

A mother's submission

Part I

Diane looked out along the coastal highway. What a beautiful place...what a beautiful dream, even if only for a moment. But now she knew where her true place in life was, and she wasn't about to try to change a thing. Not now, not ever again.

Just a year ago it seemed as though she had it all. Married to a man who seemed too good to be true and living in the lap of luxury. It was all new to Diane; she'd never gotten a break before in her entire life. Now she knew that she never would.

Diane tried, she really did. But now Amy and Michelle would suffer too. Diane just couldn't go back. She'd learned her lesson now. She'd become lower than a whore in a rich and powerful man's world. A world she would never escape.

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Diane Moore had struggled for years to provide her daughters Amy and Michelle a decent home and a proper upbringing. Her deadbeat ex-husband never gave her a dime, even when he was around. And with her own family distant and removed, Diane had to do it all on her own.

The hardship of supporting her two daughters never stopped Diane from taking care of herself. Thirty-six, blonde, petite and beautiful, Diane had no trouble getting a date. It was just that so few of the men who wanted to date her were men she wanted to date back. Then she met Robert.

Meeting Robert Fischer was the most wonderful thing to ever happen to Diane, or so she thought. Not only was Robert tall, dark, and handsome, but he was very, very wealthy. Once an esteemed surgeon, he had invested money in some tech company start-up ventures and made a killing, getting out just before they collapsed. He no longer practiced medicine and instead practiced the art of wine making at his Napa Valley estate.

Robert truly enjoyed the company of Diane and the companionship of a beautiful, adult woman. Their relationship started as innocent as a spring flower, and Robert never had intentions to remarry after becoming a widower eight years prior. He had raised his own daughter, Victoria, all on his own. But as things heated up with Diane, Robert knew his lust was just becoming too overpowering.

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Diane couldn't believe what a fairy tale life she began living once Robert proposed marriage to her. The diamonds, the Lexus, the estate with its 6,000 square foot home complete with maid and garden services. Amy and Michelle began going to the same private school as Victoria, escorted each way by a private car service.

Diane was so taken in by the Prince that she was totally blind to the Beast.

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Months had passed since the wedding and Diane was noticing changes in Robert's normally happy disposition. It was getting harder to please him. Diane tried harder; she always had a special dinner waiting for him, tried to relax him with massages, and made sure he could have his own time in a clean, quiet home.

As they were having a private moment one Sunday afternoon, Robert finally spoke his mind.

"You know, Diane, you're doing a pretty good job taking care of things around the home, and with the girls, but there are some things you could do better."

"Tell me darling...what is bothering you?" Diane asked eagerly, wanting to know what the man of her dreams was dissatisfied with.

"Well, mainly it's our sex life. The girls are growing up so quickly...I would like us to be more out in the open with them."

"Of course honey...I can talk to them if you think it's a good time...Amy may still be a little young..." Diane replied with a smile, thinking that Robert wanted the girls to be given a talk about birth control, sexually transmitted disease, menstruation, etc.

Robert got up from his chair looking displeased and stood with his back to Diane, looking out the window over his grape orchard.

Diane was a little puzzled and walked over to Robert, caressing her hand over his shoulder. "What did you have in mind darling?" she asked softly.

Robert pulled away and turned to Diane. "I want them to understand what it means to be a good homemaker."

"What does that have to do with sex?" Diane asked, more confused.

"Everything" Robert responded, once again turning to look out the window.

"I'm not getting it Robert...tell me what you want me to do."

Robert stood for a moment longer looking out the window and then turned to his beautiful wife of less than one year.

"I want you and your girls to be more open... sexually... around me."

Diane couldn't believe her ears. At first she smiled, almost laughing, thinking that Robert was joking, but as she looked at his face her smile quickly disappeared and her face drew tighter.

"What?" Diane asked sharply.

"Vicki is very affectionate with me...more than affectionate. I would like Amy and Michelle to be the same way. When I married you, I wanted the whole package Diane."

The color began to drain from Diane's face...she looked for a chair and quickly sat down.

"What in the world are you talking about?!"

Robert opened the door to the room and called Vicki. The fifteen year old quickly came bouncing into the room.

"Yes Sir?"

Robert looked down at his pretty, young, dark-eyed daughter, her chestnut-brown hair pulled back in a white hair band. He closed the door behind Vicki.

"Daddy would like a blowjob Darling."

Vicki smiled and looked at Diane, then back to her father. "In front of stepmom?" she asked.

"Yes" Robert smiled.

Diane could not believe her eyes when Vicki began to unbuckle Robert's belt.

"Whoa! Stop right there! You cannot be serious!!"

Robert nodded at Vicki to continue, and Vicki worked her small fingers to unbutton and unzip his trousers and then pull them down. Then she pulled his boxer shorts down, took his growing shaft into her small hand, and kneeled.

Diane's head was spinning. In just five minutes on a foggy Sunday afternoon her entire world had come crashing down.

"Vicki, don't you dare do this!" Diane shouted, rising up from her chair and pulling Vicki away.

"You are sick!" she yelled at Robert, shocked that he would let his own daughter handle his penis.

"I think stepmom needs to be punished!" Robert remarked, grinning at Vicki.

"What?!!" Diane was stunned and bewildered, and as she saw Robert continue to stand with his erect penis still protruding, she headed for the door.

"I'm getting the girls out of here right now!" Diane fumed, jerking the door open with Vicki in tow.

Robert had anticipated Diane's reaction and had bought a Taser stun gun just for that purpose. He quickly slid open a drawer and hit Diane square in the back with the gun's darts. She fell like a sack of potatoes, and Robert retrieved the other items he had prepared for Diane: wrist cuffs, ankle shackles, and a ball gag.

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Diane quickly recovered from the stun, but not quickly enough to avoid being cuffed and shackled. Robert had her wrists cuffed behind her, her ankles shackled, and then tied her ankles to the legs of the chair. He wrapped a rope around her waist and the chair to keep her seated. She tried to speak but her words were muffled through the gag.

"Now sweetheart, I know it's not an easy thing for you...to allow the girls to participate in sex at their young ages...but you will get used to the idea... eventually."

Diane tried to kick and scream, and moved the chair on its legs. Then Robert took out his medical bag and a syringe.

"If you don't calm down, I will have to calm you with medication. Do you want to try to stay calm on your own?"

Diane nodded.

"Good girl" Robert said, putting the syringe away.

"I really have eyes for Michelle," Robert said calmly, "but Amy is very cute too."

Once again Diane tried to scream and began moving the chair, and Robert showed her the syringe.

"I'm going to give you one more chance to settle down...if you move the chair again, I will medicate you."

Diane tried to relax.

"Now, I want you to watch how well Vicki gives head."

Robert brought Vicki back in and had her begin the task again. The pretty teen opened her father's pants and took them down along with his boxer shorts, then kneeled and took his cock into her mouth. She cupped his balls with one hand and stroked his shaft with the other as she sucked the head and swirled her tongue. Robert had the girl perform as he stood sideways to Diane, right in front of her.

Tears begin to fill in Diane's eyes. As she watched the young girl, she could tell that Vicki had done it many times before. It was bad enough watching Vicki...she couldn't bare the thought of Robert making Amy and Michelle do it too.

How could he do such a thing to two his own daughter! So sweet and innocent, how could Robert abuse her this way??

"You've missed daddy's cock, haven't you Darling?" Robert asked, Vicki working enthusiastically with her mouth over the head, and she tried to nod with the six-inch shaft sticking out of her face.

Robert began to come as Diane watched his face tighten. "Oh yes...that's it...suck it all down Darling!"

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Robert sent Vicki away. Diane looked at Robert in disbelief.

"Diane, I'm not a stupid man" Robert said, taking the ball out of Diane's mouth.

"What you just witnessed will stay right here in this room. If you take your daughters and run, it is your word against mine. Vicki would never disobey me, and she will never say anything to anyone. But, if you do leave me, something bad will happen to one of your girls and not even I can stop it."

"Don't you threaten my girls you bastard!" Diane shrieked.

Robert untied Diane and then released her from her cuffs and shackles. She looked at him with fury in her eyes and he could see exactly what she was thinking: "You sick fucking bastard!"

Robert reached out and took Diane's arm as she turned to leave the room.

"I'm not bluffing Diane. Don't try to leave me. Now, tell the girls you are not feeling well and meet me in the bedroom."

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Diane wanted to grab the girls and run, but then she stopped. How well did she really know this man? She'd only met him less than two years ago. He was a brilliant doctor, a scientist. He certainly wasn't so stupid as to perform a vile act in front of her and let her run out the door. Diane's mind began to feel as hazy as the fog settling down on Robert's grapes. She decided she'd better hear what else Robert had to say, and did as he asked. She told Amy and Michelle that she was not feeling well, and was going to go lay down.

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"Well?" Diane asked harshly, her hands on her hips, glaring at Robert in the bedroom.

"Let's fuck!" Robert answered, "That was so hot having you watch Vicki do me!"

"You'd better give me one good reason for not leaving with the girls and going straight to the police, right now!" Diane shot back.

"I'll give you three good reasons Diane: You, Michelle, and Amy."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means that life is going to get very hard for you and your girls...harder than you ever imagined...if you don't loosen up and cooperate with me."

"Never!" Diane screamed, appalled with the man she had given herself to, "What you just did is a crime! Unforgivable! Disgusting! You are sick!"

"That's what society wants you to think Diane. In many countries, including Japan, where I lived for two years, it is not a crime. It is perfectly acceptable, no matter what the age of the girl. Think about it...my daughter can wash my back and kiss me, but she can't suck my cock? Why not? Because society doesn't like it. Medically, it is not unhealthy to her."

Diane's head was spinning with Robert's twisted logic...his warped justification for sexually abusing his daughter.

"I'm leaving Robert...forever...and I'm going to make sure that Vicki is taken away from you!"

Diane turned to leave the room, but Robert quickly grabbed her arm again. This time, Diane felt the syringe stab her leg and then the lights went out.

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Diane woke up in a hospital gown in a tiny room with a metal toilet and a small bed bolted to the floor. She had a medical tag fastened around her wrist. She panicked. Where was she? Where was Robert? Where were Amy and Michelle? She began to scream and cry, and when two muscle-bound orderlies came into the room, she tried to fight them to go free. They quickly strapped her down on her bed, and then a thin, balding, bearded man in a white lab coat came in and injected her. The orderlies left.

"No...please...my daughters!" she cried.

"Your daughters are fine" the doctor replied, "your husband is at home taking care of them as we speak."

Diane wanted to fight and scream, but the sedative he'd given her made her body feel like it was asleep.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You're in the psychiatric ward at St Lutheran's...your husband has been very concerned about you and wanted us to evaluate you. I am Doctor Ferguson and I will be looking after you Diane. Everything will be fine...you'll see."

Diane thought she was having a nightmare. Then she began thinking of Robert home alone with Amy and Michelle and it put her over the edge. She began to try to kick and scream so violently, even under sedation, that Dr. Ferguson left her strapped to the bed.

Several hours later Dr. Ferguson and the orderlies returned.

"How are we feeling Diane?"

Right away Diane started into a tirade, and Dr. Ferguson turned to the orderlies.

"She's very delusional. Keep her strapped down...I don't want her to harm herself. I'll put her on an I V and you can place sanitary padding around her."

Diane found herself having her gown lifted up by two strange men, one of them black, and they put a diaper on her. She was so humiliated. She bucked and squirmed and screamed, but they'd left her wrists and ankles restrained. Then Dr. Ferguson stuck a needle in her arm and she became weak again, dreamy, and sleepy.

Diane found herself having her bottom cleaned by the black orderly when she woke the next morning, and a fresh diaper waiting to be taped around her.

"There's sleeping beauty" the orderly smiled, and Diane realized he was pulling her labia open without wearing rubber gloves.

When the orderly left, Diane realized she had to start acting rational. Robert had connections with these people and was highly respected in the medical community. Why would they listen to her ?

Diane pretended to be calm when Dr. Ferguson came to see her, and she finally got her arms and legs and waist freed from the restraints.

"Doctor, what did my husband say was wrong with me?"

Tom Ferguson smiled and began to check Diane's vital signs. "He is concerned for you Diane...he told me how irrational you've become...how he is worried you are going to hurt yourself or the children. We need to find out what has changed in your life to bring all of this on."

"Doctor...Robert is betraying you...he is trying to get to my daughters...for sexual reasons...please, you have to believe me."

"Yes Diane, Robert told me all about your delusions of him harming your daughters...trust me, Robert is not capable of hurting a fly. Now, would you like a sedative to relax?"

"You've got to help me!!" Diane screamed, "Why in the hell won't anyone listen to me!!??"

Diane once again went ballistic and had to be restrained by the orderlies.

Diane begged and pleaded to the doctors, orderlies, anyone she came into contact with, but they only tried to placate her with calming words. "Everything is going to be okay", or "Don't worry, everything is under control."

By the time four days had passed by, Diane was a beaten woman. She had been worried sick the whole time about Robert being alone with her daughters. Because she was considered a suicide threat and delusional, male orderlies often were called in to handle her intimate needs. She'd been given so many sedatives that she really thought she was beginning to lose her mind. Then Robert came to see her. The orderly strapped her into a wheel-chair with her wrists and ankles restrained and wheeled her out to see him in the visiting area.

"Where are my girls?" Diane said immediately upon seeing Robert.

"They're home...where they belong."

"So help me if you've touched them!!"

"I haven't touched them Diane...you see how crazy you've become?!" Robert smirked.

"You sick, evil bastard!"

"I see that you are still too wild to talk rationally about this...I'll have Tom give you a sedative and maybe we can talk next week when you have calmed down some."

Robert heard Diane's screams all the way out of the visiting center.

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"Doctor Ferguson...I'm feeling much more rational now...can we start my evaluation? I really want to go home."

Diane had been in the ward for a week, confined to a tiny 8 ft x 6 ft room throughout most of it. She'd been handled by male orderlies, stuck in a gown, sponged bathed by a male nurse. But the humiliation wasn't what bothered her. She was still sick with worry of what Robert could be doing to her girls.

"Diane, this evaluation is not a two hour test" Dr. Ferguson explained. "We need to observe you for while...and find out what triggered your rage. Your husband had to sedate you at home...just to control you. I am not convinced that going back is a good idea right now."

Diane knew it was futile to continue telling the truth to Dr. Ferguson...he would not accept it and thought Diane was delusional. Diane was beside herself. She would have to try to convince him that she was stable and rational. Meanwhile, all she could do was pray that Robert was not abusing her girls.

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As Diane was agonizing in the mental hospital, Robert was not abusing her girls. In fact, he was doing just the opposite: he was building their trust in him.

Michelle and Amy loved living with Robert. They had horses to ride – Robert had even given Michelle a black stallion named Midnight for her fourteenth birthday – a swimming pool, a tennis court, and went on wonderful shopping sprees. They loved private school and how caring and attentive the teachers and other students were to them there.

Robert explained to them that their mother was having some emotional difficulties in her life right now – just too many things had been happening too fast (which was all true) – and that she needed some time away, on her own. He then told them that she preferred not to say good-bye – that she didn't want to have to explain to them – and that she knew they were in good hands with Robert (an outrageous lie.)

Michelle looked confused. It didn't sound like her mom to just take off like that. Then Robert changed the subject.

"Listen girls, mom will be home soon. Meanwhile, why don't you go have some fun and let Carl take you all to the mall. Here..." Robert said, and he fished out two \$100 dollar bills for each girl.

Then he called the car service, and asked for them to send Carl over. He needed him to escort three girls to the shopping mall for the afternoon.

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"I want to come home" Diane said calmly to Robert on his weekly visit. Diane was not restrained this time.

"I don't think you're ready." Robert left Diane for another week.

After Diane had been locked up in the ward for over four weeks, Robert was there for his weekly visit.

"Please let me come home Robert...I promise I won't interfere. It's killing me to be in here...away from my girls."

"I can't trust you Diane...not yet."

Ten weeks had gone by, as Robert continued to pay Diane a weekly visit.

"Please honey, let me come home" Diane pleaded. Robert was still not ready.

After Diane had spent five months in the ward, she realized Robert was capable of keeping her there for years. Dr. Ferguson was only meeting with her twice a week, trying to determine her "cause of rage." There had been little progress. Dr. Ferguson, a former colleague of Robert's who held immense respect for Robert and his medical opinion, was really holding Diane because Robert said that she was a danger to herself and the children.

Meanwhile, Robert kept Michelle and Amy so overwhelmed with presents and activities that the time without their mom just seemed to race by.

Robert came in for his weekly visit. Diane had had put on make up and was smiling. She looked so pretty, even in the dull white gown.

"Darling" Diane said, "I've learned my lesson. I will give you what you want. I will do what you ask of me. I just want to be there with my girls. Please, let me come home."

Robert decided he would try it, and had Tom release her.

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"If you do not follow the rules Diane, I will put you right back in there. For years. And I will put Amy and Michelle on the street as prostitutes to pay for their mother's sin" Robert said as he drove up the costal highway toward his estate.

"If anything happens to me, Diane" Robert continued, "if I get sick, or get injured, or die, your girls will suffer immensely and you will not be able to do a thing about it."

Diane believed every word Robert said. She now knew just how powerful he really was. She believed that if she did try to kill him or make him sick, she would end up in prison anyway. And if she attempted such a feat and was unsuccessful, she would be back in the loathsome, hideous mental ward for years.

For Diane, there was only one answer. All she wanted was to be with her girls. She looked at the pretty scenery as they drove home...the beauty...and thought about the fairy tale life she thought she'd been given. Now she knew... knew the price she and her girls would have to pay. Diane would follow the rules, submit to him, and her girls would submit to him. She was sure he'd already had them anyway. There was no doubt in her mind now that Robert could do what he said...make their lives miserable and do great harm to one of her daughters...if she didn't cooperate.

End of Part I

A mother's submission

Part II

Diane rushed to Amy and Michelle, squeezing them tightly and crying.

"Mom, you didn't even say good-bye!" Michelle cried.

"I know honey...I really didn't think I would be gone this long."

Diane couldn't believe Robert had kept her in the horrid mental ward for five months, with awful male orderlies and nurses lifting her gown, restraining her legs. But inside she knew he could put her away for years and for now was just relieved to be standing there with her daughters.

"So, tell me everything that's been going on here since I've been gone" Diane said to the girls, pulling them over to the sofa.

Diane was somewhat relieved to hear the girls say that they'd been having a lot of fun and that Robert was treating them very well.

"We call him 'Sir' now" Amy said, "just like Vicki does."

Diane's heart sunk a little.

"What else girls?" Diane asked, "what else has your stepfather done with you?"

Michelle shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know mom...that's about it."

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"Thank you" Diane said warmly to Robert, moving close and kissing his cheek.

"Oh?" Robert asked, curious.

Diane looked into Robert's eyes with affection. "For waiting."

Robert took Diane by the hand to the bedroom where he pushed her down on the bed and removed her clothes, then his own, and fucked his beautiful wife. When Diane had an orgasm, Robert knew that she was truly a changed woman. Diane was ready to make the necessary sacrifices to have her life back with her girls, albeit a different life. She was letting go.

Robert gave Diane time. Time to breathe, enjoy the pleasure of being home with her girls. He let her enjoy satin sheets and beautiful clothes, Jacuzzis, massages, five-star dinners in San Francisco, and most importantly, her happy, well contented daughters.

Then as they lay in bed one morning after sex, Robert's semen draining from Diane's pussy, he turned to her, raising his head up on his elbow.

"I'm ready for Michelle. I want you to get her ready for me."

"What do you want me to do?" Diane asked, trying to come to grips from hearing the words she'd been dreading for so long.

"I want you to arrange a quiet time after dinner for the two of us. Tell her that she has to start spending 'affection time' with me...and dress her very sexy for me."

"Okay" Diane replied solemnly, and she rolled out of bed. It hurt Diane to go along with such an immoral, sinful request, but she believed not to would be far, far worse.

"Here" Robert said, handing Diane a revolver of birth control pills. "Start Michelle on these. I won't have intercourse with her until she is on her cycle."

Diane looked at the pills, and clutched them to the pain in her heart.

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That evening, after dinner, Robert was sitting on the patio under a starry sky when Michelle walked out. The girl was only fourteen, but she was dressed to look like she was going on nineteen or twenty.

Her straight, waist-length blonde hair was combed into short bangs over her forehead and she had on a black, one-piece sleeveless dress with a very short skirt. Her tan arms and legs looked smooth and polished in the moonlight. Her full, pink lips were glossy and she was wearing mascara. Robert caught a hint of Diane's Chanel in the air.

Michelle's toenails were showing through the black, four-inch-heel sandals and were painted metallic silver to match the polish on her manicured fingernails.

"Here I am!" she said to Robert, smiling.

"Sit down" Robert said, patting his legs, and Michelle turned sideways and slid her slim, five-foot four-inch body down on Robert's lap.

Robert put one hand on Michelle's waist, the other on her smooth, soft thigh, and breathed in, taking her essence into his body. He wasn't joking when he had told Diane that he wanted the whole package when he'd married her, and Michelle was the crown jewel.

"Mom dressed you up very pretty...do you know why?" he asked.

"Yes" Michelle replied softly, smiling.

"Why?" Robert asked.

Michelle looked down at her sandals, hanging off the side of Robert's leg.

"I'm to start having sex with you" she replied nervously.

Robert was surprised. "And you are okay with this?"

"Yes" Michelle answered softly.

"And why did mom tell you that we are to start doing this?" Robert asked, dying to know how Diane persuaded Michelle to accept it so gracefully.

Michelle looked up at Robert. "I know it's not your idea... it's mom's...and I know that's why she had to go away."

"Why Princess? Why did mom have to go away?"

"She was having a mental breakdown...you should have told us...but I know it was mom's doing not to let us know."

"And now this...why do you think that it's okay?" Robert asked, wondering what Diane could have possibly told the girl.

"You know" Michelle said shyly, nervously.

"But I want to know if you know" Robert responded.

Michelle looked up at Robert. "Mom wants you to teach us. She thinks it's better that we learn from an experienced man who will show us the right way...it's her warped idea of sex education for us."

"And you want to go through with it?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"No."

Robert sat there with Michelle on his lap and began to feel his cock stiffen. He lifted her chin, turned her face, and planted his mouth onto hers. He was quite surprised to find Michelle was very generous with her tongue, and what an active, sexy little tongue it was.

"Where did you learn to kiss?" Robert asked.

Michelle blushed.

"It's okay...you can tell me...right now, I'm your friend more than your stepdad" Robert said in a calm, pleasant tone.

"I haven't kissed boys before...until just now anyway" Michelle said, blushing some more. "I did it with another girl...I mean, we only did it to experiment...so we would know how to when we met boys."

Robert's heart leapt. "When? With who? A girl at school?"

While Robert liked the fact that Michelle was learning to kiss with a girl, he knew girls liked to tell little secrets. And Michelle's new home life was going to be one thing he could never let Michelle tell to anyone.

"Yeah...but she moved...I don't see her anymore." Michelle was quite rosy from divulging her little secret, and Robert was relieved to hear the friend was gone.

"Did you do anything besides kiss?"

Michelle looked at Robert curiously. "What else is there? I mean, for girls...?" Michelle asked innocently.

Robert almost chuckled. "Just wait Princess...just wait!" he thought to himself.

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Robert sat with Michelle and they kissed for a long time. He loved Michelle's tongue, but it was more sexy for him to kiss Vicki. Something about having his own little daughter's mouth on his made him very hot...and especially in her younger years.

Victoria was the splitting image of her own Italian - French mother. She had dark, very pretty eyes, and lustrous dark hair. Robert gave her the best of everything when he had to start raising Vicki on his own. Vicki had just accepted sexual liaisons with her father as a part of normal growing up. Now Michelle and Amy would have to do the same.

Robert slid his hand up under Michelle's dress and she did not resist him. He felt the thin silk over her mound and suspected it was a thong.

"I want to see you without your dress" he whispered, "let's go inside."

Robert took the pretty Michelle to his bedroom and resumed kissing her as he fell over her onto the bed. He slipped his hand under her short skirt and then slipped his fingers into her silk thong and caressed her soft young-girl fur.

"Come Princess" he said finally, pulling her up to the sitting position, "undress for me."

Michelle was nervous, undressing for her stepfather. Suddenly it wasn't exciting for her anymore, now that he was really going to have sex with her, and right there in her own mother's bed. She knew she had to follow through with it – her mother had told her convincingly that her life would be ruined if she didn't – and Michelle took her sandals off, then stood up and let her dress fall. Robert looked at her tight, round ass, with only her silver thong on now to cover her, and then watched as Michelle took the thong down.

Robert had to sit for a moment and just take in the sight. Michelle's pert B cups stood straight out like cones with large, pink cone-shaped nipples. Her chest tapered to her slim, narrow waist and then only flared slightly out to her narrow hips. Her ass was tight, small and round, her legs firm and shapely. Robert could see the light colored shades of hair all over her innocent, untouched crotch.

Robert began to undress, admiring his present from Diane as he did.

"So what are we going to do?" Michelle asked nervously, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Let's do anal" Robert replied.

"You mean...butt-fucking?"

"Yes."

"Oh My God!" Michelle thought to herself.

"Sir, I don't think I'm ready for anything like that" she said, hoping Robert would suggest something else.

"You're as ready now as you'll ever be" Robert replied, and then naked, with his six inch shaft fully erect, got out the KY Jelly.

Robert spooned Michelle next to him as she laid on the satin sheets on her side, slipping in behind her, his throbbing shaft pressing between her cheeks. Michelle couldn't believe that this was happening; dressing up, flirting, kissing – that was one thing. Laying in her parent's bed naked with her forty-five year old stepfather was quite another. Michelle knew now, for sure, that her mother really had lost her mind.

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Michelle's anus was quite resistant to Robert's shaft as he butted against it. Then he put a glob of lube on his finger and pushed it into her. Michelle was clenching tight the entire time, and Robert enjoyed the tightness around his finger too much to coax her into relaxing. He worked his finger into her tight ass, twisting and turning and pushing side to side to loosen up the girl, and then he withdrew his finger and once again pushed the thick head of his shaft against Michelle's anus.

Once again, Michelle resisted, clenching tightly. Robert again took his slippery finger and put it in her, then pulled her hole open while he butted the head of his shaft against it. With a hard push, his shaft forced the tight portal open and, as the thick head of his cock burrowed in to the clenching, resisting ring of muscle, he heard her loud squeal.

"Oh God! Stop! It hurts!"

It was at that moment that Robert knew he would transform Michelle into his anal Princess; he was going to do her ass every Sunday evening until she began to love it like a wanton, depraved whore. He pushed hard and thrust half of his shaft into the taut anus, and Michelle gasped and then begged once again.

"Stop! Take it out! Take it out!"

Robert complied and withdrew from her tight, puckered opening, but only for a moment. Then Michelle felt him burrowing in again, and Robert felt her sweet resistance once again. He could do this all day, he thought to himself.

After pushing hard and entering Michelle's ass once again as she lay on her side, her back to Robert, he rested his half-buried cock and ran his hand down to her crotch.

Robert had gentle but firm hands – the hands of a doctor – and knew his way around the female anatomy. He began to swirl and caress and massage his fingers around Michelle's clitoris, and soon the thick rod impaling her ass wasn't so unpleasant. Then he began to move his hips back and forth as he rubbed his finger in her slit, pleasuring himself with her body.

Michelle hated his cock in her butt and was doing all she could to endure his slow, deep thrusts...and then Robert whispered in her ear "I hope I will be the first to do you in the front, too...you are a virgin, right Princess?"

"Yes" Michelle answered, tears starting to well up in her eyes. How could this be? How could her mother make her stepfather take her virginity? How could she let him be there right now in bed naked with her, his cock shoved into her butt? She wanted this disturbing and degrading incident to be over with. Then Robert's hand moved from her slit, his fingers glistening with her moisture, to her mouth.

"Suck on my fingers Princess" he whispered in her ear, and Michelle suckled Robert's index finger into her mouth. Robert continued to fuck her tight hole in long, deep thrusts. When he thought about getting her a t-shirt that would say "Anal Princess" he came hard deep inside of the tight virgin ass.

~

"How could you do that!" Diane barked, "Make her endure anal sex with you her very first time?!"

Robert could see that Diane was furious. She looked so sexy when she was angry, it made him horny again. He was still in bed, relaxing, after sending Michelle away with her anus stretched and dripping with his come.

"Take off your clothes...let's fuck" he said to his beautiful Diane.

Diane looked at him with such fury that her bottom lip began to tremble. Robert wondered if Diane missed her daily Prozac dosage, the one he'd put her on since she'd come home from the hospital.

Diane's pretty hazel eyes looked darker when she was angry; her shoulder-length blonde hair with subtle red and auburn highlights looked sheen under the soft bedroom light. Robert looked at her sexy figure in her tight jeans and halter top. He always liked Diane's breasts and believed they were exceptionally firm for a thirty six year old woman. But they could be larger – he would like to expand them from the small C cup size to a DD.

"Come on Diane...undress and get in bed. Daddy wants to play with mommy now."

Diane folded her arms...she wanted to strangle him for fucking Michelle in the ass her very first time with a man.

"Diane...don't make me punish you. Undress now...or I might think you need to spend a little more time with doctor Ferguson. They were your own words, Diane, when you asked me to let you come home...you said that you would do what I wanted...that you would cooperate."

Diane wanted to cry, but she was beyond tears now. She was living in hell, and there was no escape.

"Take your fucking clothes off now, Diane, or I will go get Michelle and do her again...since her mommy won't."

Diane began to pull her shirt off, still trembling with anger.

Diane got into bed, naked, and laid on her side, her back to Robert, not wanting to be touched or show any affection. Robert put his hands between her legs and whispered "Vicki loves it in her ass...and so do you...Michelle will love it too someday"

"Robert...why do you have to have Michelle? This is so wrong! It's so hard for her...and me."

"What did Michelle say to you?" Robert wanted to know.

"She was very, very emotional when she left you...she hates me...she hates you...hates her life right now. She's locked herself in her room."

"We'll talk to her tomorrow Diane...she'll be fine, trust me. Now, get up on your knees and let me give you a treat."

Diane barely moved, but Robert helped her, turning her over to her tummy, sliding her up on her knees. Diane planted her face into the pillow in shame and disgust for what she'd just put her own daughter through...and then Robert lubed his cock and took Diane in the ass. Robert shoved two fingers into Diane's pussy canal and placed his thumb firmly against her clitoris while he banged her in the ass hard. Soon he had Diane gasping, panting, thrashing...and ultimately, quivering and crying out, overcome with her own powerful orgasm.

~

Robert couldn't have been more pleased with Diane's behavior. He also thought that it was brilliant the way Diane convinced Michelle to have sex with him – to make it all sound like her mom's idea, so that Michelle wouldn't resist Robert's advances.

Robert brought Michelle into his bedroom the next morning, just before she was to leave for school. Diane was also there, sipping coffee in her satin camisole.

"Michelle...what happened last night...well, it's not like it's going to happen every day. You're still going to have your life...you like it here don't you?" Robert asked the solemn girl.

Michelle nodded, but barely.

"You have your horse...school...and I'm going to give you a bigger allowance...for showing me that you're a big girl."

Robert's words had no effect on Michelle.

"Michelle, honey" Diane interjected, "you don't want to lose everything do you? It's just the way it is honey... you have to accept it."

Michelle continued to stand quiet, somber.

"Michelle" Robert said, "you should know that Vicki has been having sex with me...for a long time now."

Suddenly Michelle's eyes got bigger, her mouth opened slightly.

"I don't believe that!" she said defiantly.

Robert had to bring Vicki in and stand her next to Michelle.

"Darling, does daddy have sex with you?" Robert asked Vicki.

Vicki blushed, thinking it was still supposed to be a secret from Michelle.

"It's okay now...I want Michelle to know" Robert said to Vicki calmly, in a fatherly tone.

"Yes" Vicki responded, blushing and smiling playfully.

"You've been having sex with daddy for a long time now, haven't you? Tell Michelle what we like to do."

Vicki's heart pounded. She'd never told before.

"Well," the fifteen year old foxy brunette said softly, rolling her eyes over toward Michelle, "we do everything pretty much, I think. I mean, kissing...we used to take baths before stepmom came...let's see... I give blowjobs...and we like to fuck."

Even Diane's eyes widened at the frankness of young Victoria.

"Do you like to do these things Darling?" Robert asked.

"You know I do!" Vicki giggled.

"You see Michelle...many, many girls have sexual relations with their fathers...and their step fathers. But it must always remain a well kept secret. That's why you didn't know before. And mark my words, you can not tell a soul, or your life will become terrible. Do you understand?"

Michelle nodded. The sadness in her face and the stiffness in her body had waned after hearing Vicki's words.

"Now, both of you, give mom and me a kiss and get out of here...Carl is waiting."

Michelle and Vicki each gave both parents a peck on the cheek and scurried out the door.

Within a couple of days Michelle was back to her bouncy, happy self, coming home and tending to Midnight, helping Diane in the kitchen, and concentrating on her school studies.

"I want Sunday evenings to become a regular event with Michelle" Robert said to Diane, noticing Michelle's quick emotional recovery.

Diane looked at her husband sadly. "Oh Robert..."

Diane wanted to argue, to convince him not to pursue this craziness, but she knew it would only make it worse.

"I'll have her ready after dinner" she said quietly, and then downed another Prozac with her glass of wine.

End of Part II

A mother's submission

Part III

Diane took the pot roast out of the oven and Michelle had just finished mashing the potatoes.

"Go get dressed honey...so you'll be all ready after dinner" Diane said to her pretty kitchen helper, and then gave Michelle a kiss on the head. Michelle turned and ran up the stairs to her room. It was the third Sunday since Robert's encounters with Michelle had started, and Michelle knew it was going to be a regular thing now.

The family gathered around and ate the delicious dinner Diane prepared, with many compliments to the chef. Robert opened a bottle of his own label, a nice merlot, to enjoy with the meal. Diane was grateful that there was always a lot of wine around; it helped her nerves.

"Amy...Vicki...help me clean up" Diane said as she began removing the remnants of the dinner from the dining table, and once the three had vanished into the kitchen Robert took Michelle by the hand and led her into his den.

Robert's den was not an ordinary den. It did have a desk and library shelves filled with medical books, but it also had a gas fireplace, oak paneling, and a soft leather sofa. Robert started the fire and cuddled with Michelle on the sofa.

"How's your bottom feeling?" Robert asked Michelle. He had his second sex experience with Michelle one week earlier, again taking her ass. Michelle had resisted again, clenching tight when he tried to push his phallus between her smooth, baby ass cheeks and into her pink, puckered rose. Robert had to use his finger again and rotate it in her to stretch her, pull her open, until he could start to burrow in the thick head of his member. Once again it was a struggle, but well worth it; the feeling, once he conquered her and felt her extreme tightness still clenching him, thrusting his shaft up into her rectum as she stretched over him like a tight, tiny glove, was one of the sweetest he could ever remember.

Michelle had again gasped and screamed and begged him to stop, and Robert obliged her by pulling out and letting her relax. He did it more for himself than her - the fight of putting it back in her, albeit easier as she'd now been stretched, was still marvelous...her clenching and resisting as he conquered her tight hole all over again. Soon Michelle was enduring his long, deep thrusts while his fingers worked all around and over her pearl. It was just as unpleasant to Michelle as it had been the first time he'd fucked her there, but afterward Michelle handled it much better. She didn't go to her own bed that night in tears. And by the end of the day Monday, she was practically her old self again.

~

Michelle was clad in a charcoal skirt that Diane had hemmed into a mini for this particular Sunday evening. A tight, white tank top without bra underneath clung tightly around her torso. Again Michelle had on lip gloss, mascara, and a touch of Diane's perfume. She began to brace

for another encounter of anal penetration. Cuddled on the sofa, the two entangled and began serious tongue play.

When their mouths took a rest, Michelle looked at her handsome stepfather and wanted to ask a question.

"Sir?"

"Yes Princess?"

"Do you still have sex with Vicki?"

"Yes I do...at least once a week."

"Really?" Michelle asked surprised.

"Yes."

"When do you do it with her?"

"She's my 'Saturday girl'."

Michelle had to think...and then she did realize that Vicki would disappear at times on Saturdays...when they came home from the mall...or like yesterday, when Vicki joined Amy and Michelle in the TV room halfway through a movie, all bubbly and wearing only a long tee.

"So, you have sex with her only on Saturdays?"

"Mostly...yes. When mom was in the hospital, we had sex quite a lot. Now that mom is back, we pretty much stick to Saturdays."

Michelle leaned her head on Robert's chest for a moment and then said softly, "Can I watch Vicki give you a blow job?"

"Mmmm...yes, of course" Robert smiled, caressing Michelle's silky blonde hair.

"I mean, can I watch her do it to you now?"

"Do you know who is a good cocksucker besides Vicki?"

Michelle shook her head.

"Your mom. Would you like to watch her do it?" Robert asked.

Michelle thought about it for a moment. It seemed kind of weird. It wouldn't be as sexy as Vicki doing it...his own daughter and everything.

"I guess so" Michelle replied.

Robert saw the lack of enthusiasm in Michelle's face. "Oh, alright...go and get Vicki."

~

The fifteen year old sultry brunette and the fourteen year old sexy blonde both came into the den with mischievous eyes.

"Did Michelle tell you why you are here Darling?" Robert asked Vicki.

"No Sir...she just said you wanted to see me."

"Michelle wants to watch you suck my cock" Robert grinned.

"Okay" Vicki said casually.

Robert patted his thigh and Vicki immediately kneeled on the floor between his jeans and began opening his belt...then his pants...taking them down past his knees with his boxer shorts...and sucking the tip of her father's manhood into her mouth.

Michelle sat on the sofa close to Robert and watched in fascination as Vicki cupped her father's balls in one hand and stroked the shaft with the other, the whole time the shaft-head buried deep in her sucking, swirling mouth.

Robert rested his hand on the back of Vicki's head and then whispered "Take it deep."

Michelle watched in awe as Vicki rolled her eyes up to her father, her mouth stuffed with his shaft, and then in one fell swoop swallowed down the entire shaft and lapped at Robert's balls with her tongue.

No one had ever been a greater lover to Robert than his own daughter Victoria. It was just electric to him when their tongues touched...when they fucked...when he saw her on her knees diligently slurping away at his cock, anxious to take the creamy load down her throat. But tonight he would deny her dessert.

"That's enough baby" Robert said, lifting Vicki's sucking mouth off of him, "let Michelle give it a try."

Michelle put her long blonde hair behind her ears and leaned over Robert's lap. There was a tinge of excitement in her eyes. She'd never even touched a penis before...she'd only had one

impale her ass...and now she was going to put it in her mouth. Michelle wrapped her hand around the saliva soaked phallus and breathed nervously. Vicki was still kneeling and saw Michelle's innocence.

"Oh my God...daddy, it's her first time!"

"Yes it is darling" Robert smiled.

"Can I show her?" Vicki asked.

"Please!" Robert smiled proudly, and with that Vicki took Michelle's hand into her own and showed Michelle how to stroke it. They took turns licking the shaft and sucking the head. Vicki taught Michelle how to swirl her tongue and to lip over her teeth. Robert couldn't have been more pleased.

"Now, Michelle, should we show Vicki your trick?" Robert asked, Michelle lifting her head off his throbbing, dribble drenched shaft.

Michelle was rather hoping that Robert would be satisfied this night with their sucking, and his words made her heart sink.

"Why don't you get naked for me and kneel up on the coffee table" Robert said to Michelle, and then he quickly turned to Vicki. "Vicki, go to your bedroom and bring your lube in here."

Vicki returned to find Michelle on the coffee table in the den naked, on all fours, her father standing naked in front of her while Michelle sucked on him. Vicki was pretty sure that her father was going to butt-fuck her stepsister; it was the only time he used lubricant.

"Here daddy" Vicki said, holding out her own tube of KY Jelly.

"Be a sweetheart and get Michelle's butt hole all greased up for me" Robert responded.

Vicki had fingered her father's ass before, but never anyone else, and took delight in sticking her slippery finger into Michelle's tight anus.

"You're squeezing me!" Vicki giggled as Michelle once again started using her reflexive anal defenses.

"I can't help it...I don't like being touched there" said an ass-wiggling Michelle as Vicki worked the lubricant in.

"Hasn't daddy fucked you yet?"

"Yes" Michelle whimpered.

Robert took over and Vicki became a spectator, sitting up straight on the edge of the sofa. It was all new to her...to be sharing her father...and it excited her.

Michelle clenched for a moment as she once again felt the thick head of the shaft that wanted to impale her. Then she relaxed and let it in. Michelle knew there was no point to fight it anymore...that he would just keep forcing until he got what he wanted.

"Oh God!" Michelle groaned, "It hurts!"

Robert gripped Michelle's narrow waist and began to do her nice and easy. Michelle hung her head down, her long blonde hair falling off her shoulders and draping over her face; her hands clutching the edges of the table; gasping with every thrust.

"Oh god...oh god...it hurts!" Michelle moaned, but her whining went unnoticed by Robert this time; Michelle was Robert's Sunday treat, and he was going to have her tight ass until she learned to love it.

When Michelle started to pant, Robert increased the pace and was doing her faster and harder than he ever had before. Vicki watched as her father, gripping Michelle's waist tightly, would push her body forward as he withdrew his hips back, and then would lunge in as he pulled Michelle back to him. His heavy balls would slap Michelle's pussy with each thrust. It was so hot to watch and Vicki could feel her own wetness in her panties.

Robert fucked Michelle hard and deep. Although Michelle still found having her tight ass reamed by her stepfather terribly unpleasant and agonizing, she did find that by trying to relax more, her anus didn't suffer the excruciating punishment she'd felt previously.

With her anal passage stretched and swamped with come, Michelle figured she would get dressed and be sent away. As she began slipping her thong and tank top back on, she heard Vicki's words, "Oh god Michelle...that was so hot!"

Robert looked at Vicki. Vicki's dark eyes were glossy, her mouth looked wet. She was obviously very turned on. The cock sucking had heated Vicki up, but watching Michelle take it in the ass by Vicki's own father almost made her come.

"You know Darling, Michelle used to have a girlfriend" Robert said to his impassioned daughter.

"You mean like lesbo?" Vicki asked.

"We only used to kiss" Michelle blushed.

Robert could see that Vicki was not put off by the idea.

"Why don't you two kiss?" he suggested.

The girls looked at each other. The thought of kissing Michelle in front of daddy made Vicki's pussy quiver. Michelle didn't mind the idea either...she'd loved doing it with her old girlfriend.

Michelle began to get her skirt when Vicki called out, "Come on, Michelle! Come kiss me!"

Michelle never did get her skirt on. She sat with Vicki on the sofa in her thong and halter, her anal passage slippery with lube and come, embracing Vicki as their tongues flailed wildly.

After a thirty minute make out session, Robert wanted to know if Michelle masturbated and asked her. Michelle blushed, and Robert had his answer.

"Vicki loves to masturbate, don't you?" he said to his vixen daughter, and Vicki nodded with a devilish smile.

"Why don't you both masturbate right here and let me watch."

Vicki quickly jumped up and slipped her tight red shorts off, then took her silk lace thong down. Michelle's jaw dropped in astonishment. It was the first time that she'd seen Vicki's pussy, and she'd had no idea.

Vicki's pussy was completely bald and a thick, small diameter, silver titanium ring went through the base of her clitoris. She had no hood over her clit, and her clit was the biggest Michelle had ever seen...as thick as the tip of her pinky finger and it stuck out over a half-inch.

Vicki's slit was also unlike any that Michelle had ever seen. It appeared that Vicki had no inner labia...just a moist opening.

Robert had modified Vicki over the years. He'd snipped off her clit hood and given her treatments for a time to enlarge her clitoris. He wanted his baby girl to always think about sex, and what better way then to have her sensitive little nub always rubbing excitedly against her tight silk and satin thongs? The ring in the base of her clit was there for extra stimulation when Vicki wanted to play with herself.

Robert had also trimmed Vicki's inner labia; this way, when her pussy got wet, her moisture would be more visible on her outer labia and make for an inviting fuck slit. He had also used a special surgical tool to permanently remove her crotch hair. At one time Robert had thought about transplanting a woman's crotch fur to another part of her body...between her breasts to make them more fuckable...or between her ass cheeks. Or even take a clump of hair out of the back of a girl's head and transplant it a few inches above the crack of her ass...to see if he could make an actual, living tail of hair. Those ideas still intrigued him.

Michelle pulled down her thong. To Vicki, Michelle's crotch was...well, crude and unrefined. None the less, each girl opened her legs as Robert plopped down naked in the chair behind his desk and watched them rub.

Vicki had an orgasm in no time flat, tugging and pulling on her clit ring as she fingered her wet slit. Michelle was too embarrassed doing it in front of others to have an orgasm, and Robert gave her reprieve and let the girls go.

~

Michelle walked down the halls of the elite, exclusive preparatory school the next day and wondered: how many other girls really were having sex with their fathers? How many other girls were like Vicki, so innocent and chaste on the surface, so sultry and sinful underneath? She could still feel the stretching in her anus, but there was no emotional pain this time. It was a secret that she was sworn to, and she wasn't the only girl who was living with one.

Michelle barely thought about her role as her step father's "Sunday Girl" the rest of the week. And when the next Sunday finally rolled around, she took her place on her hands and knees and gave her ass away. It still was agonizing, but it was getting easier.

End of Part III

A Mother's Submission

Part IV

Diane looked out the bedroom window. It was a beautiful May afternoon, sunny, eighty-two degrees. Down below Robert and the girls were splashing around in the swimming pool. Diane looked at Robert: His smooth, tan skin; his muscular arms and shoulders; a lock of his wet, dark hair curled down on the side of his forehead; his gorgeous smile. Robert was forty-five but looked younger. He was nearly fanatical about his diet and daily exercise regime.

"He is so handsome...rich...and an MD too..." Diane was thinking.

Then she watched as Robert cupped his hand between Amy's legs as he lifted her and threw her into the water, Amy screaming and laughing. Amy had just turned twelve two weeks before, and Diane could already see Robert's immoral intentions with her.

"And such an evil monster."

Diane went downstairs and turned on the television to escape.

~

School let out for the summer and Robert decided the family could use a vacation. Robert and Diane had honeymooned in Paris and on the French Riviera, where Robert was a partner in a time-share, and they decided to take the girls there. Both Amy and Michelle were now taking French as a second language in school, and relished at the thought of being able to actually go to Paris. Every word they spoke as the family got ready for the trip had to be in French. The girls were as happy as Diane could ever remember them. For Vicki, it was hard to get excited. She was already fluent in French, and had spent a lot of time previously at their time-share on the Cote d'Azur near the city of Nice.

The family stayed for several days in Paris. It was just what Diane needed. They felt like a family again, and Robert was keeping his distance from the girls.

While Amy and Michelle went on whirlwind site seeing tours and shopping sprees with Vicki, Robert preferred to spend his time sampling French wines and browsing through art boutiques. He'd come upon a beautiful antique bracelet and gave it to Diane over a romantic dinner in a small cafe. Diane was falling in love with Robert all over again.

~

The time-share on the Riviera had an exclusive beach in front of it, one where tops (and bottoms for that matter) were optional. All of the girls, and even Diane, enjoyed sunbathing on an open beach in no more than a thong panty.

Robert had become quite pleased with the way Vicki's breasts were developing and enjoyed seeing them out in the open on a daily basis. Vicki's breasts were small and beautiful. They were creamy-white, since she hadn't been sun-tanning nude any longer with step mom around, and sloped down like small ski jumps out to very large nipples. Vicki's areolas were small and pink, but her rose colored nipples seemed disproportionately large. Each breast was firm and perky, each small globe a bouncy handful. Diane looked at the silver titanium rings hanging through each nipple, and Diane's own nipples became erect; Diane's nipples were very erogenous and she'd fantasized about having them pierced for some time.

The days on the beach were restful and filled with relaxation. Robert read several books while the girls and Diane all had fun in the sun.

When it was nearly the last day of vacation, Michelle was laying out in the sun on her tummy, thong panty and nothing else. Diane, Vicki and Amy were all out in the water. Robert was sitting under an umbrella reading.

"Daddy?" Robert heard a soft voice say, and he looked at Michelle.

"Will you rub some lotion on me?" she asked softly, her pretty hazel eyes gazing up to him.

Robert massaged the lotion into Michelle's back, and then when his hands covered her bare ass, she moaned. Robert felt aroused, but continued down her legs. He would have Michelle again on the first Sunday after they returned home. Right now, he was giving his family a needed break and time to adjust. But as he started to pull away from Michelle to go back to his chair, his cock slightly swollen from his hands all over her lovely young body, Michelle playfully grabbed at his phallus through his trunks and then whispered, "I want to suck it."

Robert had a hard time containing his erection as he went back to his book. He would love to give Michelle what she wanted, but the beach wasn't the right place. It turned out that Diane wasn't the only one who was finding her time in France with Robert romantic. Walking around on a beach for several days practically naked, with Robert's and other men's eyes on her body, had Michelle thinking a lot about her experiences at home. She wanted to have sex again with her handsome stepfather...and the idea of it was making her hotter with every passing day.

When Diane and the girls came back from the water and said they were going to go have some ice cream, they invited Michelle to go with them. But Michelle declined. As soon as Diane was out of sight, Michelle stood up and dropped her towel in Robert's lap.

"I'm going in to take a shower."

Robert sat there for a moment, then closed his book and decided he could use a shower too.

~

Michelle was rather disappointed that Robert didn't jump up and go along with her, but she decided to take a shower anyway. As she stood under the warm water, suddenly the curtain was pulled back and Robert, naked and fully erect, stepped in with her.

Michelle smiled and turned to Robert, grabbing his cock as Robert embraced her slender, petite body against him. After a moment of wild tongue play, Michelle fell to her knees and began to suck him, just as Vicki had demonstrated to her a few weeks before, stroking the shaft and cupping his balls, all while sucking and swirling her tongue.

Robert pulled Michelle off after several minutes and lifted her up to her feet. He pushed her back against the wall under the running water, pulled her legs open, and kneeled between them. Robert opened her labia and began to massage Michelle's clit with his tongue. It was the first time anyone had performed orally on Michelle and she closed her eyes in pleasure. Then Robert put his fingers under Michelle and worked his index finger into Michelle's tight anus - the anus that was making Robert's time away from home seem longer and longer with each passing day. It was the first time that Michelle actually enjoyed having something in her ass, and as Robert continued to work his tongue over her, she came.

"Now let me do you" Michelle said as she slipped down to her knees and once again began sucking the throbbing phallus. Robert tasted Michelle's sweet virgin honey still on his tongue,

and as he felt her young tongue sucking and swirling, he exploded into her mouth. Michelle was caught off guard, as it was the first time that a man had ever come in her mouth, and a large globule of semen shot down her throat. The rest Michelle let spill down her chin as the shower poured down her back, looking up at her naughty stepfather.

~

It seemed that the family had barely gotten home from vacation before Robert was at it again with Michelle. The girls had been suffering from jet lag and were getting up quite early in the morning and going to bed early in the evening. It was Sunday afternoon and Robert walked into Michelle's room without knocking. Michelle was on the internet, messaging with her friends.

"What?" she asked turning to Robert, wondering why he had come into her room.

"What is today?" he shot back.

"Sunday."

"Get undressed."

"But you always wait until after dinner."

"True...but I don't feel like waiting" Robert said, winking at the young teen.

"I'm kind of busy right now"

"Michelle!"

"Okay" Michelle said giving in, "let me log off"

She typed a message to her friends to let them know she had to leave, and had half a mind to write "Gotta go...step dad wants sex"

Robert undressed and laid down on the pastel comforter over Michelle's bed. Michelle smiled, and slipped out of her own clothes, then laid down next to Robert. Robert became rock hard when the petite, pretty Michelle pressed up against him, and she took his cock in one hand while flickering her tongue all over his mouth.

Michelle did love to kiss, and as the kissing got hot and heavy, Michelle opened her legs wanting to be touched. She also wanted to do something other than anal for a change. Then she saw the tube of lubricant near her pillow.

"Fuck my pussy" she whispered in between her fiery flickers against Robert's tongue, still stroking Robert's swollen shaft with her hand.

"You're not ready" Robert whispered back.

"Why?" Michelle wanted to know. After all, he'd been doing Vicki for years already. Michelle had been on the pill for weeks and was having a normal cycle.

"Because you don't know how to fuck with your ass yet"

Michelle had taken Robert in her ass a half-dozen times now, and although it was still mostly agonizing, she did let him give her a pounding the last time and thought she took it quite well.

"What does that mean?" she asked, pushing away from Robert's body and moving her hand from his shaft.

"I'll be ready for your pussy" Robert said, pushing his finger against Michelle's blonde slit, "when I become bored with your ass. Right now your ass still excites me...because you still fuck with it like a little girl."

"What does that mean?" Michelle asked, feeling even more insulted and pulling farther away from Robert.

"When I feel you thrusting back...when you moan in pleasure...when you beg me to do it harder...then I will know you are ready to move on."

Michelle became silent. She was upset. She didn't want to be used the way she was being used. She felt like a total object there for Robert's pleasure and nothing else. Robert rolled Michelle over so that she was laying flat on her back, then leaned over her, taking her wrists into his own hands and pinning them down on the bed above her head.

"Do you want daddy to fuck you Princess?" he asked firmly.

Michelle was hot for Robert and had been ever since their vacation. She had decided in France that she wanted her handsome stepfather to be the one to deflower her. Her pussy was quite wet just from laying naked and kissing, and she rolled her pretty hazel eyes up and looked deep into Robert's eyes.

"Yes, I want my daddy to fuck me. Fuck me daddy!"

Robert really had intended to make Michelle his 'anal Princess' long before he took her pussy, but when the beautiful fourteen year old blonde whispered to him to fuck her virgin pussy, Robert just couldn't say no. He laid his body over Michelle and got between her legs.

Robert and Michelle began more passionate kissing and then Robert slid his body up, his throbbing member pressing against Michelle's slit. He put his hand down between their bodies and guided his shaft to her small opening.

Robert felt her tightness, her wetness as he began pushing into her, and Michelle opened her legs wider, clutching Robert's back, panting, moaning, and gasping. Robert began short, shallow thrusts, bumping against Michelle's hymen. Michelle's face was nearly hidden under Robert's shoulder, her body dwarfed under his, and he raised up to look down at her.

"Is this what you want Princess?"

Michelle nodded, then gasped. Robert thrust hard, banging Michelle's hymen with force.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes...do it!" Michelle moaned, her eyes closed tightly, and Robert plunged his shaft through her hymen. Michelle clutched him tightly, moaning. Robert felt her tight glove around him, and after a few more deep thrusts his load gushed out deep inside of her. Michelle had given away the last of her innocence to her step father.

End of Part IV

A Mother's Submission

Part V

As Robert's family was heading home from France, Janet Fischer was celebrating at a trendy bistro in lower Manhattan. The forty-one year old had just sold out her interest in the advertising and public relations firm she'd founded, and now had a seven digit bank account.

Janet was tired of the hectic life in New York and had decided to sell out and return to the San Francisco Bay area. She called her brother. She hadn't seen Robert since his wedding to Diane.

Diane was ecstatic when she learned that Janet was moving back.

"Oh, let her stay with us for a while Robert...until she gets settled!" Diane said enthusiastically. For Diane, Janet was just what they needed: a third party to put an end the aberrant and sinful ways of her husband.

~

Janet arrived just in time for dinner one evening and Robert put her up in the guest house. When she finally got out of bed mid-morning the next day, the girls were in school and Diane was out shopping. Janet called Robert on his cell phone and told him to come have a coffee with her.

"So...how does little Amy like her stepfather pounding her ass every other night?" Janet sneered, her dark shoulder-length hair uncombed, her olive-colored legs bare as she sat only in panties and a long-sleeved blouse. Janet took another sip of coffee and folded her legs up to her chest on the sofa, her white panties exposed between her legs.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Robert asked, taken aback by such a question.

"Don't play stupid with me Robbie...I know you better than you know yourself. In fact, I never did understand why you would marry again...until I found out Diane had two little girls."

Robert knew that there was no point in arguing with Janet. She was right. She was always right.

"So are you going to share...or do you need all four for yourself? Or maybe you want me again...have all five of us, hmmm..." Janet said jokingly.

"What are you talking about?" Robert asked, a little more agitated with the way Janet was directing the conversation.

"I'm talking about you sharing your lovely ladies with me. You see Robbie, I can read you like a fucking book. I know exactly what kind of man you are."

"And what kind of man am I Janet?"

Robert hadn't spent any length of time with his sister in over a dozen years and tilted an ear to hear her assessment of him.

"You're a man who has to have control...it's not so much about the sex Rob, although you do lust for it...but what really turns you on is the power. The power to know you have total control...that you can make people do things they don't want to do..."

"That's exactly why my charming, handsome, seventeen year old brother, who could have had just about any girl he wanted in high school, had to have his little sister instead. It took me years to figure it out Robbie...why you had to come into my room...make me have sex with you..."

"Then, several years ago, I was enlightened...it all became clear. It wasn't so much about the sex, was it? No, it was about your own power..."

"You see, going out and dating during high school...having sex the way you were supposed to have it...that was just too easy for you. A willing girl spreading her legs for you was no fun...you

had to have someone who didn't want to open their legs for you...to show your control over them...make them submit to you...

"And do you want to know how I came about realizing all of this about you?"

"How?" Robert asked, knowing that Janet had loved his visits to her room back in those days just as much as he did; he wasn't fooled by her 'innocent victim' attitude.

"Because I'm exactly like you Robbie. I quit dating men because I didn't lust for sex...I lusted for the control, Rob... the power. And I find that women satisfy me more in that way than men do. Do you know that when I interviewed for secretaries in my agency, I always hired the one who I believed was the most submissive? I would bring a shy and timid secretary into my office, close the door, and scold her harshly. I would force her to look at the floor and apologize to me...sometimes I would make her cry. And you know what? It would turn me on."

"So what are you doing here Janet? Come to play with my girls? I don't think so."

"That wasn't my intent, Robbie. But I did want to talk to you about all of this...tell you that I finally understand my older brother...the brother that raped his thirteen year old sister night after night. I came to tell you that I forgive you...and that I would have loved to have been you..."

"And since I am not settled yet in San Francisco...and since your lovely wife is adamant about me staying here for a while...I've decided I'm going to stay, and have some fun while I do."

"You know," Robert said to his all-too-knowing sister, "I really don't care what your hypothesis is about me. You're still just a confused little girl as far as I'm concerned."

Robert smiled with the cheap shot he'd taken at Janet, and then continued, "And you're not going to have any fun here...not at my, or my family's expense, anyway."

Robert looked at his sister. She still had her looks: Shoulder length brown hair, large brown eyes, her full lips and sexy smile. He also had known that Janet had her breasts augmented at some point in time...going from a small B cup to a large D. And Janet still had her figure...long legs, a tight ass, and a flat tummy.

Janet narrowed her eyes at her brother and got a serious expression. "I bet you would still like to fuck me, wouldn't you?"

Robert smiled. His sister was being playful and it tickled him.

"What will it cost me?"

"Diane. If you fuck me, I fuck your wife."

"What? That's crazy!" Robert exclaimed. "Diane doesn't do other women."

"She will when I get done with her" Janet smirked.

Robert's cock was already hard just thinking about fucking Janet again. He would've never stopped taking his little sister if it weren't for him having to leave for college. She was the best fuck he'd ever had, next to Victoria.

Robert took Janet into the bedroom of the guest house and threw her down on the bed. He undressed and stood there looking down at her, his cock stiff and throbbing. "You want it don't you!" he exclaimed. It felt just like old times at home.

"You do this Robbie and Diane is mine."

"Yeah...whatever Janet" Robert said as he bent over the bed and started to pull his sister's panties down.

"And the girls too" Janet quickly added as she closed her legs to her brother's prying hands.

"What?"

"I want to play with Diane and the girls."

"Vicki?"

"Yes...all of them."

"You're not serious."

"Then get out. I'm not having sex with you unless we have a deal" Janet said, pointing to the door.

Robert was too teeming with lust for his sister at that moment to be denied.

"Alright... if you think you can make Diane and the girls cozy up to you, then I will not stop you. But either way, you're going to earn your keep here Jan...and this is how."

"Fine" Janet replied, and she opened her legs and let Robert pull her panties off.

"I haven't been with a man in over ten years" Janet said as Robert leaned his body over hers and began kissing her.

"Really? Been saving it for me?" Robert joked.

"Hmmm...but I have thought about you at times Robbie...and I must say, the thought of doing this again turned me on."

Their mouths joined and their tongues intertwined. For Robert, kissing Janet again some twenty five years later was extremely erotic. All of the memories of sneaking into her room at night, forcing himself on her, were vivid again. Robert remembered how he would go into her room and find Janet's pussy wet for him. And even though she protested, pretending she didn't want to go along with the immoral act, she would fuck him like a bucking bronco.

For Janet, having sex with Robert again was not so pleasurable at first. She would prefer Robert to just fuck her and get it over with. Janet enjoyed the pleasure of other women now, not her brother's cock.

"God I've missed your tight little cunt!" Robert moaned.

Robert's naughty words excited Janet...and she found herself enjoying herself a little more. After several minutes of thrusting and thrashing about as their mouths kissed wildly, they had simultaneous orgasms.

~

The next day Janet took Diane's hand. "I'm going to steal your wife" she told Robert, and then she turned to Diane. "I'm taking you shopping!"

Diane smiled and quickly readied herself...putting on some slacks and a blouse and styling her hair. She'd been hoping to have some time alone with Janet.

Janet headed for San Francisco with Diane, and after a lot of friendly chat, Diane popped the question: "Janet, how was Robert growing up? Was he ever abusive?"

Janet almost laughed. She knew that poor little Diane was searching for answers to Robert's deviant sexual behavior...wondering how to live with it...how to save her marriage...and more importantly, how to save herself and her girls.

"Let me tell you" Janet said, patting Diane on the leg, "Robbie is a mess. I know all about him and Vicki. It's his genetics. You can't change him. You never will."

"What do I do?" Diane asked.

"You live with it. It's all you can do. Robbie does a lot of damage to people who cross him. If you think it's bad now, you don't want to cross that line with him Diane."

It was not what Diane wanted to hear.

"I wished I would have known before I got into this mess."

"Sorry hun...I had no chance to warn you before you two were already planning a wedding."

Diane thought it was very odd that Janet could know of Robert's incestuous activities and yet act as if it were all so ordinary.

"Has he done things to you too?" Diane asked.

"Yeah" Janet said, and then quickly changed the subject.

~

Janet showed Diane a wonderful time in the city. A fabulous lunch by the bay, an afternoon of shopping, and then out for a drink in a cozy, quiet bar.

Diane didn't notice at first as she sipped a chardonnay, but then she began to look around. She saw two women holding hands, and two other women cuddling together in a booth.

"Janet...are we in a gay bar?"

"Yes...I like it here Diane. No men hitting on you."

As the women drank, and Janet saw to it that Diane's glass stayed full, Diane began to smile and ease up. Soon Janet had Diane laughing, telling her funny stories, and then once Diane was relaxed Janet became direct.

"You're very pretty Diane...ever been with another woman?"

"No...well, not really...I did experiment a little at one time...but that was in my early twenties. I'll bet you have though" Diane smiled.

Janet smiled and looked straight into Diane's eyes. Diane caught her stare and looked back. It was suddenly obvious to Diane that Janet was gay or bisexual, and that she was attracted to her. Diane's heart beat a little faster...she felt the effects of the wine...and decided to let Janet keep flirting.

"Can I hold your hand?" Janet asked, and Diane looked around. No one was paying attention to them, and all of the people in the bar were women who were coupled up anyway. She put her hand out into the center of the table, and Janet, sitting directly across, took it gently into hers.

Janet continued to make small talk, telling funny stories and keeping Diane amused. Diane finally had to excuse herself to use the bathroom, and as she was freshening up her face Janet walked in. Janet stared at Diane and then bumped in to her and pushed her up against the wall.

Diane found herself making out with Janet, her husband's sister, right there in the women's restroom.

Janet looked at Diane as they began the drive back home. Diane was quiet, her eyes a bit glossy.

"Are you okay?" Janet asked, putting her hand on Diane's thigh.

"Yes" Diane said softly.

"You're not mad with me, are you?"

"No. It's not you Janet. I just can't figure out Robert. I almost dread going home sometimes."

"Tonight let me take care of you. Forget Robert tonight. You're Janet's girl tonight."

It sounded good to Diane. She wanted a break...a chance to escape for a while longer. "Okay" she said softly.

~

Janet called Robert and told him to order dinner for the girls. Diane would not be joining them. Then she told him that she and Diane were going directly to the guest house and did not want to be bothered.

Diane felt so relaxed when Janet slid in behind her on the sofa and began to massage her shoulders. She felt Janet kiss her neck, and then Janet's hands cup her breasts as Janet kissed her neck some more.

"Janet" Diane whispered, pulling Janet's hands away, "I don't know if this is a good idea."

"Mmmmm..." Janet moaned, "you'd better loosen up Diane...you are way too wound up. Come on...undress and take a bath with me."

Diane half-heartedly resisted Janet, but Janet was persistent and Diane soon found herself in the Jacuzzi with Janet, naked. One thing led to another, and the two women were soon under the sheets making love.

~

Diane felt dizzy the next morning and quickly rushed to the house. She took a shower and put on her robe, then saw the girls off to school.

She felt more confused than ever. She knew she was light-headed from all the wine the night before, but Robert's sister?

The next night as Diane was sleeping in bed with Robert, she heard the door open and turned on the lamp. Janet was there in a sheer, white babydoll putting her finger up to her lips, signaling for Diane to be quiet. Then she came around the bed and took Diane by the hand and pulled her from the bed.

When Diane realized that Janet wanted to take her back to the guest house, she protested.

"No Janet...not tonight. Robert will miss me" she whispered, trying to pull away.

"You deserve it Diane. Don't be bad to yourself...come on" Janet insisted, tugging Diane along.

Janet got Diane all the way to the guest house, then put her hands on Diane's face and kissed her.

"Janet, no...please" Diane continued, not in the mood to have sex with a woman again, and especially Robert's own sister.

Janet took the side of Diane's hair firmly into her hand. "Do you want to play rough Diane? Is that what you want?"

Janet was a good four inches taller than Diane's five-foot five-inch petite frame, and Diane could tell from the night before that Janet was in good shape and quite muscular.

"I want to go back to my own bed Janet...let me go!"

Janet pushed Diane down on the bed. "I don't like your attitude!" Janet said, peeling the babydoll off.

Diane bounced back up and started for the door, and when a naked Janet took her arm, Diane tried to fight her off.

"If you leave me Diane, I'll just have Robert bring you back."

"What does that mean?"

"I can fuck you even if you don't want me to. Go ahead, you'll see."

Janet let Diane go and Diane rushed back to the house and her bedroom.

"Robert!" she said nearly crying, waking him up.

"What Diane...what's wrong?"

"It's Janet...she's trying to make me have sex with her."

"Then I suggest you go and do it."

"What?"

"Come on Diane...she's our guest. Aim to please her" he said, slapping Diane on her ass.

"Nooo!" Diane refused.

Robert got out of bed and put his robe on. "Come on...I'll take you to her."

"You can't be serious!"

"Diane, Janet told me about the other night. She said that you two had a wonderful time in her bed. So what's the problem? I'm giving you my permission."

"Because I'm not in the mood! And you're forcing me!"

Robert looked at Diane, and she saw the anger set in. "I'm forcing you Diane? Okay then...go to bed. But in the morning I'm going to put you on some new medication. You're acting very irrational again, and we're going to have to change that."

Diane knew that if Robert started to medicate her she was one step closer to being institutionalized again. She began to weep - she really was nothing more than a lowly whore in Robert's world. She got up and walked quietly with him as he took her back to the guest house.

"Did you lose something?" Robert asked his sister, and Janet pulled Diane inside.

"There, there" Janet said, Diane sitting on the bed sobbing as Janet cuddled her, "am I really so bad?"

Diane pushed her face against Janet's shoulder and Janet held her like a little girl. Once Diane got over her tears Janet lifted Diane's chin and kissed her.

"Let's fuck" she whispered.

~

The next day after the girls had left for school, Janet came into the main house and found Diane in her gown sipping coffee at the kitchen table.

"Get me some coffee sweetie" Janet said, sitting down at the table.

Diane poured Janet a cup of coffee and served it to her.

"You may be Robbie's wife Diane...but now you're my girlfriend" Janet said, stirring some cream into her cup. "If I want my little girlfriend to come out and play, then I expect her to jump when I call her. Understand?"

Diane felt as though she were dreaming. As if Robert weren't enough of a nightmare, now his sister was going to haunt her?

"I don't get it Janet...did you come all the way out here just to torment me some more?"

Janet smiled and looked at Diane, then spoke softly. "I can't help it that I find you so attractive...can I? Is it really so bad with me Diane? You're very good between my legs...I can't believe that you find it so distasteful."

"The both of you are raping me. You are forcing me...and Michelle. It's sick...you're both sick!"

"I'm sorry you feel that way. But it's just a habit I have...when I find something I like I have to have it. And I like you Diane...a lot."

~

Diane felt like Janet was starting to smother her. Every night Janet came for Diane, sometimes after she'd just had sex with Robert. Janet would pull Diane into her bed and start kissing and foreplay with her. Diane did like to kiss and cuddle with Janet; Janet was a very beautiful woman and very sensual to be with. But the sex seemed to be getting more one sided. Janet would touch and play with Diane, but after a while it seemed that it was always Diane under the covers lapping between Janet's legs.

Janet's 'smothering' of Diane didn't stop in the bedroom. She expected Diane to make coffee for her in the morning. When Diane was dressed one morning and serving Janet her coffee, Janet made the comment "You need to do something about your breasts."

"What's wrong with my breasts?" Diane asked defensively.

"They're too small...and they're starting to sag. I've made an appointment for you."

"An appointment?"

"Doctor Chang...he's the one who did mine" Janet said, jutting her large chest out toward Diane.

Diane began to leave the kitchen, upset with Janet.

"Oh, and Diane...change into a dress sweetie. I just hate those boring khaki shorts on you."

~

"I'm not going with her tonight Robert!" Diane declared, still fuming over the way Janet was using her in the bedroom and now Janet's belittlement of her in the kitchen.

"Diane, are we going to go through this again? You go inside right now and apologize to Janet" Robert said, holding a chart of grape analyses.

"Apologize?! For what am I apologizing?!"

"For even thinking it Diane...for wanting to act so rude to our special guest."

Even though Diane was furious, she quickly saw that going to Robert was a big mistake. He was completely on Janet's side and was probably amused by her predicament (which, of course, he was.)

"Never mind" Diane said calmly, and began to leave to go about her business. Then she felt his hand on her arm.

"Come on" Robert said, pulling Diane toward him, "let's go see Janet and work this out."

~

"Why could Diane possibly feel this way!" Janet said loudly to Robert, as if she were very irritated with Diane. "I try to give her tips to improve herself...I give her variety in her sex life...I even made an appointment for her at Doctor Chang's!"

"Do you still want her?" Robert asked, as if Diane were some inanimate object.

Janet looked Diane up and down as if trying to decide, and then said in an unenthusiastic voice, "I suppose...if she'll cooperate and let me work with her."

"Well," Robert said, looking at Diane, "there you have it. Why don't you spend some time here in the guest house with Janet...learn to get along better. I want you to fully cooperate with her, Diane. I don't want to hear one more complaint about you from Janet!"

Diane wanted to cry. She was so tired of being the pawn in an evil man's game. How much more could she take? Would Robert really do what he said and put Michelle and Amy out on the street while he locked her away somewhere horrid? Yes, he was certainly wicked enough. Diane, once again, resolved herself to do what Robert wanted.

~

"Alright Diane, since you had to go behind my back and try to make me sound so bad to Robbie, I'm going to have to make a few rules for you" Janet said as Diane stood inside the guest house.

"First of all, you will stay here with me. You can leave to see the girls when they come home...and prepare dinner for the family. After your evening routine, however, you will come straight back here.

"Secondly, when you are here with me, you're going to wear the clothes that I like.

"Third, you can call me 'Mistress' when you are alone with me.

"And finally, to show you how dissatisfied I am with you, you will spend the rest of the day naked and on your knees."

Diane started to laugh. The audacity of Janet was just too amusing. To really think that she could make Diane do those things?

"Do you think this is funny? Do you not think that I can make your life a living hell?" Janet asked.

"It already is" Diane replied, her laughter gone, her voice solemn.

Just then Diane realized that Robert was still there, on the other side of the door, and he stepped out shaking his finger at Diane.

"Diane, Diane, Diane..." Robert said stepping into the room, "I tell you what I expect from you and this is how you respect me?"

Diane had seen the look on Robert's face before, and it wasn't good. She was beginning to think she might wake up in some hellish psychiatric ward again as Robert continued to walk toward her. Diane began to start stepping back away from him.

"Okay Robert...please...I'll do what Janet wants..." she pleaded, "Don't punish me...please!"

Diane was beginning to tremble.

"You are going to be punished!" Robert said sharply, "How dare you defy me this way! I can no longer trust you Diane!"

"Wait" Janet said, grabbing Robert's arm, "give her another chance."

"Diane has had all of the chances she is going to get" Robert said angrily. " She cannot be trusted and she's shown me that she doesn't deserve all of the things I do for her. She's obviously not learned her lesson here...so maybe it is time to make other arrangements."

"Robbie" Janet said softly, "let me take care of it. This is new for Diane...I'm going to give her another chance. If I need you, I'll call you. Now go on...let me handle it."

Diane really thought she was going away again. When Robert said "other arrangements", she was pretty sure she knew what he meant. She would die if she were separated from her girls again, knowing that they were alone with people the likes of Janet and Robert. Diane was terrified. When Robert finally calmed down and then turned around and left, taking Janet's advice, Diane nearly collapsed with relief.

"Thank you" Diane whispered to Janet, still visibly shaken.

"You can thank me by getting undressed and getting on your knees Diane. That is how you are going to show respect to me ."

Diane slowly began to undress...still trembling, but relieved...and got completely naked. Then she stood on her knees and looked at Janet. She felt so strange...almost thirty-seven years old and being forced to submit to Janet this way.

Janet sat down in a small dining chair across the room and called Diane to her. Diane began to rise to her feet.

"No, no!" Janet said, "I told you that you are to kneel the rest of the day!"

Diane walked across the room on her knees to Janet.

"Closer" Janet said, opening her legs.

Diane moved between Janet's legs on her knees, and Janet held Diane's face in her hands and forced Diane to look up at her.

"Are you going to be a good girl for Janet?"

"Yes" Diane said quietly.

"You will call me 'Mistress' when you are alone with me. Now, are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes Mistress" Diane said softly, feeling utterly humiliated.

"Who do you belong to?" Janet asked.

"You Mistress."

"Who do Amy and Michelle belong to?" Janet asked.

Diane knew what Janet wanted her to say and, so, she said it. "You Mistress."

"Are you my cunt?" Janet asked.

"Yes Mistress."

"Are you going to go see doctor Chang on Thursday?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Who are you?"

"Your cunt, Mistress."

Janet smiled. Diane was a quick learner, and Janet got up and moved to large stuffed chair in front of the television. Janet watched television the rest of the afternoon with Diane standing on her knees, naked, next to her as Janet relaxed in the soft chair.

~

Diane had finally been given permission to dress and leave. The girls would be coming home soon.

Janet sat out on the porch of the guest house smoking a cigarette and drinking a glass of wine. She watched as Carl pulled down the long, secluded driveway and dropped the three young ladies at the front door. Thirty or forty minutes later Janet watched Michelle go to the stables and take out Midnight, brushing the horse and tending to him. Sometime later Vicki came out and disappeared with Michelle back into the stables. Out of sheer boredom, Janet decided to walk over to the stables. When Janet turned the corner inside she was very surprised. There, in a shadowy corner, Vicki and Michelle were making-out.

"What are you two doing?" she asked, smiling, and Vicki and Michelle quickly pulled apart.

"N...nothing" Michelle said.

"You two were kissing!" Janet said, smiling wider.

The girls knew they were caught and stood there embarrassed.

"It's okay...can I watch?" Janet asked.

"For real?" Vicki asked.

"Yes."

Vicki looked at Michelle. "Okay."

The girls began kissing...wet, passionate kissing, with a lot of tongue, in front of Janet.

"Oh god! That's adorable!" Janet roared. "How long has this been going on?"

"Not long...a few weeks maybe" Vicki answered.

"It was step dad's idea, kind of" Michelle added.

"What else do you do?" Janet asked.

"There was that question again" Michelle thought to herself, and both of the girls shrugged their shoulders.

"Can I try?" Janet asked.

The girls nodded, and Janet stepped closer, then looked down at Michelle. Janet smiled, thinking to herself "If you only knew how your mother just spent the afternoon with me!"

Janet put her mouth down on Michelle's and was quite pleased. Michelle had no qualms with kissing Janet and once again was very generous with her tongue. Janet just loved it..."No wonder Robbie likes them young!" she thought to herself.

After a few minutes Janet broke the kiss with Michelle and turned to Vicki. "Now your turn!"

"Aunt Janet?" Michelle said, "I really have to go inside...a study group is going to call me in a few minutes."

"And what about you Vicki? Do you have to go too?" Janet asked, and Vicki shook her head. Janet stepped close to Vicki as Michelle scurried off and looked down at her.

Vicki was radiant. At that moment Janet was sure that Vicki was the most beautiful girl she'd ever seen. It wasn't just Vicki's long, wavy, flowing chestnut-brown hair; her thick, dark eye brows and ultra-long, black eyelashes; her big, sexy dark-brown eyes, eyes that always seemed to look a bit dreamy; it wasn't her full, rose colored lips or her bright, beautiful white smile. No, it was just Vicki's magnetism, her charm, the glow she emitted. She was a very special girl.

"Want to go to the guest house?" Janet asked, and Vicki nodded. Janet offered her beautiful niece her hand and they dashed off to the guest house and began a wild make-out session. Janet found kissing her niece just mind-blowing; it was the sexiest, most erotic kissing Janet had ever experienced, and before long each of them had their bare breasts out as Vicki laid on top of Janet and continued their steamy tongue play.

Janet found Vicki's pierced nipples very sexy, and couldn't wait to see the rest of her. But for now, Janet's phone rang and they were being called to the main house for dinner.

~

Janet felt quite giddy as she sat at the dinner table. She looked at Diane and smiled. Then she looked at Michelle and smiled. Then she looked at Victoria and smiled. Then she looked at Amy. "You're next!" she thought to herself.

When Diane returned to the guest house that night, she found Janet in a much better mood. Diane actually had a pleasurable evening with Janet, and found that she often preferred to be in bed with Janet more than Robert. When Janet was in a loving mood she was sweet, sensitive, sensual, and loved to kiss and have foreplay. After Diane had a powerful orgasm in the hands of Janet (literally), the two women laid in bed and cuddled.

"So, how often does Robbie do your girls?" Janet asked as she caressed Diane's arms.

"Michelle, once a week...Sundays...he hasn't done anything with Amy yet. Vicki is his 'Saturday' girl."

Janet raised her head off the pillow. "He hasn't had sex with Amy yet? And you've been married how long?"

"Well, she's only twelve you know...thank god he can respect that at least."

Janet looked at Diane. "I don't know why he hasn't had sex with Amy yet, but it's not because of her age. He must be saving her like a good wine" Janet remarked.

"What's he done with Michelle?" Janet asked.

"The bastard did anal with her the very first time!"

"Hmmm...yeah, that's my Robbie" Janet said, remembering how he made her do it in her ass her very first time too.

As Diane started to doze off, Janet was feeling a bit excited. "Hmmm...little Amy is still untouched, is she?" Janet thought to herself. "Oh Robbie, what wonderful little gifts you are giving to me!"

End of Part V

A Mother's Submission

Part VI

Diane woke up to Janet's tongue in her mouth. Diane never did like morning kissing, and it was no exception with Janet.

"I'm horny sweetie" Janet said, pushing down on Diane's shoulders. Diane slid her body down and took her place between Janet's legs, lapping until Janet started to moan and quiver, Diane providing Janet with her morning fulfillment.

"Who am I?" Janet asked as she cuddled Diane in her bed.

"My Mistress" Diane replied.

Janet smiled and kissed Diane's forehead. "Such a good learner!" Janet thought to herself.

"And who are you?" Janet asked.

"Your cunt, Mistress."

"Sweetie," Janet said, pushing Diane out of bed, "no more khaki shorts and designer jeans. Today you start wearing dresses for me...and I want the skirts nice and short."

"Yes Mistress."

~

Diane went to the main house to get the girls ready for school. Vicki was sleeping with Robert and Diane had to wake her. "At least it's not Michelle" Diane thought to herself.

After the girls had left for school Janet came into the main house for coffee, and Diane had put on a short denim skirt and long-sleeved pullover. When she brought Janet her cup of coffee, Janet slipped her hand up the back of Diane's skirt.

"No panties allowed sweetie...go take them off."

Diane pulled them off right there in front of Janet and Janet smiled. "No more panties without permission, understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

Diane left to go shower, and Janet saw Robert coming back from his morning jog and went outside.

"I want Amy."

"What do you mean you want Amy?" Robert asked, trying to catch his breath.

"I want to be her first" Janet answered.

"Her first woman? Go for it."

"Her first penetration" Janet clarified.

"What? No way."

"Why haven't you done her yet Robbie? What are you waiting for?"

"What's the big hurry?"

"You're going to give Amy to me."

"Why would I do that?" Robert asked, still breathing hard, and starting to dislike the way Janet was starting to disrupt his once orderly, organized life.

"To pay me back for doing me the first time. Now it's my turn to do your girl."

"Fuck off Janet. Is your flat ready in the city yet?"

"Fuck you Rob! If you don't let me have Amy I will turn on you...and it will not be pretty!"

Robert brushed Janet aside and went in to shower. As he stood under the running water he figured he'd have to give up Amy. There was no stopping Janet now. "Oh, what the hell" he thought, "Michelle and Vicki are enough to handle right now anyway...and Janet can just start sucking my cock too."

~

Diane had to spend the entire day 'playing Mistress' with Janet. Janet brushed Diane's shoulder-length blonde hair straight back and tied it in a bun. Then she took the tallest heels she could find in Diane's closet – a pair of sandals with two-inch platforms and six-inch heels, and made Diane wear nothing but the shoes.

Diane looked quite beautiful even with her hair tied back and no make up other than the mascara she'd put on after her morning shower. Diane's hazel eyes were large, her lips full, her face tan, her petite body bronze and slender.

"When you are with me sweetie, you will kneel at my feet" Janet instructed.

"Mistress?" Diane asked.

Janet looked at Diane and waited for her question.

"No offense, but where are you getting this from? This kneeling and calling you Mistress and all...why is this important to you? I mean, you already have me...you know I'll do what ever you want...Robert will see to that. So why the game?"

"It's respect to me Diane...acknowledgement that I do, in fact, own you. It's not for me sweetie...it's for you. You need to know your place...you need to be reminded over and over and over again that your life belongs to me now. That's why. And there is one other thing you should know..."

Diane looked at Janet, waiting for her to continue while Janet looked down at Diane, who had, in fact, begun to kneel.

"I will fucking punish you Diane if you do anything I don't like. No arguing with me, no questioning my motives. To be honest, I am worse than Robert. I have much less patience. So when you are in your role with me...when we are alone together...you'd better be a really, really good girl."

"Punish how?" Diane asked.

"The punishment will be proportionate to the infraction. I'm not beyond whipping your ass or putting you into bondage. If you don't behave as I expect you to, then I will mold you into my perfect little cunt with whips and chains."

Diane wasn't sure if Janet was serious, so she asked another question.

"Have you done this before?"

Janet smiled and reflected back upon some of her experiences in New York, when she had found her dominant side and explored it with submissive women. Some of her 'subjects' liked pain, and Janet had willingly accommodated them. But Janet's lust was for women like Diane...women who had a hidden submissive nature they never knew they had, one that Janet could bring out and manipulate to her own satisfaction. Janet kicked off her sandals and gave Diane her left foot. Diane began to massage it as she kneeled before her 'Mistress'.

As Diane continued to work Janet's left foot in her hands, Janet lifted her right foot and pushed her big toe up against Diane's mouth. Diane knew what Janet wanted and opened her lips, then began to lick Janet's toe. Soon Janet had Diane giving her 'pedalingus', making Diane suck on her toes, lick between them, and kiss her feet from toe to heel. Janet liked Diane's sensuous tongue and lips on her feet so much that the foot worship went on for a good part of the day.

~

Thursday came and Janet drove Diane into the city to Doctor Chang's.

Diane felt humiliated standing topless with a strange oriental man squeezing and measuring her breasts while Janet and the doctor's own busty, oriental assistant watched.

"Can you take her up to a double D cup doc?" Janet asked.

"Double D?" Diane asked, startled.

"Sure...is that what you want miss Fischer? You do have good elasticity...it would be no problem for you...a little tight at first, but then just nice, firm, very full...you're husband will love it...it will be a nice surprise for him."

Dr. Chang set up a video camera and focused in on Diane's bare chest. Then he let Diane put her blouse back on and took her to the computer monitor. Through computer imaging he took Diane's C cup breasts, which looked rather flattened against her torso, and inflated them into two round, cantaloupe-size melons.

Diane giggled and Janet purred.

"Janet, that's too much" Diane whispered.

"Nonsense...I love it, and so will Rob... and so will you!"

Dr. Chang took some x-rays and made Diane fill out several forms, and then said, smiling, "I will review your results and if everything looks good, we will set a time for the surgery, okay?"

Diane was half excited about getting new breasts as Janet began the drive home. But DD seemed extreme.

"Janet, I don't want to go that big."

"Diane, I'm not going to hear about it. It's already decided. If you bring it up again, I will punish you. Do you understand?"

Diane sat quietly until they were almost back home.

"Janet?" Diane finally said.

Janet looked at Diane, and felt like giving her a reprimand for once again not addressing her as Mistress.

"Once my boobs are done, can I get my nipples pierced?"

Janet's heart leapt. By asking Janet's permission to have her nipples pierced, Diane was unreservedly submitting to her.

"Of course you can sweetie!" Janet smiled.

"How did it go at doctor Chang's?" Robert asked Janet after she'd parked the car, and Diane had gone inside the house.

"Double Ds" Janet smiled.

Robert looked at Janet. It was just uncanny how much they thought alike.

~

Janet had a lot of business to tend to on Friday, and Diane finally got a day to herself. Robert always took the family out to dinner on Friday, so Diane did not have to cook and spent a good part of the day doing her own errands.

As Diane waited on the front porch for the girls to come home from school, Janet arrived home and joined Diane.

Amy had been invited to sleep over at a friend's, and simply rushed in to get her things when the girls arrived. Carl waited with the car to escort Amy to her friend's home.

"Bye mom!" Amy said as she resurfaced from the house with her over-night bag, kissing Diane on the cheek, and heading for the black town car. Janet watched Amy, with her tight jeans and long-blond hair, heading for the car and called her.

"Aren't you forgetting to give Aunt Janet a kiss?"

Amy smiled and ran back to Janet. Janet took both of Amy's hands into hers and gave Amy a smack straight on her lips.

As the town car faded away down the long driveway with young Amy in the back, Janet took Diane by the hand. "Come" she said, and took Diane to the guest house.

Janet was just about to make Diane strip and 'service' her when Michelle and Vicki showed up at the door. Michelle was surprised to see her mom there, and felt that Vicki's plan to "go see Aunt Janet and make-out with her" had been foiled. But Janet was delighted to see the girls and pulled them inside.

"This is so cute Diane...Michelle and Vicki like to kiss each other!" Janet said, elated.

Michelle blushed, her mom now learning of her secret.

"Go ahead girls...let us watch you!" Janet beamed.

Michelle blushed some more, but Vicki didn't seem to be bothered by Diane's presence and turned to Michelle and put her hands on Michelle's shoulders. But Michelle was just too embarrassed with her mom there.

"Michelle, your mom likes to kiss me...want to see?" Janet said, seeing Michelle's discomfort.

Michelle turned to Janet and her mom with a curious expression, and then watched as Janet leaned over Diane and lip-locked with her. Diane found that being kissed by Janet in front of Michelle also felt awkward, but she didn't dare resist Janet and take a chance on Janet humiliating her in front of the girls. After a long kiss, Janet pulled away and looked at the girls.

"Okay, now you two do it."

Michelle felt much more at ease and figured that two females kissing each other must be more normal than she had thought. She embraced with Vicki and the two girls began their wild tongue play as Janet and Diane watched.

Diane didn't really know what to make of it. Her head was dizzy. Here she was sleeping with another woman night after night; Michelle was having sex with her own stepfather, Diane's own husband; and now this. Then, to make matters more confusing, Janet called Michelle over to her and began her own passionate kissing with Michelle. And if that weren't enough, Janet stopped kissing Michelle long enough to tell Vicki to "go kiss with your step mom!"

Diane felt very strange having Vicki come over to her and lean into her, closing her eyes. Diane closed her eyes and gave Vicki a soft kiss on her mouth, but she immediately felt Vicki's tongue on her lips. Diane stopped and looked at Vicki. Vicki looked curiously back at Diane, wondering why she was stopping. Meanwhile, Diane could see Janet now completely lip-locked with Michelle and the two of them were starting to make moaning sounds.

Diane didn't want Vicki to feel like she was rejecting her, and figured that Janet would make them kiss anyway, so she put her arms gently on Vicki's shoulders and started giving the girl her own fervent kisses. Diane was surprised at what a passionate little kisser Vicki was, and kissing the beautiful teen while feeling the girl's sexy tongue flicker and press against her own did start

to excite her, but not as much as it was exciting Vicki. Vicki thought that making out with her aunt and step mom was the coolest thing ever, and was starting to rub her crotch against Diane's thigh. Then Diane heard Janet's words, "Let's switch. Michelle, go to your mom... Vicki, come to me."

Vicki quickly went and stood next to her aunt Janet. Janet put her hand on Vicki's tight little bottom as she cuddled her close, and then they both looked at Michelle and Diane. Vicki's mouth was still wet with saliva, her lips looked rosy and pursed as Diane watched Janet's other hand start to caress Vicki under her shirt.

Then Diane looked at Michelle. Did Janet really expect her to make-out with her own daughter? Janet looked seductively at Diane, as she pulled Vicki yet closer to her own body, and then said, "Come on you two... I want to see it!"

Michelle turned to her mother and closed her eyes, and Diane put her arms around her daughter and pressed her lips against Michelle's mouth. They looked at each other, then kissed again, softly, gently. Michelle rested her hands on Diane's shoulders and they each closed their eyes once again and kissed softly. Then Diane looked at Michelle and Michelle smiled. It made Diane smile, and Michelle smiled wider. They kissed again and rubbed noses. Diane looked at Janet, who was still watching intently, her fingers now sliding down inside Vicki's jeans. Then Michelle closed her eyes and gave her mom a spirited kiss, tilting her head and flashing her tongue as their lips touched. It was electric for Michelle, but still very strange for Diane. Then Michelle did it again, flashing her tongue on Diane's lips. "Oh, what the hell" Diane thought to herself, and she put her hand behind Michelle's head and lip-locked with her daughter, their tongues pressing against each other, exploring. Michelle juttred her chest out toward her mother, gasping and moaning; it was turning her on immeasurably. Diane could hardly believe that the soft, sweet lips and passionate, flickering tongue against her mouth was really that of Michelle, her own daughter.

The kissing session went on for another twenty minutes, and then Diane needed air and stepped outside. As she stepped out onto the porch of the guest house she saw Robert heading over.

"Girls... dad is on his way!" Diane warned, and Janet quickly removed her hands from underneath Vicki's clothing and everyone tried to get composed.

"What is going on over here? I've been looking everywhere for you!" Robert said, a pissed-off look on his face. "I have a dinner reservation for us in one hour at the fish house... you all need to get ready!"

As the four females all dined with Robert, they continuously shared special, discreet smiles throughout the dinner. Janet couldn't wait to get alone with the two teens again... and do a lot more than kiss.

~

"When do I get my wife back?" Robert asked Janet as they returned to the house.

"I don't know...I'm enjoying her too much to let you have her back right now."

"Then you can fuck me tonight" Robert said heatedly.

"Okay...want to do it right now?" Janet asked, lifting her skirt and pulling down her thong, her dark bush exposed. She knew it would get Robert going and make him do his business and get it over with. She was right. Robert slammed her up against the wall and began kissing her, then fucked her right there in the hallway, standing her up with her dress around her waist.

~

Robert kept a close eye on all three girls and the guest house over a wet, foggy, autumn weekend. It made the time quite uneventful for Janet, but she did have Diane to keep her entertained.

Meanwhile, Michelle was horny...and not for another female. All of the girl-kissing she'd been doing the past week had made her think about kissing a man, and it excited her. She couldn't wait for Sunday to finally come around.

Robert was in the TV room watching a Sunday football game when Michelle came in. She was wearing a tight tank with no bra, tight cotton panties which she had pushed into her slit, and slipper socks. Her straight, long-blond hair was neatly brushed, but other than a touch of mascara she had on no makeup.

Robert liked the look; Michelle looked very innocent without the sexy dresses and makeup that Diane usually put her into on Sunday evenings. Then Robert looked at the camel toe in Michelle's tight panties.

"Hi Princess" Robert said, sliding over a bit on the sofa to make room for Michelle.

"Hi daddy" Michelle smiled, taking her place next to Robert.

Robert cuddled Michelle next to him as he watched the game, and she rested her head on his chest and her hand on his lap.

"What do you want to do today Princess?" Robert asked quietly.

"Fuck my daddy" Michelle whispered.

Hearing those words from a beautiful, fourteen year old stepdaughter, just put Robert over the top. After letting Michelle open his pants and tease him for a while with her mouth, he carried her to his bedroom and fucked her good and hard, not stopping until Michelle writhed under him, coming hard from her own orgasm. Then he laid in bed with her and, after a time, had her start sucking on him again. Once he got his stiffness back, he put her on her hands and knees and fucked her asshole.

Michelle knew all too well now what Robert wanted, and today she would give it to him.

"Fuck me harder daddy!" she shrieked, rubbing her clit and pushing back against Robert's thrusts. Once again, it put Robert over the top and he came quickly. Michelle was learning how to take control.

~

While Michelle was romping in bed with Robert, Diane was kneeling, naked, her hair pulled back, a dog collar around her neck, and worshipping Janet's feet.

"Who am I Diane?"

"My Mistress."

"Who owns you?"

"You do Mistress."

"Who owns Michelle?"

"You do Mistress."

"Who owns Amy?"

"You do Mistress."

"I hope you mean that Diane...is Amy my girl?"

Diane looked confused.

"Is Amy my girl!?" Janet growled, lifting Diane's chin into her hand.

"Yes Mistress."

"Now you know that it is just a matter of time before Robert is taking Amy, don't you?"

Diane nodded, not really wanting to acknowledge the dreadful fact.

"He'll do anal with her first...just like with Michelle. Amy will not even turn thirteen until when? Spring? A good six months from now?"

Diane again nodded.

Janet continued to hold Diane's chin in her hand. "I want you to let me be the one to guide Amy's sexual activities."

Diane looked more confused. Her eyebrows narrowed over her eyes.

"Is Amy mine?" Janet again asked, and Diane shook her head no, defying her Mistress.

"Fine" Janet said, taking her hand from Diane's face. "I'll let Robbie know. He's going to be delighted."

"Mistress Janet, what are you talking about!?" Diane asked confused, and now, upset.

Janet looked down at Diane. "I don't want Robbie to be the one to have her. Amy is ripe Diane. She's going to have to start having sex."

"Ripe?" Diane grimaced, the perversity of the word being used to describe Amy.

"Yes...I'm sorry, but it's going to happen any day now, and you know it."

Diane sat silently, sadness beginning to fill her eyes.

"Let me handle Amy Diane...I promise I will make it better for her than it will be with Robert."

"What will you do?" Diane asked fearfully.

"I will let her get acquainted with sex much slower...much easier than she would with her own stepfather coming into her room one night and raping her in her bottom."

"How?"

"I have a friend...a sweet man...he'll be kind to her and let the process evolve slowly, gently."

"No!" Diane shrieked, "that's my baby you're talking about!" Diane just couldn't bear the thought of Amy being forced to have sex with a strange man...like some prostitute...before she even turned thirteen.

Tears began to flood in Diane's eyes and down her face. She couldn't believe that Janet could talk about a child this way, Diane's own baby girl.

Janet went and got a glass of water and then held her hand out to Diane. There was a capsule in her hand. "Take this, it will make you feel better."

Diane had come to feel secure and safe with Janet. Even though Janet made her go around kneeling and naked half the time, she didn't feel the terror she felt around Robert. Diane felt Janet was protecting her from Robert, and for this she gave herself completely to her 'Mistress'. But now she looked at Janet, at the capsule, and wondered.

"Do you trust me Diane?" Janet asked, and Diane nodded.

"Take the pill, sweetie."

Diane took the pill, and Janet petted her head as she swallowed down the water.

An hour later Diane could feel no pain. She sat, naked under a blanket, still wearing the dog collar and curled up against her Mistress. Diane's pretty hazel eyes looked dreamy and glossed over. She had a contented expression on her face. She felt nothing but loyalty and love for Janet as Janet cuddled and caressed her next to her.

"Are you going to let me teach Amy?" Janet whispered, bringing the distressing subject back now that Diane was relaxed, calm, comfortable, numb.

"Yes Mistress" Diane said softly, and then she curled up closer to Janet, her Mistress, her lover, the woman her child would now answer to.

End of Part VI

A Mother's Submission

Part VII

"I want you to pretend that Aunt Janet is your mom for a while...you do anything she tells you to do, just as if it were me telling you."

"Are you going back to the hospital mom?"

It was hard for Diane to explain to Amy that Janet would now be the one to look after her...even though Diane would still be around. Diane really couldn't even believe that she'd agreed to do it. Her only hope now was that Janet would make the right decisions for Amy.

"Let me be alone with Amy for a while now" Janet said, and Diane left the living room and went outside on the patio.

Janet had dressed up nicely for her 'initiation' with Amy. She had curled her dark hair at the ends, where it rested on her shoulders, and applied lipstick, mascara, eye liner, and tan eye shadow on her young-looking face. Pearl earrings adorned her ears and a matching pearl necklace was draped around her neck.

Janet was wearing a black skirt and a light blue sweater and looked very attractive, with a subtle elegance about her.

"Things are going to be a little different now Amy" Janet explained.

"You'll still get up and go to school like you do now...and do your homework when you come home...but sometimes in the evenings and weekends you'll be spending a lot of time doing things that I want."

"What things?" Amy asked softly.

"Well, it's time you start to learn some big girl things...and I'm going to teach them to you."

"Like what?"

"Before I can tell you that, you must swear to secrecy. Do you swear Amy?"

Amy nodded.

"Now there's nothing to worry about sweetie...and no one is going to hurt you or your mom...as long as you keep the things I teach you secret. Okay?"

Amy again nodded.

"I'm going to teach you how to date a man...and how to behave with a woman."

Amy looked more confused.

"Don't worry" Janet reassured, taking Amy's face tenderly into her hands, "it's really nothing. Now, would you like to go shopping with me?"

Amy once again nodded, not knowing what else to say.

~

Janet spent the day with Amy buying her thongs, tank tops, mini skirts, tight tees, short shorts, babydoll dresses, and all of the sexy outfits that she could find. She bought Amy sandals and pumps with tall heels, and lots of sexy lingerie.

"Aunt Janet...I don't really wear all this stuff...you keep buying it for me but I don't think I'll wear any of it" Amy said after tiring from an afternoon of trying on sexy clothes.

"Well don't you think that you should wear what I want you to wear?"

"I guess so" Amy said timidly.

After dinner that night that Janet came into Amy's bedroom with all of the clothes and made Amy model lingerie for her. After having to put on a thong with only her tall sandals on, Amy protested. "It all fits...why do I have to put it on again now?"

"Because I want to see you in it."

"But I'm tired...I don't really feel like it now."

"Amy you must do what I tell you now."

"Really Aunt Janet...I'm tired."

"Do you want to be punished?"

"I don't care...I just don't want to try on any more clothes."

Janet was quite angry, but let Amy rest. The next morning Amy was in for an unpleasant surprise.

"You're not going to school today" Janet informed Amy. "I've already called the attendance office."

"Why?"

"Because you disobeyed me last night."

Janet handed Amy a pair of rubber gloves and a toilet cleaning brush. "Since you think that trying on clothes for me is so bad, then we'll see how much you like cleaning toilets. And since you don't like any of the clothes I bought you, you can clean them wearing nothing at all!"

Amy whined and protested, to no avail. Janet took her by the hair and made her cry.

"Do you want to go to school tomorrow or clean toilets?"

"School" Amy whimpered.

"Then you best get busy and get them all cleaned right now! Now give me your clothes!"

Janet made sure that Diane knew nothing about her punishing moments with Amy...no need to get mom upset...and she found excitement supervising the young naked girl as she washed every toilet bowl in the house wearing only rubber gloves.

When Amy finished two hours later, Janet peed in a cup and then splashed it all over the clean toilets in the house. Amy did not see her do it, but when Janet went around with Amy to inspect her work, Amy frowned. She would have to start all over again.

Once Amy finished cleaning all of the toilets twice, which took her a good part of the day, Janet gave her a bath. It was quite strange to Amy...she was almost a teenager...but yet Janet kneeled by the side of the tub and washed her like a three year old.

Amy tried to protest and Janet got angry. "Do you want to stay home and clean toilets again tomorrow!?" Janet scolded. Of course, Janet was really bathing Amy because after watching the girl on her knees most of the day, naked, she just had to touch her sweet bottom and bald muff.

Amy detested Janet making her stand on her knees in the tub, and then having to endure Janet's bare, soapy fingers – without even using a wash cloth – wash between her cheeks and soft folds.

But that wasn't all. When Amy was finally ready for bed that night and had brushed her teeth and hair, she was required to let Janet know so that Janet could tuck her in.

When Janet appeared in Amy's bedroom she was in her short babydoll nightie, the one that was sheer. Amy could see Janet's dark bush and breasts almost as clearly as if Janet had on nothing at all. Instead of merely pulling the covers up and kissing Amy on the cheek, Janet slipped into the bed with her, and as she combed Amy's hair with her fingers, and kissed Amy on the mouth. Not once, but three times, and then she held Amy against her for a long while.

Amy got a chance to visit with her mom the next day at breakfast and grumbled that Janet was treating her like a three-year old. She told how Janet gave her a bath and then tucked her into bed like a little girl.

"I'm almost thirteen mom!"

Diane took Amy's arms firmly into her hands.

"You mustn't complain Amy, ever, about anything that Janet does. And one other thing, you must never tell another soul about anything that you do with Janet, do you understand?"

Amy nodded. Diane was still terrified that if Robert or Janet were called into question, she would end up in a mental ward and the girls would be put out on the street. Diane couldn't take any chances of having Amy leak to someone, innocently, the abuse she was about to endure at home. She decided to have Michelle reinforce the need for the utmost secrecy with Amy.

"Amy" Michelle said privately as the girls had just returned home from school a day later, "you have to do what mom says and keep things quiet. Aunt Janet's going to have you start doing things...I had to do them too, step-dad made me...he made Vicki do them too. Now it's your turn, and Aunt Janet is going to show you.

"So-help-me Amy, if you ever dare tell a single soul about it, it will be the end of us. All of the girls at school have to do it...but you don't know about it because no one can ever tell. I mean it Amy, whatever Aunt Janet makes you do, you cannot ever tell anyone ...except for mom."

"What things, Michelle?" Amy asked fearfully, Michelle's lecture frightening her.

"They're not bad things, Amy...but they're kind of grown-up things...sex things. If you tell anyone about them, it will get bad for us Amy...very, very bad!"

Michelle had successfully instilled the vow of secrecy into Amy; Amy would never say a word to anyone about anything that Janet would make her do, even if her life depended on it.

~

Diane went to see Dr. Chang again, but this time for the actual surgery. It only took one afternoon and Diane was back at home with stretched, swollen, and sutured breasts. Dr. Chang had successfully placed and filled saline implants inside of Diane's glands. Diane's breasts were no longer tear-shaped C cup sized, but now two, large, round globes the size of cantaloupes. They were surprisingly natural looking considering the shape and size, and Diane was not displeased with Dr. Chang's work.

All of the girls wanted to see, but only Robert and Janet got the privilege. Diane wanted to wait until some bruising and discoloration healed, the sutures removed, before the girls saw her topless.

As Robert examined his wife's glands, Janet told him of Diane's next wish: pierced nipples. Robert smiled and patted Diane's ass, as if she were being a good girl. Then he remarked, "I'll do Michelle at the same time...it will make it special for the two of you." Diane gave Robert a little smile.

~

Amy was "tucked in" by Janet every night, and each time Janet would slip into bed with Amy with hardly anything on her body. She would touch Amy all over as she kissed Amy's mouth. Amy learned to lay there and accept it in silence, never resisting or complaining.

Amy also got baths every so often by Janet, and had to stand on her knees while Janet washed her "bottom" and her "little bald cunnie." Finally, when Amy was at home and had no place to go, Janet would dress her up.

Amy was a very pretty girl. Her hair was a shade darker than Michelle's, in between blonde and very light brown; it really looked like shiny golden strands, straight and long, and Amy preferred to pull it back with bows or large barrettes.

Although her hair was a shade darker than Michelle's, Amy's eyes were lighter, a stunning sea-green color. They were beautiful, large, round eyes accentuated by long, dark eyelashes. Amy had a button for a nose and a small mouth with very large, full, pink lips.

Janet would dress Amy up like a lingerie model in Amy's 'down time', when she was home for a while and there would be no guests or interruptions in the house. She would put Amy in a silk, non-cupped bra, to cover Amy's puffy nipples, a matching thong panty, silk or nylon stockings to her thighs, and heels. Then she would paint Amy's lips pink, put mascara and eye-shadow on her, and then make the girl parade around the house the rest of the day or evening. Amy would even have to join the family for meals dressed this way.

Robert would look at Amy and not say anything, but Janet knew that he was thinking about how much he wished he still had the girl for himself.

Michelle and Vicki just took Amy's attire in stride; they both had been subject to much more intense sexual things than wearing lingerie to dinner, but it was interesting to them that Amy was being 'trained' by Janet instead of Robert. And Diane just pretended not to notice. As long as Janet was keeping Robert away, that was good enough for her.

~

One quiet Thursday afternoon, Diane was in the guest house naked but for her dog collar. Janet was in her role as Mistress again, making Diane kneel and worship her.

"Amy will be going on a date on Sunday" the Mistress informed her subject.

"Yes Mistress" Diane responded with saddened eyes.

"You will not complain when the man comes to take her."

"Oh please Janet...this can't be necessary!"

Janet slapped Diane across the face. It was the first time that Diane had been struck by Janet, and it was more stunning than painful. "You gave Amy to me...you said that you trusted me...you said you would not question me! Do I need to punish you?"

"No Mistress" Diane sulked.

When Sunday came, Diane was wearing clothes that Janet liked – a short, black velvet mini skirt and a tank top with no bra. Diane's breasts were too big for the tank, and the top stretched over her so tight she just as well had not been wearing a top at all. The open-toe pumps with bows and four-inch heels provided the finishing touch.

Diane nearly lost her mind when she saw the man who was coming for Amy. He was black, had a shaved head, and was very large. In fact, Larry Washington was six-feet four-inches tall and he weighed 240 lbs, all of it muscle. How could a man like this be with little Amy, who was only five-feet one-inch tall and barely weighed over eighty pounds?

"No, please Janet...he's too large...he's all wrong for her!" Diane exclaimed, trembling at the thought of Amy going with him.

"Diane, kneel!"

Diane kneeled and put her sad eyes to the floor.

"Who do you belong to?"

"You Mistress"

"Who does Amy belong to?"

"You Mistress"

"Then it's my decision if Amy goes or not, isn't it!"

"Yes Mistress"

Janet got a glass of water and then held her hand out to Janet. In her hand was another capsule, and Diane took it eagerly. The thought of Amy with this man was tearing her to pieces.

"Now stand up and greet him."

Larry came into the guest house and took off his sunglasses. Diane could see that, even with a shaved head, the man was handsome; he had nice, straight white teeth, a nice smile, and friendly dark-brown eyes.

Larry couldn't take his eyes off of Diane's chest.

Diane was still beside herself and had to excuse herself from the room. She went to the bedroom and threw herself down on the bed. She just couldn't watch Janet hand Amy over to this man.

Janet had dressed Amy in a green, tiny one-piece dress...sleeveless, open backed, with an obscenely short skirt. Amy had on sheer charcoal stockings, but only up to her thigh. A good four inches of bare thigh was showing between the stocking and the bottom of the skirt. In her pumps, and with her face heavily made up with mascara, pink lipstick, blush, and eye shadow, Amy thought she looked like a street whore. Amy was afraid to come out of the bathroom to meet Larry, and Janet had to give her an ultimatum.

"Amy, either you get out there right now, or you will spend the rest of the day, and all day tomorrow, cleaning toilets!"

Those words got Amy out of the bathroom, but then when she saw Larry she ran right back in and started to cry.

"I can't do it Aunt Janet...I can't go on a date...he's going to do things to me and I don't want him to!" Amy sobbed. Janet did a lot of sweet talking and then promised Amy that if she went through with it, Janet would let her have a friend come over and spend the night the following weekend. That was something that Amy had been asking Janet about for a long time. Now, with Janet finally giving her permission, Amy took a deep breath and let Janet walk her out to Larry's car.

~

"No penetration Larry! I mean it! Oral only!" Janet warned, taking Larry out of earshot from Amy as Amy sat in his Cadillac Escalade. Janet punched Larry as hard as she could in his arm to emphasize her point.

"Chill out baby...you know I'll be easy with her"

Janet watched as Larry's car disappeared down the driveway.

"Why would Janet want to do such a thing to a girl as young and innocent as Amy?" Diane wondered, laying across the bed with a tormented heart.

Janet had her reasons, and they were two-fold: Janet lusted with the thought of controlling Amy to the point that she could simply snap her fingers and Amy would jump into the lap of any man or woman Janet wanted. It was also exhilarating to Janet having the power over Diane – the ability to coerce a loving mother to relinquish her own innocent daughter into a life of sin.

And secondly, by giving Amy to Larry, Janet was finally getting something back from Robert.

~

Amy felt ridiculous as Larry began the drive back to his house in Oakland. She couldn't believe that Janet had put her in such an outfit, and prayed that no one else would be seeing her.

Larry pulled his Escalade, with tinted windows, into his garage. He also didn't want anyone to see Amy, dressed the way she was, going into his home.

Inside, Larry offered Amy a drink, and she accepted some orange juice.

Larry tried to flatter Amy, telling her how pretty she was and how happy he was that her aunt was letting him have a date with her. Inside, Larry was still in shock that Janet would really set him up with a beautiful twelve-year old virgin, and get the mother to actually consent. Larry knew he was on dangerous ground, but he'd take that risk for a girl like Amy any day of the week.

"Can I sit by you Amy?" Larry asked, and Amy nodded. Janet's words were still going through Amy's brain: "You do whatever he wants, no complaining, no resisting. If you do, you'll be cleaning toilets for a week!"

Larry sat on the sofa next to Amy, who was clutching her glass of orange juice in her hands. Larry looked at her and smiled, then felt her soft, silky hair with his fingers.

"Do you mind me touching you?" he asked.

Amy shook her head.

"Would you like it if we sat here and kissed a little?"

Amy clutched her orange juice tighter. "Okay" she said timidly.

"Have you ever kissed a boy before?"

Amy again shook her head.

"I want you to close your eyes and relax" Larry said, and then he lifted Amy's chin and planted his large mouth and lips over Amy's mouth, kissing her very softly and gently.

"Was that okay?"

"Yes" Amy said softly.

"Would you like to try it again?"

"Okay."

And so it went, until Larry began to tug Amy's chin down and get her to allow him to gently push his tongue through her lips.

Larry was as turned on as he had ever been in his life, and barely able to contain his massive erection.

"Would you like to go and cuddle on my bed?" He asked Amy, and although Amy really didn't want to, she was way too nervous and afraid to say no.

In Larry's bedroom, he suggested that they take off their clothes first before they get on the bed. Amy took off her dress and stockings as she watched Larry take off his shirt and pants. She could see the huge tent in Larry's boxer shorts as she stood there in her thong.

"Take your thong off sugah" Larry said as he pulled his shorts down, and when Amy saw his massive dong, she turned away. She was embarrassed to look at it. She didn't really comprehend how large it was, because she hadn't seen very many naked men before.

With all of her clothes, including her thong, off, Amy felt his big hands lift her by her waist up to his lap. Larry was sitting naked on the edge of the bed and sat Amy's bottom down on his legs so that she was facing him. Amy's thin legs straddled Larry's massive thighs, and Amy was looking straight at Larry's huge, muscular, chocolate chest. What Amy couldn't help but focus on, however, was the warm, eight-inch phallus that was thicker than her own wrist, pressing against her tummy. Larry's gray, uncut cock pressed between Amy's rib cage from her navel all the way up to her puffy nipples.

Larry took Amy's tiny hands into his own and wrapped them around his shaft as he looked down at Amy. When Amy looked up at Larry, Larry kissed her mouth and continued kissing her. Amy accepted Larry's tongue, and as Larry began the gentle tonguing of Amy's mouth, he continued to move her small hands up and down his thick rod.

Larry had never been with a girl as young, nor who felt as sweet, as Amy. It was just too wild to have her tiny body on him, kissing her, feeling her baby hands on his manhood, and Larry's cock exploded all over the innocent babe.

Amy looked in disgust at the white creamy goo all over her chest and hands. Some had even sprayed her neck and under her chin. "You peed on me!" she said, astonished at the weird looking stuff splattered all over her body.

Larry chuckled and wiped a glob off Amy's chest and onto his finger, then held it to her mouth. "This is man-come" he said, "some girls like to eat it. Do you want to try?"

Amy shook her head in repulsion at the slimy yellowish-white glob on Larry's finger. Larry tongued Amy's mouth for a while longer, and then wiped her body down with a damp towel. He was already getting hard again just touching her, but he knew it was best to wait. She'd experienced enough for one day.

~

Diane was still under the effects of the anti-depressant, tranquilizing, euphoria-stimulating, capsule that Janet had given her (a special blend developed by Dr. Ferguson), and was cuddled next to Janet when Amy was dropped off.

Even in Diane's tranquil state, feeling at ease with the world and nothing but loyalty and love toward Janet, she was dying to know what had been done to her daughter.

"Tell us everything that you and Larry did" Diane told Amy, still sitting intimately close to Janet. Amy looked at her mother's dreamy eyes, her proximity to Janet, and chalked it up once again to mental distress.

Amy didn't want her mom getting more distressed and simply answered, "Nothing really...I mean, he kissed me a little, and we held hands and stuff...but that was about it. Aunt Janet, can I go work on my school project now?"

Diane felt even more at ease.

Amy really wanted to get out of the whorish clothes and take a shower. She thought about her experience with Larry and decided that it hadn't been so bad, if he'd not sprayed the gross stuff on her.

~

The following Saturday, after Amy's sleepover friend was picked up, Janet appeared in Amy's room.

"Your boyfriend wants to see you tonight."

Janet dressed Amy into a thong, silk stockings, pumps, and nothing else. It was a wet, cool evening, and after Janet put Amy's make-up on, she put a warm overcoat on Amy and drove her to Oakland.

Janet escorted Amy inside Larry's bungalow, where Larry had soft lighting and soft jazz music playing in the background. He offered Janet a drink, but she informed him that she was going across to San Francisco for two or three hours and then would be back to get Amy.

Then Janet pulled Amy's overcoat off to show Larry the treat she'd brought for him. "Give him a kiss" Janet whispered to Amy, "he's your boyfriend now!" and she pushed Amy's small, exposed bottom toward Larry.

Amy blushed as she was engulfed by Larry's arms and felt his large mouth over her tiny lips. Janet loved the sight of the tiny girl with a large, muscular man.

"Larry, let me watch Amy give your privates a little kiss" Janet requested.

The request even embarrassed Larry. Janet was dying to see just how hung Larry was, and wanted to see little, blonde, innocent Amy kiss a big, black man's cock.

Larry rolled his eyes at Janet to show his discontent with the request, but he could see that Janet was not going anywhere until he fulfilled it. Larry stood up and unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his black slacks, and then took his pants and boxers down to his knees.

Janet's eyes widened as she saw the massive eight-inch phallus starting to rise up.

Larry looked at Amy and tried to smile. "Come give it a little kiss sugah."

Amy looked back at Janet and knew she would have to comply or end up cleaning toilets again. She leaned her body down and kissed the shaft without touching it.

"Oh, come on Amy!" Janet giggled, "hold it in your hands and give it a big, long, wet kiss for Aunt Janet."

Janet's pussy quivered so hard she thought she would flood her pants when Amy took the thick, stiff pole in her hands and started to kiss down the shaft, touching it with her tongue.

~

Janet had to leave or she knew that she would be pulling down her panties and joining in. She could hardly regain her own composure as she drove out of Larry's neighborhood.

Amy was feeling a little more comfortable with Larry, and after cuddling and kissing with him on the couch as they had done before, they were once again naked on his bed.

"Would you like me to kiss you between your legs?" Larry asked, "like you did to me?"

The thought of it made Amy nervous, but she was afraid to say no. Larry leaned Amy back in the middle of the bed and pushed her legs open. It was the sweetest pussy he'd ever tasted, and as tempted as he was to put more than the tip of his tongue in her hole, he refrained.

Amy closed her eyes and clutched the bedspread. Larry's tongue felt so soft, gentle, and caressing on her privates. She was experiencing sensations she'd never known before; her vagina felt warm and wet, her clitoris was tingling and wanted more; waves of pleasure would run up and down her entire body.

Then Larry pushed Amy's legs back – her thin, white legs encircled by his large, black hands - and licked Amy's asshole. Amy giggled...it was so weird! She couldn't believe this big, strong man was licking her butt!

After more licking and moaning from Larry, he raised up, his huge hard dick pointed at Amy, and said tenderly, "Now I want you to lick me."

Larry tried to teach Amy how to suck cock, but she could hardly get her small mouth over the thick, uncut head. Larry had to suffice with Amy stroking him, using both her hands, while she merely flickered and licked with her tongue all over the head.

"Are you ready for my man-come?" Larry groaned, his swollen cock throbbing and twitching between Amy's little hands.

Amy quickly closed her eyes and mouth tightly, and Larry spurted his creamy seed all over Amy's face and hair.

Amy was again disgusted by the stuff, and as Larry cleaned her face off he once again took a glob onto his finger and held it to Amy's mouth. Amy refused it, and Larry wiped it off into the towel.

The unique couple spent another twenty minutes cuddling and kissing, and then Janet arrived to take Amy back home.

"So, did you have fun?" she asked Amy as they drove back to the valley.

"Yes" she replied quietly.

"Larry's handsome isn't he?" Janet asked.

"Yeah" Amy once again said very softly.

"Are you anxious to see him again?"

"Yep" Amy said unenthused, but in her heart the thought of him licking her again, and of she holding his big cock, was already making her excited for the next time.

~

Janet saw Diane struggling over Amy's encounters with Larry and decided to let her have a turn too.

"Hi Lar...it's me, Janet" she said into her cell phone, "how would you like to do the mommy?"

"Do bees make honey?"

"I'll bring her to you Sunday...eleven o' clock...you get two hours to show her what a great guy you are...and how good you are in bed."

~

"I'm going to take you to the man that Amy has been with" Janet said, catching Diane completely by surprise.

Diane was very curious. She wanted to know what kind of man Larry really was...and what Amy was experiencing with him.

Janet told Diane to dress however she wanted...she would not be dressing for her 'Mistress' today. So Diane put on the clothes she liked to wear: white cotton slacks, a navy blue and white striped short sleeved knit, white sandals, and a white leather purse. The top Diane had chosen was fairly new due to her large bust, but it still stretched out tightly over her. Diane put on some lipstick and mascara, and styled her hair. If not for her oversized breasts jutting out, Diane would look like nothing more than the pretty, conservative mother of a young teen girl.

Janet drove into Oakland with Diane, into a modest neighborhood and then to a modest bungalow. Larry lived alone and was busy tidying up when Janet and Diane came to the door.

Janet and Diane both sat down as Larry continued to pick up some CD cases and a newspaper and took them away. He offered them something to drink. Diane accepted a glass of water, but Janet grabbed her purse. "I'll be back in two hours" she said, leaning down and kissing Diane.

Larry was wearing some baggy style basketball shorts and a t-shirt. All that was going through Diane's brain was "This is the man who is using my baby!"

Larry sat down in a chair across from Diane and smiled. Diane was not able to smile back.

"Listen, everything's cool with Amy...we're not doing anything that's going to hurt her or leave a permanent mark on her...know what I'm saying?"

Diane felt like she was frozen, unable to speak. How could this man know what would and would not leave a permanent mark on her own child?

"I don't do anything with Amy unless it's okay with her...I always ask her first...and even then I won't do anything else unless you or Janet say that you want me to."

Hearing Larry talk about her baby was wrenching Janet's heart, but then she realized that maybe Janet had been right...maybe this was better than Robert coming in, a man Amy had grown to trust and love, and raping her anally.

Diane was still unable to speak, so Larry began to tell her about himself...how he grew up in the Bay area...went to the University of Southern Cal on a football scholarship...played professionally for six years at the linebacker spot, until he had his fifth knee surgery and had to retire. Larry was thirty-two and had never married or had children. He then showed Diane the lab results that Janet had made him get to prove he was disease free.

Diane began to feel better and felt grateful to Janet for at least making Larry be tested first.

"How do you know Janet?" Diane finally asked.

"I was playing professional ball in New York...Janet's firm was putting a spin on some bad press we were getting and she started to come around interviewing us and stuff...then she started to come to our team parties. We just hit it off...we both grew up out here in the Bay area and had a lot in common. Been friends ever since."

"Were you two...romantic?"

Larry smiled. "I didn't know Janet liked men?"

Diane smiled back. It was the first time Larry had seen her do it.

Larry showed Diane around the small bungalow, which was no more than a large room full of weights and weight lifting equipment, a small room with a desk and computer, the living room, kitchen, and Larry's bedroom.

Larry showed Diane the bedroom last, and as Diane looked at the king-sized bed with its black bedspread, she felt Larry put his hands gently on her shoulders. "Do you want a tour of the whole thing?" he said softly into Diane's ear, and Diane nodded. As perverse as it seemed, Diane wanted to know what Amy was experiencing in Larry's bed.

Larry turned Diane to face him, looked into her eyes, and kissed her. Diane had never kissed a black man before and found Larry's large, full lips very soft and pleasant on hers. Larry's large arms went around Diane and pulled her close to him. Diane felt tiny in Larry's arms, next to his large, muscular body...she couldn't imagine how Amy must feel with him.

"Do you want to lay on the bed and cuddle?" Larry asked.

"Is that what you ask Amy to do?"

"Yes...that's exactly what I ask Amy to do" Larry acknowledged.

"And what does she say?"

"She always says yes."

Diane went and sat on the bed and Larry sat next to her and put his arm around her, then pulled her back and laid down next to her.

Diane didn't feel threatened or intimidated by Larry; in fact, she felt strangely comfortable with him.

"So why does a big, strong, handsome, thirty-two year old man need a innocent twelve year old in his bed?" Diane asked, placing her hand on the bulging muscle in Larry's arm.

"Well, let me be honest about this" Larry responded, "I do love younger women...girls too. And I do know that twelve is pushing it. But Janet told me of the situation and said I would be better for Amy than what she's got at home. No offense Diane...I wouldn't do this if I wasn't being asked to...but if someone puts a girl like Amy in front of me and tells me that she needs to be intimate with me, I'm not going to turn that down."

Diane appreciated Larry being candid with her and thought about it for a moment.

"So what else to you and Amy do?"

"Just cuddle, kiss."

"With your clothes on?"

"No. Do you want to see my body?"

It hurt to know that Amy was getting naked with a grown man, but Diane still wanted to know what Amy was experiencing, and nodded her head.

Larry sat up and took off his shirt.

Larry's skin was chocolate brown and every inch of his body defined by bulging muscle. Diane touched his chest and found his skin surprisingly soft.

"Do you want to see the rest?" Larry asked.

"Yes" Diane answered, knowing Amy had done a lot more than just see him.

Larry slid his shorts down and Diane's eyes widened as she looked at the long, uncircumcised phallus. Larry's penis was in a limp state and was longer and thicker than the largest erection she'd ever seen.

"Oh my god, you're huge! Does Amy touch it?"

"Yes, she does. You know, she's only been here two times...but the last time she did seem to like touching it."

"Does she do anything more than touch it?"

"Yeah...she licked it a little...kind of like a popsicle."

Diane began to feel fuzzy again. She couldn't believe Amy would be playing with such huge, black cock...but as she tried to envision it, the thought of it seemed erotic, even to Diane.

Diane reached her hand out and began to stroke it as the huge phallus began to swell up erect. "You don't plan to put this in her body do you?"

"No" Larry chuckled.

Diane leaned her face to it and licked the tip, then sucked on it, rolling her eyes up to Larry. Was Diane doing it because she was hot for Larry, or because she wanted to see exactly what Amy was experiencing? It was actually both, and Diane's pussy was getting wet.

"Can I see you without your shirt?" Larry asked, and Diane pulled off her knit and released her large cupped bra to show Larry her large orbs.

"Wow...I've never seen breasts that big on such a small body...may I?" Larry asked, reaching out, and Diane nodded.

Larry caressed Diane's breasts and pulled gently on her nipples; Diane's nipples had been rock hard ever since she saw Larry's cock. Larry's hands were still so large that he could almost cover Diane's breasts with them. He gently squeezed them, and then Diane held her arms out. Larry leaned over her and Diane began to kiss him with fervor. As Diane put her hands on Larry's neck and pulled his face down to hers, Larry was busy undoing Diane's pants. When she felt him open them, she slipped them down, along with her thong panties. Larry's big fingers caressed her thick patch of fur and he smiled at her.

"Do you want Larry's big cock baby?"

"I think so...but be gentle, please" Diane said softly.

Diane was afraid that the big phallus would hurt her, but she was so worked up with Larry that she wanted to try anyway.

Diane never felt anything like it as Larry laid over her and she guided his big member to her slit. She felt like a tiny girl...a virgin... opened for the first time. Larry gently fucked Diane with only two thirds of his shaft, and she was groaning and grunting like she was about to give birth.

Larry never did force it deep into Diane, but instead gave her just enough to be full, but still be comfortable. In fact, Diane was stretched so tight that the pressure on her g spot and clitoris as Larry slide his shaft in and out, at times pushing from side to side to stretch Diane yet a little more, were unlike anything else she'd ever experienced.

Diane came hard on Larry's cock not once, not twice, but three times before Larry flooded her canal with his semen. As Diane rested next to the dark, muscular body, she looked up. Janet was back, and smiling at the sight of her and Larry naked in bed together.

"Diane! Can't I take you anywhere?" Janet joked, and winked at Larry as she walked Diane out to the car.

"That's too much man for Amy" Diane said, thinking of the romp Larry had given her.

Janet laughed. "Would you rather Amy be with a lesser man? Her step daddy maybe?"

Diane turned to Janet. "I guess you were right. Larry seems nice enough...and if Amy doesn't have to have intercourse with him and it keeps Robert away, then doing some kissing and oral isn't going to be the worst thing, is it?"

Janet patted Diane's thigh. "Are you learning to trust your Mistress sweetie?"

End of Part VII

Part VIII

Robert sat in his office and began to think about Amy. What was Janet doing with her? Was she having sex with the twelve-year-old? He began to feel irritated with Janet's presence once again, and picked up his phone.

"Duty calls" Robert barked when Janet answered her cell phone, "I want you in my office, on your knees, immediately!"

Less than three minutes later Janet came bursting through the door to Robert's office and lifted her skirt. She exposed her neatly trimmed, thick dark bush and then walked behind Robert's desk and dropped to her knees.

Without saying a word Janet opened Robert's trousers and sucked his cock down her throat. Within minutes she had his load in her belly and his wet shaft tucked back into his boxers. With a smile, Janet departed the room without ever speaking a sound. Not more than ten minutes had elapsed from the time when Robert picked up his phone.

"Damn I hate her!" Robert muttered as he realized Janet had not given him the satisfaction he really wanted – the satisfaction of putting her in her place.

~

It was a typical Tuesday morning at breakfast as the girl's prepared to go to school. All three were seated at the table with Diane when the phone rang on its internal number. Immediately Diane grabbed the phone, spoke very briefly and then left the table to take a cup of coffee to Janet in the guesthouse. Vicki, just finishing her cereal left to get her book bag, and suddenly Michelle and Amy found themselves alone for a moment. Knowing her sister could keep her secrets without telling Vicki, Amy confided, "I wish mom would get better. Janet is getting so weird with me...and I hate the way she makes me run around the house almost naked half the time!"

"You'd just better get used to it. And you'd better keep your mouth shut about it!" Michelle warned in a stern voice. "Aunt Janet is helping Mom out and she really needs the help. You can see how much she respects and listens to Aunt Janet's advice."

Amy thought about what Michelle said and admitted to herself that Janet seemed to relieve a lot of the tension and fear she had sensed in her mother, and more to the point, Janet had even taught her a lot, not to mention Janet's introduction of her to Larry.

Even though Amy hadn't told Michelle about Larry, Amy suddenly realized that she liked Larry and really liked what they did together. In fact, despite her discomfort with Janet's forceful personality and the demands she continually placed on her Amy found herself beginning to enjoy her attentions much like she earlier warmed to Larry.

Not only were the nightly "tuck-ins" becoming more intimate, but one sleepy Sunday afternoon Janet summoned Amy to take a nap – with her – in Amy's own bed.

Amy found herself in tee and panties with Janet wearing the same. As they lay facing each other on Amy's bedspread, Janet groped Amy's bottom as she slid her tongue into the girl's mouth. "This is like Larry," thought Amy as the words flashed across her mind, but as she relaxed under the older woman's tongue, Amy marveled at the soft lips, the forceful tongue, and the new feelings that began to stir in her body. It was at this moment that Janet took Amy's hand and pushed it down into her own panties. Amy felt the strip of dark bush between her fingers and tried to pull away. Janet gripped Amy's wrist tightly and then in a firm tone whispered "don't you dare! "

"But I don't want to touch this way Aunt Janet!" Amy protested, to which Janet responded with a slap to Amy's face.

Amy was stunned and on the verge of tears.

"Now you listen to me," whispered Janet vehemently as she sat up in the bed, "I've had it with your prissy attitude and your comments about what is right and what is wrong. You're my girl...your mother gave me the responsibility of teaching you what is expected of a woman and how a young girl should behave. So, you are going to start showing me affection and obedience the way I want you to. You WILL do as I say. Now because you can't seem to understand that, and want to be treated like a little girl, you will be. Get up!"

With that Janet stood, jerking Amy up from the bed and pulling her by the hand to Amy's desk. Unlike the all the other feminine style furniture in her room, Amy's desk and chair were mission style because her father and mother wanted to provide her a good place to study in the privacy of her own room. So it was a full sized wooden chair with no arms and very sturdy.

"Get over here, " Janet hissed as she pulled Amy across her lap and pushing on her head with her left hand forcing it the floor. Amy let out a whispered "Oh!" of surprise and then felt her panties being pulled down to her knees. She tried to struggle, but Janet's strength and the speed of her movements took Amy completely by surprise. Suddenly pain radiated from her bottom as Janet slapped her with an open palm. "Don't (slap) you (slap) dare (slap) disobey (slap) me (slap) again (slap), or (slap) this (slap)

will (slap) be (slap) nothing (slap) compared (slap) to (slap) what (slap) will (slap) happen (slap)! Now stand up!"

Amy's bottom and lower thighs were on fire. She stood in front of Janet, her panties now sliding to her ankles. Tears rolled down her face, she was sobbing remorsefully and she felt deep embarrassment and shame at being punished.

Janet looked at her for a moment and then gently tugged on Amy's hand, pulling her onto her lap. Amy winced at the pain and thought there would be more punishment. But instead Janet wrapped her arms around the sobbing girl cradling her as she stroked her hair. Amy relaxed in against her aunt and felt her warmth and tenderness flow into her.

"Oh sweetie, I don't like to punish you, you know that," whispered Janet as she slowly kissed Amy's forehead and softly rubbed her arms and hair, "but since I'm your mommy now, you need to understand how to behave."

Despite the dull burning in her bottom, Amy felt a flow of warmth go out to this woman. The sudden disciplining and then this soft stroking and deep, physical bonding convinced Amy that she was disciplined because she disappointed her aunt. "But what about my real mommy, " asked Amy in her little girl voice. "Is she going back to the clinic?"

Janet felt the girl's sadness and hugged her tighter. As she felt Amy relax in her arms, she gently kissed her forehead. Old feelings began to well up, and Janet murmured into her hair, "No sweetie, she is staying here, but she wants me to be like a mommy to you. Because it is really hard for her just to get through the day, let alone raise three daughters, keep the house going, and take care of your daddy, she wants me to take care of you. And believe me sweetie, that is very, very important to me and very, very important to your mommy."

Amy felt a glow of relief and warmth go through her as she laid her head in the crook of Janet's neck and breathed in her scent. "But what should I call you if she is still here?" She again asked in her little girl voice.

"Why not call me MaMa . I know you have some French dolls that say that, and when we are alone you can be my little girl, just like you were a mama to your dolls. Is that OK sweetie?" asked an anxious Janet in a very quiet whisper.

"I like that Mama," whispered a very secure and quiet Amy.

Janet smiled to herself and softly stroked the young girl for a few more minutes. Amy was slowly quieting down and her breathing was becoming very regular. She felt herself relaxing against her Mama and thought about how she was a mama to her dolls and if Janet would be the same to her.

Janet let Amy relax some more then softly said, "Ok sweetheart, now that you understand how to be a good girl, why don't we go back to bed and take our naps?"

"Yes mama, I would like that now", said Amy as she slowly stood up. Her panties were still down on her ankles and she started to bend over to pull them up, but Janet gently touched her, stopping her.

"Oh sweetie, my little girls don't wear panties and tee shirts to bed, so just leave them off."

Saying that, she took Amy by the hand and walked over to the bed, where she hugged Amy again and then said, "Ok sweetie, raise your arms." Amy did and Janet pulled her tee over her head and arms and looked at her for a moment, and quietly chuckled. "Oh baby, you can put your arms down," she said smiling and again pulled Amy to her giving her a light peck on the lips. "I know you want to behave and be a good girl for mama, but I'm sure you will make mistakes and I may have to punish you again to remind you, but just try hard and it will be OK. Now do you love your mama? " Janet asked as she looked down into the girls upturned face.

"Yes I do MaMa", whispered Amy. Janet smiled softly and gently kissed the young girl. "Ok, sweetie, time for our naps, "said Janet and she gently pushed Amy onto the bed. Then smiling at the girl, she raised her arms over her head, removed her T-shirt and then her panties. She then climbed in beside the young girl and pulled her into her arms. Amy cuddled close and

looked up at her. Janet craned her neck and slowly kissed the girl, probing with her tongue and lightly rubbing her hands over her body. Amy, relieved that Janet was going to watch over her, allowed her body to respond to the simulation and began to moan into Janet's mouth.

Janet lightly slid her hand down the girl's back, then her bottom, and then slowly and gently pushed her onto her back. Amy responded by continuing her kissing with Janet and even timidly probed her MaMa's mouth. Then as Janet began to caress Amy's young slit she raised her head from the girl and whispered, "This is how a MaMa rewards her girl when she is good. Do you like this?"

Amy was delirious with the sensations that ran through her body. Heat was building in her and she could feel something stirring deep inside her. She arched her back and bit her lip as she moaned, and tightened her arms around Janet's neck. Soft ohs and ahs began to escape her. Janet slowed her caresses and whispered, "Come on baby, tell MaMa if you like this. Tell her whose baby you are. Who do you belong to sweetie?"

Nearly unconscious from Janet's caresses, Amy moaned "Oh MaMa, please, please, oh MaMa" as she feverishly raised her head in an attempt to kiss her tormentor. But Janet raised her head and continued her manipulation of the young girl. "Come on baby, be a good girl and tell MaMa that you like this and who you belong to", she this time whispered in the girl's ear, as she licked the sensitive lobes with her tongue. She could feel Amy moving to the edge of her climax and wanted to instill her control over her. "Say it Baby. Who owns you, who makes you feel good?"

Amy began to sweat and despite her fears her body began to tighten as her first full orgasm approached. "Oh God MaMa, I love you, I belong to you MaMa, please make me your little girl. Please own me, please oh please."

"Good girl," Janet said as she smiled and deeply kissed the girl who continued to whimper and strain. "You are going to be a good baby for me and I will teach you so much. Now let MaMa make you feel good."

With that Janet's caresses became more forceful and she began to slowly lick and kiss Amy's neck, ears, and then her breasts. It was all too much for Amy who suddenly stiffened and tightened her arms around Janet's neck. Her sweat-covered body shook in waves as Janet's hand and tongue caused spasm after spasm to flow through her.

Finally, the spasms quieted as Janet slowed her hand. Amy's eyes fluttered, she loosened her grip around Janet, and slowly relaxed on the bed. "Close your eyes sweetheart", Janet whispered into her ear and then gently kissed it. "MaMa's going to take care of you and make you into a good baby for her. Now suck on MaMa and go to sleep", said Janet as she pulled the exhausted girl to her placing her mouth on her hard nipple. "OK sweetie suck on Mama".

Despite the ringing in her ears and the sleep that was coming over her, Amy felt the nipple at her lips and opened her mouth to receive it. She heard Janet sigh as she languidly began to pull on it with her mouth and sleep began to slowly move through her.

Janet cradled her to her breast and thought about the other girls she had owned in New York. They had been runaways, but after befriending them, cleaning them up and then training them, they too had been like this. It was good to have another one now. She knew that in time this one would be marked as her property (in fact just like the others she would beg her to do that), then later bred with a childless couple.

Janet had made lots of money when she bred her other girls and of course their postnatal sale to other women was also profitable. A well-trained breed bitch that could also be lactating was a rare commodity in today's market and Amy's intelligence, good stock, and prime breeding age would help bring top dollar.

Someday, Janet thought to herself, some lucky owner would actually buy this trained bitch and perhaps even her mother. Now that would be some real money.

Amy stirred softly against Janet, who stroked her gently, then whispered, "Come on sweet baby, suck MaMa". Amy stirred again, and began suckling as Janet's nipple nudged her lips. "My what a good baby you are", whispered Janet as she lowered her lips to kiss Amy's pulsing cheeks. Janet again smiled down at the beautiful girl. Soon she would begin her training in earnest.

"what are you thinking about" Michelle asked as Amy pondered her afternoon nap with Janet.

"Nothing, just thinking", Amy responded. When Amy woke up from her nap with Janet Sunday afternoon, she expected to see her Mama, but she was gone. In fact, she hadn't seen Janet the rest of the day or the following Monday either. Now she was wondering if Janet was mad at her, or if that confusing but wonderful Sunday nap was just a one time event. She knew Janet was on the estate since the phone had rung with its internal ring sound during breakfast and her mother immediately took a cup of coffee to the guest house. Amy wondered and worried why Janet had not talked to her or even been around.

Amy's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by her mother's return from the guest house. "Amy", her mom said, "Aunt Janet needs to see you for a few minutes before you go to school. She wants you to come over as soon as possible. "

"OK mom", Amy replied as she finished the last of her breakfast. Filled with anxiety and grabbing her book bag, she hurriedly walked to the guesthouse. Would her MaMa tell her that she didn't want to continue her role as her mother, would she demand some more housework from her, or was she just going to revert to her bitchy self and treat her like shit again.

Reaching the guest house front door, an apprehensive Amy knocked and the door suddenly opened. Janet stood there in a very light housecoat and it was obvious she had nothing on

beneath it. "Hello sweetheart, come in and set your bookbag on the floor near the door so you don't forget it", Janet cooed as she held the door open as Amy entered.

Taking Amy's hand in hers Janet led her into the breakfast nook where she sat on a chair and gently pulled the young girl onto her lap. Amy was ecstatic with Janet's affection and quietly sat on her MaMa's lap and rested her head in the crook of Janet's neck. With one hand Janet rubbed Amy's back and neck and with the other she flipped up the girl's school dress and gently rubbed her thighs not saying anything, but allowing the closeness of her to Amy deliver volumes of emotion.

For her part, Amy luxuriated in Janet's warmth and perfume. The housecoat was not buttoned and it afforded Amy a view of Janet's neck and breasts. She remembered their texture from the last time Janet had fed them to her and she hoped that would happen again soon. But instead Janet continued to softly stroke her and Amy closed her eyes in pleasure as she felt the tremors begin to roll through her.

"Look at me Sweetie" Janet softly said as she began to gently rub her fingers between Amy's thighs. Amy unconsciously spread her thighs a bit wider giving Jane more access and bit her lower lip as the tension inside her body began to build.

As Janet's command filtered through the rushing sound that was building in her ears, she raised her head opening her blue eyes and stared into Janet's. "Who owns you now?" Janet asked in a whisper. "You do", Amy whispered back . She began to blush as what she had said and also began to slowly squirm from the incredible feelings Janet was once again generating in her, "you are my MaMa" she continued and involuntarily closed her eyes and rolled her head back in an effort to ease the tension.

"Are you my baby girl now and will you always try to obey your Mama?" Janet asked as she pulled Amy's head to her shoulder, and lightly rubbed her fingers against the young girls slit. "Oh yes Mama , I'm your baby girl and I love you so much", she whispered.

Janet gently wrapped her left hand in Amy's hair and pulled her from her shoulder. She pulled Amy's mouth to hers and felt the girl begin to moan into her mouth. They kissed slowly and passionately and Amy felt herself begin to melt under Janet's touch.

"OK, sweetie, as much as I like this ", Janet said softly, "we can't talk now because you have to go to school. But before you go Mama has something she wants you to wear today so you can remember her and also whose little girl you are.." Saying that, Janet lifted a napkin off the table, picked up what was under it and presented the girl with a very small, greasy, black anal plug.

"Sweetie, I want you to wear this until you come home this evening" Janet instructed. "After you go to your room and complete all of your homework, then you can call me on the house phone and ask me if it is OK if you visit your Mama. Then when you come over, I will take it out and we can talk about your day, OK sweetheart?".

"OK Mama, but what is it?" Amy asked.

"It's an anal plug sweetie. It will help you become a better girl for your Mama, so bend over my lap now and pull your panties down." said an excited Janet as she carefully held the prepared plug in her fingers.

Amy was reluctant to wear the plug, but since she had not heard from Janet in nearly 48 hours she didn't want to do anything to disappoint her. She stood up, pulled her panties down below her knees and leaned over her Mama's lap with her hands on the floor supporting her.

"That's my little girl", Janet said in her warmest voice. As soon as Amy was settled across her lap she gently lifted the pleated skirt of Amy's school uniform onto the girl's back .

"Now don't worry sweetie, this won't hurt but you will feel the pressure all day which will remind you that you're Mama's baby girl now and she will take care of you", Janet said softly as she gently stroked the girl's bottom and slowly inserted the anal plug.

She felt Amy stiffen as the plug began to enter her, but Janet rubbed her bottom a bit more and cooed to her and the young girl slowly relaxed as the plug moved implacably into place. When it was fully inserted and Amy's sphincter had closed around the narrower section near the end of the plug, Janet stroked down Amy's bottom towards her vagina. Amy felt her blood begin to race and her breathing increased perceptibly. She was rapidly becoming disoriented and laid her cheek against Janet's calf. As Janet's began to lightly caress Amy's vagina, Amy nuzzled Janet's calf and kissed it as she began to moan.

Janet let this go on for a few moments, then very smartly slapped Amy's ass cheek leaving a red hand print. "All right", Janet said sternly. "Time for school. I expect nothing but superb performance from you Amy and I look forward to hearing about your day later. Now time to go."

The slap startled Amy and her bottom was stinging. She immediately stood up from Janet's lap and could feel her moisture between her legs. She was a bit lightheaded and very aroused, but none the less pulled up her panties and stood in front of her Mama. Janet's housecoat had opened even more and Janet saw Amy's eyes stare at her breasts. Never to miss an opportunity to further her control over her property, Janet knew that many young girls had mother/daughter fixations and breastfeeding was one manifestation of that.

Standing up, Janet slowly opened her housecoat exposing both of her breasts. She then softly grasped Amys face between both of her hands, tilted her head up, and kissed her softly on the lips. "You know sweetheart, Mama's breasts are sore from Amy's suckling during our nap, so Amy will need to lick them this evening to make them feel better. Would you like to do that for your Mama baby?" Janet purred as she whispered the words into Amy's open lips.

Amy could barely stand and Janet felt her face's heat radiate into the hands that held her face. "Oh yes Mama, I want to be a good baby for you. Please teach me to be a good girl for you." "Very good sweetheart", said Janet with a smile as she grasped Amy's hand and led her back to the door. Amy felt the plug's pressure as she walked and was aware of Janet's breasts gently bouncing as they walked to the door.

Janet waited as Amy picked up her bookbag and then reached out to softly stroke Amy's cheek. The girl turned her lips to kiss Janet's palm and Janet said softly, "whose baby girl are you sweetheart?"

Amy brought her eyes up to Janet's and softly looked at her. "I belong to you Mama. I am your little baby."

"You are such a good girl", Janet said smiling as she opened the door and Amy walked back to the house and then the car for school.

Janet stood in the small hallway for a moment thinking about her plans for Amy and what she would do with her that evening. "But first", she thought, "I need some quality time with my new bitch". So she turned to the kitchen, lifted a small dish towel that was on the counter and hit replay on the tape recorder that had been running. She turned up the volume and was able to hear some of the unwhispered conversation between her and Amy. As the tape played she became a bit disappointed, however, she was delighted when she heard Amy say she wanted to be a good baby for her Mama and asked Janet to teach her to be a good girl. Of course, my baby Janet thought, you are going to become a very, very good girl for your Mama.

Janet then put the tape recorder on the nightstand in her bedroom and then dialed the main house.

The girls had just left for school and the maid had arrived, but being at loose ends Diane was helping her clear the table when the phone gave two short rings signaling an internal call. "I'll get it in the study", Diane said and ran to pick it up before it could ring again. Unfortunately the phone rang once more as she dashed into the room and slammed the door.

"Hello", Diane said with both trepidation and mounting excitement. "How's my bitch this morning? I didn't feel like talking when you brought my coffee but now I need some company so get your ass over here." Janet's matter of factly said over the phone. "Yes Mistress", replied Diane.

Before she could put the phone down Janet said, "Go to the stables and bring me a riding crop from the tack box. Apparently you didn't think my request that you answer the phone quickly was worth paying attention to, so I am going to remind you. Now hurry you cow!.....Oh and one more thing, who owns you?"

"You own me Mistress" said Diane as her anxiety and unease began to grow. "Who owns your daughters?" Janet asked very softly and seductively. "You own them too", Diane replied with a catch in her throat. "Why did you give me your daughters Sweetie? Is it because you love me more than you love them or anyone else?" Janet asked in her very sexy and throaty voice.

Diane was now beside herself with arousal and fear. The pills Janet had been feeding her for the past few weeks raised and lowered her anxiety levels without warning, and now the pressure of her impending punishment, Janet's questions that chipped even further into her self-esteem, and her almost compelling need to please Janet confused her responses and lowered her resistance. Diane loved her daughters and wanted them to be happy but she was beginning to realize that despite the demands and humiliation Janet heaped on her, Janet gave her a satisfaction and sense of security she had never known. Tears of a dawning self-realization welled up in Diane's eyes and her voice trembled as she whispered into the phone, "I love you more than anyone and I want to please you in any way possible. Giving you my daughters is an example of how much I love you." Abject tears of resignation were now flowing freely down Diane's cheeks and she quietly sobbed on the phone and psychologically resigned herself to Janet's will.

"What a good bitch you are becoming. I own the cow and now the cow has given me her calves. I guess I am starting to have a little herd...how nice. Now get moving and get over here." Janet's sarcasm dripped out of the phone and tore deep into Diane's soul. Tears flowed in rivulets down her face as she gripped the phone against the heartbreak she felt. "Oh God," she thought, "Please don't be mad at me...please., and despite her tears and her pain she managed to whisper, "I love you so much."

Janet waited a moment and smiled to herself as she listened to Diane's tearful words that were as much of a plea as a statement. She knew Diane belonged to her and would soon commit herself totally. "Get your fat ass over here cow!" Janet said and slammed down the phone.

Janet stood in the guest house living room and stared at her reflection in the mirror. What she saw confirmed to her why she was such a success with weak people. Her strong face, dark hair and five foot eight frame combined with her superb intellect, domineering personality and native cunning, enabled her to combine femininity and physical power into a nearly unstoppable package. She pulled up the right sleeve of her housecoat and flexed the arm and wrist muscles watching them ripple and roll. "Not bad", she thought, "for not working out like I should, and I really need to get that started again. But there is more than enough power to give the cow an experience she won't forget."

Part IX

As Janet waited for Diane to arrive, she thought about how quickly things had developed and also how far she had to move Diane before she enjoyed total control. The first daughter was progressing nicely and seemed to be displaying just the right attitude for this point in time, but the mother would need some encouragement and further development because Janet would

need her help with the oldest girl. Unfortunately, her father had already used her and JANET knew that it was a lot easier to establish control over a bitch if there were no competing distractions.

OK, Janet thought to herself, "time to raise her commitment to the next level. But what is the best way to do that?" Then she remembered one of her psychology mentor friends Lee Morgan. Lee, a chinese woman who taught psychology in New York had spent hours with her explaining why submissives needed to be controlled, what approaches would work with the different types or levels of submissives, and how submissive tendencies could be exploited and changed after and even while control was established.

Janet could just about guess at what level Diane was, but she felt she needed to introduce her to Lee and get an experts opinion. And not only that thought Janet, she could also fine tune her medications and perhaps give her some medical advice regarding a breeding program for Diane as well as how to enlist Diane's help with her children. Janet knew Lee was a great trainer and recalled how Lee used to show her discipline techniques on her own bitches. As a novice in the trade, this training was invaluable and now Janet would call on that expertise again. Unfortunately that would entail a trip to New York, since Lee's practice and ownerships kept her close to home, but a weekend "shopping trip" with Diane would not arouse her husband's suspicions, as if he really cared. Her only worry on that score was with Amy. Who would watch her, but she would cross that bridge when she came to it.

Janet's thoughts were interrupted with a timid knock on the door. Let her wait, thought Janet, some fear at the start of the session will do her some good.

On the other side of the door, Diane was doing just that. Fear began to creep into her belly and some beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead as she focused all of her attention on the doorknob. "Keep your head down, you silly fool." she told herself as her heart began to do flip-flops. "Remember what she told you and do it." hissed a voice deep inside her head.

The run to the stables, following Janet's phone call had raised her heart rate as well as her anxiety and now the waiting was putting her on the edge of screaming. "Oh God, please let me in. I am so sorry I disappointed you." her mind cried. "Wait you stupid bitch," said the voice in her again, and she held the riding crop in both her hands, eyes downcast and waited.

About 1000 heartbeats later, Diane had fearfully decided to knock again. She was perspiring profusely now and almost shaking with both fear and longing. Holding the crop in her left hand she timidly raised her right and knocked again. tTp, tap she heard the door respond as her knuckles rapped on the door. She didn't use the doorknocker because that would have required her to raise her eyes to find it and then Janet would know she had disobeyed. Thus she continued her wait as her fear kept its incessant drumming in her veins.

Just as she thought she couldn't stand another minute, the door opened and her mistress's bare feet entered her field of vision. "Well my bitch has finally arrived. So nice to see you. What took

you so long ?" Diane cringed as the sarcastic barbs on these words dug into her soul. She was about to reply when Janet said, 'never mind, just get your ass in here" and turned on her heel leaving Diane standing outside by herself.

Diane quickly entered the guest house and softly closed the door behind her. She knew her mistress went into the small living room and followed her, standing silently in the doorway, with eyes downcast, waiting.

"Look at me" Janet said in a soft voice that disturbed Diane since it was so out of character with the moment. Diane raised her eyes and saw her mistress sitting one of the two wingback chairs in the beautifully decorated room.

In earlier days, just after marrying Robert and moving here with her two daughters she had undertaken to make the winery and its guesthouse more warm and inviting. Reviewing color swatches, picking furniture, enlisting the help of a number of interior decorators had kept her so busy she was unaware of Robert's mental cruelty to her and his designs on her two children. Then suddenly it was too late. He had demanded her obedience, had her committed to a psychological hospital when she didn't comply and she had almost lost everything. That is almost until she had conceded to Robert's wishes and been released. But having never been convinced to support him she was buying time while trying to figure a way out of her problem. Then Janet had arrived and her world had turned upside down again. Robert, for some reason, had given her to Janet and she was suddenly ignored by him, and became the focus of Janet's attention.

Countless hours had been spent in this room with her mistress. They had discussed how best to raise the girls, what threats Robert posed and how best to counter them, what Diane hoped for each girl's future and how she might save them from the situation she found all of them in. She recalled that those conversations were deep, necessary, and filled a yearning void in her. For prior to Janet's arrival she had been alone in her thoughts and all the possibilities she had thought of had frightened her and pushed her deeper into depression. But now Janet had taken over. Janet controlled her medication, she placed Amy under her wing, and had begun to show Diane how to behave and how to control herself. All of this flashed through her not as thoughts but as a deep and welcome feeling as she again looked at her mistress. "How beautiful she is", a voice quietly said in Diane's mind.

Indeed Janet was beautiful. Taller than Diane by at least 6 inches, her black hair and athletic build were enhanced by her dark complexion and equally dark eyes that Diane now felt were penetrating to her very core. "Come here Diane " Janet said softly.

It had been months since Janet had called her Diane. It had first been sweetie, then sweetheart, and finally had become bitch, and now after her implants she was sometimes cow. But to be called Diane and in such a soft voice frightened her and her heart beat like a trip hammer in her chest.

Her feet had become leaden and her breathing became labored as she crossed the small living room as in a trance to stand in front of her mistress.

Maintaining eye contact with Janet, Diane felt waves of nameless anxiety begin to wash through her. "Oh God ", Diane silently implored "what is wrong. How did I screw up.....please dear god, don't make her mad at me."

"Diane", Janet began in a soft voice, "I want you to realize that these past months were very satisfying to me. I actually thought I was helping you and that we would eventually be able to save the girls and that I could save you. But as I thought about this last night and even talked to a psychologist friend of mine (this of course was a bold faced lie) it became clear that we would never succeed and that I was filling you with false hope. And that would be crueler than either of us could possibly imagine. All that being said, I have decided to give you back to Robert and leave here. My meddling, I feel would only make things worse in the long run, and it is better for everyone that I leave so all of us can move on. I'm sorry." As she said these words, Diane 's soul drank them in and then recoiled at their implications. 'Give you back to Robert,...my meddling, I leave" "Oh my god", Diane cried out in spontaneously. Tears sprang from her eyes and she fell to her knees and buried her face in Janet's lap. "Please don't leave me. I need you so much and I depend on you to help me and the girls. Please stay. Are you mad at me? Have I done something wrong?" Diane sobbed and her body shook from the emotion.

Janet let her cry for a few minutes and then began to softly stroke her hair. "Its not something you've done sweetie, its something you haven't done." At this Diane raised her tear-streaked face and stared at her mistress who was smiling at her sorrowfully. "Oh please let me fix it. Please let me try. I will be good for you. what...what..."

Janet smiled at her as she lent down and cupped her face warmly between her hands. Then she softly kissed Diane on the lips and raised her head and looked down at her. "I know you think you are trying to be good and do what I tell you, but when I told the doctor about my uneasiness regarding your attitude and how you always make mistakes, she said that it appeared not to be working. She said because you were so old and already had teenage girls that trying to mentor you and help you was not only unproductive but could be counter productive. In fact it could be so bad, that I could leave you in a worse state than when I found you. And I certainly don't want that to happen, Janet softly said as she stroked Diane 's cheek and gently pushed her head back into her lap.

"Please Janet", Diane sobbed "let me try harder. I will do as you say and I will try much harder. Please keep me. Don't give me back to Robert...please"

"Sweetie, just look at this morning. I called the house on the internal phone. You took two sets of rings to answer. I know you were in the kitchen, but you probably ran to another room to answer because you are ashamed to be my property and didn't want the maid to know. And that is just one example. When the girls visit me here, you aren't affectionate with me, because you don't want them to see us together. That really hurts me and shows me that you really don't

understand how I am trying to help you. When I talked to the doctor about your attitude last night, she said that I could save this if I punished you severely when you made a mistake. But doing something like that would hurt you and I don't want to do that. You know I care so much about you. " Janet said this in a soft, warm voice that someone would use to talk to a child, as she gently stroked the sobbing Diane 's hair.

"Please Janet" Diane said as she raised her head to look at her. "If the doctor thinks discipline will make me better for you then please discipline me. I don't want you to leave me...please." Tears streamed down her cheeks. Her nose was running and Janet used a tissue to wipe it as she smiled at her softly.

"But honey, you need to realize that it will hurt and hurt a lot. The doctor also that you will cry and beg me to stop, but that I shouldn't because if we start then it needs to be done." She also said that I should discuss any punishments with you before I give them to make sure you understand why you are being punished and how you can be better for me after it is over. I know hurting you will hurt me too, but if our being together means that much to you, I will try. Is that what you want? Janet said with a soft smile as she lovingly gazed into Diane 's eyes.

"Yes," Diane said. "Please teach me to be better for you. I don't care how much it hurts, my pain is for you."

"How sweet," Janet said while her heart did flips of joy. "Let's try this approach for a while and see if it works then. If that is ok, I will punish you today for your embarrassment at being owned by me and trying to hide it from the girls and the maid. Is that OK? "

"Oh yes" said Diane as relief flooded her body. She hugged Janet's legs hard with her arms and pressed her cheek hard against Janet's lap.

"Good," said Janet, "now stand up and we will begin."

Diane stood up and adjusted her clothes. The pleated tennis dress had become wrinkled and the front and back of her sleeveless tennis blouse was still damp from running to the stable and then the guest house. After hurriedly straightening her clothes a best she could, Diane wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, looked down at her mistress's feet, and then held the riding crop in her upward facing palms.

Janet looked at her and said, "I think that the first punishment should be somewhat severe and for this one you can cry if you want and even scream if it will help the pain. However, once we begin we should continue to the end and if you are good and bear it all, then you will be rewarded. Do you agree with this?"

"Yes I do," said Diane quietly. "OK," said Janet, "how many strokes should I give you?"

Diane was startled by the question since Janet had never asked her something so pointed. Their past decision making discussions were rambling conversations that ended with Janet telling her what had been decided. Now here she was asking her a direct question.

"I said how many!" Janet whispered as she sharply pinched the inside of Diane's thigh. Diane winced and said "Twelve!", with no apparent thought.

"No," Janet said, "that's too much for your first time. It will be ten. Now strip and come into the kitchen," as she took the crop from Diane's offering hands and left.

Diane stepped back and quickly removed her clothes. Not much to that she thought no bra, no panties just like she wants me to be. Then stepping out of her tennis shoes and socks Diane walked the few steps to the kitchen.

Janet stood in the retro kitchen that was made to look like a 50's diner with a grim look on her face. "I am only doing this so we can save this relationship," Janet said "and we must continue this to the end. Now bend over this chair from the back and grab the seat. Don't let go until I tell you to. "

Diane stepped forward and did as she was told. Being 5'3 bending over the back of the armless kitchen chair stretched the back of her legs and she stood on her toes to make it easier. The cold aluminum pressed into her stomach and she began to feel trepidation for the second time this morning.

She felt Janet rub her hand authoritatively across her bottom and the back of her legs. The touch was not comforting but more as if she were inspecting her fitness and tension in her legs and lower body to ensure it was fit for the punishment. "Spread your legs a bit," Janet said. Diane moved her ankles about 4 more inches apart, but Janet said more and after spreading herself a foot, she felt Janet rub the inside of her thighs and brush her fingers across her slit.

"I will begin the punishment here in this room," Janet said quietly as she continued to brush her slit. "You may cry, scream and kick your feet to relieve any pain you may feel. But under no circumstances will you release your hold of the chair seat or raise yourself up, or ask me to stop. Do you understand?"

"Yes mistress," Diane said in an quavering voice, as she felt Janet's fingers begin to cause moisture on her slit.

"Now tell my why you are being punished?" asked Janet softly as she continued to fondle Diane. "Because I was ashamed of your ownership of me and tried to hide it from others." Diane said and the first stirrings of an orgasms began deep inside her.

"Very good," Janet said and Diane was gradually aware of the removal of the probing hand. Just as the thought that she should prepare her backside for the first blow fire seared across the

back of her right leg. In an instant it engulfed her body in a red haze and she felt the bile rise in her throat. She immediately threw her head back to scream but it was stifled as another torrent of pain raced through her from her left thigh.

Now the scream came. It was a shriek followed by a babbled "oh god, oh god, oh god....please, please, please." She held onto the chair seat as tightly as she could, willing her body to stay in position and fighting the nausea that again rose in her. "Oh god, oh god," she cried and tears sprang from her eyes. The pain was excruciating and she involuntarily tightened her legs for the next onslaught. Slowly the redness in her vision faded and she became aware of a buzzing in her ears. "Who are you suffering this pain for?" she heard a voice say as she felt a soft hand again begin to fondle her. "You mistress," she cried as tears streamed down her face and her nose ran uncontrollably. "My tears, my pain, and suffering are for you."

"Very good," Janet murmured as she stroked the trembling woman. "Shall we continue?"

Before she could answer, Diane felt three more flashes shoot across her. A flash of red alighted on her left leg, combining with the pain center already there to make her tremble and gag. Then another immediately fell on her right and within milliseconds another one shot across her bottom that sent red hands squeezing her entrails and almost stopping her breathing. She threw back her head and screamed in agony. "oh please, please, please" she whimpered again and again as she dropped her head in exhaustion.

"Good girl", she heard her mistress say as the hand again began to lightly rub her. "Stand up and put your hands on top of your head for me. Who is this pain for? "

Trembling with exhaustion and fear and fighting the waves of nausea that were bubbling inside her stomach, Diane was able to whimper "for you" as she pushed herself up and placed her hands on top of her head. She could barely stand and felt as if she would pee. Then fire shot across the top of her buttocks. Her hands dropped as she collapsed onto the floor. The pain was too much and she doubled into a fetal position and vomited.

Her world was spinning as she felt strong arms pick her up, carry her into the bedroom, gently lay her on her back and straighten her legs. The pain in her thighs and bottom throbbed and as she felt strong hands raise her arms above her head and place her fingers around the rungs of the brass headboard. A cloth gently wiped vomit from her mouth and face and then another damper rag rubbed her lips.

"You are doing very well my little bitch," whispered a perfumed voice in her ear as soft lips kissed her cheek.

"Who is your pain for?" the voice asked. "You mistress," she heard herself reply from far away. Comforting hands were touching her and she felt herself relax as soft kisses landed on her cheeks, eyelids and nose. Again, the voice. "Who owns you and who owns your children?" it softly asked as something penetrated her and she felt herself raising her throbbing hips in

offering to it. " You own me and you own my children...it is all for you...you are my life mistress....I love you." she heard herself whisper. "Very good," she heard, "but there is more pain."

Redness raced across the front of her left thigh and then almost instantaneously across her right. She arched like a bow under the blows, her throat opened in a scream. In seconds two more blows landed on her arched stomach. She collapsed, then arched, screamed and collapsed whimpering and whining on the bed, too spent to scream again.

Sometime later, Diane dreamt she saw herself on the bed, spread-eagled as if by force of will, her muscles totally limp and the four red marks spreading their long angry fingers over her thighs and stomach. For no apparent reason, she felt herself begin to weep in fear and loneliness, and then she felt her bladder let go.

Warmth spread down her legs, but too tired to care she lay there. She felt her hips being lifted and a blanket was placed under her to soak up the mess.

A voice came to her from far away, "That's a good girl," the voice said. "Empty yourself for Mistress, come on give it to me." And Diane released herself to the voice.

Diane began to rouse herself from the sleep she had slipped into. The blanket had been removed from between her legs and her owner had gently bathed her with a small sponge as she slept.

The sponge bath left some water on her body that now began to evaporate and she had begun to chill.

She started the first of some painful stirrings, but then a warm body held her as something was pulled over them.

She lay in her mistress's warm arms and felt the waves of pain dully throb through her. She moaned as her owner used her hand to raise her face to her lips and gently kiss her.

Emotions ran wildly through her. Pain, yearning, longing, pain, fear, obedience...all were in her. "You are going to be a good cow for me" a voice whispered as she felt lips caress hers. "Now lay on your back and open your legs for your owner" the voice said as the arms around her loosened. Diane whimpered quietly in her semi sleep state, rolled onto her back and slowly spread her legs as her owner told her.

Again, lips were on hers, she opened her mouth to the probing tongue and felt a languid wave pass over her as the tongue probed her mouth and a soft hand gently stroked her womanhood.

The lips were gone but something was entering her. She felt herself floating in the arms of her mistress and raised her hips to give of herself to her owner. A nipple brushed her lips and they

parted to accept this gift. "Such a good cow you are going to be for me. Aren't you?" she heard as knowing fingers touched her. She moaned in response and the lips left her. "Whose cow are you?" the familiar voice asked softly.

"I'm your cow. I belong to you, mistress." As a signal that this was the correct response, the fingers touched her more deeply and she felt her very soul open to her owner. Her mind still knew the many wellsprings of pain on her body, but she also knew the pleasure of her owner's touch as her hips slowly began to rise and fall in a timeless rhythm.

"Who did you have your calves for?" the voice asked quietly as lips kissed beside her ear. The fingers were deeper, she felt her moisture grow and her inner being began to pulse. She wanted to please the voice, to forget the pain and enjoy this feeling of security and warmth in these arms. "You" she whispered, "I had my calves for you. You own them as you own me....they are your property."

Again, she felt the rightness of her answer as the fingers probed and deepened. She stretched in her owner's arms and offered herself to the fingers. Her movement caused her pain centers to throb but it joined with her pleasure and she felt herself giving all of it to her owner.

Janet also sensed Diane's submission. She lent down and kissed her softly. Diane opened her lips in offering. She moved her mouth to one of the large breasts and Diane moaned and arched her back to give her owner more access.

She sucked gently on the breast and then softly bit. Then she bit down on it harder and harder until she heard Diane gasp in pain. But the woman did not pull away, instead she moaned and tried to give her mistress more.

Janet raised her head and saw the nipple was red and swollen and smiled to herself. Diane was writhing in her arms now, her eyes closed, hands grabbing and releasing the sheets beside her as she rode her owners fingers, desperate for the ultimate pleasure and desperate to please her mistress.

"Someday soon, I am going to breed you again", Janet whispered softly and Diane writhed in response her lips moving towards her owners. But instead of kissing her, Janet pulled her close and kissed her ear.

"As your body slowly swells and you see your time near you will offer all of that to me as signs of my ownership. And then when your day comes and you are calving, I will be there watching you as you work to drop your calf. Even at that time, your only thought will be to offer me your pain and your calf because you want to show me that you are my property don't you?" Janet slowly whispered in her ear between kisses and licks. Diane could only moan and thrust herself up to satisfy her longing.

"Tell me what you want little cow," Janet whispered as she prepared to let Diane finally climax.

"Yes, yes, Mistress. Please breed me, teach me to be a good cow for you. I just want to please you always...." Diane panted almost helplessly.

Janet smile and nuzzled Diane's ear. "Tell Mistress you love her and ask her to let you come."

"Oh yes, Oh God," Diane moaned. " I love you so much Mistress, please keep me, train me, breed me. Oh please I love you."

"Very good little cow," Janet said as she skillfully began to bring Diane to her orgasm. "open your soul for your owner.....give mistress a good cum."

Diane was gasping and writhing as Janet finally allowed her to orgasm on her fingers. Janet held her close as she shook through wave after wave, moaning and shuddering.

Finally, the waves receded and Diane relaxed against her owner's shoulder. "Now sleep and rest. Soon we will talk about your calves and how you will offer them to me...."

End file.

A Mother's Submission 2
by george weston

Part 1

Three hours later, Diane slowly roused herself from a very, very deep sleep. As consciousness crept over her, the sound of her blood rushing in her head and the throbbing of her body in time with her heart brought back the earlier events of the morning. The backs of her legs, her bottom, her stomach and the fronts of her thighs were all sore and she could barely move without starting a dull throb of pain somewhere. She remembered her fear, Janet's reluctance to punish her, and then she remembered the pain and she felt her stomach turn over.

She gingerly pushed herself up and sat on the edge of the bed. Every move caused something to hurt, she smelt of sex and sweat, and felt encrusted with her juices. As she sat there, fear again rose in her. The thought of Janet going back to New York and leaving her to fend for herself and the girls was almost enough to start her crying again. Instinctively she knew that if Janet ever left, her husband wouldn't waste a minute in having her committed and she knew that this time she would never again be free. Her daughters would become her husband's playthings and all that she hoped for would be lost.

Just then, Janet walked into the bedroom drying her hair after her shower. She wore a short, red terry cloth robe and as always looked refined and relaxed. "So you are awake at last. You had a rough go of it, but you endured your punishment well and I am proud of you. You really tried to prove to me that you are going to work hard and help me make you a better person. But I hope you realize that it will take a lot more effort to keep Amy from Robert and to eventually get Michelle back from him. But if you trust me, listen to me and do what I tell you, and above all work with me, I think we can do it," she said.

Janet's words renewed hope in Diane and she immediately assumed the submissive attitude that Janet liked her to display. Looking at the floor, she sat demurely on the edge of the bed, her knees together, her hands folded in her lap, her voice soft and supplicating. "Thank you mistress for your help. I do trust you and know that you want to save Amy and Michelle as much as I do. I will do anything you ask or demand of me," she said.

Janet let the words hang in the air a moment as she took in the woman before her. Once a proud, happy mother and wife of a surgeon now reduced to a dependent, frightened and timid woman. So unsure of herself that she was clinging to any hope available to save her and her children. The red welts on her thighs and stomach had begun to discolor and would take a number of days to heal, but Janet knew that before they disappeared she would force Diane to discuss them with her and eventually convince her that she deserved them. "But first things first", Janet thought.

"OK," Janet said. "It is already 2:30 and the girls will be home in a little over an hour. Go stand in the bathroom in front of the mirror. You need to get cleaned up and we need to talk about some things. I will join you in a moment. Now go," Janet said in her authoritative voice.

"Yes mistress," Diane replied. She immediately stood and felt the dull pains begin to throb through her as she moved to the bathroom. She stood in front of the sink, staring at it drain, waiting patiently for Janet to come, her mind soul at quiet rest.

Janet watched her walk away with tender steps and looked at the six red stripes that adorned the back of her legs and ass. She knew that this was the first of many that Diane would wear for her and also knew that in a few short weeks Diane would shyly begin to ask her to mark her with her ownership mark. "All things in time," Janet thought, and then walked nonchalantly to the kitchen for another cup of coffee, some Valium, aspirin and hydrocortisone cream for Diane.

Janet knew that Diane's insecurities made her vulnerable to any attention that was given her, even if it was painful, so now was the time for some more attention.

Janet recalled the words of Lee Morgan, her psychologist friend and mentor. "Always remember, " Lee had frequently said, "True control over a submissive is founded on the submissive being convinced of the 'rightness' of their surrender and their complete trust in their owner. The only way to build that level of control is to not only train a bitch's body but the mind and soul as well."

"Ah yes," Janet thought to herself as she walked to the bathroom with the medicines in the pocket of her robe, "control the soul and the mind and the bitch is yours."

She slowly opened the door and saw Diane standing as she was told in front of the sink, her hands at her side, eyes downcast, expression quiet and she stared at the drain. Janet stepped behind her and looked over her head into the mirror. Diane's nipples had begun to harden, and as Janet softly stroked her shoulder she started and began to breathe deeper.

Janet knew this was a positive sign, and said "Be still and listen to me. I want to take some time cleaning you up and making sure the marks heal correctly, but we need to be finished before the children come home. So I will supervise you and talk to you about the future. Now sit on the toilet and pee and defecate for me."

"Yes mistress", said Diane in a soft voice and she stepped over to the toilet and sat on it. Janet, with her coffee cup in her left hand, stepped in front of Diane, lifted her chin with her right hand, and then slapped her softly on the cheek. Janet knew the slap was painless, but it did cause Diane's eyes to fly open and she immediately dropped her eyes to Janet's feet.

"I told you to listen to me and be quiet and I meant it." Janet said softly as she slowly ran her hand through Diane's hair. "You know I hate to punish you, but you just don't seem to get it sometimes, so pay attention. Do you understand now?"

Diane nodded slowly as she luxuriated in Janet's touch even while the toilet ring was causing the welts on the backs of her legs to throb and ache. She knew Janet expected to pee and defecate, but wondered if she could do it, especially since she had never imagined her peeing in front of someone.

"Here, drink some of my coffee, it should help" Janet said as she lowered the cup into Diane's field of view. Diane lowered her lips to the edge of the cup and Janet tipped to bottom so she could drink. All the while stroking her hair, neck and ears, allowing Diane to develop a feeling of protection from her.

After a few sips Janet watched as Diane's muscles began to relax. The room was warm and Janet turned on the hot water in the sink and let it run creating steam as well as the sound of running water to help Janet pee. A few minutes later, the small bathroom was filled with steam

and Janet heard pee dripping into the bowl. Then she saw Diane try to push quite hard a couple of times and knew these were signs of her efforts to comply with Janet's instructions.

"Has my little cow peed for her owner?" Janet asked softly as she continued to stroke the head that was bowed before her. It nodded yes. "Did my little cow poop for her mistress?" The head shook no and Janet smiled to herself and thought. "She is really working at this...very good".

"Ok," Janet said as she grabbed a bit of toilet paper from the roll. "Spread your legs for mistress, turn your head and look over your right shoulder. Now put your hands on top of your head." Diane did this and then Janet said, "now arch your back for me and present me your udders...I want you to remember, that you have udders now since you are my cow. Understand?"

Looking to her right with her hands on her head and her legs spread wide on the toilet seat, Diane arched her back and stiffened her muscles so her tits stood proud on her chest.

Janet knelt down and gently wiped Diane's womanhood with the toilet paper. She saw Diane start from the touch, and continued to slowly wipe her. Then she dropped the paper into the toilet and caressed her with her left hand. She saw Diane close her eyes and breathe deeply as her nipples hardened in response.

Sweat mingled with steam was running down Diane's body now and the bathroom began to look like a steam bath. Janet leaned forward and gently kissed Diane's cheek in front of her ear and whispered, "Very good little cow, you are learning to obey. I am proud of you." And then she kissed her again and slowly licked her ear. "Your body is so pretty. I just love looking at it. Do you like me looking at it?" She asked in a whisper punctuated by soft kisses and slow licks.

She could feel Diane's moistness mingle with the sweat and steam running down her torso, and heard a whimper in response to her touches as Diane shook her head yes. "Would you like me to own your body and take care of you?" Janet now asked the frenzied Diane.

Diane continued to whimper, and she had begun to squirm as Janet continued to stroke her. She shook her head again, and arched her back even further so Janet could see she was trying.

Janet noticed Diane's action and kissed first one nipple and then gently bit the other. "Yes, you are trying aren't you?" she said and then stood up. Diane didn't move, but sat as instructed and waited.

Janet moved to the Jacuzzi tub and started filling it with water. She dropped in some of her bubble bath soap and then told Diane to stand in front of the mirror.

Diane stood there; face turned to the right and hands on top of her head. Janet stood close behind her, turned off the hot water that had been making the steam and said, "keep your hands on top of your head, but look into the mirror." Diane did so. Through the steam Diane gazed forward and her eyes met Janet's. Janet raised her hands and rubbed Diane's ribcage

starting just below her armpits and slowly moving down to her hips and then moved them back up.

Janet saw Diane's lips tremble and noticed her tremors as the touching continued. Diane began to lean back against Janet, but Janet whispered, "Stand up bitch. This is how an owner inspects their property. And you need an inspection."

Diane immediately shifted her weight from her heels to the balls of her feet and was again ramrod straight. Janet lightly touched the welts on Diane's stomach and she winced slightly.

Janet smiled into the mirror and said "Spread your legs for me" and Diane complied.

The Jacuzzi was slowly filling with warm water as the steam continued to swirl in the room. Sweat and steam now slid slide down Diane's face, from her hair, and from under her raised arms. The heat of the room combined with her arousal caused perspiration to drip from her chin and cheeks onto her chest, then the drops ran between her breasts, split as they ran around her belly button, and then continued to her womanhood. There, they seeped through her light hairs, joined the juices Janet had caused to begin seeping from her and continued down the inside of her thighs. Diane could feel the drops moving and knew that Janet could see them as well.

Janet reached down to Diane's mons, cupped her slowly and inserted two fingers. Diane gave a small tremor and Janet smiled at her in the mirror. "My, my, you are very, very wet. I think you need to be given to a man for a while. Perhaps I should find someone and let you serve them. I think you are too wet to stay this way. Look." She said as she pulled out two of her fingers that glistened in the light. She held them up in front of Diane's mouth and said, "lick". Diane leaned forward keeping her eyes locked with Janet's and extended her tongue. She gently lapped at the fingers, all the while staring at Janet.

When she had finished, Janet again dropped her hands to Diane's sides and resumed her slow massage. She leaned down to whisper in Diane's ear as her hands slowly dropped to Diane's crotch. Janet pulled her closer and began to slowly fondle the helpless woman.

"You may speak when spoken to. Who owns you? " she heard. "You own me" Diane heard herself reply automatically. "Are you my cow? The voice asked. "Yes, I am your cow". "How many calves do you have?" the voice asked again as the hands touched her. "I have two calves, and you are their owner.", she replied without bidding. Janet smiled and whispered "Close your eyes and put your arms down."

Diane slowly lowered her arms and felt relief as the blood ran back to her fingers. Janet took Diane's hand, guided her to the Jacuzzi and told her to step into it.

Diane with her eyes still closed stood quietly in the center of the tub. "Kneel down" Janet said as she placed a hand on Diane's shoulder. The water was quite high and came half way up Diane's

thighs as she knelt staying erect by holding onto the Jacuzzi handles and not sitting back on her heels.

Janet removed her robe and pinned up her hair. Then she picked up a rough sea sponge, soaped it, and began to wash Diane's back. "You know, I've washed Amy like this several times, but have only used the tub in the main house. I think I will have to bring her over here sometime and wash her here. She enjoys it and it gives me some quality time with here. You probably have noticed she is really quite pretty and in this case the calf does resemble her cow a lot. Amy is quite pretty and anxious to begin dating. I am a bit worried about that and will have to give it some thought as to who she may go out with and when. From what I can gather about your earlier life from Robert, you were bred fairly young is that right?"

"Yes mistress" Diane answered. "What was your age when your husband first took you and at what age did you have your first." Janet asked soothingly as she scrubbed her property. "I was 17 the first time, we married shortly after that and by the time I was 19 I had Michelle and then 19 months later, I had Amy."

"Well you went through the birthing process quite well. No stretch marks, no varicose veins, and you have managed to keep your shape. You have done well. I hope Michelle and Amy do as well as you have but I am worried about them. They probably have your tendencies to give themselves up early, since it is common in women who become sluts and you have shown me that you are like that. I know Michelle is already performing for Robert, but I don't want that to happen to Amy so I will take more control of her so I can have more influence." As Janet was speaking she had wet and soaped Diane's hair and had begun to shampoo her. The water continued to fill the Jacuzzi and Janet told Diane to lay back so she could rinse her hair.

As Diane lay back, Janet rinsed her hair and began to clean her face and front. "Tell me, Why were you punished today?" Janet asked as she gently wiped the red welts on Diane's thighs and stomach.

With eyes closed Diane responded softly and said," because I was uncomfortable allowing others to know that my mistress owned me and that I was her property and must obey her." "So that means that we need to begin telling others that you are my property and that I own you is that right?" "Yes mistress", Diane said quietly.

"Very good. So to show your respect for me whenever I am with the children, the maid or your husband you will call me Miss Janet. I also want you to tell Vicki and Michelle to begin calling me Miss Janet as well. Amy, on the other hand will begin to call me mother or MaMa and I will insist that she call you Diane...is that clear?"

Although disturbed by Janet's command, Diane didn't want to displease her and said, "yes Mistress."

"Very good, now get up and dry yourself off." Diane did so and Janet said, "Now take these two pills. They will relieve the pain and help you relax. Spread your legs apart and put your arms above your head. I have some muscle relaxer that will also help relieve the pain of the welts. When you go back to the main house, I want you to wear your short tennis skirt so the girls can see the welts on your thighs. If they have any questions don't answer them, but have them call me on the phone with their questions. You will also move out of your bedroom tonight and move into the guestroom permanently. No one, to include yourself is to touch you without my permission. So if you need to pee or use the bathroom, I expect you to come over here and ask me to grant you permission to relieve yourself. I will be present every time you use a bathroom, bathe or do anything else that could have an effect on your appearance like styling your hair, etc. Finally, I will not be having dinner with the family tonight. Instead, after they have eaten, bring me a plate and plan on spending some time with me tonight. Do you understand all of that?"

"Yes Mistress, ' Diane replied as she began to dress. Janet put on her robe and casually watched Diane put on her clothes. .

When she was finished she stood with eyes downcast and waited for Janet to acknowledge her. Janet waited a few moments and then walked over to her. She cupped Diane's chin and lifted her face up to hers.

"Whose property are you?" Janet asked as she stared solemnly down into Diane's eyes. "You own me," Diane said. Then without bidding, she added, " I am your property. You own my mind, and my soul and my body. Everything I have is yours. My body, my children, and all other things that were mine belong to you. "

Janet was pleased with the response. She leaned down and gently kissed Diane and then took her by the hand and led her to the front door.

Part 2

It was a quiet evening in the guesthouse, the sun was setting across the vineyards and Janet was relaxing in a winged back chair in the living room. To her left on an occasional table was her late supper, a small salad and a plate with poached salmon, and potatoes au gratin and a glass of wine. Janet wore a short, black terry cloth robe loosely closed with a waist belt. Her legs were fully exposed, she wore black highheel shoes and had her long dark brown hair tied back with a black scrunchy.

To the right of her chair, Diane was kneeling very erect, both of her hands resting lightly on Janet's naked thigh. She still wore the tennis skirt and sleeveless blouse from this morning but had reapplied her makeup and brushed her hair prior to this meeting. The red welts were still visible on the backs and front of her thighs and their throbbing combined with those on her stomach and rump reminded her of her commitment to Janet and the cost for disobeying.

Now Diane was talking softly and had been for the last hour about the most intimate encounters of her life as Janet ate her supper and questioned her regarding the various details. "So the first time you ate cum was when you were 14 and on your fourth date with a boy", Janet had asked, and Diane responded with, "Yes mistress he was in my school but two classes ahead of me. We went to a movie. When we returned to my home, my parents had all gone to bed and we sat in the living room, where he let me touch him and he creamed on my hand. Then he made me eat it."

"Did you eat it because you were curious or did the fact that he told you to do it make you do it?" "Thinking back on it now, I think it was because he told me to do it. I wanted to please him and because I thought he was handsome so I felt that by eating his cum he would like me more."

"Did the two of you go out a lot?" "Only for a few dates and then he went with an older girl and dropped out of my life", Diane said quietly. "After that I dated some boys off and on and if they told me to eat their cum, I did."

Janet noted Diane's distancing of herself from these events and telling them to her as if they happened to someone else. In her experience this was classic submissive behavior, where the retelling of events was done as an observer and not a participant as a means for the submissive to escape consequences for their actions.

"Tell me about your breedings. How did your husband inseminate you? Were you on your hands and knees or what position did you use?"

Janet thought for a moment and said, "I was on my hands and knees both time because my husband said he always liked to look at my rear end when he fucked me. He said it made my ass wiggle and he liked that."

Janet looked at her and offered her a small piece of salmon with her fingertips. She had done this periodically while she slowly ate her dinner. Diane bowed her head and gently plucked the salmon from Janet's finger tips, then slowly licked the fish oil from her Mistress's fingers. Diane kept her head bowed and softly kissed the fingertips in thanks as she felt Janet's other hand softly touch her hair. This tableau had repeated itself several times during the meal and each time it had Janet felt Diane yield more control and more obedience to her.

"Were you well loved as you began to swell or did you find yourself left alone and generally ignored?" Janet asked softly as she ran her fingers through Diane's hair.

Diane kept her head lowered and tears began to flow down her cheeks as she reviewed the hurt that she had hidden for so long. "I was ignored and sometimes used by my husband for his gratification. He took pictures of me so he could watch my body change, but generally ignored me as if I was no good for him at the time. I was very unhappy."

"Yes," Janet said as she stroked Diane's hair then lifted her chin to kiss her softly on the lips. "Most women are ignored because men don't see the work breeding requires. On the other hand, when a cow is bred the process requires extensive support for the cow. In fact the whole herd becomes involved since the bull, who is owned by a breeder will own a portion of the herd as will the owners of the various females in the herd. If a cow has calves in the herd, they are also involved, especially if this is the cow's first breeding. Then the calves are also included since they will probably belong to the same bull eventually. You see, when an owner decides to breed a cow, the cow and a number of bulls are all inspected by a breeding committee to ensure the stock are healthy, of the right sex, and that the dropped calf will be desired by a buyer. In fact, many calves are already purchased before the cow is inseminated. But in any case, after the committees ensure both the cow and the bulls are healthy and compatible genetically, the bull owners and the cow owner allow the cow to spend time with each bull and his particular herd. This process takes about three to four days for each herd and is closely observed by the owners to ensure that when a cow finally joins a herd it is a good fit.

If the cow already has calves but never went through a formal breeding, then the calves and the cow are shown to the herds to see if they can make a good fit. After the cow and her calves have been tested with all the herds, the breeders meet to decide which bull and which herd is the best fit, when is the best time to breed the cow and generally lay out a rough time schedule on the breeding of her calves. Lots of practice has shown that coordinating the breedings of the various cows and their calves and bulls takes time, discipline, and lots of forethought. So when a cow is bred there are a number of people to help her. Of course her owner is there and her calves as well as her breed cow if possible.

In fact, I have gone to a number of breedings where there were three generations of breed cows and another generation of calves present. Unfortunately, you will be the first of your line's breed cows, so until one of Michelle's offspring is kept in the herd and then bred herself, your line will only have two generations. But I am sure that the day will come when you are displayed along with Michelle and her calf as the start of a new line of cows. But enough of that for now," Janet said. "Stand up, lift your skirt and spread your legs for me."

Diane quickly stood and Janet noted her nipples were erect as she stroked her hand along Diane's slit where moisture was forming in abundance. She calmly slid two fingers inside the standing woman and gently rubbed her. Diane trembled slightly and her breathing increased. "Excellent," Janet thought. "This bitch is reconciling herself with breeding and is starting to accept her daughter will also join her."

Janet continued to touch Diane for a few moments and then said, "Here clean my fingers and then go into the kitchen. Open a bottle of wine and stay in the kitchen and wait for me to call you. Now go," said Janet.

Diane gently kissed the offered fingers after she cleaned them and answered "yes mistress" and walked into the kitchen.

Sitting quietly for a moment, Janet thought about all of the work required to conduct a successful breeding and how much would be required to convince the committee that Diane was of good stock. She was a bit old and probably could only be bred once. "But," Janet reflected "the whole purpose of breeding her was to prepare Michelle and possibly Vicki for much longer breedings, which would no doubt prove lucrative and most rewarding. So the old adage of no gain without pain would once again prove itself."

Just then, the ringing phone interrupted her thoughts. Janet picked it up and said "hello?" knowing by its ring who was calling her. "Hi Mama" Amy's soft voice answered. "I've finished my homework and eaten my supper like you told me to this morning. Can I visit you now if that is ok?"

Janet heard the longing in the girl's voice and her heart subtly began to speed up. "Of course sweetie, but first tell Mommy what you are wearing," Janet said. "I am wearing some sweat pants and a tee shirt Mama because I am supposed to change out of my school uniform after I get home," Amy said in a soft voice that had begun to have "little girl tones and lispings". "Oh sweetie, Mommy hates it when you wear clothes like that. Put on a short skirt and one of your sleeveless blouses OK, and no panties or bra, then come over here."

"yes mama," Amy replied, then hung up the phone and began to change.

As Janet waited for Amy to arrive, she thought about the young girl's future. Training her to be a companion/slave would be a good fit for a few years. After all Janet had really enjoyed keeping Maya as her live in companion, while Maya's mother was her maid the last few years she had been in New York. But even Maya grew old and Janet knew she needed to move on. Being twenty-six and knowing how to control and discipline the maid as well as being able to seduce most men and women Janet directed her to made Maya prized property. So it wasn't difficult to sell her to the Malaysian gentleman who lusted after tall, big-breasted American women. Although Maya was distraught and probably required some attitude adjustment after the drugs Janet gave her wore off, she was sure by now that Maya and her mother both found their places in the Malaysian household.

As the doorbell rang and Janet rose to answer it, thoughts of the first time Maya's breasts began to lactate flashed through her mind. What a delightful time that had been she recalled. Maya always anxious to give of herself to her companion and the maid always helping Maya express her milk so the flow was full when their mistress desired it. It had been so enjoyable, and Janet deep in her heart knew that in a few short years, Amy would be her new and devoted Maya.

Janet adjusted her robe so the insides of both of her breasts were exposed and opened the door. Amy stood there in the evening light in a very short, dark green skirt, white blouse, and open toed sandals, with her hair freshly brushed and framing her face. Janet's normal height and her high heeled shoes combined to have her tower over Amy who stared fixedly at Janet's decollate.

"Hello sweetie," Janet said extending her hand to the young girl who took it and stepped into the foyer. "How's my baby girl this evening? Did you have a good day at school?" Janet asked sweetly as she pulled the child into her arms. Amy raised her arms around Janet's neck and raised her face towards her lips. "Yes mama," she murmured as she stood on her toes and tried to pull herself up to Janet's face.

Janet smiled, leaned down and placed an open-mouthed kiss on her lips as Amy eagerly responded. They kissed like that for a few minutes and Janet stroked the girl's bare bottom and gently twisted Amy's first anal plug.

Waiting in the kitchen, Diane had heard the doorbell ring and almost left the chair she sat on to answer the door. But just in time she remembered her mistress's words and stayed where she was. She was surprised to hear Amy's voice since she had assumed the girl was still working on her schoolwork. Then when she heard the conversation, her heart turned leaden in her chest and she wiped at the tears that began to well in her eyes.

In the entryway, Amy squirmed against Janet's caresses and moaned in her throat. Janet could feel Amy's heat begin to build, so she broke the kiss taking Amy's hand as she walked into the house, said, "Come on sweetheart, let's go sit in the living room so we can continue this." Amy was beside herself and almost floated into the room, as Janet guided her by the hand. They stopped near the wingback chair where Janet again held her and whispered in her ear. "Take off your skirt and then sit on my lap" as she sat down.

Amy smiled at her mom and then slowly undid her belt and let her skirt drop. She stood there and smiled at Janet who patted her thighs and said, "come to Momma baby." Amy stepped forward and took Janet's outstretched hand which guided her onto Janet's lap. As she settled in, Janet pulled Amy's head against her neck and began to rub the young girl's thighs. "Now tell mommy," she whispered quietly, "what happened at school today." So Amy began to quietly tell her what happened to her throughout the day. Janet stroked and kissed the girl's hair and slowly stroked her thighs.

About 20 minutes when the girl had finished her recital, Janet kissed her softly on the lips and asked her "did you think of Mama today while you were at school?" "Of course Mama," Amy replied and gave her a little smile, "the thing you put in my rear end before I went to school reminded me of you all day long."

"Very good," Janet said and began to open her robe. "do you remember what Mama said this morning about her breasts?" Janet asked. "yes mama," Amy whispered, "You said they were sore and that they needed licking and kissing to make them better."

"Who made Mommie's breasts sore sweetie?" Janet asked. Amy looked into Janet's eyes sadly and said, "you said I made them sore because I suckled on them so long on Sunday. "

"That's right baby," said Janet quietly, "so now I want you to help me feel better. Lean your head back on the arm of this chair and put your legs over the other arm. That's right." Janet said smiling as Amy stretched across her lap.

Janet finished opening her robe, leaned forward towards Amy's face and then used her left hand to place her nipple on Amy's waiting lips.

Amy closed her eyes with a sigh as Janet's nipple touched her lips and she tenderly licked it and began to kiss her mother's breast. At the same time, Janet rested her right hand on Amy's bare stomach and began to massage her lower stomach and her mons. "Spread your legs for Mommy, sweet baby," Janet whispered in Amy's ear.

Amy's eyelids fluttered when Janet spoke and she spread her legs and lifted her bottom in an offering of her young body. "Such a good girl you are," Janet said as she slowly rubbed Amy's slit and began to feel the moisture form there. "Mommy knows what her baby likes, and her baby likes to please her mommy doesn't she?" Janet said quietly and gently pressed two fingers into Amy's slit.

Amy moaned in pleasure and began to slowly writhe on Janet's lap. Janet slowly sat up and reluctantly pulled her breast out of Amy's tender mouth and said, " Mommy needs a drink baby, so let's slow down for a few minutes." Then in a louder voice, Janet said, "Bring me the wine bitch."

Diane, who had been listening very hard to the moans, gasps, and rustlings coming from the living room from the moment she realized it was Amy was startled by the tone of the request. Without thinking, she jumped to her feet, grabbed the tray with the wine bottle and glass and immediately took the seven steps from the kitchen to entrance of the living room.

As she entered the room, she was startled by the sight before her. Janet was sitting in her chair with Amy laid across her lap. Amy's head was held by Janet's left arm and the arm of the chair and her head was laid back with her mouth open. Her legs were on the other arm and spread wide with Janet's hand massaging her hairless but shining slit. Amy's arousal was evident and Janet's control of her was even more so.

Janet watched Diane as she moved to stand in front of her chair and the expression on Diane's face spoke volumes. Fear, disgust, and resignation seemed to be equally present, but what Janet noticed most was lust. To Janet's experienced eye, Diane was enthralled by the sight of her daughter being controlled by her mistress. The flush that Diane showed across her neck and chest when she was aroused was clearly evident and the far away look in those submissive blue eyes was deeper than usual.

"Put the tray on the table and pour me a glass," Janet said as she bent down to kiss Amy, who had now become aware of her mother's presence.

Flustered, Amy began to struggle to sit up, but Janet just held her close and whispered in her ear. "Relax sweetie. You are my baby now, so don't worry about anything." And then she gently licked her ear and kissed her neck while slowly rubbing her aroused clit.

Amy relaxed herself and gave control to Janet who continued to rub her as her mother stood in front of them holding the wine glass and staring at the scene before her.

Janet slowly pumped her fingers between Amy's splayed legs and smiled as Diane tore her eyes away from those glistening finger and stared into those of her mistress. Amy buried her head against Janet's chest as skillful fingers manipulated her and she moaned in ecstasy when Janet allowed her to achieve a small climax. Janet smiled at her as Amy slowly opened her eyes. Then Janet kissed her deeply and pulled her to sit more upright on her lap.

With glistening fingers, Janet reached out towards Diane and said, "Give me the glass." Diane, transfixed by the shining surface of Janet's fingers, offered the wine glass to them and dropped her now empty hands to her side as Janet took the proffered glass.

Janet pulled her arm back and handed the glass to Amy who held it in both hands with the stem resting on her bare stomach. "Lean forward and put your hands on the wingbacks," Janet said.

Unhesitatingly, Diane did as she was told which brought her face into a small triangle, the other points of which were Janet and Amy. Diane's arms on the sides of the chair surrounded both of them and gave the scene a very warm intimacy.

Diane continued to stare into her owner's eyes and then felt the shining fingers touch her lips. She didn't flinch or move and then she heard Janet whisper "Lick" and her tongue began to lovingly clean Janet's hand.

Janet stared deep into Diane's eyes and saw her soul open its doors to her. She felt Diane offer herself to her control and knew that another step had been taken. . With her left hand she cupped Amy's developing breasts and could feel the wanton heat pour from her body and the hard beating of a heart on the verge of a shattering climax. Janet waited while Diane slowly licked her fingers clean and then asked softly, "who owns you?"

Diane closed her eyes for a moment, gathered herself up and very quietly said, "you own me Miss Janet."

"And who is Amy's mother?" Janet then asked. Both Diane and Amy held their breaths for a very long moment, but Diane finally said very quietly, "You are Amy's mother Miss Janet."

"Very good, Diane. Now tell me who do you love?" "I love you Miss Janet" Diane said softly, "more than you know, more than anything else in the world."

Janet was very pleased with Diane's response, pulled her face to hers and kissed her deeply as Amy watched with deep erotic fascination. "Stand up, drop your skirt, and assume the inspection position I taught you this morning." Janet said as she broke the kiss.

Without hesitation, almost as if in a dream, Diane straightened herself up, unzipped the side of her tennis dress and let it drop to the floor. She then stepped out of its folds as it lay there, and spread her legs to beyond shoulder width. When they were as wide as she thought they should be, she put her hands on top of her head, raised her eyes from those of her mistress and stared straight ahead.

While Diane was trying to obey, Janet had wrapped both of her arms around Amy, who had turned her head to stare at Diane. Janet felt the emotions flow through each of them and reveled in her control of the situation and its future possibilities.

Shame, submission, and hopelessness seemed to war with each other in Diane's mind as she stood ramrod straight and fought back tears while trying not to drop her arms to shield her nakedness. Finally Diane's personality grabbed hold and submission turned to obedience and hopelessness was replaced by resignation as she suddenly realized that a life without Janet's control would be impossible for her. Thus at that moment, she began to accept the role that had been thrust on her as she stood before her owner, willing herself to obey and accepting her shame.

At the same time, Amy felt Janet's arms encircling her and leaned back against her chest. Her cheek touched Janet's and she felt the warmth flow into her. "Isn't she beautiful Amy?" Janet softly whispered next to the girl. "Someday you will be as beautiful as she is but you will never be a slut like she and Michelle are. I'm never going to let anyone, not even your father, hurt you like he has done to them. I am going to keep you safe with me and teach you how to behave so you won't ever be ashamed. You know that don't you baby?"

"Oh yes mommy, I love you so much." Amy whispered back but still stared fascinated at Diane. Janet gave her a warm squeeze and continued. "Look at her legs Amy, do you see the red welts?" Amy nodded and Janet said, "Turn around Diane."

Without blinking her eyes Diane turned, spread her legs again, and felt their stares as they viewed her backside. "You see the red marks on her legs and bottom sweetheart? She got those this morning because she was bad. She knew she was bad and asked me to punish her and teach her how to be good too. So I did, but I don't want that to happen to you. You are not like her and Michelle. You are still good and if you are a good little girl for me, I will take care of you and keep you safe. You want that don't you Amy?" "Yes Mommy, very, very much. Please make me your little girl," said Amy as she turned with tears in her eyes and kissed Janet softly and deeply.

After they broke the kiss, Janet sat back in the chair and pulled Amy to her. "Turn around, keep your legs spread and put your hands on the wings."

Diane once more complied and found herself staring again into her owner's eyes. Janet took Amy's hand in hers and reached forward with it to touch Diane's slit. "Feel how wet this cow is Amy, she is such a slut." Janet said smiling into Diane's eyes. As Amy's small fingers touched her, Diane jerked but held her position. Janet rubbed Amy's fingers along Diane's slit making sure they were coated with her juices. Then she pulled Amy's hand back bringing the fingers to her and then Amy's lips. "Her juice is very thick but still has a good taste." She said after tasting it, and then offering the fingers to Amy.

Amy hesitated a bit, then slowly began to lick her fingers that were still held in Janet's hand. While she did this, Janet again looked at Diane and said, "Do you respect me?" Diane held her gaze without wavering and said, "yes I do Miss Janet." "Good," Janet replied. "I know you love me and respect me and I expect you to do the same for my daughter. She is as much your owner as I am. If you ever fail to respect her or fail her in any way, you will answer to me for it do you understand?" "Yes mistress" Diane answered without emotion.

"Very well. Now it is time for you to go to bed. I expect to have breakfast here tomorrow morning with my daughter before she goes to school so prepare for that. You will also address her from now on as Miss Amy under the same rules you address me and with the same respect, is that clear?" "Yes Miss Janet," came the reply.

"Good now kiss me good night." At this Diane leaned forward and gave her owner a deep and lasting kiss. When it was ended she pulled back and softly said, "Good night my mistress."

Janet smiled. "Good night, but kiss my daughter before you go."

Janet smiled as she saw resignation and lust flash through Diane's eyes when she leaned over to give Amy the same kiss she had given her owner. "Good night Missy Amy," Diane whispered softly as she stared into Amy's eyes. "Good night Diane, " Amy said and reached out to softly stroke Diane's cheek.

"It is time to go now, " Janet said to break the moment. "I want some time alone with my daughter." At this Diane stood erect, reached down to pick up her skirt from the floor and walked silently from the room.

Amy watched her go, still wrapped in Janet's arms and still holding the wine glass. Janet reached around her and unbuttoned her blouse and then slowly ran her hands up and down Amy's chest. "Give me the wine baby," and took it from her hands. She then drank most of it, but held the rest to Amy's lips who drank it obediently and without comment. Janet then placed the wineglass on the end table and pulled the shirt off of Amy.

Feeling her control grow, she turned the girl so she was laying across her lap. Janet gently placed her hand on Amy's crotch as she leaned down to kiss her. Amy sighed delightedly and

opened her legs, offering herself to her mother. Janet smiled down at her and gently stroked her slit.

The wine was now combining with Janet's caresses and Amy's neck and chest were beginning to show the same flush Janet observed in Diane when she was nearing climax. "You're my baby now and no one can touch you here except me...not even you. Do you understand sweetie?" The flush on Amy deepened and she nodded her head as she closed her eyes losing herself to her feelings. "And when I feed you, this is how you will be for Mama. No clothes, no jewelry, nothing...just my baby girl. OK baby." "Yes mama," Amy panted as Janet's fingers brought her closer and closer to the edge. Then she felt Janet's nipple touch her lips and she began to lick and suckle this gift from her mother. First to please her mother, then to offer her mouth and its pleasures as a gift to her, and finally to offer herself to her mother's fingers as they slowly and skillfully teased her to climax and the ultimate surrender of herself to her mother and new owner.

Part 3

Janet held Amy as she whimpered in her arms and started to reach her climax. She smiled as the young girl lifted her hips onto Janet's probing fingers and spread her thighs in an effort to open herself more for the digits that were driving her mad with lust.

A light sheen of sweat began to appear on the girl's body, and as her thighs tightened and her legs became rigid she released her owner's nipple and threw her head back as the first of the waves washed over her.

Janet felt the girl's insides tighten on her fingers and almost immediately thereafter, Amy's moisture began to flow. "That's my baby, cum for momma. Come on, open up for momma, come on," Janet cooed softly again while increasing her pressure on the girl's clit and rubbing her faster and harder.

Amy's body was beyond her control now. Her stomach's heat was building and a roaring began in her head. She heard the voice, felt the indescribable pleasure of her mother's velvet touch and felt her heart begin to pound in rhythm to the rubbing fingers. From far off she heard her Mother's voice, telling her to open to her. She wanted to obey her, to please her, to show her how much pleasure her mother gave her. She heard her voice, "momma, momma, oh, oh," . Her heart beat faster, the heat inside her began to boil and the fingers moved faster, harder, insisting that she obey that soft voice, demanding that she open herself. All she wanted was to hold her mother, to have the feeling never stop, to stay this way always.

Harder, harder, the pressure built. Faster and faster the waves began to crash against her. In desperation she felt herself cling to her mother, her chest pressed against the breasts that she had learned to worship and love.

Janet pressed harder and faster and as she did so, the girl clung tighter and began to moan incoherently. Janet knew the girl was mere seconds away from a shattering climax and wanted to take her over the edge and manipulate her as she moved into and through the orgasm, and then begin her training as she was ending it. So as Amy started to sweat rivulets and clung to Janet from sheer desperation and sexual abandonment, Janet's thumb began rubbing her clit while her fingers slowly began to assault Amy's asshole.

Despite her arousal, the girl moaned and clenched her bottom, so Janet removed her hand from between Amy's legs, and paused. The girl felt the flow of the erotic waves in her start to ebb and then puzzlement took over. She loosened her grip around her mother's neck and then felt a hard stinging slap on her bottom. Then a second, a third, and then a fourth.

Amy was shocked from the blows, but was even more shocked when Janet grabbed her hair and roughly pulled her head from the crook of her mother's neck so she could stare into her eyes.

"You little bitch," Janet spat venomously at her. "You listen to me. If you are going to be my daughter, then I will touch you whenever and wherever I please. There is nothing on your body that is private to me. Do you understand?"

Amy was mortified, and stammered, "Yes mama, I understand and I am so sorry." "Good," Janet smiled and then said, "so now ask your mama to touch you so she can make you into a good girl for her."

In a quiet voice Amy looked at her mother and said, "Momma please touch me and make me into a good girl for you?"

Janet knew that this was an excellent time to train Amy to her mastery and wanted to impress on the young girl just who was her owner and authority figure. So instead of beginning again, Janet, asked "Where does my little girl want her Mommy to touch her?" As she said this Janet leaned down and passionately kissed Amy who submitted to her mother's probing tongue. After a moment, Janet broke the kiss, and looked at Amy.

Of course, the kiss once again aroused the girl and she struggled to control her passion as she said, "Please Momma, please rub my vagina and touch my bottom so I can learn how to be a good girl for you. I like it when you touch me and if you touch me in front of other people they will know that I'm your little girl and that I belong to you. "

When Janet heard this she smiled to show Amy she was pleased with her response. She lightly kissed the girl again, and said, "OK sweetie, but before I touch you, I want you to listen to me. Since you made me mad by stopping Mommie from touching her little girl, I want you to go visit Diane in her room before you go to bed tonight and do something for me OK?"

Being held by Janet and having her arousal start to slip away, Amy was only too eager to please Janet and promised that she would. "Very good," Janet said, "so now if you want Momma to touch you, take my hand and put the fingers where you want them to be so Mommie can teach you how to be a good girl."

Amy looked down and took Janet's right hand in both of hers and was beginning to place it on her vagina, but before she could move it, Janet said, "wait honey. You can move mommie's hand but don't look down there, look at Mommie so she can see how much you like her touching you."

Amy slowly raised her face to her mother's and looked her steadily in the eyes as she began to slowly place Janet's thumb on her clitoris. She then rolled her bottom up and spread her legs even more, so she could reach down and guide Janet's index finger to her rosebud.

"Come on Baby, " Janet said, "push Mommie's finger into your bottom. You know you like it there don't you?"

Amy was almost delirious with lust and desire, but never took her eyes from her mother's as she slowly pushed Janet's finger into her bottom. As the first knuckle reached her sphincter, Amy breathed a small gasp and began to relax in Janet's arms. "Come on Baby," Janet cooed and then lightly kissed her daughter. "Push Momma's finger all the way into her girl's bottom. Show Momma how much you love her."

Blushing slightly, Amy spread her thighs wider as she leaned back the arm of the chair and across her mother's lap. Then she reached down to Janet's hand and grasping the fingers firmly, pushed Janet's digits into her bottom while Janet's thumb began to slowly rotate on Amy's clit. Amy bucked her bottom some more, relaxed her sphincter, and then grasping Janet's hand in both of hers began to move the hand to her internal rhythm.

This motion caused Janet's finger to piston in and out Amy's butt hole while Janet's thumb rotated on Amy's clit.

Janet saw the girl's eyes turn vague as they stared into hers and she felt the girl push her hand and the middle finger up into her rectum.

"Good girl, " Janet again cooed as Amy used both of her hands to hold onto Janet's and move it rapidly over her slit. Janet's words and constant caress of her clit pushed Amy closer and closer to her much sought orgasm and her body suddenly arched and her thighs clamped hard on Janet's hand as she felt the waves wash through her. Her head was flung back as she opened her self up to the feelings and felt her mother's arm hold her close while the invading finger and caressing thumb continued to coax wave after wave of ecstasy from her very soul.

She thought she had floated away for days and as the stars faded and she found herself waking she heard her mother whispering in her ear, "that's my good girl. What a big cum for mommy." Then she felt fingers on her lips and opened her mouth to accept the juices that coated her mother's fingers. She licked slowly and languidly while her heart slowed and she returned to the world.

Janet still held her tightly and Amy's sweat had moistened her chest and was glistening on her breasts. Amy's eyes fluttered open and the hand was removed from her lips as Janet pulled her to her breasts and whispered, "Lick Mommie's breasts now sweetie and get them nice and clean".

Like a kitten cleaning its siblings, Amy lovingly licked Janet's breast clean. Then Janet lifted her chin and said, "what a good girl I have, now when you leave to go to sleep here is what I want you to do."

Forty five minutes later, Amy, again dressed in the short skirt and sleeveless blouse she had worn to visit Janet, opened the guest bedroom door and walked into the room. Closing the door behind her, she stood in the dim room and listened to her mother's breathing, certain she was asleep. Then she slowly and quietly walked to the nightstand and turned the light on.

The click of the switch and the cascade of light woke Diane with a start. Not remembering where she was, Diane rubbed her eyes as she sat up, then squinted at her daughter. "Amy, what is wrong sweetie?" Diane heard herself say.

A light slap fell on her cheek and Amy said softly, "Who am I Diane?" Diane let out a small gasp then rubbed her cheek and responded in a mortified voice saying, "I'm so sorry Miss Amy, I forgot my place."

"That's better, " Amy said, "my mother told me to check on you and to make sure your marks were covered, so stand up and assume the inspection position."

Diane, was afraid to disobey so she threw back the blanket and sheet and stood up. Amy then sat on the bed as Diane moved to stand in front of her. Diane reached down and removed her sleeping shirt, dropped it on the floor behind her, spread her legs wider than her shoulders and placed her hands behind her neck and stared straight ahead.

As she stood staring at the unadorned wall of the guest bedroom, feelings of shame and despair began to rise in her. Her youngest daughter now sat in front of her. Staring at her naked body, unadorned with jewelry or makeup. She had heard her say that she loved Janet more than anything or anyone else in the world, and now her daughter saw her as a slut or a cow that belonged to her new mother, so she also belonged to her. And now, her young mistress was here to inspect her property like the livestock that she had become.

Amy, who she loved more than life itself, was now Janet's daughter, a gift she had freely given to her mistress as a token of her submission, but a gift whose giving hurt her deeply. She felt helpless and frightened and feared for the future not knowing if Janet loved her and saw any qualities in her that made her worth keeping.

But at the same time, Diane also felt new feelings of pride and security, something she had not felt for a very, very long time. She was obeying and knew her behavior would be reported back to Janet and this would prove that she loved her and wanted to obey her. She was Janet's and knew that her subservience to Janet would ensure that Janet took care of her and Michelle. Janet would keep Amy safe as her daughter, and she and Michelle would be there to serve them both as a means of paying them for their protection and their love, earning it every day.

She started as she felt a hand caress one of the welts on her thigh. "Shh, I'll be gentle. I know these still hurt a lot and you've been so good today that you need to be taken care of." Amy whispered as she gently and quite slowly rubbed a light cream on Diane's welts.

Janet had told her that Diane needed a lot of caressing and touching to help her accept her new role as someone's property, and she showed the young girl how to touch a woman and rehearsed her on what to say and how to say it. So Amy was prepared for Diane's reaction and in fact welcomed it as an affirmation that she was following her mother's instructions to the letter.

As the massage continued Amy would periodically touch Diane's slit very softly, just brushing her fingers over the hairs, and murmuring what a pretty cunt her cow had, how it would breed nicely and start a good breed line. Through the arousal that was flowing through her, Diane barely heard these words, yet as she understood their meaning, she saw herself carrying a new calf and Janet touching her, making her feel wanted, and knowing that her calving pain would be proof to Janet that she belonged to her.

Two small fingers entered her slit and she moaned and shook as they began to rub her insides. "Shh," she heard Amy whisper, "Stand still now while mistress feels her property." The fingers continued their stroking for a few moments, and then Amy said, "my you are so wet, I know you want to be bred soon, don't you. Would you like me to start searching for a bull for you? "

Diane was beside herself. She felt her arm muscles tighten as she fought to hold her entwined fingers behind her neck and not jerk as the spasms racked her body. The young girl's words combined with the fingers that were touching her very existence were causing rivulets of perspiration to run down her as she trembled and fought to maintain her position. She felt her cunt welcoming the probing fingers and knew her moisture was wetting those fingers as a sign of both arousal and acceptance of her ownership. Barely able to stand, she whispered, "yes Miss Amy, I need to be bred. I need to calve for my owners. "

Amy smiled to herself. Just like her mother had told her, Diane was showing her need and her acceptance. Amy knew that a climax for the cow was not to be permitted tonight, so she slowed

her touching and gradually stopped. Diane moaned her disappointment, but stood as she had been ordered. Amy then grabbed Diane's hips and told her to turn around.

The salve was then applied to the welts on backs of Diane's thighs and lower back. "Very good," Amy said as she stood up. "Now lay down on the bed on your back with your arms at your sides."

Diane did as she was ordered. Amy then sat beside her and put on a pair of latex gloves. She then opened a jar of cream that had a prescription label and placed a large dollop of the cream on Diane's right breast. "This is lanolin for your nipples and udders. It does two things. First, it will make your nipples harder and keep them from cracking after you calve and you begin your milking. Second it will make the veins in your udders more visible, which is a sign of good milk production in cows. I will rub it on you every night until I am satisfied your udders are in the correct state. Then when I and my mother are satisfied, you will be bred." Amy said as she began to massage the cream deeply into Diane's tits. Amy's mother had made her practice these words and the technique on her before she was allowed to do it to Diane, but the cream her mother said was to be used only on cows and their calves and never on a girl.

Amy accepted this, but she didn't know that the cream was a combination of hormones that would slowly begin to activate a woman's milk glands and sensitize her nipples. In effect it culminated in the body thinking it was pregnant and preparing the breasts for lactation. Janet had learned of its use from her psychology mentor friend Lee Morgan who purchased it from one of New York's many underground pharmacies and used it with great success. In fact, Lee had shown Janet how to apply it to one of her new cows when she was mentoring Janet to become an owner. The two of them had spent innumerable hours massaging the cow's breasts and preparing it for breeding and ultimate sale which netted both of them a handsome return.

After a 20 minute massage, Amy was finished and looked down at Diane who had closed her eyes and was savoring the attention. She removed her gloves, dropped them on the floor and touched Diane's cheek. Diane opened her eyes and looked softly at her. "Now I want you to always sleep nude and always have me as your last thought before you go to sleep. Do you understand?" Amy whispered with a smile.

Diane turned her head and softly kissed the hand that was caressing her cheek and then said, "Yes Miss Amy, I understand." "Good," then wake me at 6:30 tomorrow morning." Amy said as she stood, turned off the light, and left the room.

Diane lay on the bed, in the dark, without moving. She felt a very, very slight heaviness in her breasts and saw her mistress holding her daughter as she knelt before them. Miss Amy's nude body was flushed as she gently suckled her mother's breast. Janet was softly cooing to the girl as she slowly caressed her slit and gently brought her to orgasm.

Janet kissed her daughter's cheek softly and then raised her fingers to Diane's lips. They were shiny with Miss Amy's essence, and Diane softly licked the fingers to show her subservience

and obedience to her owner. They were beautiful women who loved each other as they shared their lives. She felt so lucky to belong to them and she knew she wanted to serve them and give her love to them completely.

Part 4

"Well hello sweetheart" Janet said as she opened the door and took Amy by the hand. "Did you sleep well last night?" she asked as she pulled the young girl close to her. "Yes Mom," Amy answered and lifted her face to allow Janet to kiss her deeply.

After Janet broke the kiss, she took Amy by the hand and led her into the kitchenette of the guesthouse. "So tell me what happened last night, when you visited Diane. Did you do as I told you?" Amy began her account as they walked into the kitchen and continued her story as Janet pulled the young girl onto her lap and kissed her neck and cheeks while Amy told her story. When she finished Janet said "Excellent and now here is what I want you to do when she arrives."

About five minutes later Janet's instructions to Amy were interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell on the guest house. Janet gave Amy another deep kiss, and then told the girl to answer the door and bring Diane into the kitchen making sure that Diane followed Amy at a respectful distance. She also instructed Amy on how she wanted Diane to behave when she entered the room and what she was to say.

As Janet waited for the two to arrive, she thought about Amy's commentary of her last visit to Diane. Her comments regarding how she had applied the cream to Diane's breasts and how Diane had responded to her attentions and instructions was especially interesting and quite hopeful. Judging from Diane's actions thus far and the deference she had been showing to Amy, Diane seemed to have accepted not only Janet's ownership of her, but also Janet's possession of Amy as her daughter and Amy's position as her superior as well. "It won't be long," Janet thought to her, "before the cow brings me her calf and then I can really use come control."

Janet's thoughts were interrupted when she saw Amy sweep into the kitchenette exuding confidence and sit across the table from her. She was followed by Diane who stopped at the entrance to the kitchenette. Diane paused a moment, looked at her mistress with lowered eyes and diffidently curtsied to Janet. Then Diane looked at the floor and said, "Good morning miss Janet. I am here to serve you this morning."

Janet was pleased to hear these words since Diane repeated them exactly as Janet had told them to Amy. "Excellent", thought Janet, "another indication that all seems to be working well."

She took a moment to look Diane over. The fact that Diane was wearing a sleeveless blouse and short skirt without being told was good evidence that her submission was deepening, but even more important was that Diane's makeup had been applied perfectly and her hair had

been expertly done up. This probably meant that Diane had gotten up very early and spent a lot of time preparing to meet and please her.

"Good morning Diane" Janet said. "How are you feeling this morning? Do you need to use the bathroom?"

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"Good morning Miss Janet, I feel very well thank you and Yes Miss Janet," Diane replied softly, "I need to relieve myself."

Janet smiled at the words. She knew that Diane wanted to please her, but she needed to be kept off balance and had to be pushed even farther. So she said in a low vehement voice, "listen you stupid bitch, you are a cow, not an owner so remember this. Cows have udders, not breasts, they have cunts, not vaginas, they piss they don't urinate and they shit. Owners relieve themselves. Cows don't have lovers, or boyfriends, or husbands. They have bulls. They don't make love, they are bred. They have calves, not babies, and they are bred when and where their owner's decide and with whatever bull the owner picks. They don't own their bodies, or their thoughts, or their souls. Everything belongs to their owners-their calves, their thoughts, their words, everything. I even own your shit and your piss. Now the next time I have to remind you of that you will learn what pain is and maybe that will make you remember. Do you understand?"

Diane was visibly shaken at this tirade and a shudder ran through her as she hung her head and frantically replied, "Yes Miss Janet. I am so sorry, please forgive this useless cow, please forgive me, I only want to please you."

"That's better" said Janet, "but first things first. I want you to call the school and tell them that Amy will be coming in after lunch today. Tell them she is feeling a bit under the weather this morning and that you want to keep an eye on her to make sure she is ok. And also put it on the speakerphone. I want to hear what the school says. Got that?"

"Yes Miss Janet," Diane said as she reached for the phone on the wall. The school's number was in the speed dial of the phone system, so she just punched the number, pressed the speaker phone option, and was quickly connected with the main office.

"Hello," Diane said when the secretary picked up the call, "this is Diane Fischer, Amy and Michelle's mother. Sorry about the speakerphone, but I am preparing breakfast and I'm pressed for time. Anyway, I am keeping Amy home this morning since she is a bit under the weather and if she feels better I will bring her in later today. Is that OK?" she asked.

"Of course Mrs. Fischer," the secretary responded. "Amy is a great student and so well behaved and very well mannered. Her missing one-day is no problem. You must be very proud of your

daughter. In fact, if she doesn't feel better and can't come in today, let me know and I will get her homework assignments and get them to Michelle so she can do them at home."

"Oh thank you so much." Said Diane as she hung up the phone.

"Well done," Janet said smiling as she looked at Diane who had a small tear in her eye caused by the secretary's comment that Amy was her daughter. Of course Janet knew what caused the tear and she knew that making Diane call the school and aid in her daughter's seduction was making Diane an enabler and supporter of Janet's plans, but she wanted to make sure Diane was becoming more obedient, and this was a good test.

"What are you?" Janet asked quietly.

"A cow," Diane replied softly as tears began to slide from her eyes.

"Who owns you?"

"You own me." Came Diane's softly whispered voice.

"Who owns your calf and what is her name?"

"You own my calf and her name is Michelle Miss Janet." The tears were flowing now and Diane's body shuddered slightly.

"Who is my daughter?"

"Miss Amy is your daughter mistress."

"Do you love me?"

"I love you mistress more than anything else."

"Do you love my daughter?"

"Yes mistress, I love Miss Amy as much as I love you."

"Do you want me to breed you so you can offer me another calf and show me how you suffer for my love?"

More shudders and more tears, but Janet also noticed that Diane's nipples were now poking at her blouse and she was certain that Diane was becoming aroused.

"Yes Miss Janet, " came a quiet but firm reply from Diane. "Please breed me so I can carry a calf for you and offer you my pain as a symbol of my love."

Janet rose from her chair and walked over to where Diane stood by the phone quietly crying, head bowed arms at her sides. For a moment she stood and pondered Diane, then slowly wrapped her arms around the shorter woman and pulled her into her.

"You may cry for Mistress," Janet said softly as she held Diane to her chest and stroked her hair.

Hearing these words, Diane broke into sobs and cried out her fears and pain while Janet held her. When she was finally finished, Janet lifted Diane's face to hers and kissed her deeply.

Diane eagerly accepted the kiss and melted into Janet while the kiss lingered. Finally Janet broke the kiss and then looked at Amy and said, "Sweetheart, would you take Diane to the bathroom where she can shit? Momma wants to finish her coffee."

"Of course Momma", Amy said since she had already been instructed by Janet as to what to do. "Come Diane," said Amy as she got up and moved to the bathroom.

"Yes Miss Amy," Diane said softly as she followed Amy.

When the two arrived at the bathroom, Amy stood in the hall and motioned Diane inside, and then followed her in and shut the door. "All right Diane, since my mother owns you and she told me to make sure you shit well, get to it, because I don't have all day."

At these words, Diane stripped off her clothes and sat on the toilet as Amy stood and watched her. Then Diane placed both hands on top of her head, arched her back slightly so her breasts were thrust out and turned her face to the right.

As per Janet's instructions, Amy softly stroked Diane's cheek and said "Very good. You remembered how to behave when you shit. I think you will make a good cow if you keep this up." Then she looked closely at Diane's nipples. They seemed to be a bit puffy and as she touched one, Diane gave a little start. "Oh, did that hurt?" Amy asked knowing full well that the cream she had applied to Diane's udders last night was laced with hormones formulated to make her sensitive and prone to lactating.

"no miss Amy," Diane replied as she continued looking to her right. "just a bit sensitive."

"Well," Amy said as she fondled the other globe noticing its heft and firmness, "it is probably a sign that you are preparing for your breeding. Which is good, but enough of this. You need to piss and shit now, so I can tell mother that you behaved yourself and did as you were told."

Saying that, Amy stood up and watched Diane as she dumped into the toilet. After about 10 minutes, Amy asked if Diane had finished and when she said yes, Amy told her to stand and spread her legs.

Remembering how Janet had wiped her yesterday, Diane stood with her hands still atop her head, squatted slightly and spread her legs, exposing herself to Amy, who took some toilet paper and gently wiped the dribbles. Then as per Janet's instructions, Amy moved Diane to the side, took a warm damp washcloth from the sink, put the top on the toilet, and sat on it. She then told Diane to drop her arms and lay across her lap. With one hand she spread Diane's ass cheeks, and used some toilet paper to clean her crack. She then spit on Diane's rosebud and inserted her finger into Diane's asshole.

"What are you?" Amy asked of the woman laying over her lap. "I am a cow, Miss Amy." Diane replied.

"Does it bother you that I have my finger in your ass?" she asked. "No Miss Amy, I am your mother's property and my body belongs to her." Diane replied.

"Very good," Amy said as she pulled out her finger, wiped it with the washcloth and then used the washcloth to clean Diane's rosebud. "A cow's ass is very important because the bull is always allowed access to it. My mother told me that sometimes a cow's cunt may be capped if she is to be cross bred or is being punished. So a cow's ass must always be flexible, clean and fresh for use by the bull or any owners, and my mom says we need to make it is stretched to the right size as well as keeping you clean."

As she was saying this, Amy had wrapped her finger with part of the washcloth and was now inserting it roughly into Diane's ass again. Diane grunted from the pain and involuntarily tightened her sphincter on the much larger and much rougher intruding digit.

When Amy felt the tension in Diane's ass, she slapped the cow's rump very hard and said, "Don't fight me on this you bitch. If you can't relax your ass enough then push out a bit so I can get my finger in. Otherwise, we can stop this and I'll take you to my mother for some discipline. Is that what you want? "

"I'm sorry Miss Amy, please try again. I'll be better, I promise" Diane said. So Amy pushed down with her finger while Diane tried to push out with her ass. Finally the washcloth clad finger was inserted and after some rubbing Diane was cleaned to Amy's satisfaction.

"Well, mother said that after a few times it will be a lot easier to clean your ass, so just remember what you have to do after you shit so we don't have this problem again. But now, we are finished here, so get dressed and we will go see my Mom."

Obediently Diane got up from Amy's lap, dressed and followed her out the door and back to the kitchenette.

When they got back to the kitchenette, Janet was reading the paper and had just finished another cup of coffee. She looked up as they entered the room. "come here, sweetie" Janet said to Amy as she patted her lap.

Unhesitatingly, Amy moved and sat on her lap and Janet kissed her deeply. When they finished kissing, Janet asked if Diane had behaved herself and shit like she was supposed to, and Amy replied that it went OK. Then Amy leaned up and kissed her mom again, and whispered into her ear.

Jane smiled down at her and then said, "OK, but you know the rules. Take Diane into the living room, and have her help you get ready. Then tell Diane to come back here and get me. I want to read the paper a bit."

On hearing this, Amy quickly kissed her mom again and said "thanks mom, come on Diane, you need to help me."

Diane obediently followed Amy into the living room. "Now here is what Mom demands when she feeds me. First I have to be completely naked and that includes no jewelry, hair pins or anything else, so this pony tail has to go too. Second she wants the pillows in the easy chair to be fluffed up before she gets here, and finally she wants to footstool available for when she may need it. So here, help me with my dress, " Amy said as she began to undress and hand the clothes to Diane who gently folded them.

Janet of course was not reading the paper, but was instead listening to Amy's commands to Diane (her birth mother) and was listening intently for any comments from Diane. Hearing none, she relaxed and began considering her next moves for both Diane's training and the eventual subjugation of Michelle, who was her real goal. So Janet's mind considered a number of options until Diane appeared at the opening to the kitchenette. She waited until Janet noticed her and then curtsied while she said, "Miss Amy asks that her mother come and feed her Miss Janet."

Janet smiled at how easily the words came from Diane's mouth and rose to follow her into the living room. There Amy was standing naked in front of the wing backed chair. The pillows had all been fluffed up and the footstool was nearby.

"Oh my little baby looks so nice," Janet said as she walked over to the blushing Amy. Janet then wrapped Amy in her arms and they kissed each other deeply. Breaking the kiss, Janet sat in the chair and loosened the sash on her robe and let it slip from her shoulders. Then she lifted both of her breasts and softly fondled them while her nipples got hard. "Oh how I wish I had some real milk for my baby, but don't worry honey, our cow will soon be with milk and I will let you feed from her sometime. Won't that be fun?" Janet asked as she looked sweetly at Amy. "Oh yes Mama," Amy replied in a sultry whisper.

Janet gazed at the girl and thought how easily she took to nudity and to demanding obedience from others. Even her beloved Maya had shown an initial reluctance to strip in front of her birth mother and Maya was certainly much more timid when Janet instructed her to discipline her birth mother. But Amy, on the other hand, seemed to adopt her role as her due and was beginning to revel in it.

These thoughts pleased Janet as she held open her arms and said, "Come here sweetheart, come to Mommy." Hearing this Amy sat down softly in Janet's lap. Janet cradled Amy's head in the crook of her left arm and guided the girl's lips to her breast. With her right hand, she gently rubbed Amy's thighs, and whispered, "Come on sweetie, open your legs for mommy."

Hearing the whisper, Amy sighed and spread her legs to give Janet access. Janet then kissed the suckling girl's cheek and lifted her head to look at Diane who was standing where she had stopped when Janet followed her into the living room. The eyes of the two women met. Janet's gaze radiated pride, ownership, and control. Diane met her gaze and her soul reflected humility, servitude, and acceptance of all that her mistress desired.

"Diane, kneel over here at my daughter's feet," Janet said quietly as she pointed to a spot on the left side of the chair. Wordlessly Diane moved to the spot indicated and knelt down. Janet then whispered into the ear of her suckling daughter, "Sweetie, Mommy is going to let Diane pleasure you now while I hold you and keep you safe, so just relax and let Mommy take care of you."

Saying this, Janet kissed Amy's cheek softly and watched her daughter gently pull at her breast. Amy had closed her eyes and was the picture of contentment as she felt her heartbeat change to keep time with Janet's. She felt Janet's arms holding her securely and she began to float serenely on a sea of contentment.

Watching Amy suckle with such apparent pleasure and commitment to her once again gave Janet the familiar sense of triumph and thrill of control. Then she looked directly into Diane's eyes and quietly said, "Show me how much you love me. Pleasure my daughter with your mouth."

Diane lowered her eyes and replied, "yes Miss Janet," in a barely audible whisper. She then leaned forward as she placed her hands gently on the inside of Amy's thighs. Diane was on autopilot now. She only knew that she had to show her mistress how much she loved her and that she wanted to please Amy more than anything. She lovingly rubbed the girl's thighs with a gently soothing motion and slowly separated them some more.

For a brief moment she stared at the young slit exposed to her gaze. "So smooth, so clean" she heard herself say, as she felt her owner's hand gently push the back of her head towards the exposed slit. That hand, her mistress's hand, soothed her racing mind and she felt her owning as a physical presence. Her mistress did own her and she accepted that thought with a calm certainty and a warm feeling of security seeped slowly through her.

The hand continued to gently press her face forward and as she bent closer, Diane closed her eyes and thoughts of Michelle flashed through her mind. Michelle laying open before her, offering herself. Giving of herself and her juices to feed her.

Then her nose gently touched Amy's skin and with her intake of breath came Amy's fragrance. She extended the tip of her tongue and reverently touched the sweet offering given to her by her mistress. She heard an intake of breath and felt Amy shiver with an arousal she knew was the first time for this young girl and she felt pleased that her mistress was allowing her to give such pleasure. The hand continued its pressure, but now patted her hair and stroked her neck, showing her that her actions were pleasing to her mistress as well. Diane knew how to please and she slowly licked, then blew softly and then licked again the soft folds before her. The fragrances grew stronger and she felt the girl's legs stiffen as she bent to her task.

Janet had watched Diane's submission to her will and she felt elated with the cow's actions. When Diane's lips touched Amy, she felt the young girl start and looked as she pulled away from her breast and stared at her wild eyed. "Shhhh, sweet baby, " Janet cooed as she stroked her face and then lightly kissed the girl's lips, "let the cow please you. Relax and show Mommy what a good girl you are. Hold onto Mommy baby, and ask me if you can climax when you are ready."

The poor girl had never felt such an overpowering feeling. The tongue between her legs was kissing her, licking her, touching her and she felt her soul open to the feelings. Her eyes focused and she saw Janet smiling at her and felt overwhelmed with love and a thousand other emotions that swept through her. She threw her arms around Janet's neck and raised herself to her mother's lips. "Oh god mommy," she could barely gasp, "Please don't let her stop...please, please..." . then she felt her mother pull her close and their lips met. She opened her mouth and mewled with pleasure as she surrendered to the invading tongue. She felt Janet's fingers pulling and twisting her young nipples as she buried her face in Janet's neck and almost wept with pleasure.

Then she heard the voice as she felt a tongue lap her ear. "who is your mommy baby? Whose Baby are you?" the voice asked. "you're my mommy", she gasped and her body stiffened under the onslaughts, "I belong to you. Everything I have is yours. Please teach me to be a good baby girl for you."

Janet smiled as she watched the girl writhe on her lap in ecstasy and recalled Maya's first orgasm at the hands and mouth of her birthmother. How Maya had struggled within herself, trying to accept the incredible pleasure and at the same time trying to reconcile the shame and degradation such an act brought to her. Janet remembered the tears and then the hatred and shame that Maya displayed for days after the event, and how it took Janet a long time to persuade Maya to put aside the shame and accept her role as Janna's owner and mistress. Even today, Janet knew that Janna still served her daughter and received discipline at Maya's whim even as Maya was disciplined by her new owner.

Soon Janet realized that Amy was nearing her climax and pulled Diane's head up a bit. Amy's spasms slowed and she relaxed as she opened her eyes to stare at Janet in bewilderment. Janet smiled at her and said, "look at the cow Amy, " as she tilted back Diane's head showing her face covered with Amy's juices. "She loves to please you. She loves your taste, your smell, and your joy. Your pleasure is her pleasure. Now hold her head, here and here," she said as she

placed Amy's hands on Diane's hair. "Guide her, teach her how to pleasure you. Reward her with your pleasure my sweet baby" Janet whispered as she gently kissed Amy's flushed cheek.

Amy didn't answer but closed her eyes and pulled Diane's face back to her slit, intent on capturing her escaping ecstasy. For her part, Diane knew that she had to please Amy and thus please Janet. She also knew what Amy liked so as she felt Amy's pressure on her hair she once again dropped her face to the young girl's cunt where she licked, then blew and licked it again.

As Janet watched Amy's excitement increase, she held the girl close and whispered in her ear. "Pull the cow's face to where it pleases you. Talk to her, call her your cunt...tell her how to please you. She is here for you. She is your bitch."

Amy needed no more coaching. She was beside herself with excitement and as she began humping her pelvis onto Diane's face she began panting and commanding Diane on how to please her.

"Use your tongue! Harder you stupid bitch, more more..... Eat me deep.....yes, right there, oh yes...don't stop you slut. If you fail me, I will whip your fatass myself....Oh god, yes, oh God, yessssssssssssssssssssss!"

Amy arched her back and her legs tightened as the waves of release flowed over her. Her insides spasmed from her first climax and she saw the room get dark as wave after wave washed through her.

Diane felt Amy grip her hair harder and harder and then her face was encased in the young girl's steel thighs. Diane knew the climax was at hand and thrust her face harder and deeper into the young girl's slit as Amy pulled her closer and closer and thrust her hips harder and harder onto the probing tongue.

Suddenly Diane felt the spasms begin and she pushed her tongue deeper and deeper into the slit. Then she raised her chin and thrashed her tongue over the girl's clit as wave after wave of climax shuddered through Amy. Diane heard moans, shouts, swearing, and felt like her hair was being pulled out of her head. Warm liquid began to flow suddenly against her chin in time to the spasms and she felt Amy shake as each wave hit her. The pressure from the thighs increased and her breathing was limited. She somehow gasped for breaths when Amy rocked her pelvis back in order to push forward onto her face. Smothering, slick skin, then heated air, then move skin, heated air, more skin. It went on and on. She felt nothing, heard nothing, and knew nothing except that she had to please. Please the mistress, please the daughter, make them love her.

More voices, more juice, more thrusting. She was encompassed in the smell of musk. Her hair hurt from the pulling, her knees ached from kneeling and yet she never felt so complete. She was pleasing them. They would love her and take care of her. Then, it all began to slow down. She felt the hands release her hair and the thighs began to relax. Her head was released and yet she remained with her mouth on the slit. Softly caressing it with her tongue. Gently kissing

the red, wet lips. Blowing air on them gently as if a mother were kissing her newborn. She raised her hands where they had rested on her own legs and now began to gently massage Amy's inner thighs. She kissed the trembling thighs, her tongue bathed the slit, and she lapped languidly at the moisture that flowed there. Then she felt a hand in her hair, gently turning her face upward to look at Miss Amy's. There was a softness in the girl's eyes and her body was covered with a light sheen of sweat. The hand moved to her cheek and it caressed her softly. She heard the voice. "you've done very well Diane. My daughter is pleased with your mouth and she rewarded you with her juices. Do you like her taste, my cow?" Janet's voice softly asked.

Diane heard her voice. She felt like it was far away. She only knew the touch of the hand, the taste on her lips, and the eyes of her mistress's daughter who looked into her soul and beyond. "Yes mistress," she heard her voice reply. "her taste is my life, just as you are my life."

"Stand up," Janet said and as Diane did so, she took Diane's hand and gently pulled her to stand in front of the chair. Janet, still fully clothed stood quietly, staring straight ahead as she had been taught. Amy, naked, and now quietly letting the orgasm's final tremors wash through her sat on Janet's lap, her head resting against Janet's cheek as the both looked at Diane standing inches in front of them. "Stand for inspection" Janet softly said, and Diane placed her hands atop her head and spread her legs more than shoulder length.

Janet inwardly sneered at the woman who stood there awaiting the next command. Diane was weak and deserved this, and then her mind said, no she wanted this. She was weak, afraid and tired of fighting her husband. She wanted to give it up. She needed to give up and she wanted to give it to her. Again, Janet knew the strong prevailed, as they always did. Now she owned not only Diane's body, but her youngest daughter and soon would also have her other child. Amy sat placidly on her lap, and Janet held her close, then leaned forward and put her fingers between Diane's spread thighs.

Her probing fingers felt the Cow's outer lips and slipped inside where they were soon covered with moisture. She pressed another two fingers in and saw a flicker of impending lust pass across Diane's eyes and she smiled to herself. This one has much promise she thought and then pulled out her shiny fingers. "Look sweetie," she whispered in Amy's ear. "See how much this bitch enjoyed giving you pleasure. She is wet herself. Her taste her and know that she gets wet because of you." Janet said as she raised her fingers to Amy's mouth. Amy obediently licked the fingers and then kissed Janet's hand.

"very good sweetie. You did very well when Diane pleased you, except you climaxed without my permission and I told you to ask me before you did. Because I know you are a good girl and only make mistakes if they can't be avoided I won't punish you now, but we will discuss it tonight after school."

Then Janet looked at Diane and said, "my daughter needs to go to school later this morning, so go draw her a bath and call us when it is ready."

"yes mistress Janet," Diane said as she dropped her arms and left for the bathroom.

Amy and Janet watched her depart, and then Janet gave Amy quick hug, kissed her cheek and then said, "Now listen to how I want you to treat her when you take your bath."

Part 5

As she drove back to the guesthouse after dropping Amy off at school, Janet rolled over in her mind how well things had gone with Amy and Diane this morning. In fact, Janet was very pleased and somewhat surprised at Amy's willingness to dominate her birth mother and how she talked openly to Janet about the breeding process, how it was done, and how a cow reacted. Of course, Janet gave her the vaguest of answers and told her that she would be filled in on the whole process after Michelle was brought on board. Amy had asked why the wait and Janet told her that Diane's real value was not in being selectively bred and then having a calf, but that Michelle was Diane's first generation of calf and breeding Michelle was much more important. The owners could observe first hand the traits that Michelle displayed and compare them to Diane and her bull (Michelle and Amy's birth father) and then develop a good genetic match for the third generation of Diane's line.

Janet thought Amy's response to her comments was surprising. Amy showed a mixture of disappointment and petulance that Janet considered a bit childish and out of character with her other actions, but the girl did ask a number of questions that were very insightful and showed she had a clear head for business.

However, Amy's eagerness to breed Diane and her behavior when she was told it would take a while long piqued Janet a bit. But thinking on it, Janet decided that this was probably just a normal outcome for a young girl who was being pushed into an early adulthood and a lifestyle that until recently she probably never knew existed. "So much like her mother", Janet thought. "Totally unaware that the world was indeed a rough place that only considered money and revolved around pleasure. Like Amy, her mother Diane just couldn't imagine that children from prime stock brought prime dollars, not to mention the value of the women themselves. And that Diane, as naïve as she was, was a beauty and definitely prime stock. The fact that she also had her daughter Michelle, a teenager who was developing into a beautiful young woman made Diane even more desirable." Janet smiled to herself again as she thought of the money Diane and Michelle would produce for her, not to mention the satisfaction of totally controlling the two women and becoming the center of their respective worlds'. To her if there was anything more rewarding than finding the right submissive woman, training her to become a cow, teaching her to beg for her own possession and then have her offer herself up, it was to find a mother who had submissive daughters that would follow her into their owner's possession. "What a power trip," Janet said aloud "and so rewarding too."

Some moments later when Janet arrived at the guesthouse and walked in the front door, she was pleased to see Diane standing patiently in the foyer, eyes downcast, clutching a photo

album. Janet stood for a moment and slowly appraised Diane's appearance and demeanor, noting that both had improved remarkably during the past few weeks.

Diane now wore a fresh and different outfit from the one she had worn when she served Janet and Amy early this morning. The tennis skirt and sleeveless blouse had been replaced by some rather tight shorts and a tube top that accentuated Diane's large breasts and displayed her erect nipples. Her hair was once again freshly combed and had been brushed to a lustrous blonde sheen, while her skin glowed from a recent washing. "So sweetie", Janet purred as she stroked Diane's cheek, "you showered, applied new makeup, changed our outfit, and found the photos just like I told you. You must have been very, very busy."

"Yes mistress, I was." Janet replied as a shudder ran through her that was produced by Janet's touch on her face. Her nipples became even more erect and she turned her head slightly so she could kiss the hand that was stroking her and, if allowed, suck her mistress's fingers.

"I am amazed that you did all of that and managed to put the photos in an album too. " Janet said as she continued to stroke Diane's cheek.

"I didn't put them in the album mistress," Diane said. "My first husband made this album when I got pregnant the first time and then added to it when I was pregnant the second time. He used to show it to his drinking buddies so they could see what getting pregnant was doing to me. He always showed it to them when they came over to watch football games and I was serving them drinks. They all laughed at me. I used to cry all the time about it. In fact, I wanted to destroy this album, but my husband made me keep it. Then when he was killed and we lost our home, it got caught up in the moving and I didn't find it until you told me to get some pictures. I found it in one of the moving boxes we never unpacked after I married Robert."

"Well that was fortunate since I want to see how you looked when you were carrying", Janet whispered softly as she continued to stroke Diane's face. "But remember this, first you are a cow. You have no husband, and you never had a husband. You always had bulls. Your first bull was killed and your second tried to have you committed. Both of them are bastards and I will deal with Robert in due course. You have no children, you have calves. I took your second calf and made her my child and now you have one calf. You will have at least one more calf but unlike the mad thrusting from your past bulls, your future breeding will be logical and controlled.

I will discuss with you my desires and wishes for you, so you will know in advance what I want. You will be prepared for your calving in great detail and know exactly what is expected of you. When I decide that you are ready, you will be bred with a bull that I pick in a forum that will provide you the greatest support and promote your calving.

You know that you can't make it without me Diane. You know you belong to me and that you need me. You are incapable of making sound decisions, you allowed yourself to be exploited by two bulls because you are stupid and naïve. You allowed one of your calf's to be fucked by a bull even though she is underage and you almost allowed your second calf to have the same

fate. You are weak, stupid, and I think lazy. So I am going to take care of you and your calf because I don't want to see her life wasted and ruined by allowing you to make decisions for her. You are mine Diane and Michelle will be mine too. Do you understand all of this sweetie?" Janet asked softly as she continued to stroke Diane's cheek. She knew that her biting words delivered in a soft and caring voice would strike Diane to the core of her being and help erode her self worth, thus binding her more and more to Janet's desires.

Hearing the words, Diane felt her spirits drop and tears began to trickle from her eyes. She tried not to cry but she knew that everything Janet said was true. She was stupid she said to herself. First John and then Robert had exploited her. They fucked her whenever they wanted and whichever way they wanted and could care less what she desired. They displayed and showed her off to their friends whenever they wanted and they humiliated her all the time and they hurt her again and again. Her desire to find security and protection had allowed all of this and ultimately ruined her life. She would have also ruined Amy and Michelle's if Janet hadn't come along and made her see what was happening. Thank God, Diane thought that Janet is taking control and protecting her. Diane knew that when Janet did things to her that she didn't like, Janet explained why she did them and how she wanted Diane to behave. Everytime Janet punished her, Janet softly explained why she was being punished and what she expected from her in the future and how sorry it made Janet when she had to hurt her so much. Many times Janet had discussed with her what was the best way to punish her and sometimes Janet even let her pick how much punishment she should get.

Diane also recalled that even as the punishment was going on and Diane was crying from the pain, Janet would kiss her softly and comfort her for a few moments so she could find the strength to bear it and not continue to disappoint her mistress by begging her to stop.

All of these thoughts flashed through Diane's mind as her heart burnt from Janet's words. All she could say was "thank you mistress for taking care of me and protecting me. I will be good for you and do everything I can to please you."

"I know you will sweetie," Janet said as her spirit's soared at Diane's submission. "Now let's go into the kitchenette. I want you to strip and lay face up on the table so I can compare how you looked in these photos and how your body looks now. I also want to check you for stretch marks and varicose veins to make sure your next calving doesn't detract from your beauty" she said smiling.

At this, Diane sniffed, wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and gave her mistress a shy smile. Then Janet reached down, took the album from Diane's hands and walked into the kitchenette, followed by Diane. Janet removed a coffee cup from the table, and began to make herself a cup of tea in the microwave, as Diane removed her clothes, hoisted herself onto the table, lay on her back and stared at the ceiling as she waited for her mistress's next command.

As the water heated, Janet looked at the woman lying on the table before her. She laid the album down beside the naked form and opened it without comment. Diane lay before her

mistress complacently, completely exposed and at ease with her situation. Janet laid a hand gently on the woman's stomach and lightly stroked it as she watched the nipples harden and noticed a slight intake of her breath. "Your udders are quite attractive," Janet said, as she continued to stroke Diane. "I think getting you the implants helped make them more firm and make you more desirable. In fact, looking at these photos, I think you are looking better now than you did before. It seems that you carried your calves high throughout your breeding phase and when they finally did drop, it was quite noticeable. Is that true?"

"Yes mistress," Diane replied as she responded to Janet's touch and felt the slow stirrings begin in her lower belly, "My bull always said I carried like I was proud of being pregnant."

Janet reached down and softly rubbed Diane's mound for a moment, and then grabbed a handful of pubic hair and slowly squeezed, knowing that she was causing a lot of pain. Diane arched her back in agony and looked into her mistress's eyes as Janet's face lowered to hers. "Listen to me you stupid cow. This is the second time I will tell you. Cows have calves. They're bred, they calf, and they are milked. Women get pregnant, they have babies, and they nurse. You are a cow. You will be bred, you will calf and you will be milked. Do you understand?" she hissed. "I am getting tired of telling you what you are."

Diane was beside herself with pain, "Yes mistress I understand. Please let go, it hurts so much!! I'm so sorry Mistress," Diane cried, "But I don't know all the right word for what I am. I don't even know how I will be bred or how I will calf for you. Please don't be mad at me. I want to be good, but I'm so stupid I don't know what to say or do, please Mistress, please teach me."

Excellent, Janet thought. She is getting desperate now. "There, there sweetie," Janet crooned as she petted the nude woman's forehead. "I know you're sorry and I know you're trying hard, but when you're stupid it is really hard. I think what I will do is have another cow visit you a few times each week so you can talk to her and she can explain how you should act and what to say. Would you like that dear?" Janet asked in a tone that dripped with sweetness.

"Oh yes mistress, please let me talk to another cow so she can teach me how to be good and make you happy."

"all right my dear," Janet said, "I will set it up tomorrow, but for now, since you are having a hard time remembering what I've told you, do you have any questions that I can answer now?"

"Oh mistress thank you so much for your kindness," Diane said quietly as she lay there trembling in both fear and arousal under her owner's touch. "I have a lot of questions but I know they're stupid so I can wait if you would like me to."

"No dear, ask me your questions now and I will answer them. Then when the cow comes you can talk to her for some more answers, so what do you want to know. "

"Well mistress, will I be living in a barn with other cows and then calf in the straw?" Diane asked in an almost little girl's voice tinged with fear.

Janet continued to stroke Diane's body as she lay on the kitchenette table and suppressed a smile at the question. "no sweetie, cows these days don't live in barns, but live with their owner's or where their owner's want them to live. Some cows I know live with a bull or a male owner and they serve him even though their owner lives somewhere else, other owners have two or three cows living together. In every case, support for the cow is the most important consideration. You see your calving is very, very important to not only me, but to a great number of other owners who want you to deliver a very healthy calf that reflects on their stable and bloodlines. So not only will you have me watching you and taking care of you, but the other owners will also be periodically inspecting you, making sure you are healthy, and plotting your progress so you won't have any problems. In fact, the herd you will be joining always has an older cow stay with the younger cow through the breeding, then the calving, and sometimes even during the milking phase. Does that make you feel a bit better about how you'll be supported and what will be expected of you. I know the support you'll be getting will be LOT more than you ever got before. Now what else do you want to know?" Janet asked as she thought about how Diane seemed to be accepting her breeding and here new life.

"I was just wondering mistress, " Diane said in a tremulous voice, " how the breeding will occur and what will happen to the calf after I drop. I know that I belong to you and everything that comes from me belongs to you, and of course I will do whatever you want, but if I have an idea of what you would like to have happen and how you want me to behave, I know I can behave better so it will make you happier. I know this sounds crazy and I am not expressing myself clearly, but I want you to know that I do love you and am glad you are taking care of me, so if I have an idea of what you want to happen, then I can do my best to make sure you are happy."

Hearing this, Janet smiled delightedly, and leaned down and kissed Diane softly on the lips and stroked her cheek, as she said, "sweetie I know you love me and that is only natural. Cows always love their owners and in a different way, they almost always love their bulls after they get to know them. But don't worry about the breeding. I think a natural, open breeding is best, especially for you since both of your earlier breedings were probably unhappy events done in solitude without any support. I mean your bull probably just fucked you one night, whether you wanted it or not, and then you found yourself calving. Now, what I envision, and what is generally done, is that after I select a herd and a bull, you are introduced to him and his owners in a casual setting. Generally this means that I would have them over for dinner and the owner's would inspect you, find out what kind of cow you were, etc. If they find you acceptable, then we would discuss your breeding and I would let you listen in. I would also want Michelle there since she will also belong to the same herd and thus breed the same bull too, but only if your breeding goes well. Then after a bunch of particulars are resolved, we will set another date for the coupling. This of course takes a lot of time and preparation but in general your bull mounts you at least three times a day for about four days when I know that you are at the peak of your ovulation. I like a casual approach to it, in that the bull and the cows, at least you and Michelle and of course the bull's owners meet for breakfast at the breeding site which will probably be

one of the owner's homes. Then after breakfast, the cow is prepared and afixed to a breeding table. Then the bull is brought in and he mounts her. All of the owner's are there to watch the process and make sure the cow is properly bred. Then after the bull drops his sperm he is led from the room to rest and prepare for the next meeting. The cow stays on the breeding table so the sperm can settle then she is released and spends time with the owners until the next meeting. This continues for three to four days and then the cow leaves the site to await the outcome. If it is positive, then that ends the cow/bull mating cycle, if not then the cycle is repeated the next time the cow is in ovulation until the breeding takes. After that many owners don't allow the cow to be with the bull again, but I think a cow, even one who is calving needs to visit her bull, and if he isn't available, then some other bull at least every three months just so she remembers what she is for. So even when you are carrying, you will see your bull every so often and find yourself being mounted by him fairly frequently. "

"now in regards the the calving itself. Cows are generally allowed to keep just one of their calves since it generally helps the bloodline. In your case Michelle is already with you and I will have her bred sometime after you drop, so my calf will be removed from you and given to another herd. I want you to spend your energy making milk for me and teaching Michelle how to be a good calf as well. Also during this time, your bloodline and ownership markings will be put on you and it will be imperative that devote your energies to my wishes since your behavior and Michele's will reflect on me. "

While she was saying this, Janet watched Diane's slit become moistened as her arousal levels heightened as she became aware of the implication of Janet's words and what her future held.

"Mistress, " Diane asked as she continued to respond to the caresses of her owner. "What are bloodline and ownership markings and how will they be put on me?"

"Well sweetie", Janet said as she lightly stroked Diane's slit and gently rubbed the oozing fluids onto the sides of her cunt, "bloodline markings are symbols that show other owners and other cows what type of breedings you have had and whether you had calves or bulls. They also show if the breedings were inherd, across herd, or in the open. Most people think that all of the tattoos they see many young women, porn queens, and movie starlets sporting these days are just body art or some kind of artistic statement. However, a very large proportion of those markings are actually bloodline and ownership markings. You see many, many cows, and you will be one of them, are raised to not only look good at all times, but to be admired and used by their owners as companions or special friends. So the cows are exercised quite a lot and spend an inordinate amount of time reading and studying in order to be more interesting to their owners and their owner's friends. Of course, beauty shops, trainers, tutors, etc. are all very expensive, and their owners' try to recoup their costs by using them in movies, as publicity agents, or in any field that requires someone to look their best as well as have a supportive personality. Thus you see a lot of models, young starlets, and even a large number of trophy wives showing off tattoos of various types. Some of the tattoos are just body decoration, but many of them indicate that the wearers are cows owned by someone."

"You may have noticed", Janet went on, "that while the really big name models and stars stay on the cinema scene a long time, a number of startling beautiful starlets appear to be hot and then they just fade from the scene. Much of the ones that fade off the scene are actually cows who are being bred by their owner's or doing something else that their owner's desire."

Throughout this discussion, Janet had been slowly stroking Diane's slit and watched delightedly as the woman's arousal juices oozed around her fingers and her nipples began to harden. "in fact," Janet continued, " in a few minutes we will go into the den and I will show pictures of some cows I know are on the internet. But right now, I want you to lick my fingers and clean your juices from them."

Saying this Janet held her hand in front of Diane's lips. Diane's eye lids fluttered a bit as she closed her eyes and gently rolled her tongue over her mistress's dripping fingers. "you are such a good cow, " Janet said softly as she watched Diane lick her fingers and respond to her touch, "and you were so good this morning. I know you will breed well for me won't you."

Janet was in ecstasy, as she heard Diane softly whisper, "Yes mistress, I am your property and I want to please you so much. If it pleases you to breed me, I will accept the pain and humiliation because you wish it. " .

Janet smiled at Diane who returned her smile. "Very good sweetie", Janet said as she stopped her stroking and began to walk to the office. "now come into the office and I will show you some cows and tell you what the markings indicate. "

Diane rolled off the table and felt the wetness between her legs as she padded softly behind her mistress. Janet entered the office and sat at the desk, starting the computer. She looked at Diane who stood in the doorway, and then pointed to the carpeted floor on the right side of her office chair. Without a word Diane walked over to the location Janet indicated and knelt, keeping her back erect. "Assume the waiting position, " Janet said quietly as she began to surf the net.

Immediately Diane turned her nude body to face Janet and gently placed both her hands, palms down on Janet's right thigh. She stared straight ahead, waiting in respectful silence for her mistress's next command. Janet looked briefly down at her and smiled her pleasure with her performance. "now look here," Janet said as Diane turned her head and stared at the screen.

There before her was what appeared to be a family website with a series of thumbnail photos depicting a visit to Disney world. Janet clicked on one of the photos that expanded to show a very attractive, bikini clad young mother smiling and holding an infant in her arms. Beside her stood what was obviously a teenage girl of asian descent who had her arm wrapped around the older woman's waist and was smiling into the camera too. The teenager, had her belly button pierced and wore a bikini quite similar to the older woman's . The caption read, 'my wonderful wife, Abby, holding Jessica, beside her step daughter, Lynn, at Disney world.'

"Notice the tattoos on the arms of the women," Janet said. "At first glance, they look like the typical barbwire tattoo arm bands worn by young girls today. But you see how the various points are sometimes colored in differently and some points are rounded and a pattern is hard to pick out. These are owner's marks and indicate the both the women are owned by someone. In fact, since I recognize the mark, I am quite positive the husband is not the owner, but is probably paying a fee to keep the three of them. In fact, let's see if we can find another thumbnail that shows their backs," Janet said as she shrank the photo and scrutinized the introductory screen.

Diane stared at the screen as the photo disappeared and was replaced a few moments later by one of the woman laughing at the photographer over her shoulder as she seemed to struggle to get on an airmattress in the pool. Next to her, the young girl also adopted the same pose. Water was running off their backs which indicated both had both been trying to jump on the mattress and seemed to be really enjoying Disney World's swimming area.

"Here," Janet said pointing to a tattoo that stretched across the woman's lower back, just above the top of the bikini. "You see this tattoo, the symbology of it indicates the woman has had three breedings. All of them in herd and that she is a third generation of her bloodline."

"The girl's markings," Janet said as she pointed towards a smaller tattoo on the young girl's back in a position similar to the woman's, "indicate she is second generation calf, but has not yet been bred. I am assuming that their owner has decided that the woman will be the girl's support during her breeding and they will both stay with the man they are living with until that breeding and calling occurs. I'm betting the baby calf in the first picture is this cows third breeding and has been included in the photos as a means to advertise the herd's genetic predisposition. You see, the markings are very important and when they are displayed they will reflect to other owners the quality of this owner's stock and reflect on him personally." Janet said as she smiled down at Diane who was staring at the screen. Janet felt Diane's palms become heavier on her thighs and noted how erect she was holding herself. Her her nipples had become harder now and her breathing had become shallow.

Janet moved her hand to stroke the naked woman's hair and exposed shoulder. She leaned down and kissed her ear softly and whispered, "Someday, you and Michelle will look like that. Happy in your life, marked for your usefulness, and knowing what you are and showing the world who owns you. You want that to happen don't you Diane? You want to be owned, to offer not only your body but your daughter's body to your owner, don't you? "

Diane still stared at the woman and young girl on the screen. They seemed so content, happy, they were secure. She felt her mistress kiss her ear and heard her words. Her insides trembled. She nodded her head slowly, she wanted to please so much.

She felt Janet pick up her hands from her thighs and heard the office chair swivel toward her.

She still stared at the screen as Janet's left hand clicked the mouse. Thumbnail after thumbnail opened. Photo after photo appeared. The woman, the girl, the baby. Laughing on the lounges,

mugging for the camera eating ice cream, smiling in the shops. Always showing their markings, their ownership. She looked at their bodies - how beautiful they were. Their smiles were so sincere, they were so happy. She knew the older woman had suffered for her owner. She had been bred and calved three times and always offered her suffering and finally the calf to her owner. This time, the owner had decided to keep it. Had allowed her to suckle it. She knew the owner would raise it as another generation.

Her mind showed her a picture of her and Michelle enjoying a holiday, displaying themselves for Janet, showing off their markings, making her proud of them. Offering her the fruits of their bodies, accepting the pain she gave them and then offering their suffering as a love gift.

Janet had swiveled her chair so she was facing the kneeling woman. "What a beauty," Janet thought. Head erect and turned sideways to look at the screen Diane continued to stare as she had been told. She gazed on the shifting scenes in rapture knowing what those women were, knowing this was her future. Knowing she accepted it, and welcomed it.

"Look at me Diane," she heard Janet say and she turned her head to stare into the eyes that owned her. "What do you want to give me. What do you want to be?"

Diane stared into Janet's eyes and felt her hands being lowered onto her Mistress's warm thighs. The strength of Janet's thighs, their warmth, and their smoothness all seeped through her fingers and into her soul.

A voice from far away began to speak. Diane recognized it as hers, but knew the words were her heart speaking. "I want to be yours, I want to be your property. I want to give you my daughter as my love gift. I want to give you my body and all that comes from it. I want to give you my soul." Diane heard the voice whisper and she knew it was true.

She saw Janet smile and her hands felt Janet's thighs begin to spread. Janet's hand slowly reached out to the back of her head as she lowered her gaze in reverence and submission. She saw her mistress's womanhood appearing before her as the strong, powerful thighs spread. Firm but insistent pressure on her hair brought her face closer to the soft, curly mass of auburn hair that was the essence of her owner. She could smell the scent, she felt the power of the hand on head, and heard a voice softly say, "Please your mistress now", as she lowered her lips and kissed the essence of her ownership and once again submitted herself as a woman and as a mother.

Part 6

The wind blowing through her hair, as always, was invigorating to Janice. Not only did she enjoy driving her BMW convertible, but returning from a very successful and enjoyable weekend visit with one of her mentors added to her feeling of well being and contentment.

In fact, Janet was very, very happy as she continued to roll the figures over in her head and once again played through the day's conversation between her and Lee Morgan.

"Of course there is lots of money to be made with the breedings," Lee had said, "but I want you to realize that the sale of the calf is just the tip of the iceberg as the less educated say. Besides purchasing the calf, which can net you between \$25,000 and 50,000, there are other incomes that really push up the worth of not only this particular woman, but her daughter and the breeding line that you can establish. For example, at the breeding itself, a lot of clients will want to come and watch the proceedings. So right there, you can probably get between 6 and 10k per person per day!

"Now the owner of the bull will probably want half and I recommend you talk to Marissa, you remember her, the gal who sat next to you last night, about using her new bull Balthazar. He already has a following and you can probably count on 12 to 20 couples wanting to attend. That means that you can get another \$200,000 for the breeding because Marissa prefers weekend events which generally last for about two days and are quite elegant. "

"And truth be told, I agree with that. They are more intimate and much more relaxed than the four or five hour breeding sessions we did in the old days. The guests actually become more acquainted with the cow and her calf and this builds future interest for the calving and the breed line, and of course that means you have a dedicated following and can count on more money in the future. And of course, if they come to the breeding, then you can probably count on a lot of those people coming to the calving. And now we can have the calving induced so you can actually schedule it, and again that could be another \$200,000 even before the calf is sold."

"Additionally if you film the breeding and the calving and sell them on line at a protected web site or distribute them via CDs using some clandestine courier networks, you can easily double your money again without taking any more risk or doing any more work, or using any other cow."

Then Lee said, "Marissa also does an introductory weekend where the cow and her calf are entered into the herd and are marked with the herd signs. Now this may seem like a non event to you, but a large number of clients are quite interested in the reactions of both the cow and the calf when they first meet their bull and how they react to their markings. It is especially good when the calf knows that the cow will soon be bred with the bull and that in the future she too will be bred. I particularly like the way Marissa handles these events because they are generally much like a normal party. Even the calf and her cow dress up, looking fresh and happy, then about halfway through the night, the bull is brought in where they cow and calf first meet him. That in itself is great and then the questions from the other guests as they talk to the cow and her calf really play with their minds and it makes for a great evening."

"Of course there isn't a lot of sex at the marking events, but it is very good for the clients to meet the cow and her calf early since it puts a human face on them and they become real to the clients which is a lot better. Then whenever the breeding takes place, the clients know the pair and have a real interest in them. Generally Marissa charges half the price of a breeding

weekend, but even 100k for just bringing them out for a weekend is pretty good, and you get to meet the clients yourself and can discuss ways to meet their particular needs as well."

"In fact," Lee had gone on to say, "Marissa uses these weekends to set up rentals for Balthazar and some of the cows, so when the weekend is over, they are committed for weekend parties, weekend visits, and even one or two week vacations throughout the year. From what she tells me, each 24 hour that a cow is with a client normally costs the client about about \$6000 and you get half, so a two week vacation for a client who takes the just the cow will net you about nearly \$50,000 for doing nothing."

"Also, many clients, and strangely a lot of the female ones, enjoy spending time with a cow who is visibly pregnant and even more enjoy one who is milking. So if you induce her milk early on, she can earn even more for you."

"All in all, " Lee said, "I think my dear that Diane and her daughter will probably provide you nearly \$1 million their first year, and all of that is tax free and quite secure."

Janet remembered the excitement in Lee's voice when she finally finished her recap of how much money Diane and Michelle were worth their first year. And of course Janet was delighted, not only with the money she would be getting but with the power she would have over the two women and their complete commitment to her.

"Well the money sounds great, " Janet had said, "but Marissa also briefly mentioned at dinner last night, that she generally arranges the marriage of one of her calves and her cow early on in the process. She said the revenue stream is great and there is quite a demand for these "trophy wives." I meant to talk to her later and get more details, but the opportunity never came up so can you tell me what she was talking about"?

"Of course sweetie," Lee said. "It seems that Marissa has contacts with a lot of high priced people who generally decide that they want to get rid of their spouses and are more than willing to pay the alimony to ensure they go away quietly. But for a second fling with a trophy wife or in some cases a trophy significant other, a lot of these folks (both men and women) are reluctant to go down the matrimonial trail again. On the other hand these same folks have very powerful desires but they are afraid to indulge their predelictions in public or with a non family member because they are afraid of a very aggressive and snooply press. And because of these fears, this is where Marissa steps in. She talks to these soon to be divorced power brokers and offers them a package deal. A beautiful, young trophy wife as well as her well trained mother for a fixed price per month (generally about \$15,000 to 25,000 per month) in a multi year contract. Both the wife and the mother will not only do exactly as the husband (or owner) desires, but they are both smart, sophisticated, well trained, and above all, discreet. And the best part is, they will go away without a peep or a whine when the owner tells Marissa to make them disappear."

As Janet heard this she was both shocked and delighted at the simplicity of the offering. A rich person gets what they want for as long as they want. Then, when the owner tells Marissa to pull the plug, the wife and here mother both go away without taking a dime or starting a messy divorce battle. In fact, she seemed to recall that one starlet who left her rich husband after about 4 years of marriage, had nothing but praise for her former husband (or owner), and they parted on the best of terms. At the time, it was quite a remarkable story, but hearing it now in light of the marriage system Marissa had initiated, the truth was even more astounding.

"In fact," she recalled Lee saying, "Marissa's system was s real win for the rich since they could expense the rental they pay, yet enjoy whatever turned them on in the privacy and security of their own homes, and have no fear of an unhappy ex going to the press and spilling the beans. Additionally, the cow and her calf are fed, sheltered, disciplined, and sometimes trained by the owner and then returned to be sold again, and again."

Janet was amazed, she could get about \$600,000 per year from Dianne's husband/owner again tax free and absolutely secure, and then breed Michelle when the rental was over and start the process again.

"Not bad," Janet thought to herself. "Nearly one million per year tax free, for the next ten to 12 years for Diane and Michelle. Is this a great country or what?"

Now on her way to pick up Diane from Madame Sue Ching's house, Janet thought the big money would soon be rolling in.

In fact, she was so engrossed in her thoughts, that she almost missed the gated community's entrance and found herself braking hard to make the turn. For it was here that she had deposited Dianne with Sue Ching for some training and discipline work before she flew to see Lee Morgan. The thoughts at how well she had manipulated and deceived Dianne, caused her to smile and gave her a real sense of satisfaction and accomplishment.

Initially telling Dianne that the two of them were going to spend a long weekend and some quality time with a friend, Dianne had gladly left her husband to travel with Janet to Sue Ching's. In fact, during the whole trip, Dianne bubbled on about how glad she was to be spending time with Janet and how she really appreciated Janet taking her under her wing.

Then shortly after they arrived, Sue Ching had slipped a cocktail of very powerful naseau producing drugs coupled with a very mild hallucinatory substance into Dianne's second drink. In very short order, this reduced Dianne to a surreal vomiting state which allowed Janet to slip away and Sue Ching to assume Janet's role when necessary.

Of course, all of this- the weekend together, the drinks, the deception - occurred at Sue Ching's suggestion since she had been formally trained as an interrogator and brainwashing expert as a young member of a military interrogation unit in the Red Chinese Army. Now at age 35, Sue Ching was using her skills as a member of the cartel that sold and bred woman to increase her

wealth in the decadent west and at the same time find work that was enjoyable and very, very profitable.

"Now" Janet thought to herself, "is a great time to see what Sue Ching has taught my bitch because at least I have an idea of what she is really worth, and hopefully Sue Ching is worth all the money I paid her so I won't have to devote too much more time to training Dianne and can get on with the breeding."

Janet knew that she needed to break Dianne to her will and was not very far away from achieving her ends. After that she would push Dianne to seduce her daughter, Michelle and then wrest control from Dianne and take over the daughter as well. Sensing that Michelle had already experienced some illicit affairs with her mother, Janet was sure it was just a matter of time before she presented both of them to Marissa and began discussions regarding their entering the herd and the breedings taking place.

"Just a matter of time," Janet mused as she knocked on the door of the well kept home occupied by Sue Ching.

As the door opened, Janet was greeted by the sigh of Sue Ching dressed in a Vietnamese ao dais. "Well Ching, you look absolutely ravishing," Janet said with a smile as she leaned forward to hug the tall and very muscular Chinese woman, "and this dress looks absolutely fabulous on you."

"Thank you sweetie," Ching responded as she tightly hugged Janet.

Janet felt her arousal begin and knew she really didn't have the time for such activities no matter how promising the invitation, so she reluctantly turned to business and asked, "And how is my bitch doing? I trust her training has been going well these past three days."

"Well as a matter of fact, Janet," Ching said with a smile, "she has slept most of the time. I began her training just after you left and have kept her floating in and out of a dream state as I worked on her. I used temperature changes, nightmare inducing drugs, and even some pain, as I took her through the process. Every time she was in the dream state, I came in wearing a wig and clothes similar to yours, and spent some time arousing her as well as cuddling her. Then I would leave and pump a bit more anesthetic into her room's air conditioning and she would leave the dream state and enter a deeper sleep. Then I would bring her out of that a bit and induce a nightmare. Sometime I would dress as a man and then shock her, whip her, or lower the room temperature a lot and allow her to get very cold. All the while, I would verbally abuse her in a deep voice and berate her until she passed out from exhaustion. Then I would raise the anesthetic levels, put her under for a short rest, revive her and come in as you again and bring her some level of pleasure. I even bathed her after each of her nightmare sessions, and it was most revealing. She spent a lot of time holding onto me and crying about how much she loved you and wanted to please you. I really think she is close to ready for your complete control. In fact, in the next few hours we should take her to the level we discussed last week."

"Well if it is as good as it sounds Ching, I agree," said Janet happily, " so let's go for it. "

"Great." Sue Ching said beaming. "Now prepare yourself for going into the room. Except for our spongebaths, her nightmares and pain sessions were very strenuous and she responded without inhibition. So now I think when she wakes up, you need to be there to support her and believe me she will respond. What you need to do, is take a bath with her, clean her up and then bring her out to the kitchen for lunch. The jacuzzi is accessible through the hidden door to the right of her bed. I already have the bath set up and will open the door when you go in through the cell door. She will be very disoriented and woozy, so just wake her, and move her to the jacuzzi, then strip her shirt off her and get into the jacuzzi with her. I will get rid of her filthy clothes and leave both of you a couple of robes. All of the bitches finally snap out of it in the jacuzzi so don't be surprised if she seems to wake up after a few minutes in the water. Remember that she hasn't had any solids since I put her under, so she will be famished and most susceptible to your control. If she asks what happened, tell her she seemed to have a toxic reaction to the sushi she ate and it was a close run thing. She will ask you what happened so just tell her that after she passed out, the doctor came, pumped her stomach twice, and then gave her an injection to help her sleep. It took two days for her to recover and you were here the whole time. She will probably ask about the pain sessions, so tell her that she seemed to be having nightmares and that you tried to comfort her through all of that. "

With these thoughts in her mind, Janet slowly opened the door to the cell's bedroom and quietly walked in. "Sue Ching was right," Janet thought, "this place stinks. She must have peed herself about 12 times. Oh well, now for the hard part."

Janet walked over to the bed, and lightly touched the t-shirt clad, smelly body laying on the soaked sheets. "Come on baby," Janet said softly as she pulled on Dianne's hand. Dianne moaned but rose to her feet as a wave of urine smell wafted to Janet's nose. "God," thought Janet, as she pulled Dianne toward the crack of light that appeared to the right of the bed.

Pulling Dianne through the door, Janet thought she had entered another world. The humid and rancid smell of the bedroom cell was immediately replaced by the a warm, welcoming incense that hinted of orange blossoms and relaxation. Dianne was swaying and seemed incoherent as Sue Ching cut away her t-shirt with a pair of surgical scissors. Janet in the meantime has stripped off her dress and wrapping an arm around Dianne's tottering form led her into the jacuzzi and then climbed in behind her.

Wrapping her leg's around Dianne, Janet pulled her back against her chest and began to slowly wash her while whispering in her ear. "It's OK baby you're safe now and all that bad stomach flu is all gone." Then she started to gently wash Dianne's hair and pour warm water over her as one hand gently stroked a nipple.

Dianne moaned softly and relaxed against Janet's chest. Slowly, she roused herself and whispered in a small, seemingly lost voice, "Mistress, I'm sorry I was so bad," she said sadly.

"Oh you silly little girl," Janet said as she hugged her tightly. "You weren't bad. You had a severe attack of food poisoning and have been sick for two days. You are finally getting over your hallucinations and I am very glad. You really had a bad trip and worried me no end."

"Oh God," Dianne whispered as she continued to lean against Janet. "I had such bad dreams, then good dreams, then bad dreams. It was so confusing. There was so much tenderness, then such pain, then tenderness again. On and on, I thought it would never end. I was so afraid. I could hear myself crying and then you would come and hold me and protect me, and then I would wake up and you were gone and there was pain again. Oh mistress, I am so sorry I was sick, but I was so afraid and everything hurt so much."

"Shhh little girl," Janet said as she held Dianne tight, "you know I will take care of you as long as you obey me. You just had bad dreams because of your illness. It's OK now. " she said as she continued to slowly wash Dianne's hair and at the same time fondle one of her breasts.

"But mistress," Dianne whispered desperately, " it was so real. I was so afraid..."

Janet gripped her chin and turned her face to hers, then she gently slapped her cheek, gave her a little smile and whispered. "Didn't I say to obey me, little one? Didn't I say that I would take care of you as long as you obey me? Now enough of this nonsense. You were very, very sick. You had nightmares and I was taking care of you. Now that is all I want to hear about it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes mistress," said a subdued but happier Dianne. "I will obey you and will always honor you. I am so sorry, please forgive me."

"It's OK sweetie," said Janet as she hugged Dianne and smiled to herself, knowing that Dianne's dependence on her only deepened her obedience and commitment to her mistress.

Janet held Dianne for a few more moments. Then she laughed, poured water through her hair and said, "OK sweetie. It is time for lunch. Are you hungry?"

Not surprisingly, Dianne said, "my god, mistress, I am famished. I have never been this hungry."

"Great," Janet said, "Miss Ching said she will have breakfast ready for us, so let's get going"

Janet slipped on her robe and watched as Dianne tied hers as well. Then taking her by the hand Janet led Dianne out the bathroom door, down the hallway to the stairs and into the dining room where Miss Ching sat at a very large, dark round table that was elegantly set for three people. The room even though it was spacious, had an air of warm intimacy because of the dark paneling and large wooden chairs. The bright light of the early afternoon streaming in the side windows added a warmth to the room that was very inviting.

Sue Ching, wearing a red silk robe and sipping a cup of coffee looked up as Janet entered pulling Dianne into the room. "Ah there you are at last. I was beginning to worry about poor Dianne. Three days of fever will really weaken someone and I'm glad you finally got her up and about. I take it that her presence for breakfast is a sign that she is doing well?"

Janet smiled at Sue Ching and marveled at how well her seemingly innocent remarks supported her fabrication of Dianne's sickness. "She is really a pro," Janet thought as she replied, "Yes, quite well as a matter of fact, take a look for yourself." and indicated that Dianne sit next to Ching.

Ching, smiled broadly at Diane and patted her thigh as she sat down. "Well my dear, I am so glad you are OK now. You really had us worried and now you can meet my girl. She arrived here two days ago, but unfortunately you were too far out of it to meet her, so now is an excellent time," and saying that, Ching said, " Erica, come in here please."

As she spoke, a red haired woman in her mid thirties and clad in a silk thigh length robe entered the room carrying a tray of food. "Yes ma'am," she said deferentially to Ching, " I have the breakfast food for you and your guests."

Janet looked up at the woman and recognized her from an earlier encounter she had worked with Ching nearly four years ago. Janet had taken the woman, who at that time had just become Sue Ching's slave, to Nassau for a two week vacation while Sue Ching babysat and then seduced her teenage daughter. As Janet recalled the woman's passion she wondered what had become of Erica's daughter and planned to find out at her first opportunity.

"Excellent Erica," Lee Ching said. "Now let me introduce you to Miss Janet and her girl, Dianne. then take Dianne's plate away and sit next to Miss Janet." Sue Ching smiled to Janet as Erica bowed her head to Janet and then to Dianne.

"I never allow Erica to eat with me unless she is fed from my plate or the plates of her betters. If she did have her own plate, she is so weak willed that she would probably eat fattening foods, or things I don't want her to have and this way it works out so much better, doesn't it my dear?" Su Ching said sweetly as Erica returned from taking Dianne's plate to the kitchen and sat quietly opposite the table from Dianne.

"Yes mistress," said Erica as she took her seat at the round table with downcast eyes. Diane stared at her and was amazed at her beauty and poise. The blue silk robe she wore highlighted the color of her eyes and her hair had been brushed to a lustrous mane that fell in thick waves to curl over her shoulders. On her hand, Diane noticed a single wedding band, while around her neck a gold necklace fell to the gap between her breasts.

"Oh sweetly, " Sue Ching said as she lightly stroked the woman's cheek. "Don't be so shy. You can look at my guests, and I'm sure you remember Miss Janet from your Nassau holiday, don't you?"

At these comments, Erica's cheeks blushed and she looked at Janet with what seemed to be genuine fondness, while she said, "Of course I remember Miss Janet, mistress. How are you miss Janet, it is nice to see you again."

"It's nice to see you again Erica," Janet said smiling as she reached over and gently began to rub her hand on Erica's thigh. "You are as beautiful as ever, and I trust you are as well behaved?"

"Thank you Miss Janet," Erica said as she fluttered her eyes and slowly spread her thighs as Janet's fingers slid upward on her leg, "I endeavor to please my mistress with my actions in all things and under all conditions. "

"Oh that is so fine my dear," Janet said as her fingers gently brushed against Erica's slit. "I trust that your mistress has marked you as her property since you are so well behaved and also so intent to please her. "

"Yes miss Janet," Erica replied in a whispered voice, "I carry my mistress's ownership marks."

"In fact, Janet," Sue Ching chimed in, "not only I have I marked her, but she delivered her first calf this past spring, and I have had her marks updated accordingly. Come on Erica, stand up and show miss Janet all of your markings."

Blushing, but with some air of pride, Erica once again stood up from her seat and slowly raised the hem of her robe while she kept her eyes downcast. "oh for god's sake Erica," Sue Ching said mildly exasperated, "you are my property, I've marked and bred you, and you've committed yourself to me. So behave yourself and act like you have been trained to . Now show Miss Janet your markings. Take off that robe and let her see how well I've taken care of you."

Erica whispered a very quiet, "Im sorry mistress." and then immediately shrugged off her robe and let it fall at her feet. Then she moved to turn towards Janet and Dianne, allowing her hands to hang by her side and kept her head bowed.

Janet was at once amazed and aroused by the sight before her. She knew all about Erica's breeding, her delivery, and the separation of the cow from her calf right after birth. What she didn't know was the story behind the wedding ring, the history of the tattoos that adorned the woman's stomach just above her cunt, or how her breasts had become so well veined and appeared so heavy.

"Come closer dear, " Janet said as she motioned for Erica to stand between her and Dianne. "How much weight did you gain when you were carrying and how did you become so trim after your delivery?" "Well Janet, " Miss Ching interrupted before Erica could answer, "it took a lot of work and devotion to me to make it happen, but Erica applied herself, and of course a bit of discipline helped as well, but she is approaching the level I want her at, and should soon be

there. Additionally, she is still milking and I am quite pleased with her attitude and her production. In fact, I gave that a lot of thought before I even bred her and the efforts and time spent on her preparation has really paid off. Hasn't it sweetie," said Sue Ching as she looked at Erica with a real sense of pride and ownership.

"Yes, mistress, it has." Said Erica quietly. "Janet, you may notice," Sue Ching continued, "that her udders are well veined and her nipples are very well defined and quite thick. This is probably my best work and those two facts contribute remarkably to her production and sense of fulfillment. And it seems the milking helps a cow lose the weight she puts on as she carries and helps her get back in shape very quickly. Now Kneel down between Miss Janet and her bitch, Erica, so Miss Janet can get a good look at your udders."

Hearing this, Erica immediately knelt down with her knees spread, and rested her hands on the top of her thighs. She kept her head lowered and eyes downcast as Janet leaned forward to lift one of her breasts and marveled at its fullness and the transparency of her skin. Each breast was crisscrossed by light blue veins that all seemed to generally point to a nipple that was very dark, long and appeared thick.

Janet gently caressed the breast and smiled to herself as she saw a soft shudder flow through Erica's body. "You are indeed a beautiful cow, " Janet said softly, "Your udders are very full, well developed and very beautiful. How often does your mistress milk you sweetie?"

"I am milked twice a day, Miss Janet," Erica said, "once by mistress as she bathes and once in the evening either during or after dinner."

"Very good Erica," Janet said. "I hope to someday have my bitch milking as well, but I must say your veining is quite stunning and shows off your size to good advantage."

Before Erica could answer, Sue Ching jumped in and said, "It's that veining that really helps her production and was one of the items that helped her birthing so much. I trained her for pain and for milking months before her breeding and by the time she dropped she was both physically and psychologically ready for the event, weren't you dear?" Ching said as she stood behind the kneeling woman and patted her head.

"You see Janet, "Sue Ching continued, "I read some old historical papers about how the Chinese emperors and even the turks bred women, and found out that they used a type of leech to increase the blood flow in their udders and thus improve their post birth milk production. I thought it would have some success, but I was surprised how much it helped her. The veination is just an outgrowth of the leech action, because what it really does is increase the bloodflow to the milk ducts which are what actually produce the milk. Now what is important is that the process is painful when it starts, but as it continues, the leeches inject a hormone that keeps the blood from clotting and this also helps the flow increase. As they suck more blood, they increase the input of the hormone which makes the cow sleepier and the process less painful. Eventually the cow falls asleep and when the leeches have their fill, they fall off engorged and I put them

back in their jar to await their next feeding. I generally had Erica leeches every other day which gave her a chance to get her blood supply back to normal and also was a slow and gradual increase in the size of her udders, so as you can see there are no stretch marks."

Janet listened to all this as did Dianne, and just as she was about to say something, Sue Ching said, "Erica, go get your babies from their tank and also bring six other ones here for Miss Janet's bitch. I think Janet may want to see how she reacts to some solid therapy."

"yes mistress," Erica said as she gracefully stood up and left the room. Janet turned to Ching and said, "six others? What are the others? if it is for her udders, that is three per udder. Is that enough?"

When Dianne heard this an involuntary shudder coursed through her body and her mind conjured up visions of snakes sucking on her breasts while she screamed herself into insanity.

Ching noticed the change in Dianne's pallor and patted her cheek reassuringly. "Now don't worry sweetie. Your udders are most impressive and leeching becomes pretty enjoyable to the bitch after she learns to relax and accept it. I mean look at Erica. She spent a lot of time feeding her children and it did her nothing but good. In fact, take a look at how pretty her babies are. "

As she said this Erica returned with a tray containing two glass bowls. In one about 9 leeches, the size of a very short pencil writhed in a reddish mixture. In another bowl of clear water, six leeches, the size of short pencil leads floated serenely.

"See Sweetie," Ching said as she saw Erica approach, "Erica's babies know they are going to be fed soon and they actually know when their host is in the area. Your children just haven't met their mommy yet, but after they spend some hours with you and had a few solid meals, they will be able to identify you even when you walk by their tank.....just like Erica's babies know when she is around."

"OK Erica," Sue Ching continued, "put the bowls here on the table between the pancakes and the sausage and then put your robe on and sit here between me and Miss Janet's bitch"

Hearing this, Erica set the bowls on the table, retrieved her robe from the floor, left it open, and sat down next to her mistress.

"Now Erica tell Miss Janet who owns you and what your goal in life is." said Sue Ching as she lowered her hand into the red tinged water and allowed two of the larger leeches to gently swim into her waiting palm.

"My mistress owns me and all that comes from my body is hers." said Erica as she raised her eyes to Janet and spoke in a slow measured voice. "My thoughts, my hopes and my prayers exist only for her pleasure and to prove my love for her. My child is my gift to her and my breedings are symbols of my commitment to her pleasure. My pain is what I accept as part of

my life and I offer it to her as a symbol of my life's commitment and as proof of my undying devotion and commitment to her. My only goal in life is to please her and to someday hear that she loves me."

As Erica spoke quietly to Janet, she looked her in the eyes and opened her soul to her. Janet knew that the words the woman spoke were true and that she was committed to her mistress and whatever she desired her to do. Then she watched Erica's eyes flare as Ching moved the hand holding the leeches to Erica's exposed left breast and gently cupped it near the nipple.

"Now Erica, welcome your babies. Offer them your body as their nourishment and offer the pain they bring you to the one you love most."

Janet and Dianne both watched in wonder as the two leeches slowly swam to the waiting breast and fastened their maws to the flawless skin. Ching smiled as Erica closed her eyes and tried to hide her pain. "Welcome my children. This body's blood is your food and the pain you give me is my love gift to my mistress...she is my love and my soul. She is my life."

"very good sweetie," Sue Ching said softly as she patted Erica's cheek. "Now just a few more." Erica nodded imperceptibly and two small tears slowly leaked from the corners of her eyes. She said nothing as again Ching's hand cupped the other breast and the two leeches swam to the sides of the exposed nipple. Then Ching reached into the bowl and softly captured the final two leeches. She gently placed her cupped hand at Erica's throat, allowing the water to slowly slide down her chest and between her breasts. The final two leeches flowed with the water and both found purchase on the inside of Erica's left breast. "Oops. Too many feeders on one side," Ching said as she deftly moved one leech to the other breast. "Now Sweetie," Ching said, "let's cover you up and after we set up Dianne, we can have some breakfast."

Turning to Janet, Ching said, "You see Janet, they cause some pain, but the whole process is really good for the bitch. She learns obedience, endurance, and above all discipline and actually realizes that these are her children that they are making her a better property for her owner. Now should I show you how to put them on your bitch?"

End file.