as if Matilda and Debra might jump to their feet, the tension suddenly rife across the table, before Sandy's voice softened.

"Matty loves him too."

"Of course she does."

Debra's joyful, larger-than-life persona had shifted to a harder woman, the true mother of Taylor-Joy with steely eyes and flared nostrils.

"It seems to me that you're both being greedy. Three of you and none for my girl? And you offered him, Matty. Remember that? Quite happy to flaunt him to all and sundry until you see the perfectly obedient slave *my* daughter moulded."

Sandy shifted back from Matilda and glanced up at the woman whose face had suddenly gone bright pink.

"You asked them to..?"

"It… wasn't my finest moment."

Sandy's silence was a harsher retort than any words. Matilda's voice wavered.

"*Yes*. I did it because I was emotional. Because I was jealous… of *you*."

She placed a hand on the girl's shoulder and felt her flinch.

"But please listen to me…. I understand now. My Jon… he needs more than just what I can offer. I never even allowed him to touch a vagina for God's sake! He's never experienced *life* like we did….. And Sandy… I know now that you aren't some fling waiting to break his heart."

Taking the girl's hand in hers, Matilda was surprised to find her own trembling.

"You're *special*. And we'd be lucky to have you in our family."

Sandy said nothing for the longest time. Then, she placed her other hand on top, and squeezed.

"You're special too…. And so is Jon."

"Cute."

Debra folded her arms, squeezing the large breasts into a shelf so they were impossible to ignore.

"This is all very *sweet*…. But as far as I'm concerned, Taylor has been quite straightforward about her intentions. She put a lot of time and effort to make Jenny into the girl she is today, and so far I see no reason to put that time to waste. Plus I won't be ruining their happiness because you two have suddenly decided you want him back. I mean *look* at that perfect little sissy. She's happy!"

"He's got no choice."

"Did he have a choice with Matty?" she retorted with a sharp tone.

Matilda flinched.

"Well…."

Sandy piped in.

"What if we found Taylor a different bitch?"

"Hoping to volunteer? I'd say you've had enough fun today."

"What about Chris?"

For the first time Debra's smirk returned.

"Well well, you two *have* been scheming haven't you? It's not untrue that I'd love to see that little rat dressed to the nines and bent over with a lamppost up his jacksie, but I don't see how you're going to manage it. Taylor's head is not for turning, and Lulu won't let him near us."

"Well that's where you come in. We need you to work on Lulu."

"HA! Don't you think that's exactly what I've been doing anyway?"

"Indeed, in your very *un-subtle way,"* Matilda chimed in. Sandy gave her a warning look before continuing.

"Yes…. But she's not getting too close, right? Protecting Chris won't allow her to let loose. *We* can change that.. If we work together…"

Matilda leaned in alongside Sandy.

"And weren't you supposed to be going to the spa with her tonight Debs? Think how many hot, steamy nights you could have with her son safe and sound in Taylor's *care."*

"Huh…."

Debra leaned back. She rolled her tongue in her mouth, briefly looking towards the ceiling. A good sign… Matilda knew that she would be imagining all the things she could do to Lulu, and as soon as the woman started rubbing her legs and fidgeting, Matilda already knew what the response would be.

"…. Well… aren't you two just a pair of foxes huh?"

"So, you'll do it?!" Sandy whispered.

"Ugh...*I can't believe* I'm saying this but yes…. I just wish you'd told me before Taylor got her claws into him. Honestly the only boy I can remember that she fell for as hard as Jon was a governor's son. Had the poor boy primed and ready for breast implants until his father intervened and managed to steal the boy away. She would have pursued him, but as far as I know he was flown off to a university in England to keep him out of her clutches... rumour has it he became the campus slut for ladies

just like my Taylor of course. A favourite member of the cheerleading squad as I recall... "

"... Squad?" Sally murmured, a moment of her former demureness peering through.

"Indeed... Ah college," Debra sighed to herself, "I was part of the cheerleading squad in my college too. What a time… we were animals back then."

"OH yes. Like when we covered a boy in so much cum that you couldn't see his skin," Matilda chimed in.

"YES! Oh SNOWMANNING.... God I forgot how much of the white stuff we made back then. And do you remember the campus favourite: Triple-dick Darren?"

"OH Triple-dick Darren... I still don't know how he managed those midnight gangbangs. We gave him that funny limp-"

Matilda paused seeing Sally getting tense.

"-... *but*... that was a long time ago... I don't think Jon will ever be involved in any of that."

"Definitely not," Sally remarked, brow furrowed. "So you'll help us?"

"I said yes didn't I?"

"Great…. *Thank you."*

Debra rolled her eyes.

"Oh please, you'll make me sick with affection… and don't be surprised if Taylor doesn't see through all of this. She's one smart cookie."

"We're smart too."

"That I believe," she smirked, "so…. What do you need me to do?"

"Just be yourself.... a total slut," Matilda said dryly.

"Well we could have saved half an hour if you'd said that at the start."

"Perhaps. But we need you to be a slut when *we* say so."

"*Ugh*… There'd better be alcohol to keep me entertained then."

***

The cock felt like a pillar holding him up. Arms tied behind his back, blindfolded and slobbering over the ball gag in his mouth, Jon ground on the hips of the woman he was straddling, working away at the best spot deep inside that her helmet was just able to reach. Of course if it had been his Mom… she would have reached it easily.

He mewled and continued to grind, feeling harsh nails dig into his ass. The tiniest sighs were all that told him Taylor was enjoying his ministrations. That and the throbbing of her penis against his anal walls.

SMACK

"Faster."

Jon mewled and began to ride her like a jockey, the discomfort of the cage on his cock more than made up for by the pleasure growing in his ass. The only pleasure that she would allow him…

"Mm…..*MM*….."

He was going to cum… he was FINALLY going to be allowed to cum today!….

The shaft inside throbbed, and he screamed into the gag, finally reaching the promised land. A fountain of cum spurted inside him, sating his need to be impregnated as he almost jumped from tip to base, trying to destroy himself on her weapon.

"GOOD… Giirlll," Taylor hissed.

"MMj-MMH-h-"

The claps of his ass on her hips were like whip-cracks as he used his full weight to fuck himself senseless. Jenny was a slobbering wreck, sucking down her saliva as she shook, toes curling, head lolling back. A few brief moments, and it was done bar the after-tremors. Jon felt the shaft inside begin to soften, and tried to lean down to nuzzle his mistress.

"Enough for tonight. I don't want you overstimulated."

He felt her shove him on his side, then mewled in pain as he felt the butt-plug being re-inserted into his ass. The same one he'd been holding all day. It was with relief that the girthy mass pressed through his anal rim, which immediately squeezed tight around the base.

"Sleep."

He felt a blanket thrown on him, but no warmth from his companion.

'Maybe…'

Jon gently inched his way back until he felt the naked warmth of his mistress's back. It felt lovely just to sleep close to another human. As quickly as the hope came, it vanished as she pushed him back the other way. He sniffled quietly to himself.

"Quiet."

Left to his own senseless, constricted world, Jon took much of the night to fall asleep, only to dream fitful dreams of a soft, pretty blond on one side, and a warm, brunette MILF on the other.

***

The setting seemed idyllic, an adults-only Hawaiian-style beach bar sitting on the side of the long, heated pool, steam fogging the Caribbean-blue tiles. It was almost possible to believe they had somehow teleported to a pacific island were it not for the clouds looming in the foreground. Somewhere in the distance screaming kids were flying down tube-slides as Jon was led towards rows of sun-loungers, limping due to spending much of the night engaged in many un-pious positions.

Jon did not find the place exciting. In fact, he felt terrified.. And exposed.

Clad in a white bikini with clamshell breasts, he prayed that his manhood tucked beneath him would not form any sort of shape, trying to hide beyond Taylor as he padded along with the group. She'd 'allowed' him not to wear his leash or cage on good behaviour (partly thanks to Debra's gentle coaxing), but he still had to wear makeup as well as the bow in his hair, and he prayed that no-one would realise he was in fact a boy. As they approached, Lulu waved them over, already on a sunbed next to the person he feared seeing the most - Chris.

He muttered to Taylor, giving a soft kiss on the back of her shoulder.

"Mistress… may we go in the water?"

She looked around, hands on hips. The black bikini only made her lithe, graceful body more intimidating, cupping his chin.

"Why?"

"… *So I can rub your balls, mistress,"* he whispered back, praying he didn't get another humiliating erection too quickly.

"Hmm…. Fine."

He came forwards and hugged her, kissing her collarbone level with his head. Feeling the soft moan of Taylor, despite her terrifying presence, still woke something deeply submissive in him as Jon gave more kisses, making his way up to her neck. Taylor's barely-visible smirk was like a big green light, he began to wrap himself around her, gently rubbing his groin against her muscled thigh.

"Mmm…"

“Thank you mistress,” he whispered into her, moulded to her front, before un-sticking himself.

***

Sat at the pool-bar with her legs and waist in the water, Matilda had to suppress a painful expression as she watched Jon look up at Taylor with something approaching the affection he used to bestow on her. Truly, how could she have been so stupid to let this girl ensnare such a gorgeous creature? Would he even *want* to come back?

"Matty.... earth to horny sister?"

"Shut up Debs.”

Her sister sashayed to the edge of the pool, calling down.

“Well, stop staring then.”

“I’m NOT staring.”

Debra grinned.

“Let me show you how to get a few looks.”

She sighed, having to endure the bimbofied smoke show that was her sister whipping her gown aside to reveal a garish golden bikini set holding her huge breasts in. Scores of eyeballs locked themselves to her chest. The bartender behind Matilda gawped as her sister stepped down into the pool and joined her, almost dropping a beer he’d been pouring.

"Where’s your drink? You need one to loosen up."

"I'll loosen *you* up. Or pop those balloons of yours."

“Like you’re any more demure. *Two daiquiris please.”*

“I’m APPROPRIATELY dressed.”

Matilda's full-body bathing suit was a little less revealing of her curves and slight belly, although it didn't stop more stares in her direction too, including Chris. Even when she gave him a glare, he just smirked back from his sun lounger and continued to look her up and down.

"Little prick," she muttered, before checking that her tuck was firmly beneath her.

A slim, pretty figure appeared at the edge of the pool, looking down. Matilda smiled and called out to Sandy as she dipped her toe in the water, still covered up by a long gossamer gown, "Showtime! Come on in hun, the water’s perfect."

Sandy pensively pulled her gown aside. Still her hands came to cover her body in a white bikini set that made her seem angelic, skin clear and shining in the midday sun.

"Good gracious girl, you shouldn't be shy of showing yourself off!" Debra crowed. “You’re an absolute BABE!”

"Y-yeah... it's just, different in public..."

"C'mon girl, let's get you a drink."

Matilda tutted as Debra motioned Sandy into the pool towards the bar, casting a lingering look over at Jon before collecting her cocktail and taking a long drink.

“Two more please.”

“THAT’s the spirit Matty!” Debra crowed with Sandy under her arm, “and make that three!”

***

Taylor took Jenny’s hand, leading her into the deeper part of the pool. Jon’s feet quickly lost contact with the ground, forcing him to hold onto her side as she waded until only her neck was above the surface.

“You dumb *bitch,”* Taylor murmured, snorting Jon’s hair as her free hand clutched his ass.

“I’m so dumb,” he agreed, wrapping himself on her front and working his greedy fingers across her body hidden under the water, cupping the hard glutes, moving to the front and slipping inside to untuck the angry monster hiding underneath. He’d learnt to treasure any and all physical contact, especially with her more exciting parts, and her most exciting part was already pulsing, growing between his fingers.... feeling her manhood hardening in the middle of a public pool was outrageous, yet he felt compelled to give his mistress the pleasure she demanded.

“Hmm-HHrg-“

Taylor grimaced as her cock unfurled to tent her bikini, before sighing in relief as he simply pulled the string down, allowing his fists to grasp around it. Jon began to jerk her fully in the pool, staring into her eyes. Somehow, it was becoming easier to give more of himself to her, to exist purely through the lens of those murky green eyes, and it was a shock as his name was called.

“JON?! Dude, what the *hell?”*

Jon jolted, unclasping himself and rotating to press his ass back into Taylor as Chris gesticulated from the opposite side of the pool. Further down, the ladies were seated closer to the pool bar, but that was only a minor concern as Jon grimaced, covering up the bikini top he was wearing.

"H-HEY man… what's up?"

"What the fuck is on your face... and why are you with this bitch?"

"U-Um-"

"Is that a fucking *ribbon?!"*

"Well…"

Taylor growled. Her gaze seemed no different from her usual dead-eyed stare, yet Jon could feel the danger within her tightened musculature. He slipped one hand behind his back, grasping for her weapon. When he found it, he felt the woman stiffen further, before he began to slide up and down, the other hand still trying to cover up this chest. The girl softened just a touch, murmuring as he clutched her manhood tight.

"… *we're just getting to know each other*… and the look is just a ha… a joke…*"*

"You better be fucking her dude. You're seriously wearing this girly shit in PUBLIC?!"

Taylor stiffened again. The growl was deeper. Jon mewled as he began jerking as fast and hard as he dared. Some heads turned at the language, two gorgeous women who had been sunbathing turning their heads with disgust on their perfect features.

"I… it's… not that big a deal-*"*

Chris squinted.

"Why you leaning on her bro? You her *pet* or something. Seriously bro, why the fuck are your lips *pink*?!"

"I'll… I'll explain later, okay?" Jon huffed, trying to keep his voice neutral whilst the rod in his hand pulsed. Taylor was beginning to exhale through her nose harshly as he kept her from doing something violent, having to increase the speed so her hips wouldn't buck so obviously. If he worked less subtly, the jig was more than up. "Just… I'll come over in a sec."

Chris threw his hands in the air.

"Nah bro, what the hell, you're doing so much weird shit. Like, what the fuck bro!… you GAY?! That would explain you wearing faggot shit."

A shadow fell across him. Chris turned to see a ripped brunette-dreadlocked lifeguard wearing a red bathing suit; the same woman that had ushered them off the rapid ride.

"There a problem here guys?"

"Fuck off. You're not a cop, bitch-

SMACK

"-OUGH!!!!"

SPLASH

Chris hit the pool with his belly, a flop that echoed around the pool.. The forehand had been whipped across his face so fast that no-one watching would have registered other than the gawping Jon and unperturbed Taylor. A few rows down, the two gorgeous women burst out laughing, and some of the other loungers smirked before going back to their books or naps.

"Careful of those wasps," the woman said in a less-than-friendly way, "he bothering you guys?"

"N-no, he's-… we know him," Jon said apologetically.

"Righteo. I'd keep better company if I was you…."

The woman looked him up and down, biting her lip whilst Chris broke the surface, coughing up water.

"… cute little honey you got there, girl. Hope to see you both at the activity night tonight!"

"Perhaps," Taylor replied.

As they sized each other up, Jon spied something tucked under the woman's bathing suit and realised just why the woman was so complimentary. As she gave a bow and strutted away to her lifeguard tower, Chris managed to wheeze the last of the water out.

"F-fucking… *bitch…. I-I'll…."*

What he had planned to say wilted as the lifeguard cleared her throat loudly before ascending to her chair, adding an 'I see you' gesture with two fingers from above.

"I guess I'll catch you later," Chris managed, throwing it in Jon's direction, before pulling himself out of the pool, rubbing his jaw which was beginning to shine with a

bright red mark on his left side. He sidled away, and Jon huffed in relief as Taylor murmured into his ear.

"You will not speak to him again."

Enclosing both fists, he began to jerk with all his might, feeling her grunt and wrap her arms around him. A quick turn and he was wrapping his legs around her, this time squeezing her balls in his hand; worshipping the large, soft peaches that had her openly huffing into his face. He kept their eye contact, placing little pecks on her lips.

"*… I love you mistress.. He's stupid… I'll tell him I'm your property now…. He'll understand…"*

Just as Jon began to feel comfortable, something took hold of his panties from behind, and he let out a high-pitched yelp as Taylor pulled until the bottom of the panties were wedged up against his balls and asshole.

"UUUGY-"

"*Are you trying to manipulate me,"* she breathed, drinking in the dog whines of her snivelling bitch.

"*NNUuy.-UUY-"*

"Did I tell you to stop touching my genitals?"

"NNOU-"

She began to pull him almost out of the water by his bikini bottoms, and Jon yelped as he tried to sloppily kiss her, desperately trying to keep hold of her dick as he was lifted upwards, jerking as vigorously as he dared in a public place. A few heads turned to observe them.

"MM-*sorrehhuh… SOORuhh-"*

Taylor for a terrifying second looked as if she might lift him fully out the water via a bikini wedgie, but relented, snapping the elastic back which gave him another painful shock, sobbing as he pumped with all his soul, leaving wet kisses up and down her jaw.

"Th-thank you, *thank you mistress, thank you…"*

Taylor allowed him to do it, grunting and closing her eyes, lost in the sheer demureness.

"Goooood girl."

Any lingering looks were lost in the throng as people swam past, entering or exiting the pool around them as Jon felt her begin to ripple, a hazy look crossing her face. She was getting close, and the cock was beginning to flex and pulse… he couldn't let her cum in the pool-

Jon submerged, and placed his lips around the tip of her penis just in time to feel a wave of bitter lava envelope his tongue.

***

Sandy saw the slight wrinkles in Matilda's face grow sharper, squirming by the pool bar as she watched Taylor's expression from afar. Only the girl's head was visible above the water, shifting between neutral, tense and open gurning, the girl even leaning her had back over the side of the pool briefly with eyes rolling up. Eventually, she settled back to her resting bitch face, albeit needing a few deep breaths to get her wind back as a smaller head finally re-appeared, heaving in oxygen whilst a sliver of white trickled down his face. A word from Taylor and he quickly scooped it into his mouth with a greedy tongue.

"You okay?"

She blinked, tearing herself away to see Sandy looking at her.

"Yes… yes I'm fine…"

"We'll get him back. You know that, right?"

She felt a lurch of emotion and crinkled a smile as Sandy proffered her cocktail.

"… *Yes. I know*, Sandy…"

They clinked drinks and sipped the sweet juices inside. She didn't feel the same certainty as the young girl, but Sandy seemed invigorated, narrowing her eyes as she saw Chris approaching, still rubbing his jaw.

"Matty…. Can I borrow your drink?"

"Absolutely."

With a cocktail in each hand, the girl stepped out to the pool, girlish hips swaying as various men and women stopped and gawped at the youthful beauty strutting in a bikini down the side of the pool. Chris took a moment to realise who the blond hottie walking towards him was, and it was with satisfaction that Sandy watched his eyes bulge, zeroing in on the skimpy material between her legs.

'Good. Be distracted.'

When she reached him, he seemed slightly dazed, as if her sheer aura had scrambled his brain.

"Hey Chris. Where ya goin?"

"S…sun Lounger. Had enough pool for today…."

"Mind if I join you?"

"Uh, whatever."

She proffered a drink.

"You know… we could drink cocktails at the pool-bar instead. I took this off Matilda. You want it?""

He grunted, looking over at Lulu and Debra smiling and laughing on the loungers.

"Mom said I can't."

"Wow. Too much of a goody two-shoes huh?…"

"I am NOT a goody-*two shoes*. Gimme that!"

He snatched the cocktail out of her hand, and she smirked as he began to chug it.

'Idiot.'

She waited, not interrupting an enemy making stupid decisions as he drained it with an open throat, barely tasting the undoubtedly wonderful flavours.

'*He'll need to swallow faster by the end of the holiday,'* she though savagely, smiling internally as she imagined the torment Taylor would bestow upon him.

He burped loud enough to draw some rebuking stares from nearby.

"BLERGHh….. *Done. EASY."*

"*Wooooowww*….. That's so *impressive*," Sandy fawned, placing a hand on his shoulder, "I bet you can't do it twice."

"TRY me."

She tittered and took his hand, leading him into the pool. With a quick order and a heartfelt kiss blown towards Matilda as she tapped her card on the reader, two more colourful drinks were in their hands.

"What is it?"

"Sex on the beach," she said pointedly, looking eyes with him. "Cheers."

"Huh-"

He eyed her curiously as they cheers-ed, taking a sip and licked his lips at the delicious sweetness whilst his attention focused on her breasts moving down to her

belly and crotch. He began to down his drink slower this time. When he had finished, he nodded, although not as steadily as before.

"*Easy.*"

"Wooww…. You're so *manly*…"

"Yeah, yeah…. Glad you worked it out, bitch," he smirked.

Sandy's smile didn't reach her eyes, but Chris was too excited to care.

"Thing is Chris… I actually kinda need a strong guy like you to help me with a problem.."

She put a hand on his arm. Feeling him stiffen was both a power trip and yet made her feel sick inside. With effort, she forced the sensation back down.

"*Oh yeah?*… What problem?"

"This girl that's been saying mean stuff to me…."

A walk of her fingers up to his shoulder. The excited look on his face this close was such a turn off that she felt like her cheeks would snap like an overstretched elastic band as her smile was pushed to the limit.

"I need you… to talk to that Taylor-Joy girl."

His expression flipped one hundred and eighty degrees. It was almost comical how fearful he became as he shook his head.

"N.. *Nah*. I want nothing to do with that *bitch-slut.*"

"Oh really? I guess you can't defend me then. You know, I thought you weren't scared of girls."

"I am NOT scared-"

"-Besides, you always talked about that… W-W-E thing that you did.. What was that?"

He gritted his teeth.

"M-M-A… not WWE. That shit is FAKE. What I do is REAL!"

"Well then, prove it. That girl said bad things about me, and I want you to make her apologise."

"I don't need to prove shit."

Sandy checked her nails.

"Huh…. thought you said in a straight up fight you'd whoop her ass… I guess not."

She bit her lip before taking a sip of her cocktail.

"Such a shame. I think guys that stand up for girls are… *very* attractive…."

Chris didn't necessarily clock the haze from the alcohol, but he couldn't seem to tear his eyes away as Sandy wiped a little water from her breasts, checking her bikini top was secure.

"… you know what I mean?"

"Y… *Yeah….*"

***

Lulu leaned forwards in her sun lounger, staring at the cocktail in her son's hand and frowning.

"He didn't even ASK! I should go down there and-"

Debra slapped her on the thigh.

"He's a big boy. He'll be fine…. It's a *public pool!* Besides, it seems like Sandy's getting a better side out of him, instead of the usual perverted little prick-

"AHEM."

"-I mean… It's nice to see him chatting with someone his age."

"Indeed."

"I just think he shouldn't be drinking so early… he's not even twenty-one y-"

A cocktail appeared in front of her.

"But we are," Debra grinned.

"Oh Debs you are ridiculous!" Lulu crowed.

"Maybe I just know how to have a good time."

They clinked glasses and sipped.

"Don't forget they have private saunas here."

"*Private… why would they-"*

"You *know* why…"

Lulu then looked around and realised the amount of scantily clad women and women, leaning in close on their loungers or getting a little too handsy in the pool. Her eyebrows rose.

"I… *what kind of resort is this again?"*

"One for all the family….. kids *AND* adults," Debra said smugly. "And last I checked, this was the *adult* pool."

Another cocktail was placed on Lulu's lounger.

"DEBS, I've barely touched the first one!"

"Well then.. You'd better catch up."

Lulu might have resisted if she hadn't been stroked on her knee by Debra's free hand.

"This… is ridiculous."

"Less attitude, more alcohol."

***

Jon squirmed on the small patch of sunbed he had been afforded, mainly lying on his mistress. It was tricky getting comfortable whilst lying on Taylor-Joy's hard musculature. What he wouldn't give for the softness of his mother…. He risked a quick look over to see her welcoming Lulu and Debra back to the pool bar for another round of drinks. Her bathing suit presented heavy breasts, puppy-fat belly and thick thighs that deserved prime placement in the Louvre.

"Mm.."

He bit his lip, dredging up the courage… and murmured to his mistress lying beneath him, sunglasses on, eyes closed.

"Um… Mistress… can I… go to the bathroom?"

A pause.

"…. Very well."

Jon shivered as he placed a quick kiss on her cheek, then two more for good measure until the woman groaned. A good sign….. He scurried away, trying his best to look like a nonchalant girl whilst quickly taking the bow out of his hair. He made it all the way to the side of the pool, and felt his heart hammer in his chest as he watched his mother smile, chatting to Lulu. Just as he tried to find the words, his name was called from nearby.

"Ey FAGGOT….. JON!… I think the lady's toilet is on the other side!"

What he saw shocked him. Chris and Sandy were emerging from the pool. She had her hand in his.

"Oh… *h-hey guys…..?*"

"Yeah, seems you really weren't fucking her after all," Chris leered, holding Sandy's hand. "Of course a gayboy like you wouldn't be able to get hard for a hot girl like Sandy."

The girl put on a breezy smile.

"Nope."

"Did *you* know he dressed like a girl?"

“Sure didn’t.”

The pair sniggered, and Jon felt his world cave in as Sandy dismissed him, speaking to Chris, “Shall we get to the other bar? Matty gave me her credit card.”

‘Matty?’

“B-but guys-“

“Wait… Reesha?!…”

Both Jon and Sandy paused as Chris stared across the pool in disbelief.

“Oh man… I don’t believe it.”

He followed Chris’s eyeline, and his mouth dropped open… there in all her awkward glory, was Reesha from class. She had a bathing suit that covered small, pert breasts and a slim belly, a swimming cap on making her look incredibly awkward, and a slight bulge between her legs.

Jon blinked. It was perhaps tucked but just visible to those looking for it. How had he even noticed it… Had Matilda made him aware of this? Surely one of his classmates couldn’t also have a dick. How many of these girls were there?!

Quickly she squeezed her long legs together as she entered the pool, looking around nervously… and finding Jon’s stare. Her eyes went wide, but then, upon seeing Chris’s sneer, her mouth dropped open.

“Hey REEESSHA!” Chris called out, many people turning to look.

Reesha started, looking almost close to tears as she grabbed the ladder and pulled herself clear, tripping on it with terror in her eyes. Jon noticed the subtle bulge between her legs again, tucked underneath to remain unseen, unless of course someone was looking for it. He grimaced, disgusted with himself for clocking girl-dick as well as spying on a girl’s undignified moment, and then scowled as Chris called out louder.

“REESSHAAA COME BAAAAACKKK!!”

The girl fled, and one of the girls in the pool who looked like she might be related looked over furiously.

“Awww, I think she’s scared! Probably too ugly for the pool anyway,” Chris grinned. Jon had to disagree, thinking the girl looked beautiful in her own way, but of course this was just the sort of empathy that he now realised Chris didn’t possess.

‘Chris… really is an asshole.’

Then again, so was he before Matilda laid him out straight.

“What’s going on?”

Jon heard the dead tone of voice and felt his heart stop. A hand on the back of his neck squeezed tight.

“Why are you talking to *him*.”

***

A few minutes earlier….

Three women laughed and swayed against each other, Matilda careful not to get too close to Lulu as Debra gave her a warning look. A hand around Lulu’s belly pulled her in.

“You’ve been avoiding me,” Debra grinned, kissing her neck. A wink towards Matilda had her trying to suppress an eye roll as more kisses had Lulu squirming.

“N-No, *not in public*,” she hissed.

“Why not?”

She glanced back at the bartender who was watching appreciatively before busying himself with a cloth and dirty glass.

“*…Chris’ll see… we can’t-*“

“He’s an adult. He’ll be fine,” she murmured back.

“UUuyy!”

Matilda took a moment to check what was happening in the pool. So far, all quiet. Taylor was on her sunbed…. Chris and Sandy were out of the pool, talking to-

‘Jon.’

Her heart began to hammer in her chest. He was less than ten metres away. She could see the desperation in his pretty blue eyes, the clamshell bikini he was trying to hide that only made him look more like a slut, failing in his attempts to be demure.

‘Focus.’

She took a deep breath, trying not to let her emotions get the better of her as she tore her gaze away, checking that Debra was working her magic with Lulu, before looking out over the pool… and her spine straightened. The blond tyrant that was Taylor had just made a slight roll of her head in the direction of Jon.

‘Shit!’

She motioned urgently to Debra who was tracing the edge of Lulu’s chin. The meaning was clear - *‘Get her out NOW.’*

Debra gave an imperceptible nod. Suddenly the kisses turned into hickeys, as she started to slide her hand down the woman's belly.

"OOof!"

Lulu, already in heat, began to beg, panting.

"DEBRA P-*please!!.. Can we do this later, I'll… I'll do annnything…"*

"Anything? Like… relax in a private sauna with me right now?"

"I-I-"

"I know you want this. And I'm not a patient woman."

A few more seconds of hard foreplay and Lulu was almost melting into the pool.

"FINE!" she hissed as a hand began to worm between her legs, "Debs.. would you please STOP!"

"Done. See you in twenty seconds."

Lulu looked like she was hyperventilating, needing a moment to compose herself as Debra rose out of the water, drawing envious looks towards rather wonderful, jiggling parts of her body. She waved at the duo, disappearing into the massage huts. Lulu looked like she'd just been slapped in the face.

"W-well… that was…!"

As her breathing slowed, Matilda could see Taylor rising like a vampire from her sun lounger.

"… ridiculous…"

Just as Lulu was about to complain, Matilda grabbed her drink from her hand.

"HEY-!"

"Go."

Her jaw tightened.

"*Listen* Matty, I'm just worried about Chr-"

"If you don't go and enjoy yourself on this holiday, I'm never inviting you again."

"Ex-*cuse-*"

"…. and if you don't start treating your son like an adult instead of a teenager, you'll be ten years older and forget what a dick even feels like, and he'll still be an asshole."

"JESUS! *That is NOT-"*

"Girl. Stop LYING to yourself. You were glowing two days ago. Now *go get her!* I'm here with the kids."

Lulu bit back a spiky retort, glancing over at Chris who was hand in hand with Sandy, shouting something over the pool.

"Fuck."

"I'll look after them," Matilda smiled.

Lulu gritted her teeth… and took off her sunglasses, placing them on the side.

"… Don't you dare say a word."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

Matilda took the cocktails in each hand and began to suck each through a straw. Lulu laughed.

"You fucking *asshole!*"

She pulled herself from the pool. Eyes from everywhere followed her, and the lifeguard stared for so long at the water running down her breasts that Lulu even felt it and glanced over, grinning as the woman gave a nod of appreciation.

"Huh… guess I still got it," she murmured, her hips bouncing wider and sassier as she made her way towards the massage huts, unaware of the commotion building at her back. Saliva began to enter her mouth as she approached.

'Debra had better be ready…. That woman is about to get drained.'

Behind her Chris's raised voice echoing out over the pool made her flinch, but she steeled herself.

'*This is my holiday too. God damn I need a break…. He can't get into that much trouble in twenty minutes, right?….'*

***

Debra groaned in relief as she untaped her dick from her thigh in the sauna. Fifty dollars for one hour… what kind of rip off was that?!

"C'mon honey…."

She'd taken a towel for the inevitable juices that would flow, placing it on the wood beneath her. Nice and comfy…. She adjusted her now-freed balls and penis which were now stretching her bikini bottoms to breaking point, sitting far more comfortably without the tuck. All it needed was a little more steam. As she was adding water to the hot stones, Lulu appeared like a siren in the smoke.

"Am I interrupting?"

Her eyes blazed. Untethered from her offspring she seemed younger, freer. It took her a second to sashay to Debra, already removing her bikini top and throwing it aside to reveal her buxom cleavage, water trickling down the crevasse.

"Not at all. No foreplay?" Debra teased.

"We've got twenty minutes, so I want to make the most of it."

"I totally agree."

The weight of her settled into Debra's lap, and then Lulu was on the offensive, Debra moaning in surprise as the woman grabbed her head and began to play an aggressive game of tongue-hockey, lips mashing together. As she swirled, Lulu was already pulling the edge of the golden bikini bottoms down over the swollen cock-head, gripping it tight.

"Mmm… seems like you're a little excited."

"I-I could say the same," Debra said hoarsely, making to slide her fingers south.

Lulu slapped her hand away.

"I'm not here to get fingered. I'm here to get *fucked."*

She positioned her hips, holding Debra's cock like she owned it, before pressing her sopping wet pussy down onto the rock-hard organ.

"Oohhhh shit… *Iiii like this part,"* she sighed.

"MMuh-"

Debra felt the ferocity of this woman in the way she grabbed at her body, almost ripping her bikini off her tits and taking huge handfuls of breast-meat (and silicone) between her fingers, teasing the nipples.

"This is… for teasing me… in the pool," Lulu gasped, sinking down to the base of Debra's cock whilst playing with the funbags in front of her.

"Ohhhh*hhh* I apologise," Debra growled, clutching the woman's ass. The pair pawed at each other, gasping as they felt each other's heat, their aggressive lust transmitted through the pulsing of the thick shaft, and the quivering of Lulu's pussy.

Then they were fucking, Lulu not even letting Debra do the work as she began to bounce hard. Debra was thankful for the towel beneath her as she felt the full weight of the woman slapping against her lap, her cock receiving full stimulation from tip to base as both women began to hump and heave, the steam building around them.

Sweat began pouring down their bodies. An arch of Lulu's spine and a cascade of wet juice drenched Debra's lap.

"OHhhh*hhhhh!*"

She didn't stop bar a brief shiver of her thighs. Then it was back to the bounces, albeit with less ferocity as before. Debra deciding to take over, grabbing the woman's hips and throwing the woman up and down with all of the might she could muster. Lulu's breath was taken away as she was manhandled by her superior, gasping at the full sheathing of a thick, hard cock in her vagina.

"OOHHhmy-"

She held on, squeezing herself to Debra as the woman tried to take her soul, whimpering and squealing into the woman's ear as she was suddenly being decimated. Ten hip-slaps in the space of five seconds had her clawing at the woman's back.

"UUY-UYUUHH-"

"*That's for teasing me for the whole of yesterday… BITCH!"* Debra roared.

The wooden bench began to creak under the weight of a woman being pounded down into a dick-pussy sandwich, the moans and guttural noises crescendoing, yet the women didn't care. Nothing existed except each other, Lulu riding hard as her legs began to quake, lip wobbling.

"I-I'M… *I'mmMMMMM-!"*

The word 'Cumming' never came out bar a soft, wavering note as more wet heat squirted over Debra's belly.

"That's it girl… take that *dick,"* Debra huffed, wiping the sweat pouring from her brow.

"OHh my.. OHHm-mmyy…"

Debra couldn't last much longer with her first load. She'd been thinking about Lulu all night, not helped by the sounds of Jenny getting bent over in the room next door.

"UUyUYYYEs-"

She jolted. Both women seized up as the pillar expanded, and then a pint of cum gushed into Lulu's belly. She lurched, the second pint following instantly, and what followed would have been a build-up of pressure had the cum not exploded back out around the base of Debra's cock instead, Lulu giving a zombified smile as she gushed with seed whilst being filled with yet more from the sperm factories hanging below.

It took Debra a minute for the flow to slow to a trickle. Eventually, Lulu slumped on the woman's shoulder, shaking from the third orgasm of the afternoon as the last vestiges of jism entered her.

"Ooh… h-holy shit…"

"Told you, you needed a break, hun," Debra panted, struggling to catch her breath in the steam.

Lulu wiped the sweat from her face, similarly hazy.

"*I think*.. W-we should check on Chris. How long have-?"

Debra rocked her hips. Lulu's eyelid spasmed.

Plap

"*-uyy!…. Th-that's not funny…"*

Plap-Plap-

"Jesus, *Debs, Debs, D-DEBRA-!"*

"Uh-uh. *Now is MY time… besides, I paid for an hour…* so I'm getting my money's worth," she leered.

Debra began to bounce the woman's sweating, heaving form on her lap again. Lulu's eyes rolled back, and the flow of womanly juices began anew, drowning the soaked towel below.

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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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